Harper's magazine.
New York, etc. : Harper & Brothers, 1850-

http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582

HathiTrust



www.hathitrust.org

Public Domain, Google-digitized
http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

We have determined this work to be in the public domain, meaning that it is not subject to copyright. Users are free to copy, use, and redistribute the work in part or in whole. It is possible that current copyright holders, heirs or the estate of the authors of individual portions of the work, such as illustrations or photographs, assert copyrights over these portions. Depending on the nature of subsequent use that is made, additional rights may need to be obtained independently of anything we can address. The digital images and OCR of this work were produced by Google, Inc. (indicated by a watermark on each page in the PageTurner). Google requests that the images and OCR not be re-hosted, redistributed or used commercially. The images are provided for educational, scholarly, non-commercial purposes.

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BRITTLE BOOK
HANDLE WITH CARE

AVAILABLE ON
MICROFILM

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
RIVERSIDE

PERIODICAL
DOES NOT CIRCULATE

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

4343

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S

ST. MARY'S HALL
36
LIBRARY
FARIBAULT, MINN.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXL

DECEMBER, 1919—MAY, 1920

NEW YORK AND LONDON.
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1920

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AP2
H3
v.140
(Dec, 1919 - May 1920)

CONTENTS OF VOLUME CXL

DECEMBER, 1919—MAY, 1920

America Goes Back to Work. Part I
Edward Hungerford 794
Illustrated with Photographs

America's New Place in the World
Philip Gibbs 89

Architecture of Matter, The
Alfred J. Lotka 679
Illustrated with Photographs

Are Americans Braggarts?
Fleta Campbell Springer 635

Beauty and the Bolshevist, The. A Story. Part I..Alice Duer Miller 721
Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

Bird Intimacies.....John Burroughs 837

Birds' Table, The.....William J. Long 696

Both Judge and Jury. A Story
Wilbur Daniel Steele 179
Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

Broomstick Trail, The
Sarah Comstock 1
Illustrations in Tint by Phillips Ward

Cargoes Through the Clouds
Frank Parker Stockbridge 189

Case Against Grammar, The
Robert P. Utter 407

Cave-Dwellers of Grand Canary, The
Charles Wellington Furlong 589
Illustrated with Photographs

Children of Mount Pyb, The. A Story
Georgia Wood Pangborn 98
Illustrations in Color by Elizabeth Shippen Green

Christmas Cakes. A Story
Charles Caldwell Dobie 200
Illustrations in Color by C. E. Chambers

Civilization. A Story
Fleta Campbell Springer 544
Illustrations by Walter Biggs

Civilization's Indictment of War
Homer Folks 68

Crocodile's Half-Sister, The. A Story
Philip Curtiss 824
Illustrations by Peter Newell

Death Valley .....Zane Grey 758
Illustrated with Photographs

Deer in the Berkshires
Walter Prichard Eaton 335
Illustrations in Tint by Walter King Stone

Dramatic Scenes in My Career in Congress. Parts I, II
Joseph G. Cannon, 39, 433

Dream or Two, A. A Story
Maxwell Struthers Burt 744
Illustrations by C. E. Chambers

Easy Chair, The.....W. D. Howells
133, 278, 422, 566, 710
Portrait of Henry Mills Alden. Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf

Editor's Drawer..141, 281, 425, 569, 713, 857

INTRODUCTORY STORIES

"The Marmot and the Marmoset," by M. La Prade (illustrated by the author), 141; "These Everlasting Armenians," by Clarence Day, Jr. (illustrated by the author), 281; "Murphy's Kitchen," by Albert Bigelow Paine (illustrated by F. Strothmann), 425; "The Bandicoot," by M. La Prade (illustrated by the author), 569; "Yvette," by Arthur P. Scott (illustrated by Peter Newell), 713; "Just Like Chelu'zim," by Clarence Day, Jr. (illustrated by the author), 857.

Eighty Years and After..W. D. Howells 21

Escape, The. A Story...Susan Glaspell 29
Illustrations by E. L. Chase.

Exit the Gentleman.....W. L. George 263

Extending Democracy
Gertrude Mathews Shelby 688

Food for the Minotaur. A Story
Margarita Spalding Gerry 488
Illustrations in Tint by R. M. Crosby

Gay Cockade, The. A Story
Temple Bailey 289
Illustrations in Color by C. E. Chambers

Gospel According to Joan, The. A Story
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman 77

Gumshoes 4-B. A Story
Forrest Crissey 117
Illustrations by Henry A. Botkin

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Harrying Fiend, The. A Story
Allan Updegraff 161
Illustrations in Tint by R. M. Crosby

High Kingdom of the Movies, The
Harrison Rhodes 640
Illustrations in Tint by George Wright

Hunger. A Story.....Anzia Yezierska 604

Intelligence and Its Uses
Edward L. Thorndike 227
Illustrated with Diagrams

Judgment of Vulcan, The. A Story
Lee Foster Hartman 520
Illustrations in Color by C. E. Chambers

La Sorda of Seville.....Will Irwin 14

Leech, The. A Story
Charles Caldwell Dobie 654
Illustrations by Walter Biggs

Little Friends of All the Arts. A Story
Howard Brubaker 386
Illustrations by Rollin McNeil Cramp-ton

Lion's Mouth, The
137, 270, 414, 558, 702, 846

"Also Mothers," by Fleta Campbell Springer.....270
"An Epistle to Alexander Pope," by Clinton Scollard.....852
"Ballade of Pessimists, A," by Richard Le Gallienne.....421
"Best Moments of the Mind," by Margaret Ball.....419
"Case of Jack Robinson, The," by Cambray Brown.....852
"Curiosity," by Helen Coale Crew..706
"Dead Hand, The," by Burges Johnson.....414
"Despised Individual, The," by C. A. Bennett.....138
"Dominion of the Sentimental, The," by Mayone Lewis.....854
"Efficiency," by C. A. Bennett....702
"Gains and Losses in Language," by Arthur Colton.....707
"Gentleman's Review, The," by F. M. Colby.....275
"Importry and Exportry," by William Rose.....272
"Is Fame Becoming Extinct?" by Philip Curtiss.....846
"Karma," by C. A. Bennett.....416
"Last Laugh, The," by F. P. Adams 140
"Mystery of Genius, The," by Philip Curtiss.....702
"Old Panaceas for New," by Fleta Campbell Springer.....418
"Our Statish Language," by Rupert Hughes.....846
"Pleasures of Being Contrary, The," by V. W.....274
"Poor Boobs, The," by Franklin P. Adams.....702
"Progress," by C. A. Bennett.....562
"Reticence of Ignorance, The," by Dorothy Scarborough.....564
"Samples," by Pierce O'Keefe....559
"Shifted Standard, The," by Beatrice Ravenel.....558
"Song of Synthetic Virility," by Franklin P. Adams.....417
"Splendid Worry, The," by Helen Coale Crew.....563
"Three Pigs," by Don Marquis. 137

Love Is Free. A Story
Beatrice Ravenel 346
Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

Man Who Knew Too Much, The
Gilbert K. Chesterton 577
Illustrations by W. Hatherell, R. I.

Marching Through Georgia. Parts I, II
Stephen Graham, 612, 813

Memories of Men and Places
W. H. Mallock 736

Memory of San Remo, A
W. D. Howells 321

Menace of Race Hatred, The
Herbert J. Seligmann 537

Milorad.....Mary Heaton Vorse 256

Monk for a Night, A..Sydney Greenbie 56
Illustrated with Photographs

Mount Lololokwi the Unknown
Edmund Heller 147
Illustrated with Photographs

Mystery of Célestine, The. A Story
Arthur Sherburne Hardy 442
Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green

Nervous Pig, The. A Story
Susan Glaspell 309
Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams

New Conception of the Universe, A
Alfred J. Lotka 477
Illustrated with Diagrams

No Flowers. A Story
Gordon Arthur Smith 785
Illustrations in Tint by George Wright

Nose and Its Work, The
Ellwood Hendrick 379

Opal Arrow-Head, The..Lord Dunsany 809

Personal: Object Matrimony. A Story
Margaret Cameron 621
Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams

Poland Under the Poles
Harry A. Franck 105
Illustrated with Photographs

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
4343
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Political Cowardice...David Lawrence 209

Porch of the Maidens, The. A Story
Edwina Stanton Babcock 460
Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

Psychology of the Half-Educated Man, The.....Edward L. Thorndike. 666

Rendezvous. A Story
V. H. Friedlaender 328
Illustrations by T. K. Hanna

Ruins of Angkor, The
Ellen N. La Motte 365
Illustrated with Photographs

Simian World, This..Clarence Day, Jr. 501

Small Frog, The. A Story
Harrison Rhodes 49
Illustrations in Color by P. A. Carter

Something to Remember. A Story
Beatrice Ravenel 236
Illustrations by Peter Newell

Specious Internationalism
William Roscoe Thayer 298

Sublimated Savage Fijian, The
Sydney Greenbie 508
Illustrated with Photographs

Their Own Money
Gertrude Mathews Shelby 398

Tropic Frogs. A Story....Blair Niles 671
Illustrations in Color by P. A. Carter

War, Best Friend of Disease
Homer Folks 451

What Bolshevism Has Become
John Spargo 771

Why I Remain in Industry..... 249

Wild Raspberries. A Story
Mrs. Henry Dudeney 217

Writers We Love to Read. Thackeray
Henry van Dyke 171

VERSE

Alden, Henry Mills
Virginia Frazier Boyle 136

An Hour on a Hill..Genevieve Taggard 97

Apparition.....John Erskine 208

Catalogue of Lovely Things
Richard Le Gallienne 397

Danger.....E. E. Speight 770

Galleons, The.....Virginia Watson 519

Gods of the Copybook Maxims, The
Rudyard Kipling 145

Home-coming.....Victor Starbuck 88

If I Forget Thee.....Sarah N. Cleghorn 280

Lovely Chance.....Sara Teasdale 735

Love Song....Grace Hazard Conkling 255

Meed.....Antoinette West Pennant 476

Quiet House, The.....D. M. Eyres 653

Quest, The.....Jessie B. Rittenhouse 836

Remembrance.....Clinton Scollard 536

Resurrection.....Victor Starbuck 743

Second Growth.....Winifred Welles 248

Shepherds, The..Laura Spencer Portor 20

Song in the Spring..Louise Morgan Sill 665

Spring Rondel, A.....David Gordon 639

Sunrise in Winter.....Brael Corlyn 104

Thaw.....Albert Bigelow Paine 385

Three Quatrains.....Lilla Cabot Perry 823

Trees, The.....Alice Brown 345

Twilight.....L. Blackledge Lippmann 320

Villanelle of Life and Death, A
Hesper Le Gallienne 67

Walking Song, A
Richard Le Gallienne 588

Woman.....Charles F. Marple 171

Worker, The.....Scudder Middleton 48

"You Think Me Cold"
Dorothy Leonard 327

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



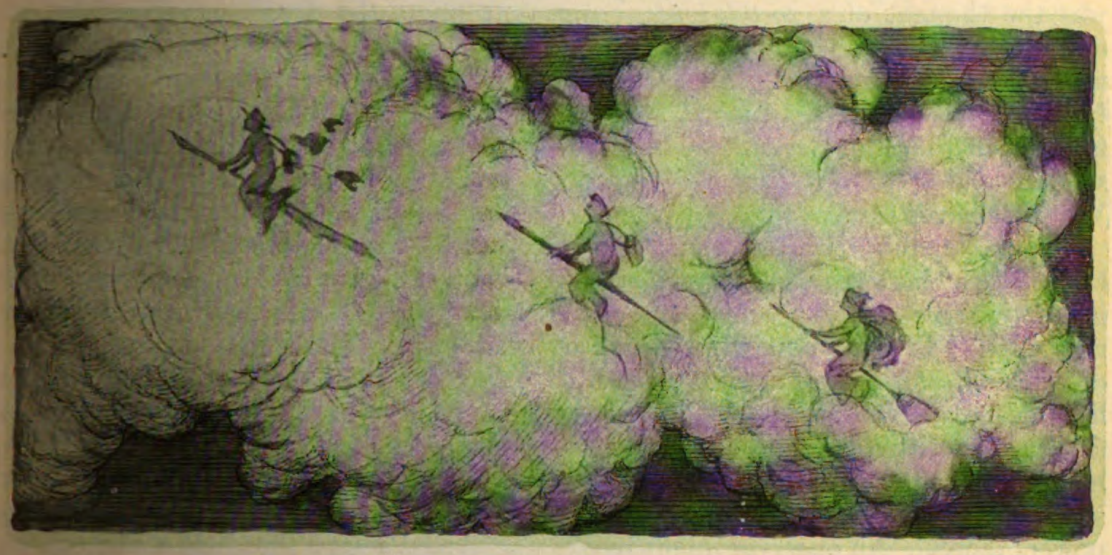
Painting by P. A. Carter Illustration for "The Small Frog"

IT WAS REALLY A SORT OF SALON

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXL DECEMBER, 1919 NO. DCCCXXXV



THE BROOMSTICK TRAIL

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

SINCE thinking it over, I have been obliged grudgingly to admit that it was the Artist's Wife who proposed broomsticks as a means of transportation. The Artist and I consider it our right to preëmpt all the great imaginative ideas; the Wife is regarded as "practical." She states, in a proper spirit of humility, that she goes along to stitch the nose-bags for Pegasus's oats; then all of a sudden she comes forward with the brightest idea of any of us, which is annoying.

"If the broomstick jaunt had been a failure, we could cheerfully cry, 'Told you so,'" I said to her, disagreeably; "but since it has been one of our greatest successes, I feel that you should have left it for us creative artists to think of first." We always rub in "creative artists" when in our worst moods.

"It was only because I'm so stupidly practical," she replied, in the dear little motherly "there-there" manner with which she soothes our artistic temperament—another name, as the Artist owns, for cussedness. "Because of my humdrum mind, I realized that broomsticks would save gasolene, and garage fees, and the cost of being arrested for speed-

Copyright, 1919, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing, and spare us the possible mortification of creeping in by the back door, muddy and bruised, after being towed home. A broomstick costs nothing for tires and upkeep, is light enough to get about in the most difficult places, soars impudently above the heads of powerless policemen, and never breaks down. So —you see, it was all the thought of a mere utilitarian."

But my indignation was not calmed. I cried out upon her in my wrath. "It was the thought of a *poet!*" I accused, and strode from the room. I returned and angrily hugged her. As I strode from the room a second time, I had an impression that the Artist, left behind, was arranging to do similar violence. We shall never forgive her.

You see, an adult without an automobile is like a child; he can mount a rocking-chair, snort a few "chug-chugs," rasp a long "brr-r-r," squawk a "honk" of warning, and he's off. He knows no limitations. Given an imagination plus a pair of active feet, and the earth is his. Likewise the air, as we have demonstrated—the air and all the satanic powers thereof. An observer might have seen only three mussed travelers, much the worse for the wear of many trudged and trolleyed miles. But our eyes were lifted; we followed the Broomstick Trail.

We approached Salem with an ignorance such as has ever been described as "colossal." We had never visited the town before, and the word "witchcraft" called to our untutored minds nothing less crudely obvious than the picture of a fantastic old lady in a sky-scraping hat, with a demon-eyed feline perched beside her and a bat hovering near against the moon. Therefore we began conscientiously. At the "red Court-House" we gazed with appropriate emotion upon the ferocious pins, one of them crooked into the bargain, which the accusing girls complained were employed to turn them into veritable pincushions. We observed the heavy seal which sizzled in wax the witches' doom; we puckered our eyes over the faded ink in which the death-warrant of Bridget Bishop is inscribed. We passed on to the Essex Institute and peered with proper head-waggings into glass cases containing two canes, a door-latch, and several other trophies of renowned witches, cherished by the poor things in days before publicity differentiated these from "any old latch and any old cane," in the Artist's language. We visited the house where it is popular to believe that Judge Jonathan Corwin once put the victims through their preliminary hearing. An antique-shop now flourishes there, sunned and watered by this be-



HOUSE OF GEORGE JACOBS, EXECUTED FOR WITCHCRAFT—SALEM

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lief, despite the pessimism of those who would look a tradition in the eye and glare it down.

"I have a legal mind," said one Salemite to us, "and I want proof that those hearings were ever held in that house."

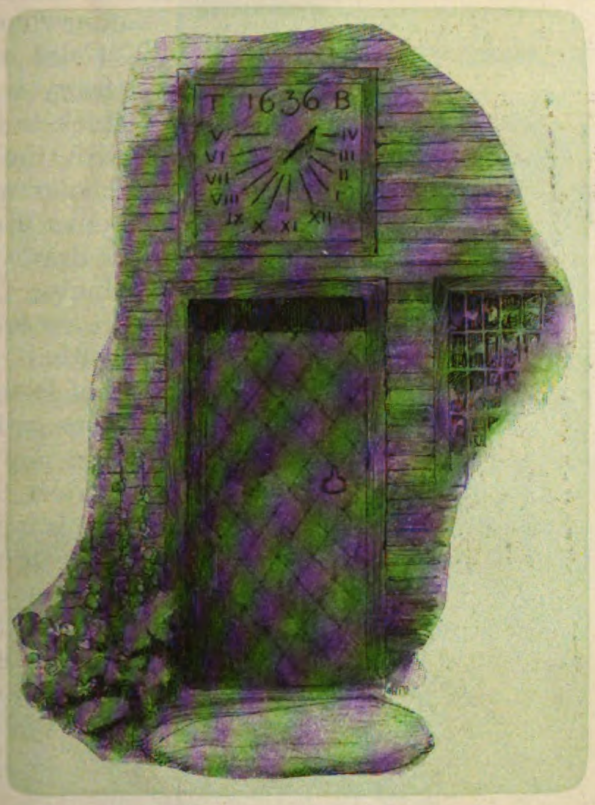
The gentleman is a lawyer cast in Massachusetts granite, and an antiquarian, and he has unearthed many important facts. But as yet I was ungrateful.

"I resent that tradition-smashing kind of history," said I, peevishly. "I want my illusions," hugging them as though they were so many dolls being snatched.

Our tour proceeded to the site of the jail of 1692, and at last led out to Witch Hill, where the executions took place. Here, from the depths of our unpardonable ignorance, issued the query that nearly lost us all prestige. It chanced to be the Artist that put it.

"Let's see," he began, after the manner of those who seek to appear merely to have forgotten what in fact they never knew—"let's see—how many witches was it you burned?"

A chill like hoar-frost spread over the group of Salemites who happened to be with us just then. I have since learned that nothing so brutally offends the delicacy of this city as to have it supposed that she ever inflicted such punishment, and that this is a popular error of the unlearned.



DOOR AND SUN-DIAL—HOUSE OF REBECCA NURSE AT DANVERS

The hands of the group were raised in restrained horror.

"We never burned so much as one witch!" rose the protesting murmur. "Oh no, oh no!"

"We always hanged them," one advanced in further defense. Upon the word "hanged" the voice sank to a whisper.

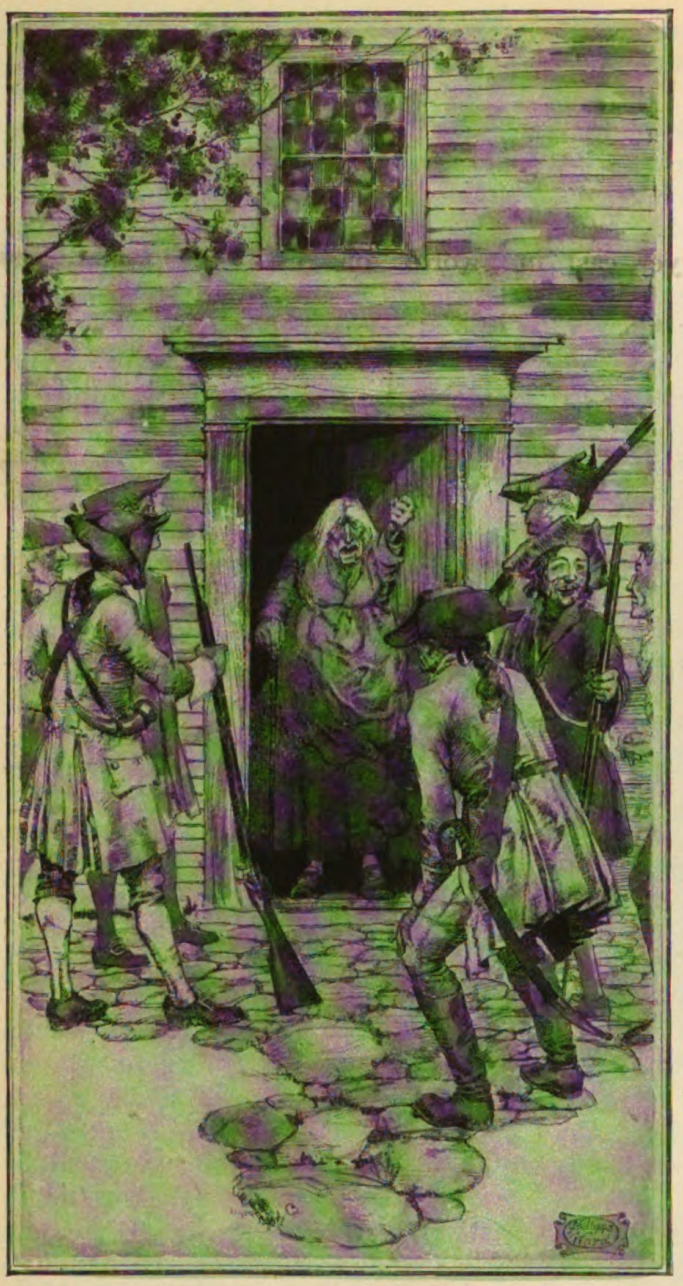
"To be sure," offered another, conscientiously, "there was one man that we—we *pressed* to death—"

"Yes, only *pressed*," chorused the murmur, and so gently, so delicately was the case mentioned that there was somehow suggested an act as tender as the pressing of an autumn leaf between pious pages.

It was in a later discussion of Gallows Hill that I repented my ingratitude to the legal mind.

"You've probably been told—the historians claim it—that the hangings took place on top, high in sight of the people," said the lawyer. "Now, I set out to explode that theory and I did it. First I showed that the people couldn't have seen 'em, anyway, because of the trees; second, we know that the victims were carried to execution in a cart, and there was no road that a cart could have climbed to the top. Now if you will just follow around here on Proctor Street, and look at this spur of the hill, you'll see where I've demonstrated that the hangings really took place. This was the only cart road at that date; and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



OLD PEG WESSON CURSING CAPTAIN BYLES' SOLDIERS—GLOUCESTER

here at last I found what is probably the crevice into which the bodies were thrown —just above the water, where the relatives stole up in boats at night and carried the bodies off for decent burial. Now isn't fact more picturesque than fiction?" The lawyer of granite became granite with a twinkle.

And looking at that desolate little hill spur, and the road that was a road even in those ancient days, and the crevice with its tragic history, we yielded up our illusions for once without a murmur.

So far our eager conscientiousness was beautiful to behold. We read in every off-hour; the Artist took to observing, "Upham says," "Calef wrote," "Beard's theory is," "Cotton Mather stuck to it that," and so on, with the familiarity of the scholar who lightly slaps his books upon the shoulder as he draws them from the shelf. Having "done" Salem, we set out for Danvers by means of that useful and painful vehicle so rapidly growing in favor with a public whose obsession seems to be a desire to rush toward the place at which it is not—that vehicle being the motor-'bus. Like the cow of the little boy's composition, much could be written of this creature. One of its habits is to select each hump in the road as an object of attack, and charge upon it at full speed. Another habit is to leave no one behind, so that crushed humanity gazes forth from it with the silent, suffering eyes of sheep being shipped in cars.

On the way, we had been told, we could stop at "the old George Jacobs house." We told the driver, but our allusion to the martyr of early Salem drew from this representative of modern Salem only a hoarse, exasperated mutter of "Dunno, where d' yuh wantta go, where d' yuh wantta go, dunno." One of the suffering sheep overheard, however, and took us into his care; there came a moment when he bleated, pointing to what seemed a red barn beyond a cabbage-field.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The red building proved indeed to be the dwelling of that worthy whose trial we had seen immortalized on canvas in the Essex Institute, as likewise his canes preserved in a glass case. The red paint may be a striving against the gloomy memory of that murderous execution; at any rate, its effect upon the seventeenth-century residence is startling, to say the least. So, too, is that of the moss-green wall-paper under which the old hand-made beams spanning the ceiling of the "best room" are carefully concealed.

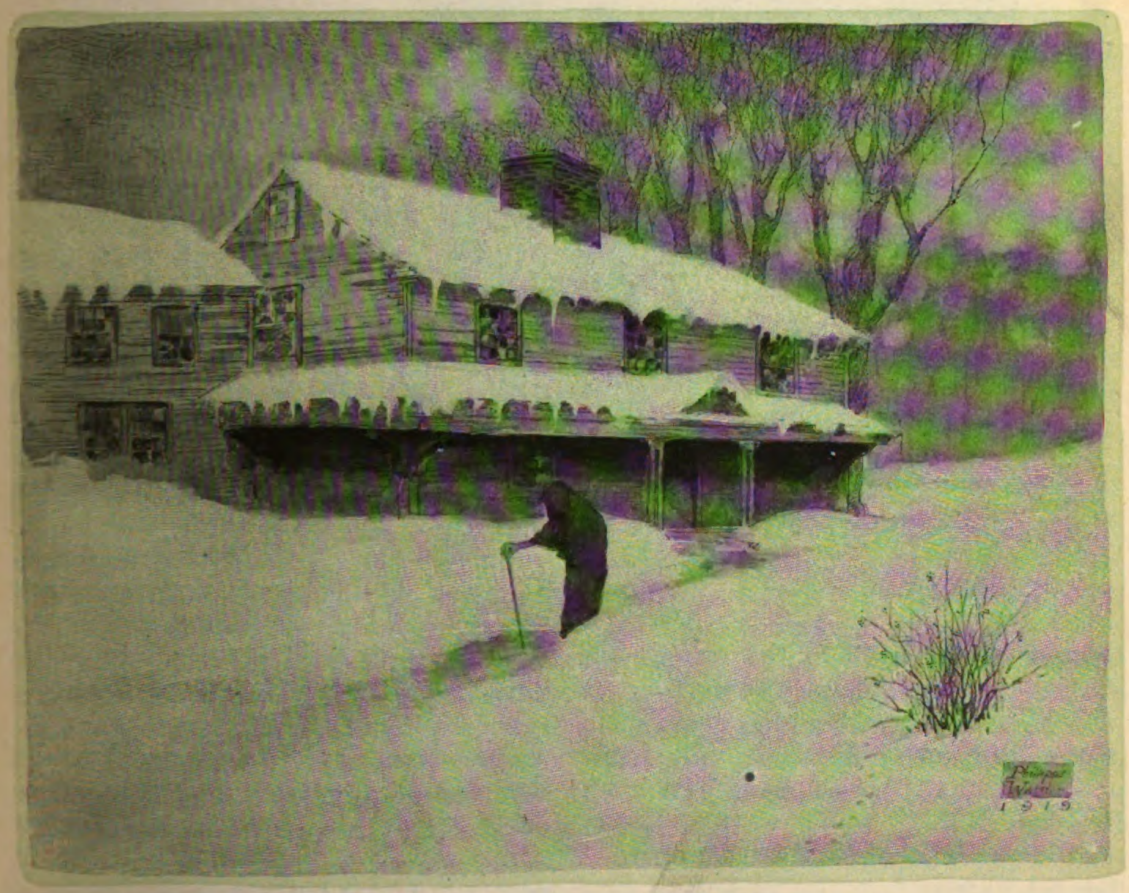
"They looked so old-fashioned, I thought I'd just paper 'em to freshen up the room," explained our hostess. "I call the room my den—'den' sounds more new-style, don't you think?"

Curiously inconsistent with this scorn of the venerable, we found a certain vanity in it. Our hostess told proudly of bearing the Jacobs name, in the ninth generation. And:

"He's goin' to take the house. Go run up them shades to the middle o' the window," she gave orders, with a somewhat dim conception of the Artist's intentions, but full appetite for fame.

Somewhere down in the adjacent field, the green sweep that overlooks the curve of river, lies the grave of George Jacobs; the body was brought home on horseback and given secret burial soon after the execution, and to-day the grave is unmarked and its exact spot is unknown. Meanwhile red paint and green wall-paper strive to obliterate memory, and the modern witchcraft of electric lighting eclipses all the black magic of which poor George Jacobs was ever accused.

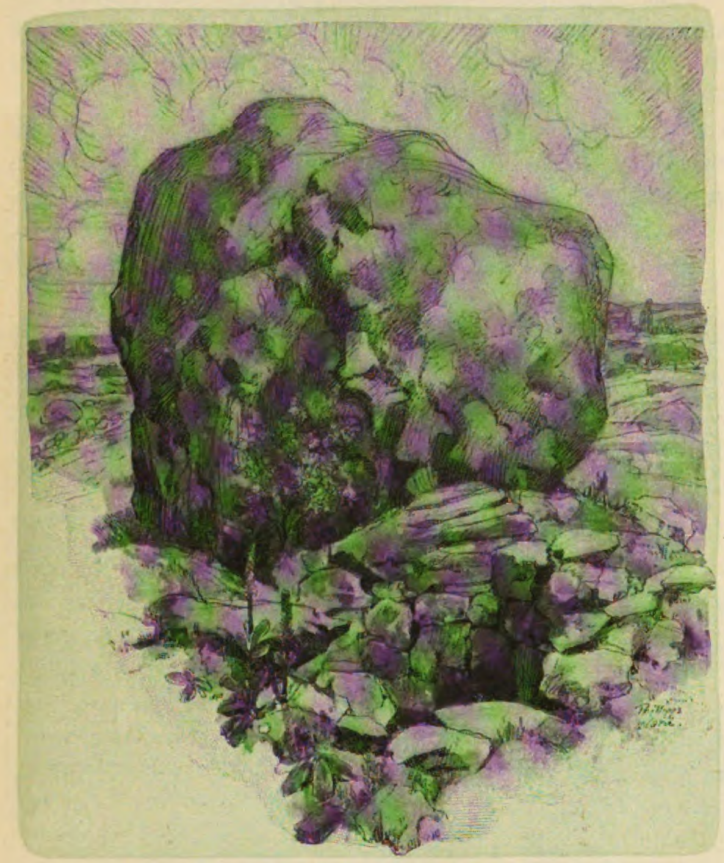
If "the George Jacobs house" is somewhat under-preserved, "the Rebecca Nurse house" is perhaps a trifle over-preserved, but delightful, nevertheless. We found it, officially restored to 1636



THE WITCH HOUSE—PIGEON COVE

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

by a memorial association, with a rather extensive collection of antique kitchen utensils that never belonged to it. However, it possesses much charm; it is dusky brown with age, and against its duskiness a wall of orange lilies burns in the gloom. Its sun-dial has told centuries of suns; its door is of a precious ancient pattern, studded with nail-heads; its fireplaces are deep, its window-panes small and cobwebby, and its ceilings of so primitive a character that the Artist uttered a startled cry of "Low bridge!" as he soothed the top of his six-feet-three with tender caress.



A DOGTOWN CELLAR TO-DAY

Held by the sweet and somber spell of the old brown house, we recalled the pathos of that "direct examination of Rebekah Nurse" which we had lately read in the original handwriting of Rev. Samuel Parris:

Goody Nurse, here are two. Ann Putnam the child, and Abigail Williams complain of your hurting them. What do you say to it?

N.—I can say before my Eternal father I am innocent, and God will clear my innocency.

As I said, we had been taking witchcraft, as does Salem, very seriously. To be sure, the New England thrift of that town does cause her to commercialize her witches, which discovery shocked us a bit; it seems to amount to commercializing one's grandmother, and we couldn't help feeling a lack of due respect in such cupidity. To offer up one's grandmother in the form of a penwiper, a souvenir teaspoon, a book-mark, or a match-safe, for the sake of penny profits, struck us as disrespectful. But this is a side issue. The main attitude we found to be, like ours, deeply serious. Salem seeks original sources, offers psychological explanation of the historic hysterics, debates evidence, preserves documents. One gentleman of Salem derivation, now living in another town, solemnly unlocked his safe to produce for us papers proving that his several times great-grandfather, a condemned witch, was penally smothered to death in a feather-bed.

So, knowing the Artist, I was not surprised when a reaction set in.

"It has all been very edifying," he murmured, letting Upham fall listlessly from his hand, "and if we go on to Andover, and Ipswich, and other points involved in the delusion of 1692, I suppose we shall produce a work of the greatest value to every reference library, but—" He paused, and fell a-musing.

"I mean the kind of book you have to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A DOGTOWN HOUSE, TWO CENTURIES AGO

blow across the top when you take it down," he went on. Then with a sudden burst of childlike wistfulness, "Oh say, can't we find some place where a witch is a witch?"

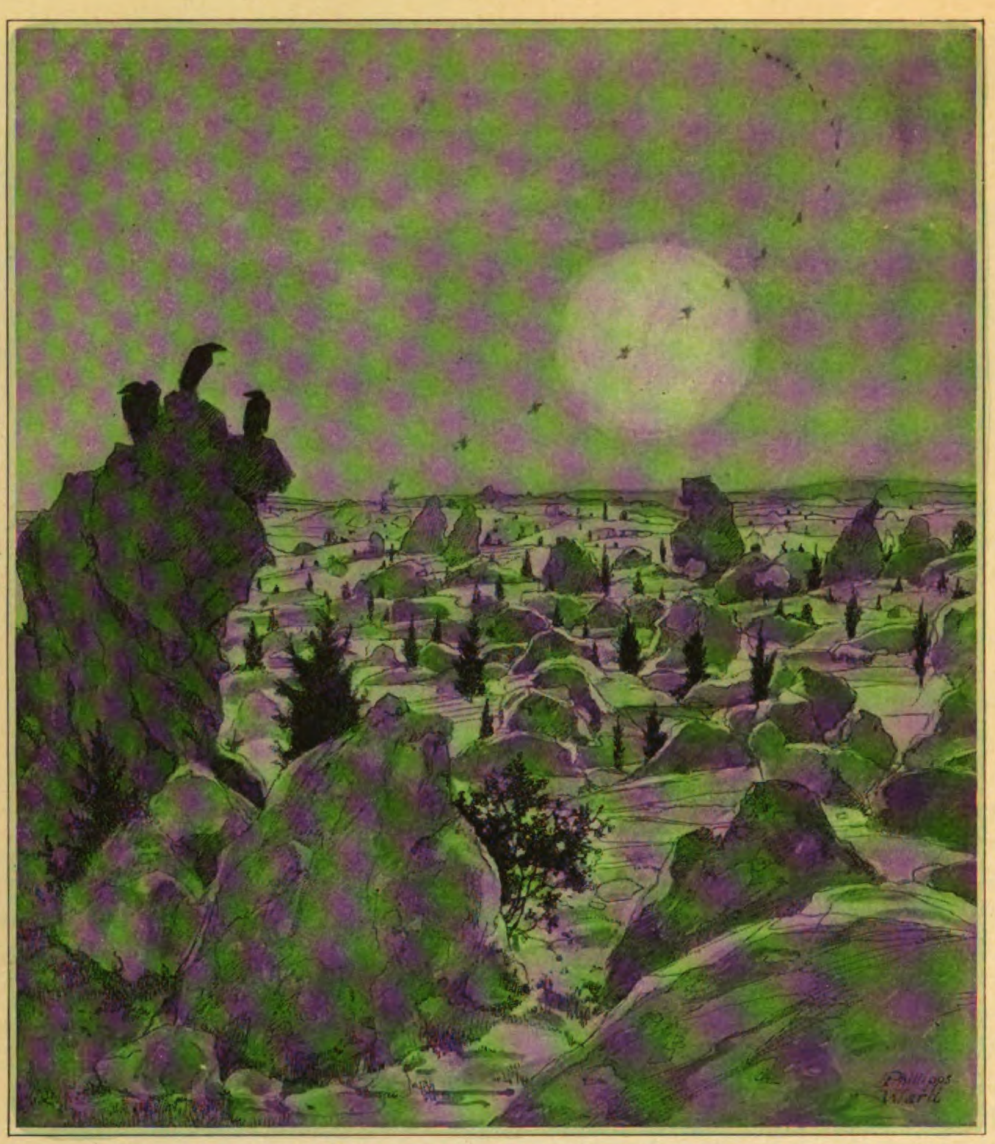
Inspiration seized me. "My beloved Cape Ann!" I cried. "Dearly as I know it, I have never yet traversed it on a broomstick. Cape Ann is light-hearted, naïve. Yes"—I narrowed my eyes and nodded sagely, as conviction deepened. "I have an idea that there we shall find that a witch is a witch!"

Presto! Barely had we arrived in Gloucester when Peg Wesson flew to meet us. Peg Wesson! The mere name intoxicated. Peg, familiar character of that wonderful old Cape into whose history more of romance is crammed than into all the rest of the Massachusetts records put together, beginning with the day in 1614 when Capt. John Smith named it Tragabigzanda in honor of the Turkish lady of his adventure. Fancy a spot in the demure pie-belt named for a Turkish beauty!

Yes, we stood before the very residence of Peg, so it is alleged, and heard her story from an old resident. He didn't once pause to dissect it, he simply and chucklingly related it. It is huge and empty and sordid and ugly, this "old Garrison house," as jaded as the crone of its legend; it stands where it was relegated after its palmy days, in an obscure spot near the freight-depot, and it took the assistance of the little Irishwoman round the corner, the grocer just beyond, the fat garage-owner next door, and two old residents to find it. But, gazing upon its blear eyes, its crippled posture, we conjured up the figure of Peg in the doorway, shaking a lank finger of warning at those soldiers of Captain Byles's company who called upon the famous witch before their departure for the siege of Louisbourg in 1745. Soldier-fashion, they bantered her without thought of malice, but her temper waxed from bad to worse until she uttered a terrific oath.

"I'll visit ye!" shrieked Peg. "I'll visit ye in such wise that ye'll repent the folly o' this day!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PLACE OF THE WITCHES, DOGTOWN COMMON—CAPE ANN

Shouting in scornful laughter, the soldiers departed and were off for Cape Breton.

One day while they waited in camp, a crow appeared above their heads. The bird did not fly off at a "Shoo!" nor yet at a chorus of "Shoos!" but persisted in its strange circlings and darts toward them.

"'Tis a bird of evil omen!" worried the soldiers, and a few vain shots were fired.

Suddenly, "Faith! it must be Peg!" cried one, and the group agreed. Peg, to be sure, in one of her ready disguises. But what was to be done?

A hurried conference was held. It was well known that only a bullet of silver or gold could put an end to a witch. Quickly one of the soldiers produced a silver sleeve-button. No time must be lost; he rammed it into his gun, fired; the bird fell, its leg broken.

But not until their return to Gloucester did the soldiers have full verification of their belief. There in the "Garrison house" lay Peg the witch, crippled, powerless to mount her broomstick, by virtue of a serious fracture; it turned out that she had fallen, apparently without cause, and broken her leg at the exact moment when the crow was shot, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that the attending doctor had been astounded upon discovering in the wound a silver sleeve-button. . . .

We remained long enough in Gloucester to hear the legend of those strange beings, wearing the likeness of French and Indians, who tormented the town during the days of witchcraft, always vanishing when fired upon, even after they had been seen to fall dead, concerning whom the Rev. John Emerson declared, "All rational persons will be satisfied that the devil and his angels were the cause of all that befell the town."

"If you're looking up witches," said every one, "of course you'll visit the Witch House at Pigeon Cove."

Old far-eyed seafaring men said it, and housewives in checkered aprons, and barefooted little boys carrying strings of fish, and little girls with pails of blueberries. These, in brief, are the native population of the Cape. And partly because, as the Artist argued, "there must be some fire where there's such a lot of smoke, especially from brimstone," and partly because the name "Pigeon Cove" inveigled these two friends of mine as it had long ago inveigled me, beyond mortal power to resist, we took our way out to the wee village that tips the Cape.

It was all of a July morning, and in blithe malice of heart we pictured our city-dwelling friends as we had lately been, steaming between brick walls, blown by the electric fan's disturbance of smelly air—while the Cape Ann wind swept in upon us like the glinting beat of mighty wings through sunlight.

We closed our eyes to give ourselves the more fully to it, and leaned back, and were swept by it—swept in body, in brain, in spirit.

"That wind," murmured the Wife, shutting her eyes tighter to see it more clearly, "that wind is golden, and rose, and fire-blue, and purple as royalty, and burning green. It's like the colors in a flame, or in ice, or in the rainbow—"

"How dare you!" I broke in. "Please remember, my dear, you are the practical member of our company!"

"All the same—!" she defied me, and wagged her head.

And I knew that it was "all the same." Whether the eye carries over its impression to the feel of that wind I can't say, but it is true that I have never yet opened my soul to its renewing without seeing a riot of glorious color. The little peninsula is a kaleidoscope; miles of vividly green lawns, and oaks, beeches, elms, and maples whirled past; hundreds of brightly white little houses with green shutters; countless blue larkspurs and red hollyhocks and pink ramblers and yellow marigolds and creamy honeysuckle and the glowing, broken color-medley of phlox, sweet peas, petunias, verbenas. Color, color everywhere, and a passion of blooming such as I have never seen this side of California—an outflinging into life, turbulent, reckless, living for sheer delight in living. Rose-vines tumble up to the roof of a veranda and bloom themselves to what would seem exhaustion, strangely suggestive of tropical abandon here in this granite northland. Meantime the wild scents deluge this rainbow air, mingling with the garden fragrances and that of cut hay to form the headiest mixture, I believe, that this north Atlantic coast anywhere brews. Wild roses, sweet fern, bayberrry-bushes are all the while pouring forth their—

"Spare us 'nectar,' for sweet pity's sake!" pleaded the Artist, glancing over my shoulder at my notes.

"Then provide a substitute!" I challenged him, and silence fell.

As a matter of fact, in all the summers that I have known Ann and have been enchanted by her temperament, that temperament has always proved incomprehensible to me—no doubt all the more enchanting for that. Headstrong, fiercely ardent, she seems a changeling in the family of staid old Massachusetts. She is an untamed daughter, ever spurning the sober rule of the fireside, decking herself in wanton loveliness, and fling-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing herself forth in triumphant surrender to the mystery of the sea's embrace.

Far out toward the end we found the house of our seeking. From the point of road where we approached we could catch but a flash of its red roof's corner, like a bird-breast flickering in depths; as secret as its own true story, the house buries itself in the shadow of enfolding trees. We gave ourselves to the lane's windings, and of a sudden the house stepped forth to meet us.

"Whew!" breathed the Artist, and struggled to control his adjectives. "As you will say in your immortal work," he observed, unfairly, to me, "it beggars description!"

The old brown house gazed forth upon us, very wise and tolerant from the height of its sage centuries; but its manner was of gentle aloofness, as of one who keeps his own counsel. And this, as subsequent investigation has proved, was characteristic. It considers its past no one else's affair. Modern historical methods, with all their impertinence, have never yet ferreted out the truth.

Under the beetling brows of the upper story we sought entrance. The door-step is worn to a trough; on either side of it a weather-gray little old bench sits rigidly, and sentinel hollyhocks stand at attention.

We knocked, and waited in a hush. The silence deepened. The trolley-car, that vandal destroyer of ancient spells, had vanished; the birds for unknown reason ceased their calling, the wind waited, no mortal stirred.

"If the latch should click"— began the Wife in a hoarse faintness—"and a black cat's glittering eyes should appear —and then a terrible old woman with a bony forefinger—"

"Come in!" we heard, remotely. Sitting in her kitchen alone, very snowy and gentle and smiling, was our hostess. "You'll excuse me not getting up, won't you? But I'm too lame to come to the door," she apologized, and then she bent to stroke the cat, and it wasn't a black and evil-eyed beast at all, but a meek little spotted tabby, anxiously preoccupied with motherhood.

"If this is the witch," I whispered, "let the spell never be broken!"

"There's chairs enough," she was inviting, with a wave of her hospitable hand. "What do I know about the house? Nothing, except that it was built in sixteen ninety-two, and that two young men from Salem Village—some say Proctor was their name—picked out this spot to bring their mother, to hide her when she was accused of witchcraft. They built the original part of the house—those two rooms and the two above—right off, and the new part was added on about a hundred and fifty years ago. There's seven outside doors," she observed with a headshake that I fancy commented upon seven door-steps to be swept.

We entered the old rooms, and saw the low, hand-made beams spanning the ceiling; saw the ingle-nook of the deep old fireplace; saw the sturdy walls, the pegs of early fashioning. There in that hidden dwelling we saw, too, the wild little drama—that flight by night, the terrified, helpless woman clinging to the stalwart sons, the exhaustion of panic and travel, the sanctuary found here where for miles around scarcely a house was to be seen. Then the wrenching of stone from the earth's clutch, of trees from the forest's, for that first rude but lasting shelter; the friendships with wild things—foxes, deer, beavers, birds—dumb little neighbors that brought no accusations, threatened no tortures, as lettered neighbors, God-professing neighbors had done. . . .

From end to end of the village of Pigeon Cove this story is told. Not a single proof of its verity seems to exist, and yet so fixed is it in the belief of the people that one finds it impossible not to fall in with the general acceptance.

"I want to believe it!" declared the Wife, which, in the last analysis, is perhaps the best reason for any faith, after all.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I suppose very few strangers ever hunt out this place as we have done," observed the Artist, smugly.

"Oh dear me! They say it averages twenty a week in the season that tries to get the real-estate agents to get it away from us for a tea-room," smiled our hostess. "They think the house would bring business."

And we departed uttering execrations upon feminine enterprise and its ruthless conversion of every lovely legend into tea-room profits. With human inconsistency we cursed the very cups that, in our thirstier hours, we are wont to bless.

"But the best of all lies ahead!" I gloated.

And so we set out for that plateau in the center of the Cape, known as Dogtown Common. Never was appellation so inadequate; led by a name suggesting nothing more impressive than a frontier mining-camp, one approaches a lost world as charged with mystery, as infernally splendid, as some wilderness of Arizona, New Mexico, or southern Utah. Forgotten gods have upheaved the earth with a finger's movement, their commands echo through space, the silence groans and obeys.

It was the beginning of twilight when we wound up the road of approach. The last far-off bell and horn borne on an Annisquam wind had died; we hung in the suspense of a deathly stillness. A final turn in the lonely road, and the pleateau lay before us.

It was so long before we spoke that at last the sound of our own voices almost frightened us, as though they broke something meant to be held unbroken, eternally.

"We are in the true home of the witches at last!" I said, and then started, and lowered my voice. It was as though the spot were new to me. I believe each summer will bring its impression afresh. "Our broomsticks have reached their goal!"

Yes, they had borne us unerringly to the very dwelling-place of all the powers of darkness. Before us lay those few miles which some curious optical trick ever transforms into an endlessly vast plateau, isolate, forsaken, save by the stone monsters of a history eons old. Geologists tell their story, tracing it from the plunge of a glacial torrent, which flung these gigantic boulders as an angry child flings pebbles, down through the ages in which frost and storm have chiseled them to the monstrous shapes of prehistoric beasts and birds and reptiles. But to us of less scientific mind they were the spellbound victims of those ancient dames whose dwellings have long since crumbled to earth, but whose shades arise at the mere utterance of such names as "Judy Rhines," "Easter Carter," "Granny Rich," "Luce George," and "Tammy Younger, the Queen of the Witches."

A New World Salisbury Plain some have seen in this plateau, or a vista of the West, or a Lord Dunsany play. Druidic ruin, or forgotten garden of the gods, or theater set in terrible splendor, it matters little. The astonishing fact remains that here, in the very midst of familiar New England, lies a spot almost never visited by the traveler, little known even to the native; and that this spot is a wonder-world such as one might expect to find snap-shotted and jitneyed to banality.

"Here's where you leave me!" cried the Artist, flushed by a fever of haste, snatching pencil and sketch-book. "My first attack shall be made upon the ichthyosaur yonder. After which I shall down the teleosaur, the dinosaur, the dinothere, and the moa, one by one."

"When his chest heaves like *that*," said the Wife, "and his eye takes on *that* glitter, it is best to withdraw."

Therefore we left him where he had sunk all unwittingly into the clinging arms of a blackberry-bush, from which we extracted him as painlessly as possible later on.

We walked to the sagging cellar walls where, about two hundred years ago, the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

village of Dogtown grew up. To-day nothing above the cellars and the walls remains, only a group of outlines showing where once some hundred families built and plowed and pastured and married and gave birth, and died. Not only a deserted, but a ruined, village in America! Stones for the archeologist, and for us the legends of those mysterious dames, a few of whom so blackened the reputation of the settlement that early historians pursed their lips and dwelt as briefly as possible upon its records.

It has remained for the tolerance of a later day to look upon this strangely vanished village, most of whose inhabitants were wholly respectable members of esteemed Gloucester families, with eyes that read pathos. The lilacs that bloom each May beside the mossy doorstone of a house that is dead; the flaming yellow lilies that we found in full July glory before a cellar wall, were planted two centuries ago by those who built to abide. Flowers mean more than stone walls. One may build a house for a temporary and utilitarian shelter, but when he sets out a lilac-bush and plants a lily bulb he has come because he loves the spot—he has come to stay. And while the homes have rotted to disappearance, the lilacs and the lilies persist.

But behind all this gentle, homely pathos hovers the sense of a world bewitched. This we should have felt had we known nothing of Dogtown's lore; but, thanks to Mr. Charles E. Mann and his little book of thirty-one pages, we were primed for witchery at its blackest.

I do not know Mr. Mann, but I do know that something should be done about him—just what, I am not prepared to say, for, happily, he has not passed into a memory and so cannot have a monument erected to it. But he is worthy a monument that should be seen of all men on Cape Ann. Only a few know his "The Story of Dogtown"; it is as obscure a little brown volume as ever saw the light of publication; but it stands as the one real record of the most incredibly vanished settlement this side the Western cliff-dwellers. He has set down not only what facts are known about the settlement, but also the legends of the alleged witches numbered among its inhabitants.

Two isolated cellars standing near the old Dogtown Commons Road we identified as those of Judy Rhines and her aunt, Liz Tucker, the former of whom was well known as a witch. Like several others of these dames, she picked up a meager living by fortune-telling. It is said that once upon a time two boys, knowing that the chattels of a witch were ever public property, determined to prove themselves public-spirited by carrying off two of Judy's geese. Judy's tall, gaunt figure was seen in a moment, as she came shrieking and brandishing a hoe; but the retort of a goose flung full in her face so prostrated her that the boys were able to make off with their prey.

"But the historian stops just there!" protested the Wife.

"If the full story were known," said I, "I haven't a doubt we should learn that two of these stone figures are the boys, petrified for eternity by the wrath of Judy's spirit!" It was growing dark, and the Wife shivered and said, "Ugh!"

We watched a lone berry-picker wending his way down from the plateau, making our solitude the more conscious. The boulders' monstrous shapes grew more formidable in the gathering dusk.

"I'm beginning to feel things!" she whispered. Her eyes were round. At times she is very ingenuous. I felt it incumbent on me to stiffen the intellectual backbone of the party.

"Yes, there is certainly a peculiar psychological—or shall I say psychic?—reaction to the environment—" I began, and halted. The silence *was* getting a trifle upon one's nerves.

"Observe me carefully," urged the Artist. "If I should pass into the form of a cow, horse, yellow bird, or ape, I should want you both to be able to identify me in the barn, or the branches of a tree, or the zoo. It would aid in getting me un-bewitched."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

He feels it masculine and superior thus to jeer at our feminine emotions, but I caught him suppressing a shudder.

The darkness was growing rapidly. Lean figures of junipers, the only tree that finds life in this forsaken world, grew black and shrouded in the increasing gloom. An ominous "Caw!" from time to time shrieked in our ears like some raucous curse in the voice of Judy or Tammy. Gaunt junipers, like black ghosts stalking, and the melancholy crows—these are the only inhabitants to be seen. But what witch-spirits were abroad we could only guess.

We recalled the tales of Becky Rich, and the fortune she once told in coffee-grounds, of a lover "clear across the water." Of Aunt Smith, or, as some say, Dark Tucker it was, who brewed a "dire drink" for each "ducky," as she styled her victims, uttering who knows what incantation above the kettle of spruce tops and foxberry leaves. Of the foreign snuff-box, strangely wrought and bearing the design of a full-rigged ship, found, long after her death, in Tammy's cellar, hidden for no one knows what purpose—

Tammy Younger seems to have been the foremost practiser of black magic in Dogtown. Stories of her uncanny powers blew on the wind that swept all the surrounding settlements, and little children ran wailing to hide when she appeared. "You better be good, or Aunt Tam 'll take you up home with her," was a threat that accomplished more in the way of discipline than all the switches that ever grew. And as the children whimpered and obeyed, so did the adults confess that it "was being on the safe side not to offend Tammy." Dignified church elders drew her water when she commanded, or even fetched her a load of wood.

Tammy seems to have inherited her arts from her aunt, Luce George, who had an uncomfortable habit of bewitching the oxen, causing them to stand, running out their tongues, at the bottom of the hill below her house, and refuse to climb until their driver had paid toll from his load of corn. Thus she applied the education she had received from his Satanic Majesty with excellent thrift. Furthermore, if she commanded a load of wood to slide from the ox-team the load obeyed, until toll again was paid. Occasionally her appetite for fish led her to the wharves below, where it was a simple matter for her to bewitch the catch of mackerel until her tribute was exacted.

"Of course we know they're all dead and gone," murmured the Wife. "Yes, of course. But isn't it queer the way that tallest juniper seems to move stealthily toward us—"

The world had blackened swiftly, and now against the blackness a moon was rising. Athwart the sky rode a strange form.

"To be sure, it's nothing but a cloud," said I, "but how extraordinarily it resembles a bony figure in a peaked hat! Yes, to be sure it's a cloud—these cloud effects are remarkable at times," said I, forcibly.

"To be sure," echoed the Wife, in a faint whisper.

"As I was saying," I began again, "the psychological reaction to environment is—is—is very interesting," I concluded, lamely, although fairly shouting in my effort to be impressive.

"I thought I heard a—a—a—ahem, a mosquito," observed the Artist, slapping the air ostentatiously. "Hadn't we better go now?"

"Yes indeed, yes indeed, of course we should go," we assented volubly. And our exit was marked by a surprising precipitation.

But, once more infolded by civilization in Gloucester, restored to normal by the sight of trolley-cars and summer pleasure-seekers and ice-cream sodas, the Wife raised round, infantile eyes over the rim of her soda-glass.

"I haven't shivered so deliciously since I wore pigtails!" she gloated. "When can we mount our broomsticks again?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

LA SORDA OF SEVILLE

BY WILL IRWIN

TORTOLA VALENCIA sat on deck, just off the Azores, and held court. Tortola is a star, perhaps the brightest star, of interpretive dancing in Spain, although of English birth. Midnight were dawn compared to her straight, abundant hair and her great, appealing eyes. She is supple of figure yet amply voluptuous. She carries with pride a little head cut like a cameo, and her sloping shoulders, as she sits or walks, have a hint of a saucy shrug native to no other city in this world than Seville. She dresses in picture costume, sprinkled with great emeralds no deeper green than the shadows thrown in the hollows of her olive skin; and on the stage or off she holds always the spotlight.

A cotton salesman from Barcelona, a Parisian art-dealer, the Third Officer—when he was not on watch for submarines—and a phonograph agent from Madrid formed the nucleus of her court; about them was always a fascinated fringe, male and female, listening to Tortola, who, according to the prevailing tongue in her audience, held forth indifferently in Spanish, French, or English. Her monologue ranged from cooking in all lands to high politics. When she spoke on politics and international diplomacy, she got the respectful attention which Latin people always give to the artist. That is one of their engaging little ways which we shall never quite understand. With us, and equally with the English, the eminent poet who advocates low tariff or the noted actor who bursts forth on the Irish question gets but scanty attention. With the Latins it is different. If you paint or write or dance or sing supremely well, then have you weight in politics—hence the extraordinary influence of D'Annunzio in Italy.

Mostly, however, Tortola talked about her art; that was when the Anglo-Saxons among us, and especially the women, drew closer and listened. She spoke of the native Spanish dance and its changes throughout the ages, of the Greek dance, the Hindu dance, the Hawaiian interpretive dancing. In quick phrases she gave her opinion—usually generous—of Isadora Duncan, of Maud Allen, of La Argentinita, of Loie Fuller, who, as a pioneer, she admired most of all.

"What about the gipsy dance?" asked one of our women on this particular afternoon. "Have you ever tried that?"

"I have tried it, madame," said La Tortola, "and failed miserably. The gipsy dance is for the strange gipsy heart. Look. I went from Madrid to Seville once to take lessons—I had a project to introduce a gipsy suite at the Royal Theater. I tried. Long days I rehearsed. But I could no more do it than"—La Tortola cast about for a simile—"than one could run an automobile without petrol. The gipsy dance is locked in the gipsy heart. And the Gitanos of Spain are gipsies no longer. They live among us in towns. They marry with us. They work at trades. Only one remains—from her I took lessons.

"She is an old, old woman," continued Tortola (afterward, I say here, I met the old, old woman. She was, according to her own confession, thirty-eight and looked thirty-five, showing that age is mostly a question of latitude)—"an old, old woman, and stone deaf from her birth. She either dances by her sense of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

vibration from the guitars, or she makes the guitars follow her steps—I never could be sure which. That is why they call her La Sorda—the deaf woman. The gipsy heart lives in her. She dances in a cheap den at Seville, where workingmen and soldiers go to drink their wine on Saturday nights. Yes"—in answer to a glance from one of our women—"it is a place where a foreign lady can go if she has an escort, though few Spanish ladies would. Everything is allowed to the tourist. I suppose that few tourists have ever seen La Sorda. They go to see the Spanish dance—just pretty—so. La Sorda dances for Seville. If you wish to see her— Here—" and Tortola wrote in the fly-leaf of my guide-book an address. "Go," she added, "late at night."

Nothing, at the moment, seemed less likely than that I should visit Seville on that trip, for the western front and the spring offensive of 1917 were calling. But when I had finished the business which led me to Madrid, I found the French border closed for a week. So I traveled south to Andalusia in order to look into German influences. I had forgotten all about La Sorda until one morning when I came across that note on the fly-leaf of my guide-book; and, as always when in doubt, I consulted José. He is a useful person of many trades, this José. At the moment, he was acting mainly as courier for the Allied consulates—a document dropped into the ordinary mail during this period might as well have been despatched to the German Embassy. On the side, he was guide, interpreter, and friend to all Frenchmen, Englishmen, or Americans visiting Seville that year on official and semi-official business; still farther on the side, he would, if encouraged, do a little business with antiques whose genuineness he positively guaranteed. When he looked at you with his soft, guileless black eyes and his engaging smile you had to believe the guaranty. To José I showed that entry in my guide-book.

"Ah yes, La Sorda," said José. "I well know La Sorda. My wife, señor, is a Gitano. She is what you call relate distant to La Sorda. Tortola speak trut'. She alone dance the gipsy dance. It is gone. My wife saw it twenty times, a hundred times, when she was a little girl. They dance it in camps, in the caves by Granada—but they are all dead, gone, except La Sorda. You go with me—the señora may come too if I am there—" José beamed with fatherly patronage on my wife. "And if you go to-night, I will bring La Sorda from the stage—I will what you call eentroduce her. No?"

That Saturday night at nine o'clock José guided us by narrow streets, under mysterious overhanging balconies, through the pleasant chatter of the merriest little city on this planet, to a quarter of small shops and wide-open, poor cafés where drivers, farmers, and embryo bull-fighters sipped cordial and coffee. By a brilliantly lighted doorway he led us along a narrow passage and through a plain pine door whose opening let in not only light, but the hoarse, male babble of a crowd. We were in the upper box-tier of a very small, very intimate, and very smoky theater. The floor below was aligned so thickly with little, round tables that the overworked waiters were hard put to force a passage between them; and every table was rimmed with lolling, chattering young Spanish men, their clothing soiled with country mud, their dark faces looking as though they had been hacked out of mahogany with a jack-knife. The gray-blue uniforms of Spanish soldiers slashed with color the dark mass of the floor. They were all young, very young; most of them mere boys, getting their first taste of life.

Above this floor was a row of boxes, or rather stalls, like the one we now occupied; and opposite the entrance was a very little stage, its handkerchief of an advertising curtain now lowered. In a stall across from us sat some town sport and his girl. At a corner table near the stage were four or five young women, white or saffron-colored shawls with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

gaudy brocaded embroidery drawn about their sloping shoulders. These were performers, waiting for their turns, and meantime talking with favored patrons. Otherwise, except for the lady in our box, there was no woman in this man's audience.

An orchestra of guitars, whose players sat at a table before the stage, began a strumming rhythm, and the little curtain rose laboriously to show a pretty young girl in a fringed shawl, one rose lightening her midnight hair. To the guitars she danced the conventional Spanish step with its shrug of the shoulders, its stampings, its castanets, and its free, full, striding step. The curtain had not yet fallen on this turn when José, who had been out exploring, returned to our box and ushered in La Sorda.

She seemed, at first, almost commonplace. She was, indeed, rather dumpy of figure; though her step, as she came into the box, was light, she had about her no suggestion of the lithe dancer. She was dressed in her working-clothes—a plain foulard evening gown of black with a little white figure, a skimpy, fringed, white Spanish shawl about her shoulders, a pair of red-satin slippers, adorned with pompons, on her small feet. All these garments looked old and a little faded, as though they had been cleansed and recleansed. In her black hair, bound tightly about her head, was a single carnation, faded with the heat and smoke of that den.

She was dark of countenance, even more than is common in Spain, and, at first glance, her face was not striking at all, which is also uncommon among the Spanish and their adopted brethren, the gipsies. Her nose, small, straight, fine, topped a broad, expressive mouth. Her eyes were jetty black, but they had neither the languor nor the occasional flashing boldness of the regular Spanish eye. Rather were they veiled with the mystery of her race. The expression, as I read it then, had a kind of good-humored serenity. You liked the woman on first glance; but equally, you would never have picked her for an unusual personage.

"You must speak to her through me," said José, in English, as he introduced her and set for her a chair. "She reads the lips, and Spanish must be perfect in order that she understan'. I suggest also that you order the drinks. It is here customar'."

I obeyed. When the waiter, having apparently prepared himself for heavy tourist trade from our box, entered with a bottle of cheap sherry and four glasses, La Sorda rose as one accustomed to serve, and poured our drinks. I had forgotten both stage and audience up to this moment. But when La Sorda raised her glass, a babble erupted on the floor below. "Eh-eh-eh-e-eh!" cried the crowd in concert, the shout ending in a long-drawn, hoarse male cry as La Sorda touched the rim with her lips. She stood at the edge of the box, laughing the frank, unaffected laughter of a child as she waved her glass toward the audience. Babble broke out again; not in concert this time, but confused—a hundred men shouting independently. Suddenly, La Sorda's laughter rippled down to a smile and her eyes fixed themselves intently on a far corner of the floor below. So she stood for an instant; then her lips began to move, though she made no sound. Again she fixed her eyes; and now she was laughing that same merry, contagious laugh.

"She reads their lips," said José. "So far away that you and I could not hear at all, she reads lips. And the old patrons have learn' to read her lips. So she talks across the place in all this noise."

La Sorda, still laughing, turned to us and spoke in Andalusian slang, with the even, unaccented voice of the stone deaf.

"The señora is dark of the complexion," said José. "The señora wears a broad hat. Of consequence they think she is Spanish and an *artiste*, and they ask La Sorda if she is a new dancer and will dance for us to-night. Because of which La Sorda makes a joke for them to laugh."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The guitars strummed again, and the curtain rose to another lithe young girl and another Spanish dance. I leave La Sorda for a moment to comment on the strangeness of Spain and Spaniards. I sat in that place from nine until two, watching crowds of young mechanics, drivers, private soldiers, clerks, go into storms of enthusiastic applause over a program of eighteen turns which, with one exception, consisted solely of dancing. The exception was a girl in a plain linen suit who sang to her own guitar the wailing folk-songs of Seville, of Granada, and of Algeciras. Nor—again with one exception—was any of the dancing in the slightest degree improper. This exception was mild, and it was the least successful turn of the evening. You could not imagine this in any other white man's land. Like their universal rage for the bull-fight, like their way of doing business, like their politics, it illustrates the mysterious difference of the Spanish, which is sometimes an irritation and always a charm.

Tortola Valencia, in her discourses on international politics, used again and again the phrase "Europe—and Spain."

Meantime, La Sorda had discovered my army field-glasses, which I had brought-along in case we might be seated far back in the house. To her they were a new object, and a miracle. A little, bubbling laugh broke the habitual good-humored serenity of her expression. She tried them on the opposite box, and gave the wondering "Oh!" of a child at seeing faces come so very near.

"She say it is the first time such objec' was ever in this place," said José, translating, "and she say the house is now quite fashionable—no?"

The curtain was drawn now, and the audience caught this bit of by-play. La Sorda turned the glasses on this face and that, picked up the remarks from their lips, laughed her tinkling, childish laugh, and returned the jokes with voiceless movements of her own lips. Roars of merriment surged over the house. A soldier took up two empty glasses, put them to his eyes, and returned the stare. There followed a scramble for glasses; in a moment the house below was a pool of great frogs' eyes all staring at us. Then the leader of the guitar orchestra pounded vigorously for order, the guitars strummed, and the curtain rose for another turn.

"Watch this one," said La Sorda, her face resuming its deep serenity. "She is a pupil of mine in the Spanish dance. If she does well, she goes to Granada for a regular engagement."

She did well, this slip of a blonde seventeen-year-old, with her childish awkwardness but pointing her litheness of young movement; and when the applause was done La Sorda excused herself.

"I am next," she said, "and there are things to do before the curtain rises." She descended to the floor; we watched her thread her way past the tables to the door beside the stage. From every table they called to her or held out detaining hands, which she evaded, smiling. Twice she stopped and chatted a moment with old patrons. Plainly, she was queen of this place. It revolved about La Sorda, had its being because of her.

She vanished through the door. The audience faced the stage and settled to something like quiet for the Big Turn.

I don't know how to describe it. To do it justice, both the reader and I should have to understand the technique of dancing, which, being Americans, neither of us does. Even then it would be like explaining to an Occidental painter, who had never seen a Japanese print, just how or why a Japanese print may be beautiful.

When the curtain rose, seven people sat on two benches behind the footlights. To the left, dressed in Spanish dancing costume of fringed shawl, skirts flaring like a petal, tight bodices, were two young girls who had danced before. Next them, seeming by contrast a rather shabby figure in her old black evening dress and her skimpy white shawl, sat La Sorda. Next were two squat men,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in ordinary day clothes and checked, cravatless flannel shirts, holding guitars. Finally came two old women, dumpy of figure and gray of hair. That was all; no scenery, and, except for the two young girls at the end, no costuming nor make-up. The two guitarists struck up a staccato rhythm in a minor key. Suddenly the whole company, their legs going like pistons, began a stamping which sounded like the roll of a bass drum. Into this rhythm burst a hard clapping of their hands—a sound like that of castanets or snare-drums. This drum-beating became faster and more continuous, and the wailing of the guitars rose louder. One of the young girls sprang to her feet, then the other; and they danced wildly. The steps seemed to me those of the Spanish dance, and I saw nothing unusual in the performance except that it was faster, a little more abandoned than any of the performances which I had seen in Madrid; also there were curious attitudes of the hands and the body.

The two girls, with a final pirouette, sank to a bow; the applause, which had been going on by bursts, grew to a roar as La Sorda rose, beamed a serene smile which had, somehow, nothing of the stage about it, advanced to the footlights.

And La Sorda danced the gipsy dance. Watching her after the others was like watching Hal Chase play first base after witnessing a high-school game, like watching Sothern act "Hamlet" after hearing it recited by a village elocutionist. Crouched in the posture of an Indian on the trail, she began with a rolling stamping of her feet. Straightening up as she went on, she threw head and torso back and whirled in a wild step. There was beauty in every pose and movement. It was mounting toward beauty inexpressible when arms, hands, and torso began to fall into poses almost grotesque, like those of the Japanese stage. Now her mysterious eyes shot fire, now they grew soft; but always, they projected across the footlights a current of personality. Had you seen but her head, you must have watched, just for the play of her expression. "The gipsy heart!" You began to see and understand now what Tortola Valencia meant; why none but a gipsy could express it. With the music and the motion you felt long, free nights under the stars, the beating of wild wings of the soul—and then—snap! —she had slid into a series of grotesque poses and you were the gipsy trickster, selling doctored horses, whispering gross flatteries over a lady's palm, and doing it not so much for the money as to satisfy your own untamed, whimsical sense of humor. Then it beat wilder and wilder, to a crescendo of stamping, clapping, beats of the guitars, and you were the gipsy with his soul free, all his pagan longings fulfilled. You were the soaring birds, the winds, the air—a sudden roll of clapping, and La Sorda had stopped, panting a little, bowing. . . . They encored her again and again, until she had to refuse with a gesture, to signal for the curtain.

During the *entre'acte*, she came into the audience on the way to our stall. Her appearance brought another ovation. Men rose from their seats and clapped their hands in her very face. Then she came back among us, panting a little, wearing again that expression of good-humored serenity. So, presently, while the house partly cleared and partly refilled, while the program began again with the purely Spanish dancers, La Sorda talked to us of many things. José, seated just across the little table from her, took the conversation from her, and translated; she, leaning on her elbows, spelled our answers from his lips. Occasionally, when she wished to be emphatic, she would shift her gaze from his mouth to our faces and smile or nod or drive in her point with a slow, dignified Spanish gesture. It is La Sorda speaking now, though in the voice of José, and I shall smooth out his struggles with English.

"I was born deaf," said La Sorda. "They say I could distinguish some sound before I was five. I think so my-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

self, because I seem to remember what hearing is like. But it all went finally, and I learned the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. Then my mother showed me how to speak and to read the lips. Mother learned it from a teacher of the deaf. I had spoken a little, already, before I was five, so that was not hard. It was many years before I could read the lips."

"And when did you begin to dance?"

"I don't know. My mother loved dancing—she danced gipsy fashion. When I was little I danced with her. There were others who taught me—when I was a child many old women were still doing the real gipsy dance. I learned from them in Gitano camps when they came to Seville, and over by the caves at Granada. When I began really to dance, my cousin played the guitar for me. By and by I could catch the vibration of the guitar a little—feel it in my fingers. I don't know why, but the guitars are always with me and I with the guitars."

"Tortola told me that the gipsy dance cannot be taught—to any one but an old-fashioned gipsy."

"It is true. Many people come for lessons. They cannot learn. La Argentinita was here last month." La Argentinita, a slender, appealing, pretty girl from the Argentine, who could make castanets talk, was at this period the newest craze in Madrid.

"Whenever she tried, she was only graceful and Spanish—so." And the hands and arms of La Sorda flowed into a sweeping, billowy gesture. "But another woman does it. She dances in Granada. She is better than I. You see, I am thirty-eight and not so supple as I used to be. And lately I am troubled with the breath. I must be here from nine in the evening until four in the morning, dancing three times every night. The air of this place is smoky, as you see. Then distinguished patrons come, and I must often sit and drink wine with them. I usually pretend I am drinking when I am not"— here La Sorda gave again her tinkling laugh of an amused child—"but sometimes they catch me and I must drink a little. All that is very bad for the breathing and I must have breath to dance my best."

We paid her some compliments then; told her, through José, what we thought of her performance, what Tortola Valencia and others had said. Through all that she merely smiled and maintained her serene expression.

"Did you ever dance outside of Seville?" I asked, in the end. "I should think you would be a furore abroad."

"I have had two offers," said La Sorda. "One, years ago, I nearly accepted. A very rich manager from the Argentine saw me and wanted to take me to Buenos Aires. But I could not leave my mother."

"But they got you to Madrid once," said José.

"Yes, that is true," replied La Sorda, laughing again, "for two weeks. It was a three months' engagement. But after two weeks I found I could not live away from my mother. I told them to keep their money, and came back."

We did not ask the obvious question—why she did not take mother along? Somehow, by these and other references, La Sorda made it plain that mother was an irremovable fixture of Seville. As soon think of moving the cathedral or the Alhambra to Madrid or Buenos Aires as to displace mother!

"So I stay in Seville," concluded La Sorda, "and play here nights, and in the afternoon I give lessons in the Spanish dance—and in the gipsy dance to those who think they can learn."

"I wonder," I said to José in English, "how much money she gets for all this? If she had gone to Madrid or the Argentine she would have earned the salary of a bull-fighter. She might be a rich woman."

"Oh, she won't mind telling you in the least," said José. Her attention was turned from us for a moment; she was holding a smiling exchange of lip-reading with some one on the floor. José touched her arm.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"La Sorda," he asked in Spanish, "what do they pay you here?"

"Four pesetas a night," said La Sorda.

Four pesetas is eighty cents. Spanish incomes are incredibly small.

"And how much for your teaching?" pursued José.

"Two to four pesetas an hour," replied La Sorda. She tossed off these figures in a careless aside; she was laughing now at some joke from a far corner of the audience.

"Sometimes rich patrons give her presents," said José, on his own account. "She has bought with these presents a little house across the river. There she lives with her mother, and her cousin cooks for them. She lives very well, as things go with the Gitanos."

I watched her then, still chatting across the noise to people on the floor; spying, with her art of lip-reading, on a dozen conversations, all of which amused her, and quite oblivious to us. In Madrid, which loves dancing and novelty, she would have been a craze. With a Madrid reputation she might have gone on to the Argentine and to all rich, lavish Latin America. Suites at luxurious hotels, jewels, automobiles, the company of the rich and great in all the Spanish world—this was the prospect open to La Sorda when, years ago, she went to Madrid. If she were of a saving nature, she might have had much money. Her very affliction would have served as a priceless instrument for her press agent.

Yet here she was, with her expression of good-humored serenity and her easy, tinkling laughter of a child, dancing for the boys of Seville in a small, dingy theater, working hard for an income which could not possibly exceed, regularly, fifteen dollars a week. Still—that expression, that laugh— Suddenly I realized that the elusive bluebird of happiness had for a moment brushed us with his wings. She, this deaf woman of Seville, was plying an art in which she was supreme, loving it, confident in it. Every night she gained that instant, generous applause which is the consolation of the actor. No Irving in London, no Booth in New York, got quicker or more hearty appreciation than she in that obscure, drab quarter of a Spanish provincial city. She was queen in her little world; it existed for her, because of her; it loved her, that queer little world, amused her, satisfied her. Above all, she was doing well a job which she loved. Between acts of that gigantic drama of unhappiness being played to the north, I had encountered the happy life.

THE SHEPHERDS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

THEY never sought; nay, they but woke and came
Quickly; nor paused they to bring
Gifts to the Little King;—
No gems had they, nor a remembered name.

E'en while they knelt, three Wise Men worshiping,
Over the desert rode afar,
Patient, and sought a star;—
Yet came too late to hear the angels sing.

Oh, wake us, make us simple, make us mild!
Spare us the desert thirst and fears,
The garnered gems, and years!
Oh, bring us to Thee quickly, Holy Child.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EIGHTY YEARS AND AFTER

BY W. D. HOWELLS

ALL my life I have been afraid of death. I think the like is true of every one, and I think it is also true that now, when old and nearer death, in the order of life, than ever before, I am less afraid of dying than when I was young and naturally far from it. I believe this again is true of all men, but it may not be at all true of others. Perhaps in age, as in sickness, when the vital forces are lowered we lose something of that universal and perpetual dread, until, as observation, if not experience, teaches, we survive it altogether and make the good end common to the dying.

Apparently the fear of death does not always mount with the loss of faith in a life hereafter, but sometimes the contrary. Until I was thirty-five years old I had no question but if I died I should live again; yet the swift loss of that faith, through the almost universal lapse of it in the prevailing agnosticism of the eighteen-seventies and 'eighties, was a relief from that fear. I had hitherto felt that, being a sinner, as I did not doubt I was, I should suffer for my sins after death; yet, now that the fear of hell was effectively gone, a certain stress was lifted from me which had weighed upon my soul. When I was a well-grown boy I used to pray before I slept at night that I might not die before morning and that I might not go to hell, but neither of my petitions had been inspired by the wise and kind doctrine of Swedenborg which I had been taught from my earliest years, and so I must suppose that my terror was a remnant of the ancestral, the anthropoidal fear which once possessed all human life.

In age, in youth, most people believe in God because they cannot deny the existence of a cause of things. The universe did not happen of itself, though we may, in middle life, say so sometimes. Even then I felt that there was a Creator of Heaven and Earth, but I had not the sense of a Father in Heaven, though I prayed to Him every night by that name. I had not the sense of loving Him, though I feared Him because I knew myself a wrong-doer in my thoughts and deeds, and imagined Him a just judge. The fear of His judgment has passed from me more and more as I have grown older; but at no time have I thought irreverently of Him or spoken so of Him. Still I have not affectionately prayed to Him outside of the Scriptural words. I have not praised Him in the terms of flattery which must, if He is the divine consciousness we imagine Him, make Him sick at heart. I do not say this is the case with other old men, but I note it in my own case with whatever humility the utmost piety would have.

My fear of Him has not grown upon me; neither do I think it has lessened, as it seems to me my fear of death has. There is apparently no reason for this diminishing dread, and I do not account for it as a universal experience. There seems to be a shrinkage of the emotions as of the forces from youth to age. When we are young life fills us full to the verge of being and leaves us no vantage-point from which we have any perspective of ourselves. For instance, I cannot recall inquiring what I was at twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and hardly at sixty, as I am now inquiring what I am at eighty-two, though I have always been keenly interested in the analysis of life and character. But experience grows with age, and the study of it may be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the last stage of introspection, though hardly, I should say, could it prevail till ninety or after.

The greatest and most dramatic shrinkage of consciousness is, of course, that which follows from the cooling of the passions, and is something apparently quite physical. Love at its best means marriage, and is altogether the most beautiful thing in life. It is never self-consciously ridiculous, though often ridiculous enough to the witness. Its perversion is the ugliest thing in life and the shamefulest, but for a day, for an hour of its bliss, one would give all one's other years; yet it does not escape the imperfection which mars everything. The best of existence, the home and the children, proceed from it; without it there can be no death, and the rending of the dearest ties and the anguish of grief come from love, too; the grave as well as the home awaits it.

There are faults which age redeems us from, and there are virtues which turn to vices with the lapse of years. The worst of these is thrift, which in early and middle life it is wisdom and duty to practise for a provision against destitution. As time goes on this virtue is apt to turn into the ugliest, cruelest, shabbiest of the vices. Then the victim of it finds himself hoarding past all probable need of saving for himself or those next him, to the deprivation of the remoter kindred of the race. In the earlier time when gain was symbolized by gold or silver, the miser had a sensual joy in the touch of his riches, in hearing the coins clink in their fall through his fingers, and in gloating upon their increase sensible to the hand and eye. Then the miser had his place among the great figures of misdoing; he was of a dramatic effect, like a murderer or a robber; and something of this bad distinction clung to him even when his specie had changed to paper currency, the clean, white notes of the only English bank, or the greenbacks of our innumerable banks of issue; but when the sense of riches had been transmuted to the balance in his favor at his banker's, or the bonds in his drawer at the safety-deposit vault, all splendor had gone out of his vice. His bad eminence was gone, but he clung to the lust of gain which had ranked him with the picturesque or histrionic wrong-doers, and which only ruin from without could save him from, unless he gave his remnant of strength to saving himself from it. Most aging men are sensible of all this, but few have the frankness of that aging man who once said that he who died rich died disgraced, and died the other day in the comparative penury of fifty millions.

Few old men have the strength to save themselves from their faults, perhaps because they have no longer the resilience of youth in any sort. It would be interesting to know when this ceases in mind or body; but without calling other dotards to witness, I will record that, physically, it had ceased in me half-way through my seventies, as I once found when I jumped from a carriage at the suggestion of the young driver who said he did not like the way the horse was acting. I myself saw nothing wrong in the horse's behavior, but I reasoned that a driver so young must know better, and I struck the ground with the resilience of an iron casting of the same weight.

Yet any time within the seventies I should say that one still felt young in body if not in mind; after that one feels young oftenest in spirit; a beautiful morning will go far to find the joy of youth in the octogenarian, as a gloomy sunset will find the pathos of it. I imagine, in fact, that youth lurks about in holes and corners of us as long as we live, but we must not make too free with it. We may go a good long walk in the forenoon, and feel the fresher; but we must not be tempted to another walk in the afternoon, lest the next morning find us fully as old as we are. Exercise is not for age unless it is the carriage exercise which used to be prescribed by the physicians of the rich; certainly not motor exercise, which is

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

almost as bad as walking exercise. A stick helps out, but it will not do so much as it promises on an up-hill way. In the summer, for instance, I live in a valley with the sea at either end of it, and I can traverse the intervening meadows with refreshment, or at least without exhaustion, but in front there has grown up since I was seventy a hill which was not there before and is as surprising as the effect of some recent volcanic upheaval. When I begin to climb this strange acclivity I find my stick a very lively leg, but as I mount it falters and goes lame; and before I reach the top I think I should almost be better without it. Before a certain time in my later seventies I was a quite indefatigable pedestrian, but one night, coming out of a theater in Boston, I boldly crossed the Common toward my hotel on Beacon Hill till it began to rise under me. There I began to sink under it, and before I reached the top I despaired in a deadly fatigue which was probably in part the effect of sitting unmoved through several hours in the theater. I should like to warn all octogenarians to beware of resting too much; there is such a thing as that and it is a very serious thing.

After sixty one must not take too many chances with one's self; but I should say that the golden age of man is between fifty and sixty, when one may safely take them. One has peace then from the different passions; if one has been tolerably industrious one is tolerably prosperous; one has fairly learned one's trade or has mastered one's art; age seems as far off as youth; one is not so much afraid of death as earlier; one likes joking as much as ever and loves beauty and truth as much; family cares are well out of the way; if one has married timely one no longer nightly walks the floor with even the youngest child; the marriage ring is then a circle half rounded in eternity. It is a blessed time; it is indeed the golden age, and no age after it is more than silvern. The best age after it may be that between eighty and ninety, but one cannot make so sure of ninety as of seventy in the procession of the years, and that is where the gold turns silver. But silver is one of the precious metals, too, and it need not have any alloy of the baser ones. I do not say how it will be in the years between ninety and a hundred; I am not yet confronted with that question. Still, all is not gold between eighty and ninety as it is between fifty and sixty. In that time, if one has made oneself wanted in the world, one is still wanted; but between eighty and ninety, if one is still wanted, is one wanted as much as ever? It is a painful question, but one must not shirk it; and in trying for the answer one must not do less than one's utmost, at a time when one's utmost will cost more effort than before. This is a disadvantage of living so long, but we cannot change the conditioning if we wish to live.

There is always the question whether one does wish to live, but for the averagely happy or unhappy man, I should say yes, yes, yes. We could ignore the fact that there are some men so unhappy beyond the vast average that they cannot wish to live. These kill themselves, but, speaking without the statistics, I do not believe these are often people of eighty and after. Apparently life is seldom so unbearable with these that one almost never hears of their suicide.

The young mostly think the old are subjectively dull because they seem objectively dull, but they may often seem so because youth, not life, is uninteresting. I have known only one octogenarian who was not interested in any phase of life, who no longer cared to hear or tell of a new thing who turned from books as jadedly as from men. This might have been because he had known the best of both to satiety. If one is of the reading habit as this sad sage was of, one has, by eighty and after, read most of the best books. In my own case, though, I have not been a measureless consumer of literature; I have devoured so much of it that every now and then

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

when I propose myself some novelty, I cannot find the desired freshness in books which I have read only two or three times before, or even never before. Yet, not counting the latest poetry and fiction, I have ignored many of the things which most people have read—some very signal things, in fact. I have been rather fond of reading things many times over; they do not tire; certain passages of Shakespeare which I got by heart when I was a boy—say Henry V's heartless snub of Falstaff when the new King must call his jokefellow off, or things out of "Macbeth" or "Othello." Tennyson does not bear re-reading like Keats, though long as much my favorite; and Heine does not, though he was once my greatest favorite. Yet within my eighty-second year I have read *Don Quixote* with as much zest as in my twelfth year; and the other day I read Milton's "Lycidas" with as rich a woe as the first time.

Literature is a universe where we poor planets swim about as if we were each no greater than the Earth which is wellnigh lost in its own little solar system. The question should be of one's continuing interest in public questions, and of one's value in treating of them. If I were boasting here of senility or its signal usefulness I would allege that of the octogenarian who seems to me the first of those publicists among us in addressing the sense and conscience of his countrymen since the German war on mankind began.

The attitude of amaze in comparative youth at mere superannuation is one of the hardest things which the old have to bear from their juniors, far harder than the insult of Hamlet's mockery of Polonius. Every old man knows the truth about physical age, and it can only hurt him the more to be told that he is looking better than ever, to be forced to smirk in the acceptance or refusal of the false homage offered his years in the effort to discount them for him. Let us alone, I say, and we can bear our burden; do not add the weight of your gross kindness to it. We know that we have wonderful alleviations and even advantages; we are at least not dead, and there we are at least equal with younger men, for at the end of the ends no grade of juniority can claim more.

I have met many old people, and I am glad that when I was younger I did not wish to praise their youthfulness or exalt their abounding health and vigor. When I once sat next to Emerson and heard him asking his other next-hand neighbor who I was when I had just told him who that neighbor was, I did not praise his wonderful memory. I must have been saved by somehow realizing that time would do all the needful remembering of him and eternity for him. Loss of memory is almost the first infirmity of noble minds, and I am proud to recall that when I was little more than thirty I clung to the hand of a fellow-citizen and tried for his familiar name, a name as idle as could well be. I had it as soon as our backs were turned, and I have never since lost it, or been the richer for it. I was young then, but when I was really beginning to be old I found myself at Rome, in returning to the use of my earlier Italian, often failing of a word before I realized that I had first failed of the English of it. Now I wander in a whirl of lost words which I can find only by first defining their uses to myself. Then the name wonderfully appears and I keep it a longer or shorter time; but meanwhile I have suffered. The worst case of forgetfulness that I remember was the name of a tree, that tree which looks an evergreen but is really deciduous, the— There, it is gone again! No, I have it. *Larch, larch, larch!* How could I have forgotten it? It never was *serge*, at all! Tolstoy says that remembering is hell, and nothing can be more terrible than remembering everything, as those newly arrived spirits do in the life to come, when their inner memories are explored for the things which have been dropped into their outer memories and comfortably forgotten. But if it is a blessing to forget, what a torment it is

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to fail of the thing we want to remember!

Titian outlived his ninety-nine years and kept on painting almost to the last. I have not found any critic to say how well he continued to paint, though I dare say there is more than one such critic. I can well believe that he wrought as greatly then from his exhaustless soul as in his prime. At ninety-nine he was working hard at Venice, in the intimacy of another Venetian master, the great sculptor and architect Sansovino, who was, however, only ninety-three. I used to view his Renaissance work with as great pleasure as my subservience to Ruskin's Gothic tyranny would let me, but I did not try to distinguish the later work in it from the earlier, and I cannot say from my personal knowledge that his mastery held out to the last. It is only now that from the Encyclopedia Britannica I have learned that "his masterpiece, the bronze doors of the sacristy in St. Mark's," was done when he was eighty-five, and that at eighty-eight "he completed a small bronze gate with a graceful relief of Christ surrounded by angels." Titian and he lived in great jollity together, and were of a gaiety which is rather characteristic of the old, though their younger friends are apt to think otherwise. Sansovino was not of his friend's unfailing health, but he knew how to ward off an attack in his latest years, when Vasari tells us "he retired to a dark, warm place," and remained there till perfectly restored. It seems worth trying.

As old as Titian when he died was the great Admiral Andrea Doria, who refused a crown from Genoa and kept her a republic after he saved her from her enemies by his victories; but I do not know when he won his last battle any more than I know when Titian painted his last masterpiece. The Doge Enrico Dandolo was a blind nonagenarian when he led his Venetians to the assault of the Byzantine walls, but his exact age is something the reader must learn from history.

The most distinguished American nonagenarian whom I have personally known was our eminent citizen, John Bigelow, and I recall with lasting pleasure hearing him give in the Century Theater at New York his recollection of an interview, fifty years earlier, with Alexander Dumas—a charming characterization of the mighty mulatto, done with delicate humor and friendly criticism and delivered with unfaltering force and grace.

There is a common superstition of old people's severity, and even surliness, which I should here like to combat, for I have oftenest found age kind and sweet. I have not known so many nonagenarians as to have lost count of any, and I recall one dear lady whom I first saw when I was still twenty-nine and met a second time when I was thirty and she ninety-seven. "You remember Mr. H., mother?" her daughter suggested. "Yes," she chirped in answer, "but he won't remember *me*." Think of one's not remembering a lady of ninety-seven! After an interval of more than half a century I met my second nonagenarian, who was indeed only ninety-five, but who came tripping down-stairs to greet me in his parlor like a light-footed youth of thirty-five, and who said, as if to excuse his delay, that his wife was not very well, though only ninety. Soon afterward she died, and then he died, too, but that day he was as much alive as need be. His face showed few marks of age, though his eyes, which were bright, were narrowed to little more than a fine gleam. It was in Cambridge, and of course we talked books with the back thought in my own mind that I must not tire him. Will the reader believe that before I was aware I *did* tire him? I am so fond of talking books! I shall always be ashamed of that inadvertence, though I almost rushed away. At seventy-three I could still rush a little.

Once in Boston, long before that, I lunched with a brave gentleman of ninety-four, who was still in the office-practice of the law, and went to his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

office every day. He did not brag of this, but his son did, in a proud aside to me. As to octogenarians there is simply no end to them; they swarm, they get in one's way. I recall notably the first I met on my way to Europe. I had left my father at home in his eighty-eighth year; he had always been alive, and I did not think his age strange; but my fellow-voyager had perhaps never been very much alive, and I observed him with question whether people were usually so dull at eighty. Now I do not think they usually are; they seem rather a sprightly generation, and rightly resentful of the sympathy of people who regard them as infirm and in the need of being told that they are looking wonderfully well, and younger than ever. So, perhaps, they are; but why rub it in?

When I met this octogenarian I am speaking of, I was making the first of five or six successive transatlantic voyages in ten or twelve years—after remaining homebound for nigh twenty years; now I hope, as soon as the terms of universal peace are fixed, to begin going to Europe again. "I cannot rest from travel," as Ulysses says in the words of Tennyson. It involves some risks, but is not it the only escape from death, for the time being? Yet if you wish to escape promptly you must not delay beginning to go, or it will cost you a certain suffering. When I began to go, between my sixties and seventies, I loathed the terms of perpetuity presented in the run from the country to the city, where I was to sail, with the railroad ticketing and checking, and then the transferring of baggage to the steamer: I saw the whole loathly perspective from the starting-point; and yet I knew that England was my goal; and now I know, if I did not then, that English travel is pure joy. There is no other travel like it, though American travel is a little like it in its unhampered movement. As for the continent—France, Germany, Italy—it is purgatory which you plunge into or out of in the going to or from that heaven of English travel; in this you begin to rest from the moment you begin to move.

Among the things that the octogenarian must guard against is that solitude which is liable to grow upon him through the fault of other octogenarians. I do not know that they are apt to die out of proportion to other mortals; but certainly they seem to die more noticeably and to leave their contemporaries lonelier than people who have not lived so long. Perhaps this is an effect of the stir which is made about their dying at such an advanced age—as if, having lived so long, they ought to have lived longer. But I cannot say what is to be done about it, if anything; the solitude is inevitable; and yet, I cannot pretend that I miss other old people much. This is possibly because we octogenarians are not so much in the habit of seeing one another as septuagenarians and sexagenarians are. Perhaps there is a remote feeling of relief when we hear of one another going; we realize that those others were often rather dull company. Still, we are lonelier, till the solitude accumulated upon us ceases to be a conscious fact. I have no remedy to suggest unless it is the rather mechanical device of cultivating the acquaintance of the young. But then the young are often so dull, too, and they cumber one with kindness, more than the old; you do not see *us* helping the old on with their overcoats, or putting them chairs. The best thing would be to be born of a copious generation, with lots of brothers and sisters, and no end of cousins. There is comfort in the next of kin, such as comes from no other propinquity, though there is now and then a painful sense of responsibility for our blood-relations if they are rather fitter for the kingdom of heaven in their pecuniary circumstances than for the best society of a democratic republic. If they are somewhat silly one feels that one would rather have them criminal.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Quite apart from these digressions, and only because his case comes into the chapter of octogenarian loneliness, I wish to speak of a very gentle old man whose acquaintance I made in sharing with him a wayside seat, several years ago, when we were still within our seventies. We began at once with those intimate topics which strangers enter upon so promptly, and he told me that he had left his farm and was passing his widower-years in the family of his son, where they were all very kind to him. He casually mentioned that he always went to bed at six o'clock, and when I showed some surprise at this he explained that he did not wish to disturb the wonted course of the family life, or to put his children and grandchildren to the trouble of entertaining him. He seemed to imply that he was less lonely in withdrawing from them than if he had kept about with them. He sweetly touched upon differences in the young and old which no good-will or affection could annul. "But," he added, "there is an old lady coming to visit us, and then I shall keep about. We shall have more to say to each other, and be more sociable." I ventured to ask how old this lady was, and he said sixty; he did not seem to think the space between this and his eightieth year any great matter. In fact, upon reflection, I could not feel it so, either, considering how far the sympathy of women can go in bridging such intervals.

I recall that when I was a very small boy—small, but of fixed opinions—I unspeakably preferred old ladies to old men, as I saw them about our house in the character of guests, for the day or the dinner. They were mostly of Quakerly guise and cult, apparently, but the one old gentleman who visited us was of our small sect and perhaps came for the comfort of the little-friended doctrine which we shared with him. He must have stayed overnight, for I have still the vision of his movable teeth in the tumbler of water, where he kept them while he slept, and where they remained while he scraped a sweet apple for luncheon before the noonday dinner. He was somehow dreadful to me for these facts, and I contrasted him in my mind with those old ladies, to their infinite advantage.

I have carried these my preferences through life, and I still regard old ladies as angelic, in so much that I have never seen one that I did not revere. I do not know when they begin to look old to other eyes, but to mine they never look old, as old men look. Very likely some of them may once have been silly, and some naughty, but they do not show it, while all the goodness and wisdom of their youth has grown upon them. I should like to touch here, but barely touch, the thought of the dear and lovely lady which has all this time been in the back of my mind, as a supreme proof of the highest praise that could be given to aging woman. She was of the finest modernity in her love of the best things in literature and life, and could no more err in taste than in truth or the beauty which is one with it. She is gone now, who was so lately here in such perfection of mind and soul that it seems as if she could never have left us who were privileged to share the bounty of her wisdom and grace.

If I have praised the loveliness of age in women, I must not forget that the most lovable of all the octogenarians I have known was my own father. He died immortally young at eighty-seven, and, until paralysis muted his laugh, was the blithest among us. Yet once he touched a matter that must often weigh upon the hearts of the old. At eighty-two he grieved that he could do nothing to help in his own support, and tried to think of something. I could only remind him that his whole good and useful life had worked for him, and was working still, and I hope this comforted him a little.

There is a matter so personal to people at all times of life that I must not fail to speak of it in the case of people

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in their eighties, and that is dreaming. It was once held (and may still be held) that dreams are of such instantaneousness that they might be said to take no time at all in their lapse; but if the psychologists no longer contend for this I may say that I have spent a large part of my life in the conscious cerebration of sleep. There have been nights of mine almost as busy as my days, in even more varied experiences, among persons from the other world as well as this; and it is so yet, but I think that I do not dream so much as formerly, though less than a week before this writing I dreamed of occurrences where my father and mother, dead for near twenty and fifty years, figured no more nor less lovingly than certain entire strangers.

A few paragraphs back I treated of failing memory, especially in the reluctance of this or that word to come when we wanted it, though it was ready enough when not wanted; and now I should like to inquire of other old men whether they are equally forgetful in other matters. Of course we all forget where we have put things, and are astounded to find them in places where we would like to be sworn we never put them. I have not happened to see dotards of my acquaintance going about crowned with the spectacles which they were ransacking the house for, and almost cursing and swearing in their failure to find, though I have heard of them often; and I have myself wandered in parallel oblivion till I had to abandon the search in despair. Yet if I have been charged by myself or others with duties, I never forget them, and I should like to think that no fellow-dotard of mine has failed in the like point. I should like to know also whether women who increase in years, but who age no more than the angels, are equally subject to forgetfulness with old men. Do they so infallibly fail of the word they want? Let no trifler enter here with "a fool-born jest" to the effect that this would be impossible in the nature of things. I have indeed seen some of them carry their lost spectacles on top of their caps; but I doubt if they ever forget the burden of their errands, for otherwise how should they so confidently charge us men with them, and so justly inculpate us if we fail in them?

In the rashness which I have never paid dearly enough for yet, I am here, at the end of my sheet, as the old-time letter-writer used to say, tempted to hold that the first failure of memory to give us the name of the person who has lost it, is the first token of death, the first falling leaf of autumn, the first flake of the winter's snow. But who knows? Whence is death, and out of what awful void or whither? All along the line of living, from the moment of birth, when we first catch our breath and cry out in terror of life, death has set his signals, beckoning us the way which we must go. Kind Science knows them, but will not let us believe they are what they are, and Nature laughs them to scorn, because she is our fond mother. "Oh, that is nothing, is it, Science?" she cries at our alarm, and Science echoes, "Nothing at all, Nature; or if it is anything it is proof of superabounding vigor, of idiosyncratic vitality." Very likely; but quite the same, all the men born of women must die in a destined course; every man of eighty and after must die as certainly as the new-born babe, or often sooner, or if not, certainly in the event. It will not avail against the fact whether we pray and praise, or whether we eat and drink; the merciless morrow is coming. But why call it merciless? No one knows whether it is merciless or not. We know that somewhere there is love, the love that welcomed us here, the love that draws us together in our pairing, that our children may live, the love in our children which shall see that their fathers and mothers do not die before their time, even if their time shall be delayed till eighty and after.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE ESCAPE

BY SUSAN GLASPELL

MARGARET POWERS was the only person in Freeport to invite the horse into the house. And, stranger than asking the horse in, was the reason for doing so. If any other Freeport woman encouraged the horse to come into the house she would have a reason fairly commensurate with the extraordinary proceeding. All Margaret said was that horses must wonder what houses were like. Margaret was queer. Things that other people thought astounding were to her quite simple, and much which was quite simple to others was astounding to her.

They said she was impertinent. This was because she said things to her elders which had never been said to them before. One day a neighbor came and found Margaret sitting out by the hen-coop. She said this was a nervous hen who thought something was going to take her chicks.

"She knows me, so if I sit here she feels easier in her mind. And why shouldn't I sit here as well as anywhere else?" Then she looked at her neighbor in that way they called hard. "I suppose you'd feel nervous, too, if you thought something was going to swoop down and take your children. Or *would* you?" she added, with interest.

"You aren't *really* hard, Margaret," Ellen Ogilvie, her best friend, said to her after Margaret had said she hated to see old people sitting around and wished they'd all go and live somewhere by themselves.

"Oh, of course not!" rallied Margaret. "A heart of gold 'neath a hard exterior!"

It was hard to be sure of a thing after Margaret had scoffed at it, so Ellen stopped thinking about what Margaret really was, and just accepted the fact that she loved her.

People wondered at Ellen loving Margaret, for Ellen herself was so tender, and Margaret would even banter about this tenderness. Though there was never a sting in her scoffing at Ellen—the sort of sting she had for Mrs. Stemp, who humanely adopted a nine-year-old girl from the orphan-asylum and then, to make her feel perfectly at home, let her do most of the housework. Margaret had a good deal to say about the motherliness of Mrs. Stemp—and most of it you would just as soon not have said about *you*. But, "Come, Ellen dear," Margaret would say, "while I get little brother's ears washed. That is, if you think you can bear it to see him get his ears washed." And Ellen, though protesting against being looked upon as a fool, would stand by and admonish, "Now, Margaret, don't *hurt* him."

Once Margaret got in the police court. It was for knocking a woman down. She and Ellen were coming along as this woman ran out of her house, came up behind her child—delightedly watching a squirrel swinging on a limb—and slapped the joy right out of the child's face. Whereupon Margaret, rushing in from a side gate, came up behind and hauled off with a blow that knocked the woman down—which the Freeport ladies thought unladylike of Margaret. In the police court she said she knocked the woman down because if she didn't do something her friend Ellen Ogilvie would probably have killed the woman. The justice, much embarrassed—for Margaret Powers was not what police courts were for—fined Margaret and told her she must have more restraint, which

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

seemed to amuse her. On the way home she said:

"Now, Ellen, you see what you have got me into."

And Ellen could only weep at the wreck that had been made of propriety and, though, as it happened, she had not even seen the child loving the squirrel, didn't attempt to discredit her share of the blame.

Throughout the town Ellen Ogilvie was known as a lover of animals. Margaret was not known as a lover of animals; she was known as having an outlandish way with them. She rallied them much as if they were humans. She would say:

"Betsy doesn't feel like staying in her stall this morning," when told the horse was eating up the front yard. "She's not in the mood for it. How would *you* like to stay in your stall if you didn't feel like it?" This she would put in her thrusting way to the seemly person who had notified her that her horse was in the front yard. Then, "Betsy," she would say, "would you mind eating in the back yard? You are outraging the neighbors. It's too bad we have to think of the neighbors—but we do. If they think you are not the right kind of a horse there will grow up against you a community feeling which may extend even to your colt's colt. You don't care what anybody thinks? You'll go to the back yard when you get ready? Oh, very well, then—but don't say I didn't try to explain the world to you."

She let the abandoned cat Ellen tearfully presented to her have kittens in the writing-desk—for a cat certainly ought to know where she wanted to have her own kittens, and she was peculiarly acquainted with bugs and toads and spiders, always listening politely to what she said they said about where they wanted to go and what they had it in mind to do when they got there. She spent considerable time taking little toads out of a cellar-window where, she explained to them, they had absolutely no chance of a career.

"Well, why were you such a fool as to hop down here again?" she would demand. Or, "Are you the toad I took out this morning? Do you think I have nothing to do but rescue you? This is the day I take my music lesson. And my mother is putting up jelly. Heavens! How I hate an inconsiderate toad!"

So while Ellen cuddled the "dear little things" of one race or another, Margaret made these eccentric attempts to give them a place in civilization. Ellen made a great fuss over the adorable little calves, but Margaret would stay home from a picnic with a lonesome cow whose calf had been taken—though saying she did so because if she didn't Mrs. Rutch, who lived across the street, would say, "My! How your cow does *bawl!*" She was willing to miss the picnic if that would let her miss the way Mrs. Rutch's voice would come down on *bawl.*

Margaret had a queer look in her eye at times. She seemed to *stop.* You can't say much more about it than that. It would come when people laughed about sick pups, or jerked a child by the arm when the little fellow had stopped to look at something.

When Margaret was seventeen she went to visit people she knew in the West. She did not stay as long as she had meant to stay and the only comment she made on this shortened visit was that the woman was not a good woman and she couldn't stay under her roof. This stirred up no little commotion, for it was a woman who had once lived in Freeport—and was good to the exclusion of almost everything else.

"You must stop saying that!" cried Margaret's mother.

"It's true," said Margaret, like flint.

"But what do you mean by it, Margaret? Can you *mean*—"

"I couldn't stay in her house," was all she could get out of Margaret.

When she spoke of this visit, which she never did unless asked about it, she had that strange look, as if an instant she *stopped.* She did not hold so many conversations with animals. She was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

what you would call gayer unless you were a person who would stop and consider whether it really was gay. A couple of winters later she and Ellen went to New York. Margaret looked tired when she came home. She said she didn't care to go again—at least not right away. Ellen loved it, though she tender-heartedly talked about the cruel things. One day she was telling how she hated to see the horses falling on the icy streets. After this had gone on for some time Margaret broke in:

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose it furnishes them a little excitement. Their lives are so monotonous." She seemed to flip falling horses off her mind as you'd flip a bug from your sleeve.

Her amused manner about things which other people thought very sad would make her friends decide anew that Margaret was really pretty hard.

"There is certainly something wrong with a person who *jeers* at feeling," Mrs. Rutch said, after Margaret had abruptly left the tea-party the day they were telling about taking old Mr. March to the insane-asylum. He liked to ride in the automobile, so they told him he was going to have a nice long ride—then left him at the asylum, which Mrs. Rutch thought touching.

"Touching?" said Margaret, in her sprightly way. "Dear, dear! what a sentimental world it is getting to be!"

"Fancy *loving* Margaret," Mrs. Stemp said—she was the one who got the adopted orphan to feel perfectly at home by letting her clean the cellar. "You'd as soon think of loving a laughing iceberg."

The subject of loving Margaret came up in discussion of Margaret's beaus. She had her share of beaus—and then some, for she was fresh and keen and vital-looking, and it was only when a certain sort of thing was talked about that her badinage made people wish she was somewhere else. Her eyes would be lovely if they weren't so stand-offish. Apparently a number of young men had cherished the hope she wasn't going to be stand-offish to them, picturing her as she would be if just a little different. The town wondered at Margaret's being so much with Will Thurber. He was a little lame, and Margaret was notoriously opposed to deformities. Kindness looked from his eyes. He was good to everything and everybody in such a simple, matter-of-course way. Margaret was quieter those days, and when you met her you didn't have the uncomfortable feeling that she was having her real fun by thinking something about you she wasn't saying. Then Margaret's mother died—she had never seemed to be flipping her mother off her sleeve. They had thought Will would be just the one to be a comfort to her then, but suddenly she began treating him in that stand-offish way, and they weren't seen around together any more. Next it was Harry Lord. Here was a match for her, said Freeport. She wouldn't break *his* heart. Indeed, no—he'd see to that! He was as gay as Margaret, and in something her way—only his bantering never left you puzzled or uncomfortable. But while they were wondering how soon this lively couple would be married, they stopped going about together, and that was the closest Margaret ever came to getting married.

Ellen married, of course, and Margaret was much amused by Ellen's children. She paid considerable attention to them—for she was one who liked to be entertained. She had a crisp, swift way with them. She didn't cuddle and coo—it was like a friendly surface of humor over a heart which did not give itself. The first baby was named Powers, after Margaret. But after she had played with him awhile, Margaret, for some reason of her own, renamed him Buffer, and everybody took that up. Ellen devotedly taught him to say Aunt Margaret, but Aunt Margaret was more like a big brother than an enslaved auntie.

"Now what's the good of crying?" she would say in cool, give-and-take fashion. "It wastes an awful lot of time. Do you suppose there would be any use in my

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

throwing this ball at you? No, I suppose not. You would probably just go out of your way to let it hit you in the nose."

But Buffer liked his aunt Margaret better than he did the ladies who fussed over "the little darling."

Margaret's father died, and she was alone now at the Powers place. That is, she would have been alone if it hadn't been for her dog. One day Ellen and Buffer brought a collie pup over to Margaret for a birthday present.

"We thought he would make the house less lonely for Aunt Margaret, didn't we, Buffer?" Ellen said, tenderly.

"Make house less lonely for Aunt Margaret," repeated Buffer, arms full of fuzzy pup.

Margaret stood looking at him—white and yellow, wiggling and licking with delight and affection.

"I guess I don't want him," she said, abruptly.

"But, Aunt Margaret, he's *yours*," cried Buffer, in distress, holding the puppy up to her. "He's *company*."

To keep the dog from falling, she had to take him. Once she had him, of course the puppy won.

So Company lived with Margaret for ten years—much of the time her only company, always eager to go walking with her, home watching for her when she was out without him. You couldn't feel you were coming home to a lonely house when you were so boundingly welcomed. Then one summer Company got sick, and the doctor for animals said he wouldn't get well. This Margaret wouldn't believe, and took care of him for two weeks, in which he grew all the time thinner, but would look up at her with those trusting dog eyes and wag his tail when she tried to help him. Then Company began to suffer—there was pain in his eyes. So again Margaret sent for the doctor, who said he would suffer more, and then die. The humane thing was to "have him destroyed." So Margaret had that decision to make.

The man told how white and pulled her face was when, after a few minutes, she said, "Go ahead." But first she kneeled down and patted his head and said, "Company?" His kind eyes had blurred, but faintly he wagged his tail. "You were that, dear dog. I shall—" But she couldn't say it. The doctor suggested that she go away, but she did not, and the last thing Company knew was her hand on his head.

The first time Margaret went out after that, as about to turn into her gate on the way home, she met Mrs. Rutch.

"Well, Margaret, I expect you're real lonesome without your dog, aren't you?"

Margaret just stood and looked at her; it was as if she was trying to smile in that way she smiled when people amused her.

"I was saying to Edgar, a dog is lots of company."

Margaret looked ahead at the house where Company had been company for ten years, looked ahead at the door which she would open now—to silence. Then her eyes came back to Mrs. Rutch, and faintly and very strangely she did smile.

"I declare," Mrs. Rutch told it, "I was afraid. While she was still smiling like that she suddenly says, 'Get out of my way!' and she marches along into her own gate and up the walk, not looking to right or left, then opens and shuts her door. I was so taken back I just had to stand looking at her."

The week after Company died Margaret made a sudden decision to shut up her house and go away. Freeport did not see her again for two years. She went to different places in Europe. She wrote Ellen gay letters, which Ellen read to the interested town. Then one day came word: "I'm coming home. Freeport is no worse than any place else." This Ellen did not read aloud.

So the shutters of the Powers place were opened, mattresses hung on the side fence, and soon there were once more lighted windows in the evening.

As she walked home from her first visit with Margaret, Ellen was thinking that Margaret had not changed. Sud-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE DOCTOR FOR ANIMALS SAID HE WOULDN'T GET WELL

denly Ellen had an idea that pulled her up short. Perhaps that was the startling thing about Margaret, the puzzling thing. She didn't change—not as other people changed in the natural course of their lives. Margaret was as she was as a girl—only more so. Ellen wouldn't have tried to make clear to any one else what she meant. It wasn't at all clear to her.

Buffer was seventeen now and away at school. When he came home for the holidays he and his aunt Margaret were on a hail-fellow-well-met basis, which made Ellen one day exclaim:

"I declare, Margaret, you'll never grow old!"

This assurance seemed to age Margaret in an instant—though only for an instant.

It was the next summer that war came, and Buffer at once began about not going back to school. He would go to war!

"Get him to give up this idea, Margaret," Ellen said, in distress.

So when next Buffer's soldier ambitions flared out Margaret said, in offhand voice: "I think war's awfully overrated. They say it's only greenhorns who like it."

"Now that's not so!" flamed Buffer.

"Men who 're really in the business smile at romantic notions about it."

"I haven't got romantic notions about it," said Buffer, sullenly.

But Margaret's method failed to work. Buffer held out for two years, then enlisted with the Canadians, telling his parents if they tried to stop him he would never speak to them again!

So there came the day when Ellen went over to tell Margaret Buffer had really done it. Margaret said nothing at all. And when Ellen looked at her she herself could say nothing.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Margaret had the look of a wild thing that has been caught. She said, "*Buffer*"—but not as if saying his name, as if turning over what that word meant. Then, when Ellen began to cry, Margaret pulled herself up and said, in a practical voice: "Well, probably Buffer 'll have a grand time. Boys just love war."

Freeport did not approve of Margaret Powers' attitude toward the war. Even after this country got into it, Margaret would say, "The war doesn't interest me," which, of course, did not make her any the more beloved. She stubbornly maintained that old bantering manner and would still shoot a scoffing retort through a voluble sentiment as you'd stick a pin in a toy balloon. This caused a great deal of indignation, for when you express a universally indorsed sentiment you expect to be treated with respect. Any one would feel injured to say, "I just can't bear to see a child suffer," and have some one sit looking speculatively, or say, "Can't you?" So when they said, "I can hardly bear to think what these bandages are *for*," and Margaret Powers replied, brightly, "I think you're bearing it very well," they did not think she was the right sort of person.

"She has no heart," was the verdict of Freeport.

And almost it was the verdict of Ellen. Ellen would come over with Buffer's letters, or to hear the letter Margaret had had from him, and they would enjoy the things he told that were like Buffer. He wrote a great deal about a boy named Winks—"a jolly cuss, who could kill the glooms by looking at you."

"You'd like Winks, Aunt Margaret," he once wrote. "I told him about you, and he said you sounded like some aunt. Say, he wants to know what you named me Buffer for. Answer."

But Ellen brooded over even the funny things, prying in under them, looking for misery with a microscope, Margaret said.

"Winks kills the glooms. Then there *are* glooms."

"But dead glooms," Margaret would reply. "Winks has slain them."

"But that's what he *would* be feeling if it weren't for Winks," Ellen would persist. And then, stopped by Margaret's gesture, "You're not a mother, Margaret."

"And so have a remnant of common sense," Margaret would finish.

But Margaret was silent the day word came that Buffer had been wounded. She was silent for some time. And then she said, shortly, "He'll get well."

Every time she was forced to meet Ellen's eyes she would reaffirm in that hurried, curt way, "He'll get well."

He did get well—or most of him did. Buffer wrote: "I'm all right except my left leg. And we don't have to worry about that, because it is no longer connected with me. They don't want me hanging around here on one leg, so I'm coming home."

It was after he had been home a week that he came over to see his aunt Margaret, greeting her with the ungracious statement, "Mother said I ought to come and see you."

"Now what have I done to your mother," Margaret came back with spirit, "that she should make me into a duty?"

In the week he had been home she had seen him only once. She had told Ellen: "He'll want to rest. You'll want to have a good visit yourself first."

"No, I wish you'd come," said Ellen, just that morning. "I'm not having any visit with him." It was on the street and she was trying not to break down.

Not to cry, she laughed. "I've read about the men who come home being—inarticulate. Well, I must say it hasn't done that to Buffer. Come over, Margaret," she said, and hurried on.

Margaret had been meaning to go that afternoon, but now Ellen had sent Buffer to her.

He took hold of the conversation as if it were a bull to take by the horns. "I'm out exercising my new leg," he began. "I want it to get to feeling more

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



BUFFER WAS TOO VOLUBLE TO MAKE HER QUIET CONSPICUOUS

at home with my other leg. Have you ever thought much about legs we weren't born with, Aunt Margaret?" he kept on, as they went in before the fire. "They are amusing things, don't you think? I was thinking how funny they would look — *all* of them, walking round by themselves—I mean all of them that are now walking with other legs. There was a fellow in Paris—"

On he went. He seldom looked at Margaret, and when he did it was a look which failed to see. He hadn't noticed how still she had grown.

After he had gone on awhile she determinedly broke in, "How's your friend Winks getting along?"

And then she saw happen to another what she knew for a thing that happened to her.

Buffer *stopped*. An instant it was just that he stopped. Then he said: "Oh, Winks isn't around any more. What's this new building down Cedar Street?" —going to the window. "Hello! Isn't that Helen Ashley? And Bill Bentley? Mind if I knock on the window?" He beckoned them in. "Helen's such a jolly girl. Not a lick of sense. Don't you think sense is awful bad for girls, Aunt Margaret? Many a really nice girl has been ruined by—" But Helen and Bill had come in.

Perhaps it was half an hour they were there, perhaps two hours. Margaret did not know. Buffer kept up his run of talk, answering the questions they would ask if they had a chance to ask them. Quite true—the trenches were not always well heated in the winter-time. When it rained you might get wet. But he had noticed that was also true in Freeport. Yes, indeed, some very good times. You played games—quite a place

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

for games. Oh, certainly—every one very brave. Quite remarkable. Probably they caught it from one another—like measles or fleas. He would look at them with that smile which seemed to close the gates to his spirit.

She sat little apart from the young people. Buffer was too voluble to make her quiet conspicuous. It was late afternoon of an early winter day; candles had not been lighted, and she was outside the glow from the fire. So they had no hint of what was happening to her. She sat very still as with each moment she knew more inescapably the thing he was doing for the thing she had always done.

She wanted to go away, but she was as if caught. She wanted to implore him to stop. She had another moment of being very angry. For him to do this undid what she had spent her life doing. As she saw him forming this crust over his feeling, the crust which had formed over her life's feeling crumbled and let her down. Things of long ago were fresh things. It was as if she had to go back to them over the path of her own evasions. She and Ellen walking along the street—a look of happy wonder on a child's face as he watched a squirrel playing in a tree. A woman, coming from behind—surprising delight—*slapping him when he was happy.* . . . A little girl coming from an institution. Margaret chanced to be at the station the day that frightened little girl got off the train—in her arms a *doll*, holding it tight to her as alone she stepped into a strange world. She had been sent for to do housework in an unloving home. Arrived with her *doll*. Nobody else seemed to care about these things. They were not important. Other things were more important. It was as if people's own lives secured them against outside feeling. She herself in some strange way had always been—at large. Was there something all wrong with her? Big things she could bear. Pain that was recognized as important, which had its legitimate place—that wasn't a thing she had to run away from. It was the things people would smile at you for caring about—or about which they would frame a praiseworthy sentiment, then go their way unmoved—those things sometimes made her feel she couldn't go on living in such a world. What she couldn't stand was the feeling that this was happening and no one *cared*. That time she went to visit in the West. There was a young collie dog. This woman was one who did not want anything to disturb the orderly course of her life. She kept the collie shut up in the barn. Some day he might make a dog worth having around the place. He was a nuisance now. Once a day he was let out. Overjoyed at being released, he would go bounding around, wanting in all sorts of joyful ways to show you that he loved you and would play with you. And that woman would say, "Now if you can't behave yourself, you can just go back to the barn." And after a little she would shut him up—shut him up because he was happy to be out. It got to be something Margaret couldn't stand. She would watch him come bounding out and know that because he was glad to be out he would have to go back. This woman came to seem a monster to her. She was *pleased* with her own cold heart. Margaret went away—but she knew that the thing she had gone away from was going right on. That was what she always knew when she did things to make the present thing a little better. That was why she stopped doing them, tried to stop seeing. She didn't marry Will Thurber because he was too good to her when her mother died. He made her know how much she cared. He would always make her know how much she cared. And yet she couldn't marry Harry Lord. She had thought she would. With him she could live a diverting life on that crust she had built up over things she didn't want to know were there. But one day when they were out riding he laughed at a child who was burying his dead kitten. She never spoke to him again.

What right had Buffer to bring all

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by E. L. Chase

SILENCE BORE THEM TOGETHER WHERE NEITHER COULD HAVE GONE ALONE

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

this back? Why, she had held away from the things one most wants from life just to keep from knowing what she was knowing now. Buffer. A buffer between her and—she hadn't named it, but loneliness—deadness—that could sometimes hurt like caring, a fearsome thing that caring had made itself into. Company. He had made ten years less lonely. Her eyes had been burning dry, but now tears fell on the hands tight in her lap. Company wagging his tail as she spoke his name when he was dying. Then Mrs. Rutch — "Well, Margaret, I expect you're real lonesome without your dog, aren't you?" That was the world. Speaking of feeling as if it felt! That was why she had all her life done what Buffer was doing now to Helen Ashley. That smile. How well she understood it. Smile that said: "Now where did you get those words? Dear me, how amusing it would be if you could be forced to *know*—what you are talking about."

War. He was talking about war. Trying to cover what he felt by what he said. She knew what he felt. Delight slapped out of a child's face. A little girl stepping into a strange world with her *doll*. A dog shut up because he was happy to be out. Horses trying to draw heavy loads over icy streets. Children jerked by the arms when they stopped to look in windows. The wistful eyes of animals that looked at you from freight-cars. And the wagging tail of a dying dog. War.

Helen and her friend were going. She could rise and say good-by to them. They didn't know that her life had gone to pieces. She wished Buffer would go, too. He didn't seem to know which to do, but stayed. She knew how it was. He didn't want to go with them—yet he didn't want to stay with her. Uncertainly he sat down on the settle before the fire. Uncertainly she sat beside him.

He seemed tired. Of course, it did tire one. She knew that. He stared into the fire, which had about gone out. She edged a little away from him—afraid. She had an impulse to do what her whole life pulled her back from doing. She was afraid she was going to speak his name—and let him *see*.

And while she was saying she couldn't, she did. She just said, "Buffer"—and he looked at her. He couldn't see her very well, but something that he felt was there let him put his hand over on hers, too needful of what he did to consider the strangeness of doing it. They sat there silent. Then he said, whispering it:

"Winks. He was coming toward us. He was laughing. And while he was *laughing*—" He made a terrible gesture that told while he was laughing he was blown to pieces. Then he hid his face.

And still she tried to hold back. If she let him know—that she *knew*—he would always know. She could never get away again. His head was down—the baby she had named Buffer. Again she only spoke his name.

He looked up. The fire rose in a last flicker that lighted her face. "Why—Aunt Margaret!" he breathed. "Why—Aunt Margaret!" he stumbled on. "You —*know!*"

She nodded. "Buffer, I've always known. That's why I've been—as I was."

It gave them over to silence, as if gates had opened; silence bore them together where neither could have gone alone.

But after that, as one who has been long cold and must again come nearer the fire, "Blew him to pieces—while he was *laughing!*" He took her hands and gripped them till it seemed they'd break. Then he could cry, and with a tenderness that flooded all fear of hurt she drew this tortured child to her great mother heart.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

DRAMATIC SCENES IN MY CAREER IN CONGRESS

I—BLAINE AND THE MULLIGAN LETTERS

BY HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON

THE most dramatic scene I ever witnessed in the House of Representatives was presented on a question of personal privilege, a performance now generally ridiculed by the press and seldom considered impressive by the members, as it is ordinarily a signal for an exodus to the cloak-rooms, for the exhibition of sore toes is not popular in the House. But when James G. Blaine announced that he would address the House on a question of personal privilege, June 5, 1876, it was a notice to everybody in Washington that something out of the ordinary was about to take place. Full-page advertisements in all the papers could not have aroused more interest, curiosity, and desire to be present than that simple announcement of Mr. Blaine in the House on Saturday, June 3d.

Mr. Blaine was in the prime of life and at the zenith of his public career, a magnetic personality and one of the greatest political and parliamentary strategists ever seen in Congress. He had been Speaker of the House for six years, was then Republican leader in the first Democratic House since the Civil War, a popular candidate for President, and "the best-loved and most-hated man" in public life. He had been in the center of every political battle for many years, had given and taken blows like a gladiator, and when it was known that he was to speak in the House there was always a scramble for admission to the floor and the galleries from Senators, judges, and the public generally, for Blaine had his admirers and champions in every walk of life. This announcement that he would speak to a question of personal privilege was, however, a notice of something unusual because Mr. Blaine had been goaded by his opponents in his own party and in the Democratic party until we all expected to "see the fur fly," as it is familiarly expressed in the West. And we were not disappointed, for Blaine rarely disappointed either his admirers or his enemies.

The House in the Fourty-fourth Congress was Democratic for the first time in a generation. That party had come into power with the declared purpose of cleaning the Augean stables, and it started the wheels moving with investigations, on the assumption that everything which had been done while the Republicans were in full control of the government was wrong and had been inspired by corrupt motives. It started investigations against President Grant, one of them an inquiry as to whether the President had performed any official acts in any other place than the seat of government, the National capital—a question which no good Democrat would dare bring into Congress now; but in 1876 it was considered a vital question, and the resolution introduced by Joseph C. Blackburn, of Kentucky, was adopted by a party vote, because President Grant was spending a part of the summer at Long Branch, five hours' ride from Washington.

But the Executive was not the only part of the government to be investigated. Mr. Blaine had been Speaker of the House through three Congresses, and he, too, was to be impeached "for high

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

crimes and misdemeanors" before the American people, for one reason because he was the most popular candidate for President in either party. This was not to be done by a direct move against Blaine, but by indirection, in an investigation of the Pacific railroads. Malicious gossip had followed Blaine since 1872, when the Liberal Republican movement joined the Democratic party against President Grant, and after the humiliating defeat of Greeley, and the laying of the "third-term ghost," Blaine was looked upon as the heir to the Republican succession. A good many people still believed, as one of the early governors of Illinois observed many years ago, that they could "destroy the political principles of a party by lying about the candidate of the party," and I am sorry to say that that old idea is not yet dead.

In 1873 the gossips tried to involve Blaine in the Credit Mobilier scandal, and he promptly left the Speaker's chair and demanded a committee of investigation, which, after full investigation, completely exonerated him. Then the gossips connected his name with certain bond transactions of the Pacific railroads, and in April, 1876, he laid before the House documentary evidence showing the falsity of that gossip. In closing his statement on that occasion, Mr. Blaine said that he had given and taken blows in the House for fourteen years, had in the heat of debate said some things that he would gladly recall, given some votes which in the light of fuller investigation he would gladly change, but that he had done nothing in his public career for which he could be put to the faintest blush in any presence, or for which he could not answer to his constituents, his conscience, and the great Searcher of hearts; and the majority of the older members who knew Blaine believed him.

But Blaine had in the very beginning of that Congress touched the quick of the Southern Democrats by opposing a bill granting full amnesty to all who had taken part in the rebellion. He had defeated that bill and then moved to reconsider the vote by which the suspension of the rules had been denied, and offered a substitute by which full amnesty should be granted to all with the exception of Jefferson Davis. He made a speech on that motion in which he arraigned Jefferson Davis as the author of the inhuman acts of Wirts at the Andersonville prison. That speech brought the bitter reply of Representative Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, and inspired the eloquent tribute of Robert G. Ingersoll in the Republican national convention in presenting Blaine's name for the Presidential nomination: "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every traitor of his country and every maligner of his fair reputation —the man who had torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander."

The South "was in the saddle," and the Southern men took up the fight against Blaine from the day he opposed amnesty for Jefferson Davis, and they had the sympathy, if not the active aid, of some of the old Republican leaders of former days, who, like Brutus, "loved not Cæsar less, but Rome more." Notwithstanding Blaine's exposition of the slanders against him in April, Representative Tarbox of Massachusetts introduced a resolution instructing the Committee on Judiciary to investigate certain transactions of the Union Pacific Railroad, and other Democrats introduced resolutions to investigate other Pacific roads.

Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, was chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, and he appointed a sub-committee to make the investigation, placing on it the only two Southern Democrats on the Judiciary Committee, Hunton of Virginia and Ashe of North Carolina, to have charge of that investigation. Both had held commissions in the Confederate army and both resented Blaine's attack on Jefferson Davis. All Northern Democrats on the committee were passed over.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The Mulligan letters played a leading part in the investigation, showing that the committee was in fact investigating the private affairs of Blaine rather than the official conduct of the Pacific railroads. Those letters—about a dozen—which had been written by Blaine to Warren Fisher of Boston during the course of as many years, had been extracted from the files of Mr. Fisher by James Mulligan, who had been in his employ, and by that gentleman brought to Washington to add to the sensational gossip. It was known that Blaine had secured possession of the letters from Mulligan and the suspicion was that he had done this to prevent them falling into the hands of the committee, for Senator Knott threatened all sorts of drastic action by the House to secure the letters.

The House was the center of sensational interest on Monday, June 5, 1876. It was only ten days before the national Republican convention, and Blaine was the most popular candidate for the nomination. He was the storm center of American politics. The galleries were packed and the floor crowded with members, Senators, ex-members, and whoever could by hook or crook get on the floor. I never saw a joint session of the two Houses better attended, for there were members of the Cabinet and of the Supreme Court on the floor.

The stage was set for a historic scene. Speaker Kerr, who had been elected over Blaine in December, was already under a cloud with an investigation of charges as sensational and as malignant and untruthful as those against Blaine, and he was also in the very shadow of death from a fatal malady. The "House jester," Sunset Cox of New York, was in the chair as Speaker *pro tempore*. Mr. Cox was a brilliant man and a good legislator, but he had acquired the reputation of being the humorist of the House and was often taken less seriously than he intended. In the chair he might pound the desk and threaten to clear the floor and the galleries, without any effect except to add to the confusion and laughter. The gavel, voice of authority in the House, was like a child's rattle in the hands of Mr. Cox.

Down in front of the Speaker's rostrum, which is now the forum of the House and always regarded neutral territory, was the almost mummified form of Alexander H. Stephens, former Vice-President of the Confederate States, who, by reason of physical infirmities, was provided with a wheel-chair and each morning trundled into the House and throughout the session occupied that central position, almost as conspicuous as the Speaker.

Directly to the left of Stephens, on the front row of seats on the Republican side, was another figure linking that Congress with the past—Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, who, after the long deadlock in 1855, was elected Speaker of the Thirty-fourth Congress, the first Republican to occupy the chair.

Both these men had been in the House before the war, both distinguished themselves in the war, and both returned to the House several years after the war, but with qualifications prefixed to their party names—Banks calling himself "a liberal Republican" and Stephens calling himself "a straight-out Jefferson Democrat." Banks did not love Blaine and Stephens did not love Ben Hill or Proctor Knott; and they sat there like elder statesmen to referee a partisan duel.

On one side of the House were some sixty members known as Southern brigadiers, because they had all held commissions in the Confederate army, and, though they had all been amnestied by Republican Congresses presided over by Blaine, they were still called "Rebels." On the other side were quite as many members who had been soldiers in the Union army, and many of them still carried themselves with a military air and chaffed their opponents about their defeat in the war. On that side also sat several black men who had been slaves under the old dispensation, had been freed by Lincoln, made citizens by the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and elected representatives in Congress from Southern states; and they were able men, as any one will realize who reads the lives of Robert Smalls, John R. Lynch, and Joseph Rainey.

There were others on both sides who linked that time with the future—Garfield, a future President, whose assassination had an unfortunate reflex on his party and on the country; two future Vice-Presidents, William A. Wheeler and Adlai E. Stephenson; a future justice of the Supreme Court from the South, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, of Mississippi—owing to the large majority, a number of Democrats had seats on the Republican side, and Stephenson and Lamar sat near Blaine, the latter almost elbow to elbow with his negro colleague, John R. Lynch—two future Speakers of the House, Randall and myself, and a long list of men who afterward became Senators, judges, diplomats, governors, and contributed to the political history of the country in one way or another; but on that day we were simply a part of the stage settings for the most talked of and the most dramatic figure in American politics since the days of Henry Clay.

Blaine was the star player and Proctor Knott was his unwilling foil. Blaine sat midway back on the third aisle of the Republican side, in the very center of his party associates, with Garfield, Hale, Frye, and Kelly immediately surrounding him. Proctor Knott had a relative position on the Democratic side with Blount, Hill, and Hunton, all Confederate brigadiers, as his immediate neighbors. My seat was a few rows behind Blaine, sandwiched between John A. Kasson and Stephen B. Elkins. We had a good position from which to see the whole stage, and to me it was like a play. Blaine was the center of attention, while the House was disposing of the morning business, and many members from his own side stopped to shake his hand as they passed to their seats. He was apparently unconcerned about the part he was to take in a few minutes. He chatted with his neighbors and whoever passed his seat, and when I reached out my hand merely to show my confidence he gave it a warm grasp, accompanying it with a cheery word which he always had for the younger men of the House.

I doubt if any of Blaine's friends knew what he intended to do or say on that occasion. Hale and Frye from his own state, and Garfield, professed to be as much in the dark as any of us. We all had confidence in his ability to confuse his enemies, but our confidence was based on faith and not on information. We knew that he had secured the Mulligan letters and had refused to deliver them to the committee. We accepted the general theory that he intended to keep them from being made public.

As soon as the formal business on the Speaker's desk was disposed of, Blaine addressed the Chair: "Mr. Speaker, if the morning hour has expired I will rise to a question of privilege," and he proceeded to read the resolutions that had been adopted early in May, directing the Judiciary Committee to investigate certain transactions of the Pacific railroads. He said that the resolutions, on their face and by fair import, called for an investigation of the railroad companies as to the legality of certain transactions. Then, turning to the chairman of the committee, he said: "Now, I say—and I state it boldly—that under these general powers to investigate Pacific railroads and their transactions, the whole enginery of this committee is aimed at me; and I want that to be understood by the country. I have no objection to it, but I want you by name to investigate James G. Blaine."

This plain and direct challenge to the committee was greeted with a demonstration of approval from the Republican side and from the galleries, and it was several minutes before Mr. Blaine could proceed. He then told the story of the Mulligan letters that had been stolen

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

from the files of Warren Fisher in Boston, the sensational use that had been made of rumors concerning them, and the efforts of the committee to secure possession of them. He admitted that he had secured possession of the letters and had defied the power of the committee and the power of the House to compel him to produce them. He knew the power of the House—none better than he—and he respected that power; but he boldly declared that the House had no more power to order what should be done or not done with his private correspondence than it had with what he should nurture his children or how he should educate them. That right was as sacred in one case as in the other; and, having vindicated that right, standing by it and ready to make any sacrifice in defense of it and engage in any extremity of contest or conflict in behalf of that right, he completely surprised the House by taking from his desk a bundle of old letters and holding it up, said: "And while I am so determined, I thank God I am not ashamed to show those letters. There is the original package; and with some sense of humiliation, with a mortification that I do not pretend to conceal, with a sense of outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of forty-four million of my countrymen while I read those letters from this desk."

It was a fitting climax to a plain story that had been recited in ordinary tones and without any effort to create sympathy or suggest martyrdom; and the Democrats, who had been scheming and threatening to use the full power of the House to secure those letters as the clinching evidence needed to give substance to rumor and destroy this man, were staggered by the proposal of the author of the letters to read them to the House, have them printed in the Congressional Record and given to the press which had been for weeks resorting to every form of strategy known to it to secure copies of them.

The newspaper correspondents in the press gallery, experienced in the development of dramatic surprises, were as much excited as the occupants of the other galleries and the men on the floor. They had pictured Blaine as going down on his knees in supplication to Mulligan, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and even threatening suicide, if those letters should ever be given to the public to ruin him and his family; and here was the same Blaine standing in his accustomed place in the House with that bundle of old letters in his hand and proposing to read them to all his countrymen.

He appeared the only calm man in the chamber. Every other human being on the floor and in the galleries was wild with excitement, some with exultation and admiration for the man, and some with the sensation of dead weights falling on others than those for whom they were set. The confusion was so great that the Speaker could not be heard, nor the raps of his gavel. I could see his lips move and the gavel swish up and down, but all sound of authority was drowned in the noise of cheering men and women. Senators and Representatives on both sides of the chamber were like boys at a rough-and-tumble baseball game, with no semblance of dignity or order.

After a while we could hear the Speaker calling on the sergeant-at-arms and the police to clear the floor and the galleries, but he might as well have joined the others in shouting and running about. The gavel and the mace, the emblems of authority, were without reverence on that occasion. Blaine was in as complete control of the House as he ever was when Speaker. It was only at a signal from him that order was restored. As a master of parliamentary practice and political strategy, he had his enemies in a panic and helpless to meet the surprise he had sprung on them. It was the greatest individual triumph I ever saw anywhere, but Blaine did not encourage the continuation of the demonstration. He lifted his hand, signifying

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that he was about to proceed, and then he read those old letters. There were about a dozen of them in the package, some stained with age and all in Blaine's handwriting, all addressed to Warren Fisher and all about personal business affairs. I do not remember a political note in them, and they presented only one side of the correspondence. This necessitated some explanation to make a story, but it was not a thrilling story from any point of view. The letters referred to disappointments over business ventures, inability to meet notes that had been given, and the embarrassments of others who had relied on his judgment in making investment of life's savings. Written by one man to another about business affairs, these letters were stale reading as compared with the many speculations as to what they would reveal.

They had been discussed by thousands of people who knew about them and their contents only from the sensational newspaper gossip and that which circulated about the capital; and such speculation as to what the letters would reveal regarding the most popular candidate for President had aroused sensational interest which could not be sustained. Mr. Fisher had denied the stories about the transactions of Blaine, and so had Thomas A. Scott and Morton & Bliss of New York, who had handled the stock of the Pacific railroads; but these denials only whetted the appetite of the scandal-mongers and brought out new rumors. Mr. Blaine gave some explanations of dates and incidents as he read the letters, some of which bore date as far back as 1861, before he was elected to Congress.

The half-hour consumed in reading was a sharp let-down from the dramatic introduction of the letters, and it began to look to me like an anti-climax; but as Blaine finished the last letter and handed the bundle to the reporter, he said, apparently apologetically, that there was one piece of testimony wanting, one witness who had not appeared before the committee, and he had requested the chairman to send a telegram to that witness. Then, striding down the aisle to the arena of the House in front of the Speaker's desk, he asked if the gentleman from Kentucky had sent a telegram to Josiah Caldwell.

Mr. Knott replied that he and Judge Hunton had both tried to get the address of Mr. Caldwell, but they had not succeeded, as the witness was not in this country and the telegram had not been sent. While making this explanation, Mr. Knott walked down the aisle to the well and the two men stood there in the arena of the House, about ten paces apart, with only old Alexander Stephens in his wheel-chair between them. I felt that the real act of the play was to begin, and it did.

Blaine's next question caught Knott off his guard and again roused the expectations of every one else.

"Has the gentleman from Kentucky received a despatch from Mr. Caldwell?" asked Blaine, in even and polite tone.

"I will explain," replied Knott, but Blaine came back with, "I want a categorical answer," with an emphasis that was like a blow in the face. He strode across the area to face Knott on the Democratic side, and the members from both sides began moving toward the wall, anticipating a personal encounter.

The Kentuckian was an eloquent man, a master of ridicule and sarcasm, and could with these weapons handle himself in almost any kind of parliamentary skirmish, but the incisive demand of Blaine for a categorical answer to his direct question put him on the defensive. He realized that he could not evade that question and he admitted that he had received a despatch dated London and "purporting" to be from Mr. Caldwell; and still on the defensive, but with an effort to counter, he asked, with almost a sneer, how the gentleman from Maine knew of the despatch. But Blaine came back with another question so searching that Knott winced, as he

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

realized that his opponent had more knowledge that could be parried in the old way of ridicule.

"When did you get it?" snapped out Blaine. "I want the gentleman from Kentucky to answer this House when he received that despatch."

The pebble from David's sling was not more effective in silencing Goliath than that question in making Knott tongue-tied.

His silence in the face of this direct and emphatic challenge was embarrassing to his friends, and so irritating to the Hotspurs on his side that John Young Brown, another fiery Kentuckian, demanded action. He expected direct action in resenting such a challenge and reflection on the honor of a gentleman, and members from both sides pushed forward until the two principals were hemmed in by excited men ready for a general melée. But Proctor Knott knew the significance of the scrap of yellow paper which Blaine held toward him, for it was a copy of the Caldwell despatch, and, flushed with anger and humiliation, he accepted the challenge in silence. There was no other way for a brave man to meet the situation, and Knott was not a coward.

It was a tense moment on both sides of the House as these two men stood like gladiators within striking distance of each other, but with no suggestion on their part of physical encounter or the violation of the rules of the House. Knott saw that he had been trapped, and for a moment he appeared defiant as he replied that he would answer when he pleased.

Blaine stood there like a "Plumed Knight," with his lance in rest, his adversary unhorsed and his armor pierced, and then he compelled the gentleman from Kentucky practically to appear at the bar of the House and confess that he had received a cable despatch from Josiah Caldwell in London, stating that he had read the testimony of Thomas A. Scott as printed in New York papers, and that Caldwell corroborated that testimony and wanted, so far as his testimony could, to vindicate Mr. Blaine from the charges that had been made against him. Blaine held a copy of the despatch in his hand, but did not read it. He compelled Mr. Knott to reveal its contents under cross-examination.

Blaine would not let Mr. Knott off with this admission, but compelled him to admit that he had received that despatch five days before, or on Thursday morning of the preceding week, and that as chairman of the committee he had not seen fit to lay that evidence before the full committee or the subcommittee, but had shown it only to Judge Hunton, who had become the chief prosecutor of Blaine in this indirect investigation.

No Republican member of the committee had been shown the despatch. Mr. Knott was beaten and he showed it as he tried to excuse his conduct by saying that he did not know how to reach Mr. Caldwell and secure confirmation of the despatch; but that excuse was quickly punctured with the inquiry if he could not trust the cable company to find the man who had sent the telegram.

It was apparent that Blaine had unmasked the underground mine laid for him and that Proctor Knott was the victim of the explosion. That incident was no doubt the inspiration for Ingersoll's line, "The man who had torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander," for it was made pretty clear that the committee in trying to involve Blaine in its investigation of Pacific railroads had not been full and frank in its efforts to secure evidence on both sides—to give Blaine the benefit of Josiah Caldwell's voluntary testimony cabled from London to the chairman.

Blaine's triumph was complete and the House was a bedlam, with the Speaker, the sergeant-at-arms, and the Capitol police as helpless as babes in a mob. They were the comedians of this dramatic performance. Republicans cheered their leader until they were hoarse; the galleries were as turbulent.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Only the Democratic side of the House was silent, and the silence there was sullen, evidence of disappointment and chagrin at the Judiciary Committee and its chairman, who had led the party into such a humiliating defeat at the hands of one man, Mr. Blaine.

Proctor Knott had led his party into an ambush of his own creation, and "in politics a blunder is worse than a crime;" but here was ground for the double charge by the Republicans that the Democrats had blundered and were willing to suppress important evidence in the investigation they had unfairly diverted from its legitimate purpose to destroy a political opponent whose popularity was the inspiration for the whole effort to involve him in the Pacific railroad scandals.

In the last half-century I have participated in many exciting contests in the House, but that was the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed on any stage. Those two men, both handsome and impressive in bearing, with voices trained to make speech most effective, face to face in the arena of the greatest legislative body in the world, supported by their partizans and surrounded by a company of the most distinguished men of the time, impressed me like a revival of the tournaments at King Arthur's court. I confess that I was not an impartial witness, for I was a partizan then and something of a hero-worshipper. I have heard men say they were impartial, but I knew they were fooling themselves. A dead man may be impartial, not a live one. Certainly nobody in the chamber of the House on that afternoon of June 5, 1876, even tried to appear impartial. We were as lusty in our partizanship as a lot of men at a prize-fight.

Blaine walked back to his own desk during the confusion on the floor, and after we had worn ourselves out with cheering and congratulating him, he offered a resolution calling on the Judiciary Committee for the despatch from Josiah Caldwell and took his seat. Holman of Indiana, who was one of the best parliamentarians on the Democratic side, made a point of order which furnished an opportunity for diverting the subject from personalities to methods of procedure; and Judge Hunton of Virginia, as chairman of the subcommittee, took the floor to make a speech. He assured the House that there had been no effort to involve the gentleman from Maine in the investigation; that the committee had called such witnesses as Mr. Blaine requested; that it had tried to secure the address of Josiah Caldwell, and that the despatch from Mr. Caldwell had been shown to him, but he had doubted its authenticity and had not brought it to the attention of the committee. This speech, while not contributing much to the Democratic side of the controversy, did bring the House back to ordinary conditions and relieved it of the intense dramatic situation which had been created. Then Proctor Knott took the floor and did his best to fill his old rôle as satirist which he had so often played with other members as the victims of his ridicule, but it was apparent that he had not recovered from the punishment administered by Blaine, for his own side of the House did not rally to him. It could not get rid of the picture of the chairman of the great Judiciary Committee at the bar of the first Democratic House confessing to having suppressed important evidence in an investigation which struck at the private character of the most popular man in public life at that time.

Blaine's resolution was not adopted. He did not expect it to be. He had compelled Knott to reveal its contents and the whole story of its suppression. It was the parliamentary finale to his dramatic presentation of a question of personal privilege. The resolution was discussed for several days and finally laid on the table by a party vote. The majority could do no less than stand by the majority of the committee on a record vote, but that vote did not represent the sentiments of all the Democrats, for it was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

noticeable that few of the old leaders of that party gave Mr. Knott any material assistance in the contest. Throughout the whole debate such Democratic leaders as Randall, David Dudley Field, Abram Hewitt, Fernando Wood, Morrison, and Hurd from the North, and even Lamar, Alexander Stephens, John Randolph Tucker, and Roger Q. Mills from the South, were silent spectators of Mr. Knott's humiliation. Some of them were personal friends of Mr. Blaine, most of them respected him, admired his dash and ability, and all of them sympathized with his defense of private correspondence as beyond the power of the House.

As a rule, members of Congress do not lose their sense of fair play or strike below the belt in political encounters or parliamentary contests; and on that occasion the majority of the members on both sides felt that Blaine had been the victim of persecution by the committee, and they were gratified at the way he had turned the tables and punished his persecutors.

The Mulligan letters, after they had been read to the House and published, lost their sensational character, as do most scandals after they have been brought out of the closet and exposed to the light, and printed facts take the place of veiled insinuation and gossip. As political material they ceased to function because the mystery had been cleared up with the letters in *The Record*, and the Representative who would have attempted to revive the newspaper stories about the correspondence would have been ridiculed. No one now reads those letters to find evidence of improper conduct by any man, but the scandal that had been built around them while in the possession of Mulligan continued to circulate for a time, and they may have had a minor part in the defeat of Blaine in the Cincinnati convention held just ten days after their presentation to the House of Representatives; but I doubt that, because he led all other candidates and steadily gained in seven ballots, and was only defeated by the combination of all other competitors who united on Governor Hayes.

Mr. Blaine was called an eloquent speaker, but he did not indulge in word-painting which is so generally considered the principal part of the orator's equipment. He did not have the gift of Garfield or Ingersoll in imagery, or that of Tom Reed in the use of epigrams. He did not dwell in the odor of phrases. His power as a public speaker was in his ability to marshal facts and group situations to present dramatic conclusions. In that speech on a question of personal privilege there was no impassioned appeal, little of denunciation by words, few striking paragraphs which taken alone would attract unusual attention; and I doubt if any present-day reader of *The Congressional Record* would linger long over any part of his speech or the debate. But, taking the whole performance with the prologue furnished by James Mulligan and the Committee on Judiciary, with the newspapers as the chorus, and the epilogue supplied by Proctor Knott, it was the most completely dramatic scene I ever participated in, either in the House of Representatives or elsewhere.

Some men assert an established truth with an air of apology. Blaine was not of that sort. He made an explanation with the attitude of a belligerent when the enunciation of commonplace sentences was with the force of blows. Such was the effect of his questions to Proctor Knott, and when he presented two great surprises to friends and foes alike in his personal explanation, he developed two dramatic climaxes that would have done credit to the father of the English drama. I have seen the elder and the younger Booth and other actors who made the American stage famous, but I never witnessed a mimic presentation which approaches that scene in the House of Representatives when James G. Blaine was the central figure—stage-manager, curtain-raiser, scene-shifter, call-boy, and star—by rising to a question of per-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sonal privilege. He transformed the psychology of the House from criticism to enthusiastic admiration.

Yes, Blaine was a great actor, but I never knew an orator or debater who could impress his views on others who was not an actor. Garfield and McKinley, Proctor Knott and William J. Bryan were actors in the same sense. They all appealed to the dramatic instinct and employed dramatic art; and Proctor Knott afterward admitted in the cloakroom that Blaine's question of personal privilege was the greatest histrionic performance he had ever seen on any stage. And did not Macaulay describe Pitt as an actor in his closet as well as in the House of Commons? So, there is no reflection on Blaine or any other great orator in calling him an actor. The world's a stage and we are all players.

The secret of Blaine's leadership was courage to meet situations, accept responsibility, and fight as a gladiator with a challenge to any extremity of conflict, and the ability to use the weapons of political strategy and parliamentary rules with more skill than any of his colleagues. Such leadership gave him more ardent admirers than any other man of his time, and, with other masterful men in his own party combining against him, he held his following through twenty years in Congress and four Presidential campaigns. The one most accepted criticism of Blaine was, like that of Cæsar, that he was ambitious, and "it were a grievous fault, and grievously hath Cæsar answered it." And, like Cæsar, Blaine is remembered and admired for the malicious attacks on him as well as for his gallant leadership.

I wouldn't give three whoops for a man whose heart did not beat faster, whose eyes did not take fire, and whose spirit did not swell—who would not be moved to laughter or to tears by the voices of birds and children, by a song from the heart, by a woman's pleading, by noble oratory or noble acting, by any human action through which the spirit in one speaks to the spirit in others. Our human weaknesses are often the secret of our salvation. So, loving life, I have always been impressed by the emotions of youthful, exuberant life which bring cheers, laughter, and tears, and without shame in any of them. I cheered Blaine until my voice had frazzled to a childish trebble.

THE WORKER

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON

BE quiet, worker in my breast!
You hurt me, pounding so!
Day and night your hammer rings.
What you build, I do not know.

I am tired by your effort.
I would like to be as still
As the solitary sheep
Scattered on the sunny hill.

Stop your mad, insistent beating!
Be less eager and more wise!
You are building nothing lasting.
Let me rest and close my eyes.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE SMALL FROG

BY HARRISON RHODES

IT was after she had refused to marry Mr. Elmer Harper that Mrs. Bentley left Huntsville and moved to New York. If she had not performed this very striking migration there would have been a good deal of talk about her decision against matrimony. But, after all, so many people in Huntsville had married and so few had ever moved to New York that there could be no doubt as to the relative importance of the two actions.

No one had ever moved to New York from Huntsville, that is the truth. At least no one like Mrs. Bentley. But then, there had never been any one in Huntsville like Mrs. Bentley. When she blew through the town—that is the only way you can express it—she was like a fresh wind driving away the stagnant vapors of a muggy day. Her vitality, her snapping eye, her full-flowering good looks (she was no hothouse bloom, and, the new fashions—all for thin women—never really became her)—in short, her generous, good-natured personality drenched the town daily like a warm spring rain.

She was the first president of the Jefferson County Women's Club; she was the head of the committee that raised the money to get the town the Carnegie library. When she started in she said frankly she hadn't the ghost of an idea whether she had a Colonial ancestor or not, but she got a Miss Backus in Boston, whom she heard of from Mrs. Edmondson, to look it all up in the genealogical department of the public library there (paying her thirty-five dollars for doing it) and shortly we had the Hester Woodford Chapter, named after a connection of Mrs. Bentley's family, in those days. They used to say that if she'd been a man there would have been a lodge of the Elks in Huntsville five years earlier than there was.

She started the Modern Language Club and the Saturday evening soirées, where she was the first woman of her age—and size—to attempt the new dances. Finally it was she who forced the management of the Chautauqua Course to give Huntsville Mr. Bryan instead of the Old English Chime-ringers, as they'd planned. To sum it up, as, with the varying and increasing life of the American nation, new interests such as civic virtue and culture and the suffrage for women successively came, as it were, knocking at Huntsville's gates, there stood Fanny Bentley ready to receive them and to deal adequately with them. Her ardent admirers felt that it would not have been going too far to say that, had she not been there at the gates, the twentieth century might conceivably have called on its way through eastern Ohio, found Huntsville not at home, and merely left its card.

It was not strange that Huntsville felt that its hold upon such an abundant woman was at least precarious. Her "development" (spiritual, of course), of which she and her friends spoke freely, made Huntsville conscious of its narrow confines. It was, of course, generally understood that, all over the country, women were "developing"; but there was nothing of that sort at home to compare with Mrs. Bentley's unfolding. For years, to acute observers, her transplantation must have loomed threateningly on the eastern horizon, and her trips abroad have been nervous periods.

Of course, letters from her were occasionally read aloud at the meetings of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

literary department of the club, and the ladies thus kept in touch with her. And she always *did* come back, with a nice present for every Daughter of the Revolution and every member of the Women's Club. In her amazing and capacious way she managed to make the whole town feel as if *it* had just come home from Rome or Egypt or the English lakes. It was Huntsville's trip—and yet not Huntsville's. For it instinctively felt that these flights were tentative; that Fanny Bentley was trying her wings, experimenting to see in what upper airs, more rarefied than those of the Mioto Valley where Huntsville lies, she could breathe most easily.

"I don't know," she would say, at times, smiling a smile which somehow went beyond the mere confines of the room where she sat—"I don't know. I love you all, but sometimes I wonder if I haven't outgrown you—and Huntsville!"

No one ever resented such speeches. It was part of her charm that she knew and counted upon this generosity of spirit. Too much emphasis cannot be put on the fact that the town loved Fanny, but that it was this very affection which made it seem almost a sacred duty to be ready to relinquish her, if she should ever feel a greater call.

It was an autumn after she had spent part of the summer in a swoop upon the Maine coast—among charming people, so she had written home—that she first thought seriously enough of a migration to the metropolis to look up apartments in New York as she came through on her way west to Huntsville. This disposes at once of the theory that she made the move because she had rejected Elmer Harper. Every one agreed that Harper was the kind of fellow who would have gone on "dropping in" of an evening to see Mrs. Bentley, even after she had said "no" to him. This she may perfectly have feared would grow irksome, but the autumn's flat-hunting makes it indisputable that the spring's move to Central Park West, one of the most magnificent of New York's residential streets, as every one knew, was made for broader, deeper reasons, in answer to some signal the great world made her. Huntsville and Elmer Harper were to find life duller and quieter and a little sad.

There is this much to be said about Harper and Fanny Bentley's refusing him, that it was not the first time she had done it. In fact, when some one tried to say something to him about it by way of sympathizing he merely gave a little laugh and said:

"Oh, I ought to know my Fanny by now."

He didn't seem overthrown with sorrow, only a little, gently, sad. And this was all he had been twenty years before, so they said, when Fanny Johnson—she then was—"gave him the mitten," as old-fashioned people still say in Huntsville. He had never married, but Fanny had in the meanwhile taken Chris Bentley, married him, been happy with him, made him happy, and then lost him.

Though not more than fifty at the time of these events, Elmer Harper did little work. He was more a gardener than a lawyer. He had made tremendous great rose-beds at the side and front and back of his house. His house was the biggest of the old Huntsville houses of the pleasant Ohio type that was built just before the Civil War; it had grown to look even a little quaint, and with its roses it was in a small way one of the sights of the town. Some people, unduly strenuous, possibly, thought a man of only fifty might do something more useful than gardening. The sort of an answer that Harper would have made to such a criticism would have been that the times were changing and that women were doing so much in the world that men might do a little less. And then he probably would have asked you if you knew Fanny Bentley and her goings-on. He had a pleasant ironic tang, for all his smiling amiability; and, for all the quiet life he led, kept his sitting-room littered with a good many new magazines and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ST. MARY'S HALL LIBRARY

books, and his mind pretty freshly polished. He was Huntsville's best specimen of a cultivated gentleman. Still, he was undoubtedly "slack," as those who disapproved of his gardening said, and sometimes a little vague, as if "cold-frames" and "hothouses" and "slipping" and "budding" and all the pleasant processes of making the rich earth yield him his flowers, really abstracted him from every-day Huntsville life.

The portrait of Elmer Harper is not successful unless the impression has been clearly given of his charm. It detracted nothing from this charm that his early twenties were quite authentically reported to have been "wild"; you felt at once that the "wildness" had been gay, gallant, and agreeable—almost a merit in him. Those tempestuous twenties had not passed without suitably ardent pursuit of the fairer sex. And even at fifty it is not improbable that the sight of him in his rose-garden, a slender, almost boyish figure with a ruddy young face under soft gray hair, caused an appreciable flutter in many a passing female heart. It is nothing to their discredit that three or four of the nicest Huntsville women would surely have accepted the offer made to Fanny Bentley. But since the offer made to Fanny Johnson no offer of any kind had been made except that to Fanny Bentley. And indeed, with Miss Johnson's saying "no" the period of early wildness had seemed to come to an end. Elmer Harper might have seemed to settle down to his law and his gardening to pass the time until she should be ready to say "yes."

She had said "no" the first time, so Huntsville history ran, because she was already in love with Chris Bentley. The second time because, well, almost because she was in love with New York, in love, that is, with the larger intellectual and social opportunities of Central Park West, with all that broader, more vital career which every one in Huntsville felt she would carve out for herself in the heart of the metropolis.

Some one asked Harper why he didn't move to New York, too. He smiled reminiscently.

"I used to go on to New York pretty often when I was a young man"—it was a pleasure to the Huntsville listener to imagine that he was hinting at the "wild" days.

"But now--well, I don't suppose I'd find the soil there so very good for roses. Fanny Bentley? Oh, she's raising different crops from me. I guess she'll do all right in New York if she has good weather."

No one in Huntsville had any doubt about the weather. It may not sound exciting to outsiders, but to Huntsville it was perpetually thrilling to follow Mrs. Bentley's career.

The career was never, even at its height, in the New York papers, as some people in Huntsville seemed to hope and expect. But, to do the matter justice, most people had really not expected to see Mrs. Bentley much mentioned by the papers for several years. They were reasonable; they knew New York was a large place.

Even Mrs. Bentley's letters home were not always as full of detail as Huntsville would have liked, though sometimes they seemed for an instant to lift the curtain upon a well-colored picture of life both interesting and enviable. What is perhaps most astonishing is the fairly accurate way in which, from what it already knew of Fanny's social relations and resources in New York, Huntsville could build up an idea of what her existence there must be.

There was, for example, young Mr Wingfield Starr, whom she had met on the *Carpathia* when she sailed for Naples. He was, every one knew, in the department of Greek and Roman antiquities in the Metropolitan Museum. This acquaintance, any one could see, would be invaluable in introducing one into the art world. It was remembered that Fanny had often said, in her breezy way, that she liked artists and at once seemed to feel at home in a studio. She had been to several studios in Paris,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

including one of a young Italian whose mother kept the *pension* where Mrs. Bentley stayed in Siena. And in Boston, through the friends she had made in the little artistic colony of Squamtuchit Neck, she had also visited the *ateliers*. It was not difficult to imagine her at home in New York's art circles. She had always admitted to a touch of Bohemianism. Yet at the same time, though in Bohemia, she would never be quite of it. She was too much a woman of the world for that.

She had affiliations, too, with academic and learned circles. There was a Mrs. Angus Mackenzie (who had been at Cooper's Point) whose husband was something or other at Columbia University. She and Mrs. Bentley had gone fishing together in the rowboat belonging to the farm-house where they boarded. Any one in Huntsville could "just see" Fanny in that boat, and hear her absurd jokes about her weight's sinking it. Mrs. Mackenzie would naturally put her in touch with the university set.

There were others, Miss Van Wyck Sanderson—she had been on the *Celtic* and stood for a lighter, more social existence—and Mrs. Doolittle who had gone from Cleveland to New York and had a lovely place, so they said, at Melba-on-the-Hudson; she somehow engaged one to a richer country life than went on about Huntsville, to "week-ends," perhaps, and house parties. There were men of wealth and business position who made probable pleasant little dinners, such as one reads about in magazine stories, at the famous restaurants, and parties at the theater, decorous, of course, but gay and delightful as Fanny would know how to make them.

The glittering whole was New York as Huntsville conceived it, offering prodigally pleasure and opportunity. All over the land its lights flare upon the horizon, and call to intrepid souls like Fanny Bentley to venture forth from their various Huntsvilles—and to live.

Fanny Bentley was living, of that her friends had no doubt. Indeed, at last, after their letters had gently but insistently urged her with the nicest kind of curiosity, she wrote more precisely. Her round of gaieties was, it appeared, all they had dreamed, and more interesting even than they had hoped. Indeed, the various components of New York's artistic and cultivated life seemed to be forever adjusting and readjusting themselves about Mrs. Bentley in Central Park West with the uneasy grace and bewildering beauty of a good kaleidoscope. Huntsville had indeed lost its mainspring when she left, but it now, through her, began to live again, more richly and fully, in its imagination.

Perhaps the dullness of the week's first day in Huntsville made the contrast more poignant; at any rate, it was especially on that evening that the town thought of New York and of Mrs. Bentley's "Sundays." She had instituted "Sundays," and these were obviously the dashing chief feature of her metropolitan entertaining. She usually had a few people to dine—people had supper in Huntsville Sunday evening, still they knew that in New York they dined. After dinner people "dropped in." "People of all kinds," to quote Fanny's letters, but all "interesting." Being "interesting," one had to conjecture, was their strongest characteristic, almost their *métier*. Sometimes there was music, oftener just talk. It was really a sort of *salon*—though, as Fanny brightly observed, they always say you can't have one in America. The refreshments were of the simplest, as they were, so every one knew, in those wonderful evenings in the Italian palaces which she must have seen in Rome. So Mrs. Bentley sketched in the picture.

But her account, however glowing, was as nothing compared with Elmer Harper's. He was the first and the only person from Huntsville ever to see one of Fanny's Sundays. His visit to New York and to Mrs. Bentley is the story which there is now to tell.

The occasion of Elmer Harper's going

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to New York had been the death of a cousin of his who lived in New York State. In her will she had made him a trustee and it was on legal business connected with settling her estate that he had gone to Albany. It was like him to surprise Fanny in New York on one of her famous "Sundays."

He arrived late in the afternoon and went to his old hotel in Madison Square. Beyond the green trees that he remembered so well rose strange new towers and marble battlements. Their newness made him feel old, made him feel, too, that the town had grown into something at once splendid and terrifying. He thought of Fanny Bentley, and he got a fresh view of her gallantry and courage in facing and dealing successfully with such a place. He had never quite lost hope of her, but he came nearer despair than ever before as the daylight faded and a strange new New York, at once monstrous and beautiful, flashed out in a million electric lights. He pulled the shades and dressed.

A little later he dined in the hotel restaurant, and found a kind of melancholy pleasure in learning that the old head waiter—a friend of the "wild" days—had retired to a small place on Staten Island. Perhaps he raised roses there, Elmer reflected. But he reflected, too, as he drank a pint of the Burgundy the old head waiter used to recommend, that raising roses was not all of life. He felt he had waited too long for a home, a wife, children—for Fanny. He blamed his slackness, his lack of masterful and conquering strength which would have swept her into his arms long ago. But, God bless your soul, it was Fanny who had had all the masterfulness, all the conquering dash. If she had ever had a moment of weakness, of self-distrust, perhaps in some such melting mood he might have made her his. He waked as it were from a dream, and at last Fanny's coming to New York loomed before him in its true meaning. He had almost laughed at times at her superabundant vitality, her "goings-on," but now he saw that it was just they that parted her from him. Her "Sundays" became a mocking symbol of what stood between them. And he drove up the glittering length of Broadway and by the shadowy Park to her door with all sense gone of the gay, almost "wild," adventure which his surprising her was to have been.

As he was shown into the drawing-room she rose from the chair by a lamp where she had been seated, and with almost a queer, frightened little laugh of surprise came forward to greet him.

"Elmer Harper! You!" she cried, and held out both hands to him.

"I knew I'd find you in on one of your 'Sundays,'" he answered, with his same old smile.

The smile was part of his charm and of his looks. His clothes were always good, and in deference to the metropolis he had purchased Saturday in Albany new evening ties. As he stood there, with his pleasant, almost boyish face under his soft gray hair, he did her credit. She could be proud to introduce him to New York.

The scene, it is only fair thus to describe it, could only have full justice done it if you could quote Elmer Harper at length as he talked when he came back to Huntsville.

"You could see at a glance," he said, "that she had New York at her feet."

He knew all the kinds of people who were there, and named them to large-eyed Huntsville. Artists and writers, critics dramatic and undramatic, scientists, educators, lawyers, and so on, besides just men and women, agreeable, sought-after creatures who nevertheless, when Sunday night came round flew as naturally as homing doves to Central Park West and Mrs. Bentley's. Harper's eye lights to this day as he describes the evening; his enthusiasm has not abated with the years.

As a matter of fact, however, when he came into the room that Sunday night Mrs. Bentley had been alone. She held a book in her hands, but she had been

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

staring ahead of her, and Elmer Harper had stepped straight out of visions of the past.

"Ah, I'm early," he said. "But I'm glad. I'll get a few minutes with you. I'm grateful. I think it's becoming in Huntsville to be grateful if New York lets us have even a few minutes of you."

She was silent for almost a minute, at least so it seemed to him. She looked full at him and slowly she smiled. But as she smiled her eyes filled with tears. There was a queer little choke in her voice when finally she spoke.

"New York 'll let you have the whole evening, Elmer. There's nobody coming."

Even then he didn't understand.

"But it's Sunday, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's Sunday," she repeated, after him. And then, with a twisted smile: "One of 'my Sundays.' Oh, can't you see? I invented them. They expected so much of me at home. And I—I just couldn't tell them."

"Can you tell me, Fanny?"

"Oh, I guess it 'll do me good to tell somebody."

She went across the room and, violently pulling back the curtain, disclosed her southeastern view. Below them lay the dark, soft mystery of the Park, its drives marked by curving rows of lights, and by the lamps of the motors which rushed to and fro. Across the tree-tops rose the town, the decorous occasional lights of Fifth Avenue and the streets beyond. To the south the sky flushed, and into it rose piled cliffs and towers sparkling gaily against the red-gold night.

"Look at the hateful town!" cried Fanny Bentley of Huntsville. "What do I count for here? I'm not rich enough, nor important enough, nor handsome enough, nor well dressed enough, nor clever, nor attractive, nor anything enough to be anything here."

"I can't quite believe that you aren't anything, Fanny."

"Well, not anything that I was in Huntsville."

"You mean you're a small frog?" he asked, with something of his old whimsicality.

"Yes," she answered. "I'm a small frog, if I do weigh one hundred and sixty pounds."

"Well, it's a big puddle, Fanny."

"Yes, and small frogs don't even get anywhere near the center. We're all just 'way out on the edge; we all just know a man who knows a man who knows somebody of some importance, and that's as close as we ever get. Why, Elmer, the flat buildings of New York are just full of women like me who had a place at home if they'd had the sense to stay there. Sundays, indeed! They're all ready to have them! If there were two million 'interesting' people in New York there wouldn't be enough to go around among the women who would like to have *salons*.

"It isn't that people haven't been kind," she went on. "They have—when they had time for it and thought of it. It isn't that they weren't nice people. They were. It isn't even that they weren't 'interesting.' They were, though I've got so I can't stand that word. But, Elmer, you're just lost and lonely in a great place like this. Lots of the women who come here from out of town to live try to make themselves believe that they're contented with shopping and lunching in restaurants and going to matinées and writing back home how delightful life here is. But they can't fool me. I've got to know the look of them, Elmer, as I see them about. I know they're like me, they're lost and lonely. I suppose I could have had 'Sundays' of a kind, but I couldn't ever have had the kind I wrote back about. And that was the kind I wanted to have, or I didn't want to have any at all. So I sit by myself with a book, the way you found me."

"I don't know now whether you'd like me to say that I'm glad I found you that way or not," commented Elmer.

"I don't know, either, Elmer. I've been thinking about myself—and things

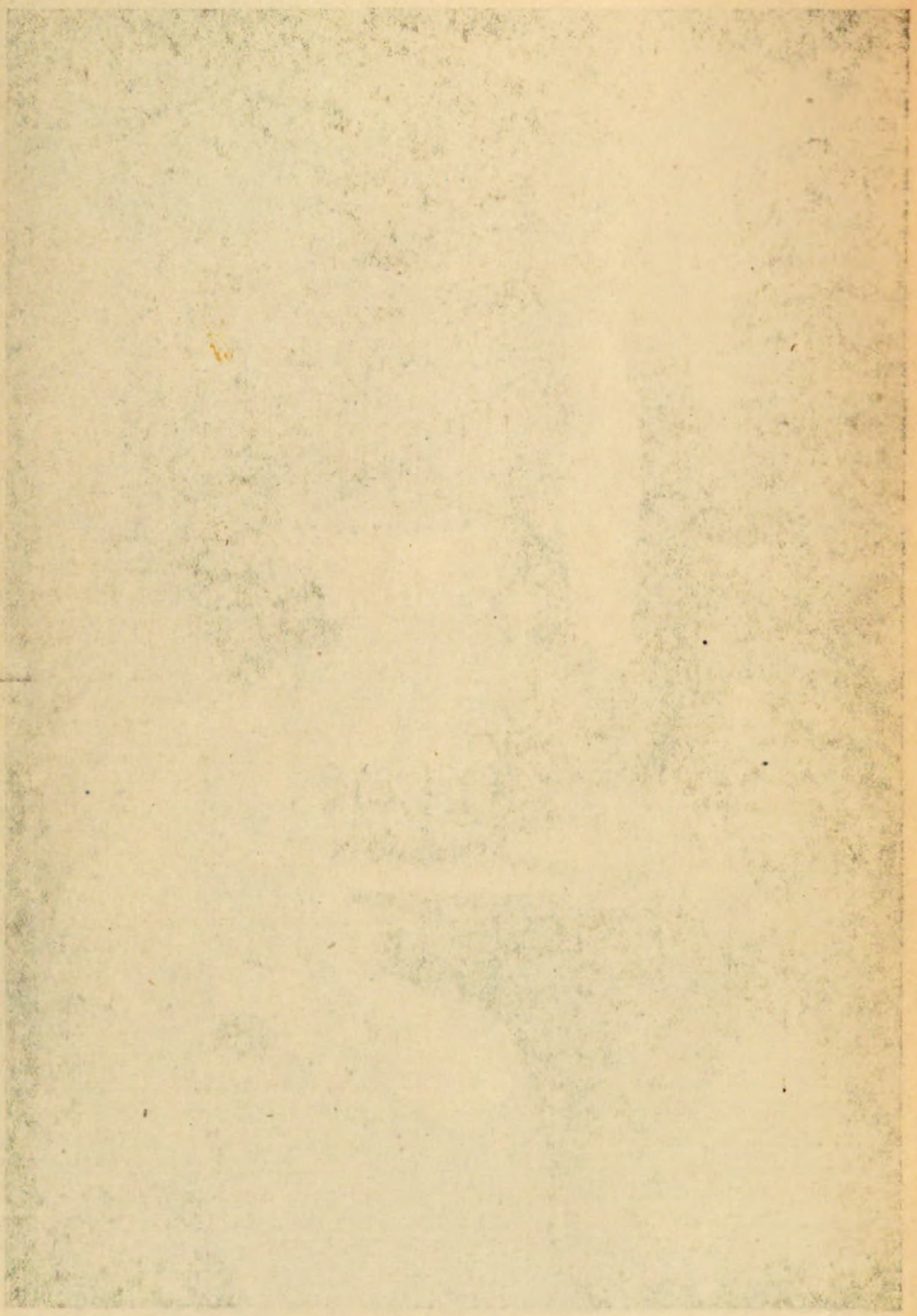
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by P. A. Carter

ELMER HARPER HAD STEPPED STRAIGHT OUT OF VISIONS OF THE PAST

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in general. I don't think that I liked being important in Huntsville just from a common kind of wish to be any better than other people, or above them. You see I don't believe there was any one there who was opposed to my being important. In fact, if I *was* important at all there—"

"Which you were," interjected her guest.

"It was because people liked me."

"Some of us went so far as to love you."

At this she looked at him with almost as long a look as she had given him on his arrival.

"Yes, I know," she said, gently. "I didn't seem to think that of much importance when I was planning to move to New York."

"But you do now, Fanny. You may as well admit it."

"Yes, I guess I do now."

This, if ever, was the moment for the dominant male. This much Harper saw.

"So you'll marry me and come back to Huntsville, and there's an end of it."

But, unexpectedly, there was an inner line of intrenched defenses.

"No, I guess not," said Fanny. "Everything's broken about me but my pride. I've talked too much and now I've got to pay for it. Elmer, I couldn't go back and tell them. I've got to stay on here and see if I can't make my stories good. I've got to get my 'Sundays' whether or no."

He stood before her and there was more pained torn emotion in his face than she had ever seen there.

"I can't lose you this time, Fanny. I can't."

"But I just can't let anybody know how I've failed, Elmer."

Then his inspiration came.

"How will they know, unless we tell them? And we won't. Why, Fanny," he went on, with rising, almost boyish enthusiasm, as he caught her hands in his, "all you have to do is to leave it to me. I'll fix out such 'Sundays' for you as you never even dreamed of yourself. I'll just raise a tidal-wave of success and on its very crest you'll come back to Huntsville."

"I don't quite see—" faintly objected Fanny.

"Why, I'll tell them that I met Colonel Roosevelt here and—and Mrs. Pankhurst—and—and—"

"And Robert W. Chambers," shyly suggested Fanny.

"You bet!" replied Elmer. "I'll simply cram this room with celebrities. And I'll explain"—he laughed happily—"that you gave up all this gaudy, glittering mob because you were fond of me. I wish I were more of a fellow. But I honestly think I can give you something better than—all this."

He pointed out of the window. The lovely, monstrous town still glittered against the rosy night. And Fanny Bentley gave it one long last look, as if to say good-by. Then she turned to Harper. And she smiled, though, as when he first came, as she smiled her eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, dear, I guess you can." And then she went on—the old gay Fanny: "You can thank New York for me. I would never have accepted you in Huntsville."

"Then God bless New York," he said, and kissed her.

"Yes, God bless it," she said.

The legend of the life put aside for love does not diminish through the years. For the Harpers, making a yearly jaunt to the metropolis, renew all that dazzling earlier connection, even increase it. Fanny laughingly protests that they really shop and lunch in the restaurants and go to the matinées like everybody else from the country. Her husband says she's too modest, and he tells what she will not—how New York would still be at her feet. But they both agree that they are glad to come back. Perhaps, however, for plenty of people Huntsville is really pleasanter than New York. A philosophic observer in the Mioto Valley might say so.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A MONK FOR A NIGHT

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE

I MIGHT now be wandering about with a smooth-shaven head, in a flowing gown of bronze silk with exquisitely embroidered lapels, were it not for that young American. His theosophical mother placed him in a Buddhist monastery in Japan as a novice for the priesthood. He remained there two years, then quit. Buddha had defied Mara the Evil One and his several daughters, but his disciples failed before American dash. Ever since they stand in awe of receiving any one except as guest for a night.

Despite this curtailment of monastic privileges, I determined to know what it is to be a monk in Japan. I had seen the devotees of the ascetic life, trailing through the streets single file beneath their dome-shaped straw hats (which hang like roofs over their noses), droning some unformed melody and receiving handfuls of uncooked rice. I had sat upon the stone walls banking the road to a monastery at Uji, watching the faces of a young man and his sweetheart who loitered near by. One beaming young shaver, a future disciple of Buddha, stopped before me.

"Poor fellow!" said I. "You can't do that, can you?" He grinned and grinned and looked back with sympathy upon the sight.

Then he clattered merrily down along the wooded path, without denying the allegation or subjecting himself to temptation.

I had spent an hour or so with the abbot at Mii-dera, a quiet, unworldly sort of fellow who shut his eyes as though at prayer every time he spoke to me. He was not too buddhified to show some slight irritation when the boy failed to bring the pictured screens as quickly as he wanted him to. I tried to gain permission to stop with him for a few days.

"Our room is small," he pleaded, courteously, deprecatingly, "too infinitely small."

I protested my willingness to tolerate any infinitude of smallness.

"Ah, but our food is nothing. We eat no meat—it is contrary to the doctrine of Buddha. You eat flesh; if you have no flesh, how will you survive? You will even perish, I think perhaps. Neither flesh of beast nor of fish is in the monastery."

His manner was more conclusive than his words. No further persuasions prevailed. However, he gave me jelly-cake to carry away with me, which was luscious enough for any mortal. It suggested possible substitutes for a carnivorous diet.

I had seen and heard just enough to make me want to see and hear more. I had even climbed the three thousand feet of Hiei-zan to where stand the remnants of the three thousand temples which harbored the soldier-monks who were the terror of Kyoto till Nobunaga put them down over three hundred years ago. But wherever I went I found that natives had filled the available accommodations, if I asked to stay longer than a night. And then at last I set out for Koyasan, one of the oldest monasteries in the Tenno's empire.

Like all Japanese monasteries, Koyasan is beautifully secluded from the sordid world by woodland and mountain. Though it is reached from all the centers by either train or electric car,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ASCETIC DEVOTEES BENEATH THEIR DOME-SHAPED HATS

these go only to Koya-guchi and Hashimoto at the foot of the range. Thence there is a ten-mile walk along a winding road which rises for over a thousand feet; and for more than a thousand years the road has been kept open by the passage of pilgrims, day in and day out, and the bodies and bones and monuments of the dead followed in their footsteps.

Forestalled once before by deluge and typhoon from making the ascent in summer, I now braved unyieldingly the sleet and snow of winter. The way was astir with pilgrims. The 'rikisha-man who pulled me along the slushy road kept up a continual stream of conversation with the three other pullers in front. Here and there we had to get out on a steep bit of roadway. At a sharp turn half a dozen oxen, each dragging two wheels and a tremendous log, congested the traffic. I stopped to make a purchase at a stationery-store a little farther on and thus succeeded in tearing my man away from trailing behind the others. So he was compelled to devote his attention to me, for I wished to exploit him for information about the district. Influenza had just raged there.

"Many people died here," he said, indifferently. "They could not be reached and the cold and rain took many of them off. Now there are many smallpox patients."

Just then we passed a wayside hovel into which we could look. An old man lay beneath a pile of Japanese quilts. "That man has smallpox," he assured me, blandly.

Then he deposited me in front of an inn just as though it didn't matter to him one whit whether I patronized it or not, though he had passed several others. This was the end of my trail *à la* jinrikisha.

Near the top I overtook a student from the Osaka Higher Commercial School. He was all kindness and veneration.

"Bad weather this," I volunteered, not seeing the danger I laid myself open to.

Forthwith I had a companion. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Mr. Sakai

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the —" but I broke in upon this in the hope of steering him on to less explanatory confessions. I knew the type too well. But he would not be suppressed. "I am going to visit Koyasan. I shall stay a week there at the home of my dear teacher, Professor Hashimoto" —and thence he practiced his English for a mile or so. Lovable youths, these Japanese students, but a little too eager to speak English. I excused myself and kept on, feeling in no humor for even so genial a drag on my thoughts and my pace.

Horses wobbled up and down the grade, led by listless laborers in stiff leather moccasins. Their limbs were stripped bare as though summer, not winter, were the order of the day. I rather envied their naked freedom.



LIFE IN THESE HALLS HAS NOT CHANGED FOR CENTURIES

At the first red "sacred" bridge the steepest portion of the ascent is over. Beyond the second we have come to the gate. Here sits the bronze Jizo, god of travelers, protector of pregnant women and of children, exposed in semi-exile. Now that is just like most gods. If Jizo is such a remarkable patron of weary wanderers, why wasn't he down there at the foot of the mountain, ready to assist me to the top? After one has done all the work and struggled over the arduous journey, one finds him sitting there, complacent and pleasant.

As a matter of fact, despite his function as protector of feminine weakness, Jizo has been as indifferent to women as to wanderers. Until recently no mother of man might pass through the gate that he guards. Yet he was set to watch there by a devout woman. How like a mother to present so benevolent a god to man and child while being herself excluded by man from reaching the final goal!

I soon found some one more attentive than Jizo. A pleasant clerk looked me up and down, reflecting upon his observations before assigning me to a temple hostelry. Never was I judged more accurately, and never was my purse tapped so judiciously as on that, my first and only night in a monastery. Having made his judgment, he called for a little boy, saying, in a quiet tone, "Take this guest to Shojoshinjin Temple." The six-year-old boy assigned to guide me trudged ahead on his four-inch wooden clogs. The road went lazily on its way along the level of the ravine lined on the right by stores devoted to the sale of trinkets.

Snow lay six inches deep, adding delitescence to the monastery, shut in by forest and mountain. The numerous temples to the left crouched behind their walls, only the roofs protruding. The vastness of their architectural enterprise was rivaled only by the tumuli of the dead which stretch for more than a mile through the grove of cryptomerias beyond.

I entered the gate of the monastery

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

which stood at the edge of the graveyard. The two young acolytes on the veranda scurried in for one of the monks, in a way which made me feel a guest of no ordinary possibilities. As acolytes, they could not welcome the foreign guest themselves. I removed my shoes. The cold steps sent a chill all through me, which made me feel as if my monastic career had indeed begun.

A bronze-silked monk emerged. The monastic rules had accented many phases of his Japanese personality. His features were as smooth as the shaven top of his head. His eyes, slightly shifty, were those of an honest man accustomed to confession against his will. In a sense, they seemed to plead that he had nothing to confess. The picture of simplicity, his physique showed no signs of privation. He received me as freely as would any host, and spoke English by halves. But what he said was English and not half Japanese.

I mean what he said later; for the time being he dealt largely in monosyllables and gestures. He led me to a room and vanished.

The room was neat and clean, with only wooden bars four inches square to remind me of the nature of the place. Otherwise the straw mats, the screens and *tokonoma* (alcove for pictures and flower arrangements) were of better material than may be found at most inns. Only in one detail was the room different from any other Japanese room —there was, besides the usual braziers, a concrete fire-box two feet square set into the mats which showed that on Koyasan winter is winter. Sitting on the mats before it, it was easy to keep one's feet warm over the charcoal. Without, the rippling water of the serpent fountain and the remembrance of snow; within, the sliding paper windows shutting in the world.

. . . . . .

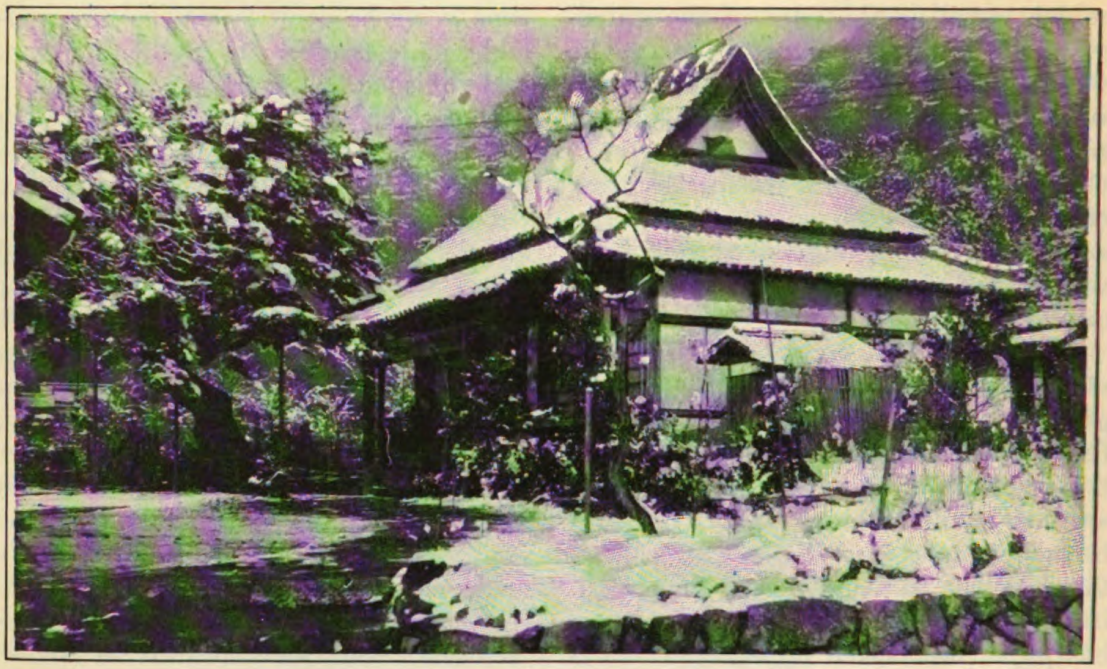
Not such a bad life, after all. At least the joys of hot water have not been



THE WAY WAS ASTIR WITH PILGRIMS

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE OLD PINE AND THE TEMPLE UNDER THE SNOW

proscribed along with wine, women, and meat. I forthwith go to the bath, a chamber dark and cell-like and open to the winter cold. I keep well in the hot water—nor loiter in the corridors between.

There is loud laughter in the courtyard. One boy has broken out into song. All subsides as quickly and as suddenly as it began, and the rippling waters of the fountain continue. Then come soft footsteps in the corridor. It is the bronze-silked monk with the register. But why does he keep hanging around? Perhaps he wants to convert me? I show the promising state of my soul by vowing an eternal interest in Buddha.

"To-morrow morning, at five o'clock, it is the time to pray to Buddha," he begins. "Will it please you to pray?"

"Yes, I will pray." . . . Then he comes to the point. "One or two yen, for candles—for Buddha," he suggests, and patters away with his spoils.

Well, I like old Buddha, though I feel sure he will receive but a fraction of that gift. I dare say Buddha can do well without money, though he seems to have an insatiable appetite for candles.

Just as the monk had stepped out and pulled the paper doors to, a crowd of workmen or pilgrims came into the courtyard below, chatting and laughing. How like the shifting of the scenes on a stage is this life, as though each incident waited for its turn through want of stage accommodation! The moments lengthen, the murmur of the water without regains its place in consciousness, and the monastic prominence of the individual comes into its own again.

Gradually, as the diffused light through the paper windows grows dimmer and dimmer, the dull-red charcoal in the volcano-like pit in the floor looms brighter and brighter, just as in the recurring night of the world the sun's brilliance wakes us to our day again.

I have neighbors now. The pilgrims must have come in. They have taken the room on the other side of the paper doors. In the sense of space, it may no doubt be called a room, but never in the sense of privacy. From the latter point of view it is really a *heya*, which in Japanese means a room or apartment. There is a suitable sound of commotion

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in the word. A room in a Japanese house is really a place where every one can make any kind of noise unabashed.

Four booms of the evening bell startle me out of reverie. They are bells of which Poe would have made wonderful use. Not so resonant as those at the great temples of Nara and Maya-san. A boy shouts to others across the court, as though hurrying them on to assembly. Another answers. One sings a droning song popular in the large cities. A cough from my neighbor. Footsteps. And every fourth ring of the bell is echoed by a reverberant grumbling of a softer bell somewhere in the distance.

The acolyte in his black flowing kimono comes in to turn on the electric light. Even in a monastery there is electricity. Modernism is epidemic. There is modernism in other ways—namely, in the presence of women in the village outside the monastery. Hitherto they had no souls to save, notwithstanding the sweet devotion of Yashodhara to Siddhartha before he became Buddha. There is still another bit of modernism. Though only canine beasts were tolerated at Koyasan, because the local deity, who was fond of hunting, had promised Kobo Daishi, the founder, to protect his monastery, I saw bullocks and horses, and, if I am not mistaken, the animal I photographed was a cow. Kariba Myojin, the Shinto god, has evidently been converted to modernism. However, a little absurdity is still necessary to religion. Why the ban continues on bamboo I cannot understand.

Yet, all this modernism notwithstanding, I could not see why so lively a specimen of Japanese youth should spend his days in this unworldliness.

"Why aren't you at a commercial school trying to learn the ways of the world?" I asked him, in Japanese.

"I should like to," he answered, "but I haven't any money."

"Do you like the life here?"

He only smiled, as though to confess would in itself be sliding back to worldliness, and left the room.

Faintly the drawl of a monk gets a hearing in spite of the rippling fountain.

I dine. The acolyte has brought my dinner and moves about as though pleased to serve. He is neither over at-



AN ANCIENT PRIEST AT HIS NEGLECTED LITTLE WAYSIDE TEMPLE

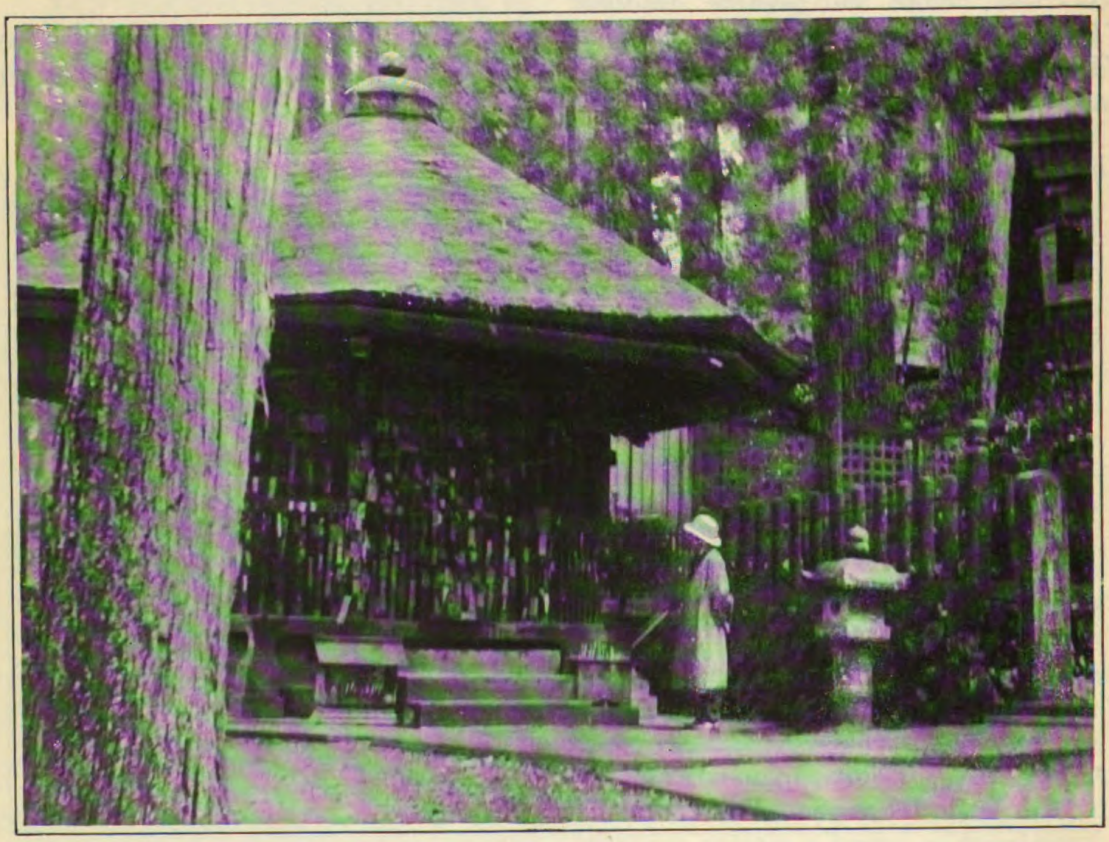
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tentive nor sullen. He has an able assistant in the form of a small boy who is about twelve years old—so is the dirt on his hands and kimono. The acolyte departs, leaving the abridged edition of himself to wait upon me. He's a cynical little fellow for honest twelve. He can't make me out, and doesn't care, either. He watches me eat and turns his head aside as soon as I look at him, but answers every question straightforwardly—as far as his knowledge goes. He has a father and mother, but he doesn't know what country he came from. That was a stupid question and I shouldn't have asked it. He's from Japan, and who would dare to probe deeper than that? One dare not suggest him to be Korean or Chinese. In Japan one must regard every one as of Yamato origin for the sake of peace and tranquillity.

Well, I've eaten, but, I am sure, no chicken even so much as walked through my soup or soups—there were four of them. Beef? The nearest I got to anything in that line was perhaps the bullock that pulled the wagon which brought the food. Yet they all look healthy and happy, nor would I repeat the vulgarism of all carnivorous human beings that "they must slip out to a meat shop on the sly."

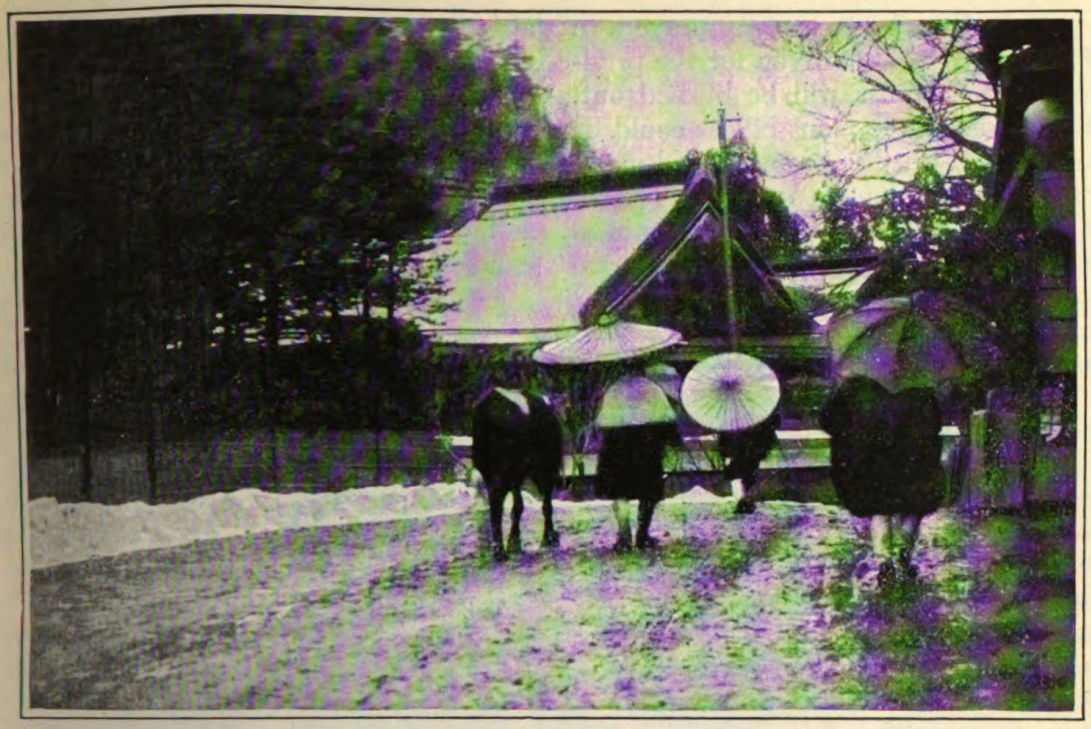
Truth to tell, there is more than meat and fish outside of this monastery. The 'rikisha-man told me so, and I have reason to believe that on some points 'rikisha-men are truthful. My 'rikisha-man said he had a taste for *sake* and asked for permission to go in search of that mild but satisfying drink. He wouldn't have to go far for it, he assured me, for in case—he winked—any monk should feel the need of this kind of spiritual aid, the village outside of the monastery was able to supply it. I shall not bother to investigate, taking him at his word.

But that's not my interest, and the



TO THIS HALL ASHES OR BONES OF THE FAITHFUL ARE SENT FROM FAR AND NEAR

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE MONASTERY SEEMED THE NATURAL END OF THE SNOWY ROAD

blasphemous insinuation might cost one dear. We'll not insinuate. Why do so when there are facts? *Sake*, the wine of the Far East, was brought to me, assumed to be part of the meal as wine is in continental Europe. It went back humiliated and scorned by an unconverted heathen of the West. Not so the other offerings within this temple. The four soups consumed, I took to the rice and *daikon* (a pickled radish, which smells like the dickens) and other soured vegetables, after which went precipitately some hard, tasty black beans. Could a monk in the making start off more hopefully than that? By to-morrow I may have a different opinion, but to-day, to-night? I could say my prayers with a gusto.

So, it seems, I shall close my first evening in a monastery. For a moment I think back to old Japan, live a flash of life as it has been lived in these ancient halls for centuries. All that I have seen men might have seen hundreds of years ago—save a little English and electricity. Yet here the monastic life is not historical consciousness, but vigorous reality. What is it that men want which draws them away from home and children and all worldly power on this mysterious quest? How many of the hundreds who have lived and died here have found the peace which Buddha promised? My thought clings to these three—the cynical little twelve-year-old, the acolyte who would like to be a business man, and the bronze-silked monk who knows how to replenish the temple exchequer. They are not saints but men, brought here by the same impulses which move men in other walks of life. Some have followed the line of least resistance, yielding to the pious will of their family. Some find it an easy life. Some— But my mood of meditation has slipped away and is disinclined to return.

After midnight I am wakened by the song of some monk making the rounds of the monastery. The stillness of the night and his deep, sad voice make what in the cities is a common tune here pathetically human, sadly sweet and wholesome. I lie within the packs of *futon*, warm and comfortable. Horrors!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

I promised to rise to say my prayers to Buddha and paid two yen for the privilege. The candles will be burned out. How I wish these pious offices could be postponed! But the bronze-silked monk comes to wake me and I bolt out of bed. In the other compartments the stir of pilgrims, their coughing and washing, assure me I'm not the only mortal so penalized.

Now through the snow-cold corridors which zigzag for at least two hundred feet the droning of monks shows that, eager as I am to taste of a new experience, they are even more faithful to an old one. It is but 5.15. Yet as I enter the temple it is plain they have well advanced in prayer. It is easy for my eyes, just rescued from sleep, to find their way about that sanctuary of shadows where darkness trembles with droning and flickers with candle-light. The long narrow room allows only for a side view of the setting. The altar in the middle is flanked by lacquered and gilded little shrines to the end of the chamber. The gilt upon the black lacquer is like the candle-flame in the darkness. The profuse arrangement of massive lacquer tables laden with symbols and offerings and the beautiful little tables for the *sutras* before each monk is joy in the midst of sorrowing emotion. The long line of monks sitting upon their knees with their backs to the paper doors (*shoji*) leaves of the room but a narrow aisle, so that the pilgrims must occupy the space to the right. There are thirty of these suffering souls, all old and worked-out. What an emaciated-looking gathering! The abbot and monks are handsome in comparison. But even age softens in the presence of flickering candles and undying chants.



A PILGRIM SOLICITING ALMS FOR THE TEMPLE

The abbot sits a little forward. The monks repeat the *sutras* rapidly, and then out of their prayer rises, like some rich flowering, the voice of the prior. His assurance is short and absolute. Then the others resume their chanting. Once they all stop short and from among them soars a deep, rich voice, followed once again by the entire mass.

It strikes me as an extremely non-individualistic performance. The pilgrims don't enter in at all. Later each is called to the altar to put incense on the burner, and buddhistic symbols are pointed out—tablets of ancestors. I, too, am called. . . . And service is at an end.

I breakfast on the same sort of food as that on which I had supped, except for the plateful of *mochi* (rice dough) arranged like a chrysanthemum and showered with colored meal. As I push aside the paper windows above the court, the monk sees me and comes up to my room. He has, I discover, good reasons for coming. Since 1868, when the Emperor was restored to his position as real ruler,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Shintoism, the cult of Emperor and nature-worship, has been fostered. Buddhism, however, is still nearest the hearts of the people. Thus while the Imperial Exchequer feathers the Shinto nest, Buddhist priests find life more and more difficult. Hence they are driven to make the most of a casual guest like me. Though entertainment at these monasteries is supposed to be free of charge, gratuities equivalent to what one would pay at a first-class inn are expected. The bronze-silked monk does not wait for me to settle my "accounts," though I have already given him candle-money. He receives my contribution with greedy ease. Hardly has the money touched his hand when he asks for a "present" for the very boys he had, the night before, told me not to tip. It is all so cheap and so funny. He exacts all he can, but takes good care to call each bit of graft a "present."

When this commercial transaction is completed a boy is sent to guide me through the cemetery. He doesn't know a word of English. Chamberlain says he is a cicerone, but I don't know. At any rate, he doesn't sing into my ear the myriad names of dead who left no record of themselves other than tombstones, as does the megaphone-less biped leading the dozen pilgrims we just passed.

The world is full of cemeteries, but nowhere is a cemetery so full of life. In the midst of a grove of giant cryptomerias, between whose towering branches float small patches of sky like the small patches of snow lying at their feet, hundreds of weathered monuments eye one another in cynical regard; and the gray stone, grown darker with age, stands in mute testimony of man's undying fear of being forgotten. Yet out of that vast accumulation of stones only an occasional name is not lost upon the passer-by. What a vast mobilization of dead heroes! A place in the village cemetery seemed too humble to them. They had their ashes or bones brought here from the farthest regions of Japan, only to lose in prestige through vain assumption. General, saint, scholar—all looked with hope for eternal fame in this vast galaxy of the dead, and those same pretensions brought humiliation upon them. For the very merchant upon whom they looked with contempt is now outdoing them. The *narakin* (*nouveau riche*), with his vast war profits, is building tombs and monuments which far outshine their ancient simplicity. A thousand years from now they, too, will be as shabby as the others, but on the whole they are better and more human than the ancient piles of stones.

Relatives of merchants, farmers, laborers, unable to pay for the transportation or for expensive tombs, save a tooth or the Adam's apple and send it wrapped in paper to be thrown into a circular building containing the teeth or bones of many thousands of others.

Thus everything here aims to symbolize the numerical strength of the dead. Even the flickering candles nod by the hundreds in a windowless temple black as night in honor of disembodied souls. But this Hall of Ten Thousand Lamps is no longer lighted to its full candle-power, and looks like an old man with empty places where teeth have been.

The tomb of the saint (Kobo Daishi) himself stands behind this hall. It is only a small, unimportant-looking little shrine on a slope crowded with cryptomerias. Here the saint is said to be sitting wrapped in contemplation. The nearest any one can approach it is to the fence.

Yet better than following the trails to the tombs of dead saints is meeting the kindly smile of the oldest living man, toiler or pilgrim.

It is now late enough in the morning for me to be able to examine the works of art. Here it is the work of Kobo Daishi from one corridor to another. Soft-painted panels of men of wisdom hang in the shadows, and glittering brass trappings that illustrate Buddhist verities are set before them. Screens of vari-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ous degrees of beauty painted by the best of the old artists.

But the bronze-silked monk seems eager to be done with me. He is supervising the preparations for New-Year's (when there will be many pilgrims, lavish with candles for Buddha and "presents" for the boys). To these he turns whenever he can escape me. But my purse has not yet lost its interest for him. He opens the shrine containing an image of Kobo Daishi carved by the great saint himself (everything under the Rising Sun seems to have been the work of his hands).

"I will sell," he says, significantly, producing a small replica. "Cheap."

"How much?" I ask.

"Five yen."

I had seen that kind of replica before. The tradesman in the village, who lives by cheating tourists, had asked two yen for one. The monk leads me from one empty chamber to another, repeating explanations interspersed with a dash of commercialism.

"You take my card," he says, efficiently, as I look with interest on images and scrolls. "If you will buy later you send me a letter. *Anata wa hoshi desu kara;* I will sell to you."

He does not see that he is dealing with a real worshiper, not a hypnotized faith-swallower. Such is the state to which Buddhism has come in Shinto Japan. He points out only the gifts of the rich—a shrine-incased tablet costing a hundred yen, a special recess for the shrines of the heads of Mitsui Bussan Kaishi, the great banking concern, and Kawasaki of the Kawasaki Dockyards, and Suzuki & Co., whose Kobe properties were destroyed by the rioters for forcing up the price of rice last year.

Then we are shown the room in which Hidetsugu, the adopted son of Hideyoshi, the great general, committed *harakiri* by order of his benefactor. It is quiet and unpretentious, and stimulates strange reveries. But the "guide" is impatient and keeps pulling me away. We drift away from this, however, to lose ourselves behind *shoji* (paper doors) and corridors. Chamber upon chamber is as unused as it is silent, as luxurious as it is unused. Never a sign of poverty, of want, or of Buddhist application of Buddhist precept. When I ask to be shown the priests' quarters he says, "It's too dirty." Buddhism is as ashamed of poverty as is every creed on the face of the earth. But I do manage to get into the *diadokoro*, the big kitchen. A tremendous room with heavy rafters, it is set with a watering-trough, store, and fireplaces large enough to feed an army. Water from a spring comes in a thin, steady stream through a bamboo pipe. Around the open fire squat a dozen men and boys. The flames cannot reach any of the rafters, but the smoke fills the tremendous shaft (about ten feet long by twelve feet) which hangs from the roof to within six feet of the ground. In semi-darkness men pound with a heavy wooden hammer and turn with dexterous hands the *mochi* (rice dough) which at New-Year's is the delight of every Japanese, even a priest. They are like underground dwarfs with their fires and their pounding. These kitchens are more interesting than the unused chambers of the abbot with their screens and settings.

The last place to visit is the Kondo or Golden Hall. It is a gorgeous amassing of Buddhist art, with some exquisite details. Unbiased as I am, I must confess it tires me. There is too much sheen and too little inspiration, bent on teaching more the hatefulness of evil than the loveliness of good.

I have seen it all now—and I tremble before the covetous eyes of that priest in bronze silk. So I leave him to count his yen, and carry away with me a lovely memory and some solemn thoughts.

Buddhism, dear as it is to the hearts of common men, languishes under the Imperial Government. Shinto shrines have been stripped of all the Buddhist symbols they once contained, and officialism is doing its best to supplant the worship of Buddha by the worship of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Mikado. Bereft of the imperial gold, the priests are resorting to all manner of means of securing funds. In and about Kobe and elsewhere they are pursuing a thriving business by saving the souls of the *fune-narakin*, who have grown rich on war profits. Out of the large donations which they require to assure the salvation of these new millionaires they are erecting stone columns engraved with the names of the donors. Of these there are now more than eighty-eight in and about Kobe. One abbot has gone even farther. Count Otani, brother-in-law of the Emperor, and abbot of one of the biggest temples in Japan, caused a scandal by selling the temple's treasures. He took to Western ways, and built a palace for himself upon one of the mountains near Kobe, bringing back with him from a trip to England two young boys who were to act as pages. These were not quite satisfied with the way the promises materialized and obtained their release by recourse to the help of the foreign community. His palatial residence has since been bought by Mr. Kohara, the Japanese "copper king." This particular abbot has now resigned and is wandering about the South Seas trying to establish ideal colonies.

So it is that the joy of barter pervades the worship of Buddha. Imperial divinity seeks to triumph over the saint whom common men have loved for over a thousand years.

A VILLANELLE OF LIFE AND DEATH

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

COME! Taste of Life before it is too late
And twilight shadows creep across the skies,
For Death is waiting at the western gate.

Old Chronos with his hour-glass will not wait
To check one sandy grain that therein lies—
Come! Taste of Life before it is too late.

Do not your doing at too late a date,
Gather your tent and journey with the wise—
For Death is waiting at the western gate.

Be not of those who meet an empty Fate;
Afraid of all the gifts that Living buys—
Come! Taste of Life before it is too late.

Barter your soul for either Love or Hate—
Scorn not the passion of the World's great eyes!
For Death is waiting at the western gate.

Take not Procrastination for your mate;
A planted flower unnurtured surely dies!
Come! Taste of Life before it is too late
For Death is waiting at the western gate.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CIVILIZATION'S INDICTMENT OF WAR

BY HOMER FOLKS

Director of the Department of Civil Affairs of the American Red Cross in France

CIVILIZATION is the net result of the efforts of the human race for several hundred thousand years to make life more comfortable, interesting, and satisfying. Many experiments in this direction are fruitless, but occasionally one succeeds and we inherit the sum total of the successes. Up to 1914 this world-wide and history-long effort had met with a fair degree of success. The race had learned how to raise ample amounts of many kinds of food, and how to distribute them. The fight against cold had measurably been won. We had learned how to make warm clothes and how to build houses and keep them warm. We had learned how to do these things and still have time left over. Diffused education was helping us to learn how to enjoy leisure. We knew what was going on in the world. Life was getting interesting and promised still better things. In the general opinion of mankind, it was good to live when the storm broke in the midsummer of 1914.

The essence of this war was that it denied the validity of all toward which we had been striving. It set up new standards and declared that darkness, cold, hunger, poverty, disease, crippling, killing, hate, orphanage, widowhood, were proper conditions of life. It enforced these newer ideals, at first in limited areas and then in ever-broadening circles, until, in some degree, they had permeated the life of a continent. To-day the world is full of strikes. We need not look for subtle explanations. They are the direct legitimate successors of war. They are simply carrying a step farther the newer ideals of life. They are hunger, insufficiency, and bareness of life expressing themselves, along with an implied reliance upon force rather than persuasion and orderly procedure.

The very first thing war did was to create homelessness on an unparalleled scale. Homes are good things. It is not by accident that we have come to live in family groups and in settled habitations. It is because, on the whole, after centuries of trying many ways of living, the home plan works best. It is in the home that children acquire poise, serenity, and balance, and take over unconsciously such wisdom and grace as their elders have acquired.

The world has seen many migrations, for there is always a restless element in human nature, but these have been voluntary and in search of better things. War migrations are compulsory and to worse conditions. The refugees did not wish to leave; they had to. The story of their going has caught the world's sympathetic attention. We have all been made to see the family groups—grandparents, mothers, children, the sick and the crippled—hastily put together a few necessary or treasured things and start down the road. We have seen them walking footsore, burden-bearing, falling by the wayside. We know of babies born on the way, and of mothers carrying new-born babies for miles. We have seen the refugees packed by main force into stifling freight-cars and slowly hauled, with many long interruptions, somewhere into the interior, hungry, filthy, weary, depressed. This happened to a million and a quarter of people in Belgium, to two millions in France, to half a million in Italy, to three hundred thousand in Greece, to, say, three hundred thousand in Serbia, to two million Armenians, except that they walked out

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

into the desert and most of them to death, to four hundred thousand in East Prussia, to huge but unknown numbers in Rumania, in Russia, in Austria—all told, to ten million people.

Nobody, unfortunately, has the imagination to enable us to realize what happened to all these people afterward, although that is the really important thing. Traveling is never very comfortable. We can put up with hunger, weariness, cold, and sleeplessness for a few days, if need be. They may even help us to forget loneliness. The hard thing is to endure all these things, day after day, week after week, and month after month for several years and with no early or certain end in sight. This, a much more real tragedy than their more dramatic departure, is the second and greater claim of the refugees to our continued sympathy and help.

When they arrived at their destinations there seemed to have been some mistake. Nobody was expecting them and no comfortable place was ready. All the houses were occupied by people who had been living there a long time. The only places to go to were barns, sheds, abandoned factories, unused convents, abandoned hotels, etc. These became terribly crowded. Instead of each family having two or three rooms, often there were two or three families in one room. It was awkward, indecent, noisy, and sickening. There was nothing to cook with, nothing to sleep on, nothing to cover up with, and it was cold. There was not enough fuel to go around. There never had been too much, but now, because some of the mines had been captured and there were not enough men to work the others, and the cars were so busy hauling munitions, it required desperate efforts to get enough coal or wood to cook with, to say nothing of keeping warm. Most of the refugees could not do much work. The communities whose involuntary and uninvited guests they were did not like the newcomers who talked so differently, lived differently, and crowded in everywhere. Rents went up and food prices went up, and, as the refugee had no home and no land, he had to buy everything, and his scanty means would not hold out. He had to take the cheapest, dampest, darkest, most uncomfortable quarters there were—places which people had abandoned because they were so bad. Here with poor food, with little heat, sometimes no light, underclad and underfed, he did not really live; he simply existed. Homesickness is a real handicap, and the refugee was homesick all the time. He continually contrasted his former comfortable home, steady employment, and relatively good food with his present lot. It is not surprising that he was not enthusiastic about the war—that his "morale" was bad. All the other war distresses—the longing for the men who were away so long at the front, the haunting fear that they would be wounded or killed, the knowledge that they had been—all this cut more deeply into the heart of the refugee because he was already homesick, cold, hungry, and discouraged. No wonder he looked forward always to the day of homecoming.

Finally it came. The war was over. It had been won. People threw up their hats and cheered. The fear of domination by a brutal enemy was removed. All would be well!

Going home was very much easier than coming away had been. It was easy to choose which things to take because there were not many from which to choose, and most of them they were glad to leave, anyway. They were such poor excuses and substitutes for the real comforts of home. They had great confidence that now they would be taken care of. They knew that the disaster which had befallen them was in no sense due to any fault of theirs, but that it was somehow vaguely connected with a successful effort to prevent the control of the world by a ruthless and brutal people. The war had been won in behalf of justice, and, of course, justice would be done to them. Nothing could make

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

up for the sufferings already endured, but the future would be different. They had heard of wrecked houses and of devastated cities, but they felt that probably it was not so bad as that where they came from. We all know, and the world knows, only too well to what they returned. Every Sunday illustrated supplement for the past four years has brought us its new pictures of devastated France, devastated Belgium, and devastated this, that, and the other country, until to us in our comfortable homes they have ceased to be terrible or even to be interesting. These refugees, however, were now to see ruins, not from the outside, but from the inside. When they returned to their former homes, things were far more out of joint than when they had arrived in the interior. Not only was nobody expecting them; there was nobody there. There was nothing there except tumble-down houses, broken buildings of every kind, trenches across the fields, rivers of barbed wire running in every direction, and fragments of wreck and ruin everywhere. But it was home. Here they owned a bit of land; here they had been born and reared. The hillsides, the roads, the brooks—all spoke to them of childhood and early years. So here they would remain; in fact, they had nowhere else to go. It was hardly a matter of choice.

But surely those Powers conferring at Versailles, who were to make Germany pay, would now rebuild their homes, perhaps better than before. So almost anything would do for the present. They began to dig among the ruins, very likely to find something they had buried when they left. Sometimes they found an opening to the cellar and saw that the heavy brick arches which had supported the building had also withstood its fall. The cellar could be cleaned out a little and would do for the moment. They could find a few pieces of furniture here and there and might even crowd up enough to take in another family who did not have even a cellar; or, some pieces of walls of the house or of the stable or one of the outbuildings might be standing, and by patching these up a little bit and by putting up some boards or corrugated iron which were lying about, or by piling up some bricks without mortar (because materials could not be had) they could make a kind of a shelter which would do for a time; or, if there were no walls and no cellars, perhaps they could find enough timbers from the trenches and enough corrugated iron from the curious, semicircular huts which the armies used so much, to fix up some sort of hut. It would be very dark, of course, and it was hardly possible to keep out the wind altogether, but it was better than nothing. So, thousands and hundreds of thousands of people began to live in every kind of dark, damp, gloomy, unwholesome, temporary quarters. You and I know that these quarters will not really be anything like as temporary as these refugees expect. There are not enough men, materials, transportation, and money to really rebuild these devastated regions for years and years to come. This is the refugee's third and greatest claim to our sympathy and help. The outward journey was a matter of a few days, the exile a matter of a few years, but reconstruction will be a matter of a few decades.

Little by little, the temporary shelters will be made a shade less unbearable. Some of the larger holes will be stopped up, the rain will not come in quite as much, and window-glass will replace boards and iron in the tiny windows; but wretched, unwholesome, insanitary accommodations must be the rule for years to come in the zone of devastation which stretches through Belgium, France, Italy, Montenegro, Albania, Serbia, Rumania, Greece, what was Austria, East Prussia, and wanders in irregular fashion through great areas of what was Russia.

Shelter is only the beginning of living. The thing that was destroyed in these devastated areas was not simply buildings; it was the whole structure of hu-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

man life. All these wrecked houses, schools, hospitals, factories, city halls, churches, had been put up to serve human needs. They represented the thought, the sentiments, and the labor of many generations who had builded themselves into these structures.

When you go into a patched-up building with the windows stuffed with cloth, the door turning awkwardly on improvised hinges, and into a bare room with two or three bits of broken-down furniture, and find that this is the city hall and that this man sitting here is the mayor, you begin to realize that it is the whole intangible structure of human life that has been destroyed, a thing which it will be harder to rebuild than buildings. An organized community, which, little by little, took shape through centuries, has been blown to bits. This man sitting here has everything to do and nothing to do it with. He is bare-handed and empty-handed. He has no resources and no helpers. But the entire community, bereft of everything, looks to him to make the loss good. Scores of thousands of city fathers in Europe are trying to do this superhuman task.

When the invading tides rolled into Belgium, France, Italy, Greece, Rumania, and Russia, not all the civilians fled before them. In fact, the great majority remained. They went into the cellars while the war tornado crashed past. When the noise died down and they cautiously came to the surface, they found themselves in a changed world. Its physical aspect might be little changed, but everything else was absolutely topsy-turvy. They were no longer their own masters; they were under the rule of an enemy army. It is bad enough to be a subject people in peace, it is far worse to be the subject of an enemy army in war. They could no longer be sure of anything. They had to do as they were told. All ordinary business was at a standstill. They were behind the blockade. If they raised food, it would very likely be taken from them. If they labored, it was very likely to result in benefit to those who were trying to destroy their country. They were in a sense slaves, for they had no freedom and no rights. On suspicion, they were thrown into prison; on little or no evidence, they might be shot. Their cities were called upon to pay large sums as fines or indemnities. They had to see their factories torn down and the materials shipped away. Anything they had which the enemy wanted he took—especially food and clothing. As the blockade became more and more effective, they suffered even more than the enemy civilians, for many of their supplies were taken and shipped to the enemy countries to eke out their failing stocks. Life was no joy-ride in the occupied territory. No wonder its tuberculosis and child death-rates shot up to one and a half or twice what they were before. It is not easy to realize that this kind of life was the lot of six million people in Belgium, three millions in France, a million in Italy, nearly five millions in Serbia, two hundred thousand in Greece, five millions in Rumania, and twenty-two millions in Russia. In all, some forty-two millions of people lived this life of exasperation, subjection, and deprivation.

From among these many millions there were selected by the enemy, as he grew short of man-power, some hundreds of thousands, no one knows how many, for a worse fate—deportation into enemy country. They were to be real slaves, or worse. From Belgium, from France, and, above all, from Greece and Serbia, these deportations sentenced men and women to wearying, brutal labor, exposure, and generally to hardships like those of army prisons. When there was also involved, as in the Near East, a desire to change the dominant national sentiment of some locality, even the children were deported, to share all the hardships of a life pointing directly toward extermination. When the war was over, the survivors walked home. We met them everywhere in Serbia—Greeks, Albanians, and Serbs—footsore,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ragged, famished, vermin- and disease-infected.

The hardships of ten million refugees in their exile, their years of unwelcome sojourn, and their decades of makeshift living during reconstruction in the war zone, and of forty-two millions in occupied areas, and of hundreds of thousands deported into slavery are facts which emphasize only a beginning of the realization of the newer ideals of human life introduced by war. It has always been considered that the death of a husband and father is one of the most serious of tragedies. The highest type of religion has been declared to be the visiting widows and fatherless in their affliction. Now, however, instead of being a rare exception, this was to become almost the rule in wide areas of the world. In France, for instance, we must reckon that about 1,750,000 men have been lost. This includes the deaths from wounds, 1,400,000, those among the "missing," among prisoners, and army deaths from disease. It is quite impossible to arrive at the slightest conception of what a loss of one and three-quarter million men means to a country the size of France, except by living there. Simply from the point of view of the emotional strain of sorrow and mourning, its volume is beyond our powers of understanding. A comparison may help.

Shortly after my return from Europe I happened to meet a neighbor living a few doors away. We chatted a moment. I remarked, casually and thoughtlessly, "I suppose your boys are back from France." "Yes," he said, and his face quivered as he turned away, "all who are coming back. We lost one." I reproached myself for not having remembered that this might be the case. I knew another neighbor whose son was killed in the war, and had a third friend in the same town, a city of one hundred thousand, whose son was killed in France. My first impression was that this was a large number, since only fifty thousand Americans gave up their lives in France. May God forgive the "only." When one is dealing with totals of millions, fifty thousand seems but few. Under any other circumstances the loss of fifty thousand American men would have seemed an unprecedented calamity; and so it would have been. I happened to pick up the Annual of the graduating-class of the high-school and found that of the class of 1919 no less than seventeen had died in the service. I began to sense the extent to which the shadow of war-sorrow had come to our little city. A day or two later I read in the evening paper, in the proceedings of a memorial meeting, a list of the boys from Yonkers who had died in France. It filled nearly a column. I was astounded at its length. I made a little calculation then for the first time, as to what would be, so to speak, Yonkers' quota of a total of fifty thousand deaths, and realized that it would be forty-five. It was appalling to think that in these few square miles of territory, and in every other group of a hundred thousand population from Florida to Washington and from southern California to Maine, there were on an average forty-five households which, however they might rejoice at the successful outcome of the war, were feeling that the price to them had been terribly, terribly high. The loss of fifty thousand men has brought a shade of gloom to every community in America.

Then I tried to think for a moment how we should feel if we had lost our men in the same proportion as France. If America were mourning, not fifty thousand, but four and three-quarter millions, Yonkers would have lost, not a quota of forty-five, but a quota of forty-three hundred. The average loss in every city, community, and town would be ninety-five times as large. The shade of gloom, so to speak, would be ninety-five times as thick, the cloud ninety-five times as black; the question whether it had been worth while ninety-five times as frequent; the missing places in the ranks of industry, education, agriculture, and the professions, and all along the line, ninety-five times

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

as numerous. France lost about one-fifth of all her men between eighteen and fifty. If there were no additional work to do, four men would have to do what was previously done by five, and from these four-fifths there is still to be deducted an army of cripples and the armies keeping the watch on the Rhine, on the Danube, and in Asia. And France not only has the work which she had to do before, but she has also a problem of reconstruction so big that nothing like an adequate survey has been made of it; so big that it has been estimated that if all the men who were formerly in the building trades were still alive and if plenty of building materials were made available for them, and if we expected them to do no building except in the devastated area, they would be occupied somewhere from fifteen to thirty years in rebuilding that which has been destroyed.

France is literally soaked, inundated, permeated through and through, by sorrow. Serbia is even more so. England, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Greece, Rumania, and all the enemy countries, only a little less so. Our army authorities estimate the battle deaths alone at 7,582,000. Adding deaths among the missing, among prisoners, and excess of deaths from disease in the armies, it is clear that some nine million men laid down their lives on account of the war. Each of these came from a home. The number of widows, fatherless children, of parents and of brothers and sisters in mourning, must be counted in scores of millions.

But we are only well started with this war on homes. Ten million refugees, twenty-seven millions under enemy army rule, hundreds of thousands deported, and nine million dead soldiers to be mourned by God knows how many millions of widows and orphans—all this is only a fair start. Millions of homes have been deprived of that for which homes primarily exist. Every home is built around a cradle. War has gone very far toward emptying the cradles of Europe. Looking backward some decades hence, this fact and its consequences may appear as among the most serious results of the war. The figures are clear. France, with its pre-war stationary population shows the following:

Births in 77 uninvaded departments

1913	604,811
1914	594,222
1915	387,806
1916	315,087
1917	343,310

The full facts are even worse. In the nine invaded departments there were 141,203 births in 1913 and the falling off was much greater than elsewhere. A million and a half of refugees had fled to the interior and their births are included in the above figures from August, 1914, on. The remaining population was behind the lines and births were few. In Lille, the largest city of the occupied area, the population in 1918 was one-half that of 1913, but the births were only one-eighth as many. The deficit continued through 1918 and, to a large degree, 1919. The total estimated war deficit of births in France is about a million and a half. Italy, a country unlike France in that its birth-rate was high, also shows a war deficit in births of about the same number. Uninvaded Britain shows nearly a million; Belgium, 350,000; Serbia, whose men were in exile for four years, 760,000; and so on. A rough estimate of the Allied countries' shortage in babies due to the war is six or seven millions, and, if we include the Central Empires, we have an estimate for Europe of some ten millions.

The consequences of this wholesale race suicide project themselves far into the future. We can easily foresee many curious but serious results of this hiatus in the orderly sequence of age groups in the great European family. The schools, the military classes, if they still exist eighteen or twenty years from now, the number of marriages, the number of adolescents available for employment—all will show violent fluctuations as the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

age groups, born in the years 1915–1920 come upon the scene. In the background a more serious question arises. We know how France's population remained relatively stationary from 1860 onward, while Germany's nearly doubled. Suppose for the next fifty years instead of France we should have to say Europe, and instead of Germany Asia or Asia and Africa. The white race is certainly very much less strong, relatively, than it was in 1914. There is much reason to fear that this European birth deficit is due not simply to the absence of the men by reason of mobilization, but also in part to the subnormal conditions of living, such as reduced food-supply, overcrowding in makeshift quarters, and the like. These conditions will continue for some years and to the extent that the fall in births is due to them it, too, will continue, and the white man will thus become increasingly unequal to his world-burden, so far as numbers go. This aspect of post-war results will bear a great deal of thought.

We have seen in another number that war has given a new lease of life to many plagues and pests that were well on their way toward extinction. How many additional deaths have already been thus caused among civilians, no one can say. We must include typhus and typhoid epidemics, greatly increased tuberculosis and infant death-rates, a great increase in malaria, and other similar factors. We must include influenza as at least contributed to, if not caused by, war. The excess of deaths from such causes as these in Italy and in Serbia may be tentatively estimated at 900,000 and 400,000, respectively. Elsewhere we cannot make even a tentative estimate, except that the totals will run well into the millions.

With war as an enemy of home life, we have still other accounts to settle. Something like fifty or fifty-six million men, most of them we may be sure being fathers or big brothers, were for the time being almost as effectively separated from their families as though they were never to return. And for many of them it was a separation for four years, broken by only very brief occasional leaves. Europe was a continent of manless homes. Its home life was thoroughly abnormal. Ordinarily the father is the steadying as well as the supporting factor. To the children he is the superman. His miraculous strength keeps the world in order. His companionship, when he has time for it, stands out as a series of marvelous events. He, on the other hand, hears compressed into the word "Daddy" such volumes of affection, such completeness of confidence, that life takes on new meanings which draw out his greatest powers and make long hours of toil seem a negligible part of the day. The games in which big brother joins are best of all. Now there remained only the tame ones in which all the parts could be taken by children. Life was quiet and monotonous. Mother seemed very still and not much interested in anything. There was nobody to do the hard work but the old men, the women, and the older children. No interesting things could be planned. It was a dull, gray, uneventful life for, say, a hundred million children, and an anxious, wearing, emotionally overstrained existence for scores of millions of wives and mothers.

In the middle of Serbia, in late December, 1918, I saw a company of German prisoners in a village. They had use of a fairly comfortable building with a yard around it inclosed with barbed wire. I talked with them of the war. They did not seem at all interested in the Peace Conference; they did not care where the Kaiser was or what he was doing, or who was in control in Germany, or what America was going to do. They wanted to get home to their wives and children. They did not complain of their food, or shelter, or work. They talked and thought of only one thing—home.

For four long years, scores of millions of homes in Europe, instead of being centers and creators of happiness and affection, of serenity and order, were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

abodes of loneliness, anxiety, nervous apprehension, and, in about ten million cases, of grief beyond expression. Who can foresee the future effects of such an environment for the children of a continent?

We have spoken thus far of those who were directly affected—refugees, residents of occupied regions, those deported, widows and the fatherless, and the families of those mobilized. But this warfare against the home permeated every community in Europe. With the able-bodied men diverted to war for four years, it needed neither blockade nor submarines to make life bare and hard, to make food, clothing, shoes, coal, wood, shelter, medical care, recreation, education, scarce and high in price. The entire world went in sight of hunger and in whole nations its pinch was actually felt. This falling away from the slowly and hardly won condition of having enough food immediately registered itself in the death records everywhere in Europe, and enabled disease to take a new hold upon the human family. Nobody had time to devote to building homes or schools or churches or hospitals, or to making the world a safer and brighter place for children. It was impossible even to carry on such of these things as existed. There are those for whom the simplification of life—doing without servants and automobiles and having fewer courses at dinner—was desirable, but such are numerically a negligible minority. The great masses of mankind have never gained so much that they can afford to lose; they have never passed beyond the simple life. For them diminution means hardship, and hardship means reduced vitality and efficiency. This sub-standard of living has been enforced over practically the whole of Europe during the later stages of the war, and still continues.

How long it will continue no one may say. It is easier to tear down than to construct. The complex economic life, growth of generations, must be slowly rebuilt. The world has more work to do than before and fewer men to do it. There is a shortage in all manufactured articles, a shortage in raw materials, a shortage in every form of transportation, a shortage in housing, and there are enormous ruined areas to be rebuilt. The prospect for a speedy regaining of the standards of living of 1914, of such measure of comfort, well-being, education, and enjoyment as the peoples of Europe had attained to, is not good. All those cheerful head-lines, which one will read during the next two years, to the effect that this, that, or the other country has returned to normal conditions, may be disregarded as based on misinformation, lack of information, or blind and wilful optimism. Every nation has incurred for future payment a huge debt which for an indefinite period will claim all income except that required for the most urgent of current needs. The increasing amounts which were being devoted to education, health, and in general to the enrichment and betterment of life can only be had from now on in driblets. In a hundred million homes in Europe there will be hopeless drudgery, constant and fruitless struggle against heavy taxation and high prices. Europe will be in the treadmill for decades, slowly and painfully grinding out the liquidation of war's enormous obligations, incurred for destructive purposes. She starts her post-war career with depleted stocks of men, and must propagate her future generations from the physically less fit. Intangible and difficult of measurement as this race deterioration may be, it may easily prove to have been the most disastrous of all the effects of the war.

Vast political, economic, and social changes caused by the war can be seen only vaguely as in process, but with no clear outcome in sight. The world will be either more democratic or more imperialistic, but as yet it is not clear which. Peoples have seen big things done and are demanding that other big things be done. One can feel the swell of

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the tides of sweeping changes, but not their direction.

These matters are for the future. Our concern is that the world faces a sea of difficulties, with depleted and deteriorated men. Of the causes and forms of this deterioration we have caught glimpses. Ten million people driven hurriedly from their homes into exile, living a makeshift life for four years, and returning to a still more primitive existence for an indefinite period among the ruins of their former homes; forty-two millions subject to the rule of enemy armies; several hundreds of thousands deported into practical slavery in enemy countries, many of them into conditions of deliberate extermination; ten million men selected as among the fittest killed in battle or dying in army prisons or from army hardships; millions of widows and more millions of fatherless children left to do as best they can in a world preoccupied with every sort of trouble; ten million empty cradles that should be guarding the slumbers of those who should take up the world's burden a few decades hence; millions of deaths among civilians due to war hardships and scores of millions of illnesses past, present, and to come; fifty million homes deprived for several years of the support of fathers or brothers and of their companionship, and inundated by loneliness, anxiety, and nervous apprehension; all Europe on short rations of food, coal, clothes, shoes, and all the essentials of healthful and efficient life.

War is indeed the great disaster. Earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, explosions, may harm the whole population of a locality; alcohol or vice may injure a percentage of the people of whole countries but war can be compared only to all these things combined and sown broadcast over a continent. We may select from all these other enemies of human life their worst features, combine them into one quintessence of horror, intensify this to the *n*th degree, scatter it continent-wide, and that is war. War is the negation of all the race has striven for through all the centuries. It denies that life is worth while. It is the enthronement of unreason and coercion. It is the supreme skepticism, both of man and of God.

What can America do about it? Painfully little at most, but that little exceedingly important. At least we can look the facts in the face. Recognizing that civilization, of which we are part, could hardly stand another such strain, we can make it plain that we mean to do our part in guaranteeing peace, even if we have to fight for it. We can be patient with peoples who have carried, and will have to carry for a long time, burdens far beyond anything that has fallen to our lot. We can lend credit under favorable terms and conditions. We can do some minor things if we like in physical reconstruction, enough to show continuing sympathy and solidarity. We can send our physicians, nurses, and trained workers to help protect public health. We can prove that we are neither slackers nor quitters in the world's greatest crisis. The things we can't do are to pass by on the other side, to be passive onlookers, or to give credence to the suspicion that in the reconstruction of Europe we are content to play the rôle of profiteers.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOAN

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

"MY!"

"Don't you think I've done pretty well?"

"Sarah Bannister, you know as well as I do, it is wonderful!"

The two women stood in the best parlor, a long room, furnished with aggressive plush and mahogany, and onyx tables, and a marble Clytie drooping her head impudently in her out-of-place state in a New England parlor. The room was chilly in spite of the radiators, glaring with gilt in the most conspicuous wall spaces. Every piece of furniture—old-fashioned square tables, sofa, chairs, and piano — was covered with dainty things, large and small, of all colors and fabrics.

"To think you made everything here with your own hands!" commented Miss Lottie Dodd. She was a distant relative of Mrs. Bannister's, who lived with her a month at a time.

"Yes, and the worst of it is, it isn't quite a week to Christmas, and I haven't got the things done yet."

"Land! I should think you had enough here for the whole town."

"I'm giving to about the whole town this year. Then, you know all our cousins out West, and the raft of relations we never see except at our funerals, that live in Watchboro, and Center Watchboro, and South and North and East."

"I didn't know you remembered them Christmas."

"I don't every year, but this time I was so forehanded I thought I'd put them in with the rest."

"You don't mean to say you are remembering all the Rice family?"

"Yes, I am."

"Not all those children?"

"Oh, I've got the children's presents all ready; it's the older folks' I haven't got done. I have planned a lot of drawnwork."

"You do that so beautifully," said Lottie. She was a tiny woman snugged in a lavender wool shawl. The tip of her sharp nose was red. Her blue eyes were tearful, from cold and enthusiasm. Lottie was prey to enthusiasms, even petty ones.

"I've got a lot more to do. I sha'n't try any different patterns from these here; the same with the knitted lace. That will make it easier."

Sarah Bannister clipped the last word short with a sneeze.

"Sarah, you are catching cold in this room."

"Don't know but I am. It never will heat when the wind's northwest. It's bitter outdoors to-day, too. The snow hasn't melted one mite. Look at those windows all frosted up."

"Well, Sarah, we better be going back to the sitting-room, where it's warm."

"Guess we'd better. I was going to look a little longer. I don't seem to see some things I know I've got. I do feel some as if I were catching cold. Hope to goodness I don't—just before Christmas, too. I'll get Henry to bring in some wood for the sitting-room hearth fire."

"I sort of wonder sometimes why you and Henry don't keep a man to fetch and carry," said Lottie Dodd, as the two entered the sitting-room, meeting a gust of warm air, scented with geranium and heliotrope from the window plants. "Henry is quite some older than you, and it's beginning to show."

"Oh, Henry's perfectly able to do

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

what little chores we have. Men want some exercise."

They sat down. Sarah Bannister began to crochet, a neatly rolled-up ball of finished lace bobbing as her fingers moved. Lottie worked laboriously on a blue centerpiece.

"It certainly is lucky you are so well off, Sarah."

"Yes, I realize it is. Henry never saved much, but I have enough for both, thanks to poor father. I never spend a cent but I think of him. He used to talk so much to me about not being extravagant."

"Oh, Sarah, as if anybody could accuse you of that!"

Sarah started, but she continued talking. "Poor father used to say—I remember as if it were yesterday—'Sarah, it's easy enough to get money, for those who have the right kind of heads, and work, but it takes more than heads to keep it. That's a gift.'"

Lottie Dodd, impecunious, who had never benefited much from Sarah's riches, except in the somewhat negative way of food and cast-off clothing, looked reflectively at the large, flat, rather handsome face.

Sarah stared sharply at Lottie, who did not speak. Silence and immobility make a fool inscrutable.

Sarah suspected. "Now, you wouldn't believe, Lottie Dodd, how little some of these things in there"—she shrugged her shoulders toward the parlor—"cost."

"You don't mean it." Lottie's voice was as blatantly innocent as a lamb's.

"Yes, I bought a lot at the Five- and Ten-cent stores, and I had nice pieces of silk and satin and lace, and I mixed them in, and you'd never know. I thought of poor father every minute I was in these Five- and Ten-cent stores."

"They would have just suited your dear pa."

Again the look of suspicion was in Sarah's eyes, to disappear before the other woman's innocent expression. Then the door-bell rang with a loud clang.

"Sakes alive! Whoever can that be, such a cold afternoon?" said Mrs. Bannister.

"Maybe it's a peddler."

"Well, if it is, he vamooses. I never will allow a peddler in my house." Sarah Bannister sneezed three times.

"Let me go to the door," said Lottie Dodd. "You have caught cold, sure as fate. Let me go, dear."

In Lottie's voice was the faint, very faint inflection in which she betrayed her consciousness that she was a year and a half younger than Sarah. To Lottie that meant, when she so desired, the feebleness of age for Sarah, juvenile agility for herself.

Sarah recognized that inflection. "I rather guess I'm as able to go to the door as you," she retorted. She thrust her face almost into the other's in a way she had when irritated.

"It was only on account of your cold, dear," protested Lottie, shrinking back.

"I haven't got any cold. If you're trying to wish one on me, you can just stop. Sneezing don't prove you've got a cold. Hm!"

"Why, Sarah!"

Sarah stepped majestically doorward as the bell rang again. She walked on her heels as she had a trick of doing when feeling unusually self-sufficient. Lottie peeked around the curtain over the pots of geranium, but she could see nothing. She could hear voices, and the wind came in the cracks of the sitting-room door. The front door closed with a bang, and Lottie darted back to her chair. She expected to see Mrs. Bannister enter irate after turning away a peddler, but after Sarah entered a young girl, hardly more than a child.

"Go right to that hearth fire and sit down and get warm through," ordered Mrs. Bannister. She spoke in a stern voice, but her speech ended in a beautiful cadence. When the child was seated before the fire, which Sarah stirred to a higher blaze and piled with more wood, she gazed at the young face reflecting the red glow, and smiled in a way that

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

made Lottie gaze wonderingly at her, and suddenly remember that years ago, so many years that she had forgotten, Sarah Bannister had lost a daughter about the age of this girl. Meantime Sarah Bannister was removing the girl's extraordinarily shabby hat, and pulling off gently her shabbier coat. The girl resisted the last a little, and her small, timid voice murmured something about her dress.

"Never mind your dress," said Sarah. "You will get warmer with these off."

As she spoke she laid the coat and hat on a chair, rather gingerly. Such rags as the coat disclosed, such rags of a red silk lining, and such a sinfully draggled feather decked the old hat. Sarah turned to look at the girl. Lottie was looking. Lottie had her mouth slightly open. Sarah gasped. The girl sitting there, meekly, almost limply, was a darling of a girl (judging from her little face). It was very pale now, but with the velvety pallor of a white flower. Her hair lay in soft rings of gold shading into brown about her small head. She wore her hair short, and it made her seem more a child. Her dress was torn about the sleeves and gaped where hooks were missing, unless pinned with obvious pins. Her little hands were stiff and red, and one continued to clasp cautiously the handle of an unspeakably shabby old bag. Suddenly she looked up, first at one, then at the other of the faces regarding her. She looked with perfect composure, so perfect that it directly made her seem older. Her great blue eyes had a womanly wise cognizance of the two women.

"How old are you?" demanded Sarah Bannister, suddenly.

"Thirteen last May," replied the girl. Her voice was charming, with a curious appeal in it. She seemed to be begging pardon for the fact that she was thirteen last May.

Sarah Bannister, her face working as if she were about to weep, went to a little china-closet, and presently came back with a glass of home-made wine, and a square of sponge cake on a pink plate.

"Here, drink this and eat this cake," said she. "It will do you good."

She set a small table beside the girl and placed the wine-glass and the cake on it.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the girl. She began to eat and drink rather eagerly. She was evidently famished, but very gentle about it. She still retained her hold of the bag.

Lottie spoke for the first time. "What have you got in that bag?" said she, rather sharply. The girl flashed her blue eyes at her in a frightened but defiant way.

"Things to sell," she whispered.

Lottie looked at Sarah. So she was a peddler, after all. Sarah did not return Lottie's glance. She spoke to the girl.

"When you have finished your cake and wine, and get real warm, I will look at the things you have to sell," said she, softly.

"Thank you, ma'am."

Lottie began to be aggressive. "What is your name?" she asked, peremptorily.

"Don't speak so sharp, Lottie," said Sarah. "You will scare her half to death. She's nothing but a child. She was half frozen. She was standing there on the door-step, shaking from head to foot, poor little thing, half dressed, too, on such a day as this." Sarah glanced at the heap of wool and red silk rags on the chair, and remembered a nice thick wool coat in the closet of a certain chamber.

Lottie asked again, but more gently, "What is your name, little girl?"

"Joan Brooks."

"Oh, I know her," said Lottie, with an accent of slight scorn. "Her father's that broken-down minister. He fills the pulpit sometimes when Mr. Whitman has bronchitis."

"He preaches very well, too," said Sarah, kindly.

"Father is not broken down. He stands up as well as you do," said Joan, unexpectedly. Then she began to rise. "Where is my coat?" said she.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"You sit right down, child," said Sarah. "She didn't mean a thing. Of course your father isn't broken down. We always speak that way of a minister who don't preach regularly."

"Father used to preach regularly," said the girl, eagerly, "but after we moved here the church he came to preach in burned down."

"That was the little Hyde's Corner church," interpolated Lottie. Sarah nodded.

"He preached regularly there," stated Joan, "until the fire."

"What does your father do now?" asked Lottie.

"He preaches for other ministers a great deal, and betweenwhiles he goes about taking orders for a beautiful book on the Holy Land."

Lottie looked at the geraniums, and her lips moved inaudibly, "Peddler."

"We don't have as much money as we did before the fire," stated the little girl, "and we don't have much of anything to give away. That is why—" She stopped.

Sarah caught up the bag, which Joan had placed on the floor beside her.

"Well, let us see what you have to sell," said she.

Sarah opened the bag and Lottie stood looking over her shoulder.

"My!" said Lottie, "what lovely drawnwork, and it's just the same pattern as that bureau-scarf you made for your cousin Lizzie, too!"

"And I wanted one like it for her married sister, Jennie. How much is this, Joan?"

Joan mentioned a price. Lottie paled, and her mouth dropped when Sarah Bannister, so careful of money, said she would take it. She also bought for a large sum a beautiful table-cloth with embroidered corners for the minister's wife.

"That's just like the one you made yourself for Mrs. Lester Sears," said Lottie. She thought Sarah Bannister must be losing her wits. "There's that same cornucopia in one corner, and cluster of daisies in another," she mentioned, feebly.

"I know it," said Sarah, defiantly. "Why shouldn't it be the same? It's a common pattern. I made that table-cloth for Mrs. Sears because she was so good when I was sick with the grippe, sending in things 'most every day. I wanted to make something for the minister's wife just as nice, because she and Annie Sears are so thick, and because we all know the minister isn't very popular, and I feel sort of sorry for her, but I didn't have the time or strength to make it. This is a real godsend."

"You'll have to tell her you didn't make it," remarked Lottie, maliciously.

"I am not in the habit of either telling or implying a lie," replied Mrs. Bannister. Then she turned suddenly to Joan. "My dear, who made these pretty things?"

Joan crimsoned, then paled, but she lifted clear eyes of truth to Mrs. Bannister, "A lady."

"What lady?"

"A lady."

"But what is the lady's name?"

"I would rather not tell her name."

Sarah looked at Lottie and spoke with lip-motion. "Her mother."

Even skeptical Lottie nodded. What so likely as that the broken-down minister's wife might do this exquisite work, and send her little daughter out to sell it?

Sarah was examining the table-cloth. "I am sure it is a little different from mine," she reflected. "The bunch of daisies is larger."

Lottie nodded. "Looks so to me."

Sarah laid down the table-cloth and took up some knitted lace. "This is almost exactly the pattern of mine, and I did want to knit some for Daisy Hapgood. I am so glad to get this."

The more Sarah Bannister bought, the more the little girl's face beamed. Her cheeks flushed, her blue eyes gleamed. Sarah kept gazing at her with loving admiration. As she bought

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

everything in the bag, Joan seemed fairly quivering with delight. She held her pretty upper lip caught between her teeth, lest she break into sheer laughter.

"I will take this handkerchief with the embroidered G," said Sarah. "It is just what I wanted to tuck in a letter to Ella Giddings."

"I thought I saw one in the parlor just like that," said Lottie.

"So you did, similar. Mine has a queer little quirk at the top of the G, and that is for Emma Gleason. I wanted to make another for Ella. Lottie, do you mind going up-stairs and bringing down my little black silk shopping-bag? My purse is in it. I don't want to go through that cold hall. I have got the grippe, I almost know it," said Sarah, when the bag was empty.

While Lottie was gone, Mrs. Bannister and the girl added up items rapidly on the back of an old envelope. Sarah was economical with paper. Sarah added with zeal, and her hand was over the sum total, and she had time to shake her head with finger on lips when the door opened. The girl nodded. She was only a child, but she understood. The other lady was not to know what the things cost.

Lottie cast a sharp glance at the gleam of white paper in Sarah's cautious hand. "Whatever made you hang that bag up in the closet, when you always keep it in the top bureau-drawer?" said she. "I had an awful hunt. Thought I never would find it."

"I remember hanging it there when I hung up my coat when I came home yesterday," replied Sarah, calmly.

Sarah loosened the strings of the bag. Lottie watched like a cat. Sarah took out her nice black leather pocketbook. Lottie craned her neck. Sarah bent over the pocketbook, hiding her proceedings, counted out money, folded it in a nice little roll, and gave it to Joan.

"There," said she, kindly. "That is right. Now you had better run and give it to your mother."

"I shall not take this money to mother," said she. "She will not expect it. It is my money. Father and mother wish me to be independent. I have this money for Christmas presents and I shall have to see to them myself."

Joan rapidly slipped into her ragged coat. Sarah thought of the warm one up-stairs, but did not somehow feel like mentioning it.

"You mean to say you don't tell your mother about this?" said Lottie.

"Mother does not wish me to tell her everything," said Joan. "Father does not, either. They say I should lose my individuality."

"No danger, seems to me," said Lottie. When the girl had gone and was disappearing down the road, a red rag from the silken lining of her coat blowing back stiffly in the icy wind like an anarchist flag, the women stood at the window, watching her.

"She is a darling little girl," remarked Sarah, with an absent air.

Lottie looked at her. Directly there came before her mental vision the freckled face, the long nose, the retreating chin, the weak eyes and stiff, sandy hair of Sarah's departed daughter, long in her little green grave.

"She thinks this beautiful girl looks like her," Lottie reflected.

Directly Sarah spoke in a breaking voice, and tears rolled down her cheeks. "She is the living image of my Ida."

Lottie lied for the sake of her own heart. "Yes, so she is," said she.

"Then you saw the likeness?"

"How could I help it?"

"Want me to take these things into the parlor and put them with the others?" offered Lottie. "You mustn't go in there with such a cold as you've got."

"I'll put them in the secretary, here," said Sarah. "There's one drawer without a thing in it. I want to look them over again, and everything will have to be done up and addressed out here, anyway. Remind me to send to the store for some more Christmas ribbon tomorrow morning."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Sarah folded the dainty things she had bought and laid them carefully away in the secretary drawer, then she seated herself in her rocking-chair and took her pocketbook out of her black silk bag. She looked up and saw Lottie's sharp eyes turn away. She laughed and the laugh had a tang in it.

"Well, Lottie," said she, "if you want so much to know what I paid for the things, I am perfectly willing to tell you, although I cannot imagine why you want to know. I am not in the least curious, myself."

Lottie flushed suddenly. She tried to smile. "I ain't curious," she replied. "I never was. What makes you talk so, Sarah? It sounds sort of hateful."

Sarah paid no attention. "The things cost just twenty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents," said she, coolly.

"My goodness!"

"Yes, just twenty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents."

Very swiftly Lottie sped her own little shaft.

"Why, Sarah Bannister, I never knew you spent as much on Christmas presents in your whole life. You have never had the name of being as free as all that."

"I didn't deserve it," said Sarah. "All those things made up in the parlor there didn't cost fifteen dollars. I told you they didn't cost so much, and they didn't."

"And you laid out all that money on these things?"

"I didn't have to do the work on these, and the work means a good deal when you are tired out and coming down with the grippe. And, besides"—Sarah hesitated; then she finished with defiant accent—"when I saw that darling little girl, the exact image of my dear lost Ida, I felt almost ready to mortgage the place to buy her out."

"Well, all I can say is, I am beat," remarked Lottie. "If anybody had told me that you would spend twenty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents buying Christmas presents from a peddler, I should say if you did you had gone plumb mad."

"She wasn't a peddler, Lottie. That girl is the daughter of a minister of the Gospel."

"Minister of the Gospel! He ain't preaching. He's peddling books."

Sarah began to speak, but the door-bell cut her short.

"Who in the world is coming now?" she murmured, and smoothed her hair and straightened her apron-strings.

"Another nice peddler, maybe," said Lottie. "Don't put your pocketbook away, Sarah."

Sarah looked at her reproachfully, and coughed. "Will you go to the door?"

Lottie went, her head erect. Directly the door was opened Sarah heard a loud, very sweet, very rapid voice, and knew the caller was Mrs. Lee Wilson. Mrs. Wilson danced in ahead of Lottie, who followed her sulkily. She did not like Mrs. Wilson, who was so much prettier than she ought to have been, considering her years, and so much gayer and livelier, that it seemed to give grounds for distrust. Mrs. Wilson slipped back her handsome fur neck-piece, disclosing a deep V of handsome white neck, which Lottie glanced at, then openly sniffed. Then she spoke in a voice which seemed drawn out like thin wire. The voice had hissing sibilations.

"Don't you feel cold, Mrs. Wilson?" said Lottie.

Mrs. Wilson laughed. She understood. "Oh no," said she, sweetly. "I never catch cold with my neck exposed. Don't you think I am lucky to have a neck good enough to keep up with the styles? A woman does look so old-fashioned now, with a high collar."

Lottie flushed. "I care more about decency than I do about style," she snapped. Her animosity was no longer disguised.

Mrs. Wilson laughed again. "Well, it is nice to have a neck long and thin like yours in case the styles changed, and they are bound to, and I look like a freak with a high collar," she said, good-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

naturedly. "But, Sarah Bannister, and you, too, Lottie, I didn't come here to discuss low necks and high collars. I came here about that Brett family. You remember the talk when the father ran away and left those six children, after the mother died of quick consumption?"

"I thought an aunt came, or something," said Sarah.

"So she did, and stayed quite awhile, and then there was a report that she had gone away and had taken the children. You know at first we thought the town would have to do something about it."

"Didn't the aunt take them away?" asked Lottie.

"Why, no, it seems she didn't. The minister's wife saw the oldest girl—she's a pretty little thing, you know—dragging a small one on a sled yesterday. She said both the children looked well dressed and well nourished, but the eldest girl wouldn't tell her who was looking after them."

"Guess the aunt came back," said Lottie, rather indifferently. Lottie was always indifferent when it came to large families of the poor. It had always vaguely seemed to her like something immoral.

Sarah looked interested. "Why, it seems as if the aunt must have come back," said she, "if they looked as well as you say. How old is the eldest girl?"

"Oh, they are all young. She can't be more than eight, a very pretty child with red-gold hair. They are all shy; won't talk. What I came about—" Mrs. Wilson hesitated a moment. She colored a little and laughed confusedly. "Well," she said, finally, "I suppose we have all been rather lax about those children. I had a letter from Mrs. S. Walsingham to-day, and how she had heard of the case I don't know, but she had, and—she reminded me very politely, but she reminded me all the same, that she was making an annual donation to the Ladies' Aid Society for just such cases. She said she presumed her letter was useless, for doubtless we had already looked into the case. She knew we hadn't. Somebody in this town has told her."

Lottie nodded her head in a sidewise direction. Mrs. Wilson laughed. "I dare say you are right," she agreed. "Emmeline Jay and her mother are always on the watch ever since they stopped going to church because they thought the minister before this one preached at them all. Well, anyway, Clara Walsingham wants to know, and, of course, she has a right."

"Just like Clara to write that sort of a letter," said Lottie. "Why can't folks come right out? I hate beating round the bush."

Mrs. Wilson giggled. "As for me, there never was a bush handy to beat around. I had to come right out and say my say. Well, the fact is not a woman of the society knows a thing about these Brett children, and who is going to begin? I would, but my little boy is sick, and I suspect measles. I can't carry measles into a poor and deserving family. The minister's wife says she would right away, but her sister with her four children has come to spend Christmas with her, and she has her own three and no help. She says after Christmas she can do anything."

"I'd go to-morrow," said Sarah, reflectively, "but I think I have taken cold, and—it seems selfish, but I must get my presents off. I got rid of working on more, for I bought a lot, but I have a quantity to do up."

The two women looked at Lottie. She sat with her chin high, gazing out of the window.

"Christmas is right here, next week Thursday," remarked Mrs. Wilson, helplessly.

"If my cold is better I will go and see these children to-morrow, presents or no presents," said Sarah, firmly.

Lottie looked over her shoulder at her. "'Twon't be any better. You've got fever now. Look at your cheeks."

As Sarah could not very well look at her own cheeks, and there was no mirror

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in the room, she gazed at Mrs. Wilson for confirmation.

She nodded. "Your cheeks do look pretty red," said she.

"I'll wait and see how I feel in the morning," she said as Mrs. Wilson rose to go.

In the morning Sarah was no worse and no better. The weather was severe. The wind was very high. Sarah decided to have Lottie bring the presents out from the icy parlor and see if she could not get them ready for mailing during the day.

"By doing that," said she, "I can have to-morrow to go and see those Brett children. Of course, something can be hung on the Sunday-school tree for them, anyway, and it can be seen to that they come, but I don't feel right to wait till after Christmas to do more than that. They may be suffering."

"Guess they're all right," said Lottie. "When there's such a tribe as they, somebody bobs up and looks after them."

Lottie deposited with care her first load of dainty things from the parlor. Sarah, muffled in a white wool shawl, sat out of the draught from the open door. Lottie went back and forth. She laid things on the table, the sofa, on chairs.

"Well, this is all," she said, finally.

"All?"

"Yes, I've brought out everything. You haven't things put away in other places?"

"No, only those I bought from the little girl yesterday. They are in the secretary drawer."

"Sarah Bannister, where is that beautiful embroidered table-cloth that we said was so much like the one you bought?" said Lottie, suddenly. "I don't remember bringing it out. No, don't you go to handling all these cold things. I'll look myself."

Lottie examined everything. Sarah watched. She was rather pale. Finally Lottie came forward and stood before Sarah with a determined air. "That table-cloth ain't here," said she.

"It must be."

"It ain't. When I look I look. It ain't."

Sarah stared at her.

"Some other things ain't here, too," said Lottie.

"What?"

"A lot of doilies, a lot of other things."

Sarah gasped. "Where do you think?"

"Sure you 'ain't put them away in other places?"

Sarah shook her head.

"Which drawer in the secretary did you put those things you bought from that girl?"

"Lottie!"

"Which drawer?"

"I don't see what you think that has got to do with it."

"Which drawer?"

"Next to the top one," Sarah whispered, feebly.

Lottie crossed the room, her skirts swishing. She returned after two trips and laid the soft piles of dainty handiwork in two chairs before Sarah.

"These ain't cold," said she. "Now let's look over these things. Here's the table-cloth you bought."

"I don't see what you mean."

"Look at it; look real careful."

Sarah took the square of glistening linen, with its graceful embroidery, and examined it. She lingered long over one corner. Her lips tightened. She folded it carefully. "Lay it over on that other chair," said she.

Lottie obeyed. She looked a little frightened.

Sarah went on, examining one article after another. Lottie laid one after another on other chairs.

"There are still four more things missing," said Sarah.

"What?"

"That large centerpiece, really the best thing I had. I meant that for Clara Walsingham. She always sends me such beautiful presents. Then I don't see that blue sweater I knit for the Langham girl—Sally, you know—and I don't see the white Shetland shawl I crocheted for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Grandma Langham. That was large and I couldn't fail to see it. And—I don't see the pink bedroom-slippers I made for Cousin Emma's daughter Ruth."

Sarah's voice broke. She passed her handkerchief across her eyes.

"Don't you cry and get all worked up. It will make your fever higher."

"I haven't told you," moaned Sarah, weakly.

"What 'ain't you told me?"

"I haven't told you that the table-cloth I put in the secretary drawer, that I bought from that dear girl, who looks so much like my own daughter who passed away, is the table-cloth I made."

"You sure?"

"Yes, I found the place in the horn-of-plenty where I made a mistake and had to rip out something and work a leaf to hide it."

"Sarah Bannister!"

"I made all the other things I bought, too," said Sarah. "I had ways of telling."

"Are you sure?"

"I wish I wasn't."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know anything I can do."

Lottie, who had not received anything except a high-school education, but was usually rather punctilious about her English, forgot all caution. She sprang into a morass of bad grammar.

"She had ought to be took up!" she said, with decision.

"Lottie, that darling little girl!"

"Darling little limb of Satan!"

"She looked so—"

"If you say another word about her looking like your Ida I shall begin to wonder what your Ida really was. Likening your own flesh and blood to a thief and a liar!"

"Come to think of it, she didn't lie. She wouldn't tell the name of the lady who made the things."

"Oh, well, if she only stole, she ain't quite so bad. I shouldn't wonder," returned Lottie, sarcastically, "if there wan' goin' to be no question of brimstun' for jest plain stealin'."

"Why, Lottie, how you do talk! What has got into you?" Sarah said, weakly. Then she began to weep again.

The door-bell clanged. Lottie ran to the window and peeked.

"It's a man," she whispered. "Wipe your eyes, Sarah. It's the minister. I know him by his pants. He's the only man that don't go to the city to work that wears creased pants in the morning in this town. Wipe your eyes, Sarah. You don't want him to see you've been cryin'."

"I don't care," wept Sarah. "I'm going to tell him the whole story and ask for his advice. What's a minister for? He can offer up the question to the Lord in prayer."

"If he don't offer it up to his wife, it's all right," Lottie said in a loud whisper, on her way to the door. When she returned, the minister, Silas Whitman, followed her. He had removed his top-coat and appeared clad in clerical black, shabby, but tidy and beautifully kept. Silas Whitman's salary forced careful keeping and nearly prohibited expenditure. He was a very small man, fair, with high, light eyebrows, and light hair growing stiffly from his forehead. As a result, he had a gentle, surprised expression. He took a chair near Sarah Bannister, and she went on at once with her story. Silas listened, and his expression of surprise deepened to one of positive pain.

The minister was not exactly a success in this particular parish. He realized it forlornly, but saw no way out. He was a man whose genuine worth and attainments were dimmed by his personality. He was like a rather splendid piece of trained mechanism doomed to one track, which did not allow him to even use many of his abilities. He was over-educated for the little New England village, he was over-informed; mentally he towered among them like a giant among Lilliputians. There was not among them a man or a woman to whom he could betray his every-day thoughts of the great present of the world. Not

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

one could have understood. During the war he had done his best to discharge his duty to his God and his country among a people whom the war, in spite of their Red Cross work and their contributions to the Expeditionary Forces, never reached. It came the nearest to reaching them when the profiteers hid the sugar and the scarcity began in the stores, when Mrs. A couldn't make currant "jell" and Mrs. B couldn't make peach preserve, and Mrs. C and all the rest of the alphabet could not bring sweet cake to the Ladies' Aid parties, when the men missed the sugar from their coffee; then it seemed to the minister as if through the fruit and pickle season his good New England people peered out and up, almost enough to smell powder and hear the roar of the cannon. At that time the minister preached two war sermons to full congregations, and had hopes. However, after the fruit season, the people settled back in their ruts of the centuries.

Silas, sitting there listening to Sarah's strange story, considered how she was shocked out of her tracks now, but how soon she would regain her step. It seemed a pity. Just now she was dramatic and interesting, and at the crucial moment of the tale, when Sarah had missed the four treasures, the door-bell rang, and Lottie, peering out of the window, announced, "It's her."

"I am so glad you are here," Sarah said to the minister; then, in the next breath, she plucked at his sleeve as the door opened, and begged in a whisper: "Better let me speak to her first. She's only a child."

The minister nodded, and Lottie reentered, leading Joan, or, rather, pulling her, for the little girl seemed to resist.

"Come here, dear," said Sarah. "Don't be afraid. Nobody is going to hurt you."

The little girl, carrying her bag, which did not seem so full as yesterday, allowed Sarah to put her arm around her.

"Now, dear little girl," said Sarah, and her voice trembled, "I must talk to you, and—"

The child interrupted. "What is the matter?" she inquired, with the sweetest air of pity.

"The matter?" murmured Sarah.

"Yes, ma'am, the matter with you. You have been crying and look worried."

"So I am," said Sarah, stepping into the open emotional door. "I am worrying about you."

The child regarded her with great, blue, troubled eyes. "I am very well, thank you," said Joan. "Please don't cry any more about me. I haven't any stomachache, or toothache, and I said my prayers this morning, and there's nothing ails me, truly."

Sarah gasped. "Do you feel that you have done just right?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you a little girl who loves God?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The minister's face twitched. He coughed quickly and drew out his handkerchief and blew his nose. Lottie eyed him sharply. Sarah looked bewildered. The minister looked from her face to the perfectly open, ready-to-answer one of the child, and he coughed again.

"What have you got in your bag today?" Sarah inquired, rather hopelessly.

"The other things to sell."

"What other things? Open the bag!"

The girl obeyed at once. She drew forth, one by one, the missing articles of Sarah's collection. She eyed them admiringly. "Pretty," she commented.

Sarah stared.

"Why don't you speak right up to her?" said Lottie.

The little girl stared at her and smiled sweetly. "If you please, ma'am," she said to Sarah Bannister, "I am very busy this morning."

The minister swallowed a chuckle. Lottie looked at him.

"Joan," said Sarah.

"Yes, ma'am," said the child, looking up brightly.

"I have found out that you had sto— taken all those things you sold to me yesterday from me. You sold me my own things."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The little girl gazed. "I am real glad you found out so soon," said she.

"My goodness!" said Lottie.

Sarah gasped. "Why?"

"Because I was afraid you wouldn't."

Sarah stared at her, quite pale.

"I would have told you this morning if you hadn't found out," said the little girl, calmly. She took up the centerpiece which she had brought and looked fondly at it. "This is real handsome and I think you must have worked real hard embroidering it," said she. She added, "This is five dollars."

"You aren't going right on selling me my own things?" gasped Sarah.

"I must sell them to you. I couldn't afford to give them to you, and I mustn't sell them to anybody else."

The minister spoke for the first time. "Why not?" he asked.

She looked wonderingly at him. "It wouldn't be right. Are you the minister?"

Silas replied that he was.

"Then I am surprised you didn't know it wouldn't be right, and had to ask me," remarked Joan.

"Why wouldn't it be just as right to sell to anybody else?" asked Sarah.

Joan looked as though she doubted her hearing correctly.

"Why, they are your own things!" she said, simply.

Lottie came forward with a jerk of decision. "Now you look right at me, little girl," said Lottie. "Do you mean to tell me you don't know it was wrong for you to come here and sell Mrs. Bannister all this stuff?"

"It is hers," said Joan. She looked puzzled.

"Then, if it was hers, why didn't you leave it alone?"

"I wanted to sell it. I wanted the money."

"What for?"

"All those poor little Brett children."

"The Brett children?"

"Yes, ma'am. Their mother died and their father thought he'd like to go and live with another lady, so he got married and the other lady didn't want six children so in a bunch, and so he didn't worry any more about them, and they were all starving to death and freezing, and there are two just little babies. And so I have them to take care of, and I can't earn money, for I am not old enough, and this is the only way, I decided, and I have just begun, and it works perfectly lovely."

"Goodness!" said Lottie.

Now the Rev. Silas Whitman realized that he must enter the field or be thought a quitter by two of his parishioners.

"Come here, little girl," he said, pleasantly.

Joan went smilingly and stood at his knee.

"Now, my child, listen to me," he said. "Didn't you know it was wrong for you to do such a thing? Don't you know you ought not to take anything whatever that belongs to other people and sell it to them?"

"They are all hers."

"Then why ask her to pay for them?"

"I wanted the money for the poor little Brett children and there wasn't any other way."

"But why should she have to pay for her own things?"

"Because she hadn't given any money to the Brett children, and I didn't begin to ask what they are worth."

"Don't you know it is wrong?"

"No, sir."

"Do you realize what you have done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me what."

Joan looked up in his face and smiled a smile of innocent intelligence. "I opened one of the long windows in her best room," said she, "and I took those things I sold her yesterday and these I brought to-day, and I hid them in the Brett house. Then yesterday afternoon I packed them very nicely in the bag. I couldn't get all the things in, so I had these left over, and I came and sold them."

"Do you think she is going to pay you any more, you little—" began Lottie, but Sarah hushed her.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I am not going to pay her, but I am going to give her some more money to buy things for the Brett children," said she.

"And you don't think you have done wrong?" persisted the minister.

Joan looked at him wearily. "They are her own things and she has them back, and she has paid me the money, and you heard her say she was going to give me some more, and it is for the Brett children. I haven't done wrong. The lady didn't give the money in the first place to the Brett children, so, of course, I had to see to it. And now she has her presents all back and everything. I think I must go now or I shall have no time to buy some meat and cook the children's dinner."

Sarah opened her black silk bag and handed a bill to the little girl. "Kiss me, dear," she whispered.

Joan threw both arms around her neck and kissed her, over and over.

"Will you come and see me?" whispered Sarah, fondly.

"Yes, ma'am; I'd love to."

They all stood at a window, watching the child go down the path. Suddenly Silas Whitman began to speak. He seemed unconscious of the two women. He watched the little girl, the red silk rag from her coat-lining streaming, march proudly away with a curious air, as if she led a platoon, not as if she marched alone.

"There she goes," said the minister. "There she goes, red flag flying! Our problem is her truth, and who shall judge? It may be, all of this, the celestial prototype of Bolshevism. She may be the little advance-scout of the last army of the world, the child facing Pharisees, and righteous, and ancient evil, triumphant wisdom. There she goes, little anarchist, holy-hearted in holy cause, and if her way be not as mine, who am I to judge? It may be that breaking the stone letter of the law in the name of love *is* the fulminate which shatters the last link of evil which holds the souls of the world from God."

The minister caught up his coat, put it on, and went out. He did not look at the women.

They stared at each other.

"Lordamassey!" said Lottie.

HOME-COMING

BY VICTOR STARBUCK

STRANGE how you slip into my life once more,
As fingers slide into a lover's hand:
Softly you come, as drifting foam to shore,
Wearied, as wind-tossed birds return to land.
You fill my heart as bubbling water fills
A drought-shrunk pool, as stars the firmament.
You clothe me as the grasses clothe the hills:
All things are as they were before you went.

I wonder is it so with hearts whom Death
Has parted, when they meet in some fair place,
A touch of hands, a catching of the breath:
Do they look long each in the other's face,
Then, walking through green meadows side by side,
Take up the life they had before they died?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AMERICA'S NEW PLACE IN THE WORLD

BY PHILIP GIBBS

THE United States of America has a new meaning in the world, and has entered, by no desire of its own, into the great family of nations, as a rich uncle whose authority and temper must be respected by those who desire his influence in their family quarrels, difficulties, and conditions of life. Before the war the United States was wonderfully aloof from the peoples of Europe. The three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean made it seem enormously far away, and quite beyond the orbit of those passionate politics which stirred European communities with Old World hatred and modern rivalries. It was free from the fear which was at the back of all European diplomacy and international intrigue—the fear of great standing armies across artificial frontiers, the fear of invasion, the fear of a modern European war in which nation against nation would be at one another's throats, in a wild struggle for self-preservation. America was still the New World, far away, to which people went in a spirit of adventure, in search of fortune and liberty. There was a chance of one, a certainty of the other, and it was this certain gift which called to multitudes of men and women—Russians and Russian Jews, Poles and Polish Jews, Czechs, and Bohemians, and Germans of all kinds—to escape from the bondage which cramped their souls under the oppression of their own governments, and to gain the freedom of the Stars and Stripes. To the popular imagination of Europe, America was the world's democratic paradise, where every man had equal opportunity and rights, a living wage with a fair margin, and the possibility of enormous luck. A steady stream of youth flowed out from Ireland to New York, year after year, and Irish peasants left behind in their hovels heard of great doings by Pat and Mick, who had become the gentleman entirely out there in the States, and of Kathleen and Biddy, who were piling up the dollars so fast that they could send some back to the old people and not feel the loss of them at all, at all.

The internal resources of America were so vast and the development of their own states so absorbed the energies of the people that there was no need of international diplomacy and intrigue to capture new markets of the world or to gain new territory for the possession of raw material. The United States was self-centered and self-sufficient, and the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine prohibiting foreign powers from any colonizing within the boundaries of the Republic was developed in popular imagination and tradition to a firm policy of self-isolation and of non-interference by others. The American people had no interest, politically, in the government or affairs of other nations, and they desired to be left alone, with a "Hands off!" their own sovereign power. It was this reality of isolation which gave America immense advantages as a republic and had a profound influence upon the psychology of her citizens.

Being aloof from the traditions of European peoples and from their political entanglements and interdependence, the United States could adopt a clear and straightforward policy of self-development on industrial lines. Her diplomacy was as simple as a child's copy-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

book maxim. Her ambassadors and ministers at European courts had no need of casuistry or Machiavellian subtlety. They had an exceedingly interesting and pleasant time reporting back the absurdities of European embassies, the melodrama of European rivalries, the back-stairs influence at work in secret treaties, the assassinations, riots, revolutions, and political crises which from time to time convulsed various countries—and the corrupt bargainings and jugglings between small powers and great powers. The American representatives in Europe watched all this as the greatest game on earth, but far away from the United States, and without the slightest effect upon the destiny of their own country, except when it excited Wall Street gamblers. American diplomats were not weighed down by the fear of offending the susceptibilities of Germany or France or Italy or Russia, nor were they asked to play off one country against another, in order to maintain that delicate and evil mechanism known as "the balance of power"—the uniting of armed bands for self-defense or the means of aggression. The frontiers of America were inviolate and the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards were not open to sudden attack like the boundaries between Germany and France, Turkey and Bulgaria, Italy and Austria, where fear of invasion was the undercurrent of all political and popular thought, and the motive power of all national energy, to the detriment of social progress, because of the crippling cost of standing armies and unproductive labor for the material of war. Nationally, therefore, the United States of America was in supreme luck because she could use her youth and resources with full advantage, free from menace and beyond all rivalry.

The character of the people responded to this independence of the Republic. The average American citizen, as far as I knew him, in Europe before the war, had an amused contempt for many institutions and social ideas which he observed in a continental tour. He was able to regard the hotchpotch of European nationalities and traditions from an aloof and judicial viewpoint. They seemed to him on the whole very silly. He could not understand why an invisible line on a road should make people on each side of the line hate one another desperately. He watched the march past of troops in France or Germany, the saluting of generals, the clicking of heels, the brilliant uniforms of officers, as a pageant which was utterly out of date in its application to life, and as a degradation of individual dignity. He did not link up the thriftiness of the French peasant—the desperate hoarding of his *petit sou*—with the old fear of invasion by German legions across the frontier, when the peasant might see his little farm in flames and his harvest trampled down by soldiers' boots. The American visitor observed the fuss made when one king visited another, and read the false adulation of the royal visitor, the insincere speeches at royal banquets, the list of decorations conferred upon court flunkies, and laughed at the whole absurdity, not seeing that it was all part of a bid for a new alliance or a bribe for peace, or a mask of fear, until the time came when all bids and bribes should be of no more avail, and the only masks worn were to be gas-masks, when the rival nations should hack at one another in a frenzy of slaughter.

The American in Europe who came to have a look round was astonished at the old-fashioned ways of people—their subservience to "caste" ideas, their allegiance to the divine right of kings as to the "Little Father" of the Russian people, and the "shining armor" of the German Kaiser, and their apparent contentment with the wide gulf between underpaid labor and privileged capital. He did not realize that his own liberty of ideas and high rate of wage-earning were due to citizenship in a country free from militarism and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

its crushing taxation, and free also from hereditary customs upheld by the power of the sword used in civil strife as well as in international conflict, by the imperial governments of Russia, Germany, and other powers whose social philosophy was no different, though less tyrannical in expression. The American said, "I like Europe as a peep-show, and it's a good place to spend money in; but we can teach you a few things in the United States; one of them is equality, and another is opportunity."

He was right, and it was his luck. Because of those privileges many pilgrims of fortune went to America from all the countries of Europe, in a great tide of emigration, adopting American citizenship in most cases soon after sighting the Statue of Liberty—"old Lib," as I heard her called. The United States received these foreigners in hundreds of thousands and became "the melting-pot" of races. The melting process, however, was not so rapid as some people imagined, and it was something of a shock to the States to discover a few years before the war, and with a deeper realization at the outbreak of war, that they had within their boundaries enormous populations of foreign-born citizens, Germans, Poles, Slavs of all kinds, Italians, and Austrians, who had not assimilated American ideas, but kept their speech, customs, and national sentiment. It was the vast foreign element which had to be converted to the American outlook upon the world tragedy which opened in August, 1914. This mass of hostile or unwilling people had to be dragged into action when America found that her isolation was broken, that she could no longer stand aloof from the rest of mankind, or be indifferent to the fate of friendly nations menaced with destruction, or endure a series of outrages which clouded her own power, or risk the world supremacy of a military autocracy which, if triumphant in Europe, would very soon dictate to the United States. It is the miracle of the Stars and Stripes that when the American government conscripted all able-bodied youth and raised a vast and well-trained army, and sent it into the battle-fields of France and Flanders, there was no civil outbreak among those foreign-born citizens, and with absolute obedience they took their places in the ranks, Germans to fight against their own flesh and blood, because of allegiance to a state which had given them liberty, provided they defended the ideals which belonged to the state—in this case the hardest test of loyalty, not without tragedy and agony and fear.

For the first time there was no liberty in the United States—no liberty of private judgment, no liberty of action, no liberty of speech. The state ruled with complete despotism over the lives of its citizens, not tolerating any infringements of its orders, because the safety of the state would be endangered unless victory were assured. That was an enormous shock, I am sure, to the psychology of all Americans, even to those most loyal to the state authority, and it has caused an entire change in the mental attitude of all American citizens toward the conditions and relationships of life, because that sense of utter liberty they had before the war is limited now by the knowledge that at any time the Republic of which they are citizens may call upon them for life itself and for all service up to that of death, and that, whatever their ideals should be, they may not refuse. In that way they have no longer an advantage over Frenchmen, or Germans, or Russians, or Italians, whom they pitied as men without liberty of souls or bodies. That is to say, they have to make surrender to the state of all things in the last resort, which is war—a law which many European peoples learned to their cost, many times before, and which America learned once in her own Civil War, but thought she could forget with other painful old things in the lumber-room of history.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The people of the United States have learned many other things during the last few years, when all the world has changed, and they stand now at the parting of the ways, looking back on the things they knew which they will never see again, and looking forward to the future, which is still doubtful to them in its destiny. I went to them on a visit during the period between armistice and peace, when mentally, I think, they were in a transition stage, very conscious of this place at the crossroads, and filled with grave anxiety, in spite of exultation at the power of their armies and the valor of their men who had helped to gain stupendous victory.

The things that had happened within the United States before and after its declaration of war had stirred them with passionate and complicated emotions. From the very outset of the Great War, long before the United States was directly involved, large numbers of Americans of the old stock, born of English, Irish, Scottish, or Dutch ancestry, were neutral only by order and not at all in spirit. Their sentiment toward France, based on the Layafette tradition and their love of Paris and of French literature and wit, made them hate the invasion of northern France and eager to act as champions of the French people. Their old ties with England, the bond of speech and of blood, made them put aside any minor antagonisms which they had felt on account of old prejudice, and they followed with deep sympathy and anxiety the progress of the heroic struggle of British armies in the slaughter-fields. They were impatient for America to get into the conflict against German aggression. As the Germans became more ruthless of humane laws, more desperate in their attacks upon non-combatant as well as military populations by sea and air and land, these Americans became sick and fevered at the thought of their own neutrality, and supported Colonel Roosevelt in his driving influence to get the United States into the war. They became more and more embittered with President Wilson, who adopted an academic view of the jungle scenes in Europe, dissociated the German people from the crimes of their war lords, and expounded a Christian philosophy of world politics which seemed like cowardice and humiliation of American pride to people stung to fury by German insults and outrages. These thoughts were beginning to seethe like yeast throughout masses of American people, especially in the East, but took a long time to reach and stir the great West and were resisted by the mentality of foreign-born populations, including the Jewish communities and the Irish. They were adverse to war, and took a detached view of the struggle in Europe, which seemed to them too far away to matter to America. The German populations had a natural sympathy for their own race, much as some of them detested its militaristic ideals. There were, I imagine, also many intellectual men, not dragged down by the apathy of the masses, to whom "the war" seemed of less importance to the United States than the condition of the crops or the local baseball match. They felt that President Wilson's extreme caution and exalted pacifism were on nobler lines of thought than the loud-mouthed jingoism and bloodthirsty howlings of low-class newspapers and speakers.

The *Lusitania* was sunk, and the cry of agony and wrath went up from many hearts in the world at this new phase of war; but still the United States stayed out; and many Americans had a fire of indignation in their hearts because their President still held back. They believed that the American people would have rallied to him as one man had he made that outrage the signal of war. They seemed to have no patience with his anxiety to act as a moral mentor instead of as a leader of great armies in a fight against world criminals. At last the President's caution was overmastered by the urgent

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

necessity of intervention on behalf of Great Britain and France and Belgium, panting and bleeding from every pore after three years of struggle; even his philosophy of aloofness was borne down by acts of war which wounded American interests and threatened American security. So the United States declared war, gathered her youth into great training-camps, and launched into the world struggle with slow but ever-increasing energy which swept the people with a mighty whirlwind of emotion.

The American people as a whole did truly enter into war in the spirit of crusaders. They sent out their sons as rescuers of stricken peoples fighting desperately against criminal powers. They had no selfish interests behind their sacrifice, and they did not understand that defeat of the nations allied against Germany would inevitably menace them with dire perils to their sovereign power, to their commercial prosperity, and to their ideals of civilization. Those things were true, but it was not because of them that the people of the United States were uplifted by a wonderful exaltation and that they put their full strength into preparing themselves for a long and bloody war. Every little home was turned into a Red Cross factory. Every young man of pluck and pride was eager to get the first call for active service in the field. Girls took on men's jobs, old ladies knitted until their eyes were dim. Hard business men gave away their dollars in bundles, denied themselves at mealtimes so that Europe should be fed, tried by some little sacrifice to share the spirit of those who made offer of their lives. The materialism of which America had been accused, not unjustly, was broken through by a spiritual idealism which touched every class, and Americans did not shrink from sacrifice, but asked for it as a privilege, and were regretful that as a people they suffered so little in comparison with those who had fought and agonized so long. . . .

All this I heard when I went to America in the spring, between armistice and peace, and with my own eyes and ears I saw and heard the proof of it. Up Fifth Avenue I saw the march past of troops whom I had seen before marching along the roads of war to Ypres and Amiens, when the British army was hard pressed and glad to see these new-comers. In New York clubs I met young American officers who had been training with British staffs and battalions before they fought alongside British troops. And in American homes I met women who were still waiting for their men whom they had sent away with brave faces, hiding the fear in their hearts, and now knew, with thankfulness, that they were safe. Victory had come quickly after the entry of the American troops, but it was only the low braggart who said, "We won the war—and taught the English how to fight." The main body of educated people whom I met in many American cities said, rather: "We were the last straw that broke the camel's back. We were glad to share the victory, but we did not suffer enough. We came in too late to take our full share of sacrifice."

At that time, after the armistice and when Mr. Wilson was in Europe at the Peace Conference, the people I met were not so much buoyed up with the sense of victory as perplexed and anxious about the new responsibilities which they would be asked to fulfil. A tremendous controversy raged round the President, who baffled them by his acts and speeches and silences. When in an article which I wrote soon after my landing I said I was "all for Wilson" I received an immense number of letters "putting me wise" as to the failure of the President to gain the confidence of the American people and their grievous apprehensions that he was, out of personal vanity and with a stubborn, autocratic spirit, bartering away the rights and liberties of the United States, without the knowledge or support of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the people, and involving them in European entanglements which they were not prepared to accept. This antagonism to the President was summed up clearly enough in some such words as those that follow:

Taft and Roosevelt quarreled; Wilson was born of it. Wilson is all there is to the Democratic party. He has had to dominate it; the brain of America is in the Republican camp. He refused to use this material when offered for the war. He would not allow Roosevelt to go to France and fight; he would not use General Wood, who was the "Lord Bobs" of this country in regard to preparedness. For the winning of the war we put party aside and the Congress gave Wilson unlimited power. (Lincoln put party aside and used the best he could get.) Now Mr. Wilson asks and gets very little advice. When he has a difficult question he secludes himself, except for Colonel House—and we know nothing about Colonel House. Mr. Wilson dominated America and no one objected; the war was being won. In the fall he saw, of course, victory, and was planning his trip abroad. He boldly asked for a Democratic Senate, which would give him control of the treaty-making power. He said, practically: "Everybody shows himself bigger than party. I will, too. All together now! But you prove it and give me a party Senate, not a Senate picked from the best brains of this America, but a Democratic Senate, so that I can have full power in the Peace Conference." The laugh that went up must have hit the stars, and we almost forgot the war to watch the election. Can you imagine Roosevelt in New York in this crisis? He held a monster meeting and said what he thought, through his teeth. "Unconditional surrender for Germany, no matter what it costs" (not idle words—Quentin's death in France had cost Roosevelt his famous boyishness of spirit), "and a Senate that will curb autocratic power in America." Then he told his hearers that they would not need a key to understand his speech. Now power goes to people's heads. Mr. Wilson had changed. Time and again opposition in Congress failed. You would hear, "Wilson always wins." Always a dominating figure, he grew defiant, a trifle ruthless, heady. The American answer to Wilson was a Republican Senate, and the Senators were put there to balance him. When he decided to go to Europe he simply said he was going. He did not ask our approval, nor find out our wishes, nor even tell us what he was going to say, but did take over the cables and put them under government control. He made himself so inaccessible at that time that no one could get his ear. On his flying visit to New York he said that he returned to France to tell them that we backed him. Is that true? We don't know what we think yet. We haven't made up our minds. We will back him when he is frank and when we are convinced. We can't sign our souls away, all our wonderful heritages, without knowing all about it. . . . If we join a League of Nations, shall we prevent war? Or, if we join, shall we be absorbed and make the fight a bigger one?

This, I believe, is a fair statement of the views held by many educated people in the United States at the time between armistice and peace. I heard just such words in the City Club of New York, in the Union League Club, from people in Boston and Philadelphia and Washington, and at many dinner-tables where, after the preliminary courtesies of conversation, there was a quick clash of opinion among the guests, husbands differing from wives, brothers from sisters, and friends from friends, over the personality and purpose of the President, and the practical possibilities of a League of Nations. The defenders of the President waived aside all personal issues and supported him ardently because they believed that it was only by the application of his ideals, modified, no doubt, by contact with the actual problems of European states, that a new war more devastating to the world than the one just past could be prevented, and that his obstinacy and singleness of purpose on behalf of a League of Nations pointed him out as the Man of Destiny who would lead humanity out of the jungle to a higher plane of civilized philosophy.

That was my own view of his mission and character, though now I think he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

perhaps failed at the Peace Conference in carrying out the principles of his own Fourteen Points, and weakened under the pressure of the governing powers of France, Belgium, and England, who desired revenge as well as reparation, and the death of German militarism under the heel of an Allied militarism based on the old German philosophy of might. If the President failed it was largely because he insisted upon playing "a lone hand," and did not have the confidence of his country behind him, nor its understanding of his purpose.

America, during the time of my visit, was afraid of taking too strong a lead in the resettlement of Europe. So far from wishing to "boss the show," as some people suspected, most Americans had an unnatural timidity, and one count of their charge against Wilson was his obstinacy in his dealings with Lloyd George and Clemenceau. It was a consciousness of ignorance about European problems which made the Americans draw back from strong decisions, and above all it was the fear of being "dragged in" to new wars, not of their concern, which made them deeply suspicious of the League of Nations. In many conversations I found this fear the dominant thought. "If you people want to fight one another again, you will have to do without us," said American soldiers just back from the front. "No more crusades for us!" said others. "American isolation—and a plague on all your little nations!" said civilians as well as soldiers. Bitter memories of French "economy" spoiled for American soldiers the romance of the Lafayette tradition. "I lost my leg," said one man, "for a country which charged for the trenches where we fought, and for people who put up their prices three hundred per cent. when the American armies came to rescue them. France can go to hell as far as I'm concerned." . . . Nevertheless, it became more clear to thinking minds in America that the days of "isolation" were gone, and that for good or evil the United States is linked up by unbreakable bonds of interest and responsibility with other great powers of the world. Never again can she be indifferent to their fate. If another great convulsion happens in Europe, American troops will again be there, quicker than before, because her action in the last war and her share of the terms of peace have made her responsible in honor for the safety of certain peoples and the upholding of certain agreements. The Atlantic has shrunk in size to a narrow strip of water and the sky is a corridor which will be quickly traversed by aircraft before the next great war. But these physical conditions which are changing by mechanical development, altering the time-tables of traffic, are of no account compared with the vast change that happened in the world when the Stars and Stripes fluttered in the fields of France and Flanders, when the bodies of America's heroic youth were laid to rest there under little white crosses, and when the United States of America entered into an intimate and enduring relationship with Great Britain and France.

The effect of this change is not yet apparent in its fullness. America is still in a state of transition, watching, studying, thinking, feeling, and talking herself into convictions which will alter the fate of the world. I believe with all my heart and soul that America's relationship with Europe will be all the better for Europe. I believe that the spirit of the American people is essentially and unalterably democratic, and that as far as their power goes it will be used against the tyranny of military castes and attempted oppression of peoples. I believe that the influence of this spirit, visible to me in many people I met, will be of enormous benefit to England and France, because it will be used as an arbitrating factor in the conflict which is bound to come in both those countries between the old régime and the new. The in-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

fluence of America will be the determining power in the settlement of Ireland on a basis of common sense free from the silly old fetishes of historical enmities on both sides. It will intervene to give a chance of life to the German race after they have paid the forfeit for their guilt in the last war, and will, I am certain, react against the stupid philosophy of enduring vengeance with its desire to make a slave-state in Central Europe, which still animates bloody-minded men and women so passionate of revenge that that are kindling the fires of another terrible and devastating war.

The United States of America is bound up with the fate of Europe, but its people will still remain rather aloof in mentality from the passions of European nations, and will be more judicial in their judgment because of that. Instinctively, rather than intellectually, Americans will act in behalf of democratic rights against autocratic plots. They will not allow the Russian people to be hounded back under the heels of grand-dukes and under the lash of the knout. They will be inclined to support a League of Nations not as a machinery to stifle popular progress by a combination of governments, but as a court for the reform of international laws and the safeguarding of liberty. Europe will not be able to ignore the judgment of America. That country is, as I said, the rich uncle whose temper they must consult because of gratitude for favors to come—and because of wealth and power in the world's markets.

America is at the threshold of her supreme destiny in the world. By her action in the war, when for the first time her strength was revealed as a mighty nation, full grown and conscious of power, she has attained the highest place among the peoples, and her will shall prevail if it is based upon justice and liberty. I believe that America's destiny will be glorious for mankind, not because I think that the individual American is a better, nobler, more spiritual being than the individual Englishman, Frenchman, or Russian, but because I see, or think I see, that this great country is inspired more than any other nation among the big powers by the united organized qualities of simple, commonplace people, with kindness of heart, independence of spirit, and sincerity of ideas, free from the old heritage of caste, snobbishness, militarism, and fetish-worship which still lingers among the Junkers of Europe. They are a middle-class empire, untainted by imperial ambition or ancient traditions of overlordship. They are governed by middle-class sentiment. They put all problems of life to the test of that simplicity which is found in middle-class homes, where neither anarchy is welcome nor aristocratic privilege. America is the empire of the wage-earner, where even her plutocrats have but little power over the independence of the people. It is a nation of nobodies great with the power of the common man and the plain sense that governs his way of life. Other nations are still ruled by their "somebodies"—by their pomposities and high panjandrums. But it is the nobodies whose turn is coming in history, and America is on their side.

In that great federation of United States I saw, even in a brief visit, possible dangers that may spoil America's chance. I saw a luxury of wealth in New York and other cities which may be a vicious canker in the soul of the people. I saw a sullen discontent among wage-earners and home-coming soldiers because too many people had an unfair share of wealth. I met American Junkers who would use the military possibilities of the greatest army in the world for imperialistic adventures and world dominance. I heard of anarchy being whispered among foreign-born masses in American cities and passed over to other laborers not of foreign origin. In the censorship of news I saw the first and most ominous

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sign of government autocracy desiring to work its will upon the people by keeping them in ignorance and warping their opinions; and now and then I was conscious of an intolerance of free thought which happened to conflict with popular sentiment, as ruthless as in Russia during Czardom. I saw hatred based on ignorance and the brute spirit of men inflamed by war. But these were only accidental things, to be found wherever humanity is crowded, and after my visit to America I came away with memories, which are still strong in my heart, of a people filled with vital energy, kind in heart, sincere and simple in their ways of thought and speech, idealistic in emotion, practical in conduct, and democratic by faith and upbringing. The soul of America is clean and strong and free; and the power that comes out of it will, I think and hope and pray, be used to gain the liberties of other nations, and to help forward the welfare of the human family.

AN HOUR ON A HILL

BY GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

IN Greece the shadows slept as still,
In Rome the hills were arched as high,
Their wind now blows my hair, and will
Stir other maidens' when I die.

And leaves that print the dust with lines,
And pebbles rubbed and rounded blue,
And baby burrs, like porcupines,
Looked this way when the Nile was new.

And dust, to Babylonian feet
Was pollen soft, and good to tread.
The bees that mumble in this heat
Made the same honey for their bread.

And early with the sun, and late
Crept the same shades, and flew the same
White flags of clouds across the straight
Horizon of another name.

Men chipped us messages in stone,
The careful stories of their kings—
But they were dumb about their own
Small pleasant things.

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE CHILDREN OF MOUNT PYB

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

THE doctor leaned forward, pointing with his stethoscope to the noble sweep of valley, shelving downward to the silver writhings of the Chinken River, then up again to Mount Pyb and the clouds.

"Across the river, and beyond that field of rye. Then a sheep-pasture on the left, just at the edge of the wood. Got the sheep-pasture?"

I got it; the wabbling hurry of sheep being like no other motion even at that distance.

"Now the grove of sugar-maples—and that's the Taney farm. The red speck is the barn and the white speck is the house. If you had a glass there'd be a black speck for old Miss Taney and another for her cat."

He hesitated, and when he resumed there was something abrupt and troubled in his manner.

"I was the one who gave her that cat. Might just as well have been a gray one, only I didn't stop to think. She's rather hump-backed, and so of course the cat likes to get up on her shoulders. We live in Cotton Mather's time here. Ghosts and witches—psychic stuff. Our people, especially the French, don't stand the combination of Miss Taney and her cat very well. I make it a point to look in when I can. You ought to get out. Go over and look at her sweet peas." He rose, stuffing his stethoscope into his pocket. "She's got bushels of them and likes to give them away."

"I might go after supper," I said. "It's light until nine."

At that his face was brighter than at any time since he had come in. "I'll be around for you," he said.

His little car sputtered up before the door at about seven, while the sunshine, though level, was still at its full brightness. We passed the river by the state road, but almost at once had to turn into a narrow ribbon of yellow sand, where the car complained and threatened grievously until we slid aside into a broad, closely nibbled pasture. We headed across this for half a mile toward a high stone wall. At this wall we halted. I looked at my medical man with question and reproach.

"It's high time," he said, "for you to be taking some exercise. I'll help you over. Tin Lizzie will stand."

"Have I improved so much since yesterday?" said I, preparing to climb. "Then you were telling me to sit around the verandas and drink milk while I let people wait on me."

He was quite undisturbed.

"I hadn't seen the old lady then," he answered. "She was pretty low in her mind when I came up here last night. You see— Well, to tell the truth, some boys had been tormenting her cat. Didn't hurt it much, but bothered her considerably, and, though she's pretty deaf, I shouldn't wonder if something they said carried. I'm going to kill a few of those young demons as soon as I get around to it, but in the mean time I want her chirked up a bit. This isn't enough exercise to hurt a sick hen."

I climbed the stone wall without further comment. Thence we dived under the branches of an orchard and came rather suddenly upon the sagging porch, where, upon the steps, Miss Taney was sitting, her cat upon her shoulders as the doctor had foretold.

"How are you, Aunt Mitty?" he boomed, deafening me in the effort to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pierce her deafness. "Here's Mrs. Benton, a patient of mine. She needs chirking up and I thought you could show her your sweet peas. I've got to go on to make another call. You ladies can visit for an hour or so till you hear Tin Lizzie honk."

The little creature gave me a long appraising look from the biggest and loneliest black eyes I have ever seen. Her face was wrinkled over every part of its surface in tiny lines like a shrunken winter apple, and some of the bright color of long-past youth had been caught and held in its crumpled surface. The wig was pathetically evident, shiny and black, almost metallic, and a little askew, so that a wisp of soft white hair emerged and curled over her ear.

The cat's golden eyes, its round face cheek by cheek with hers, looked at me as intently as her black ones. I seemed to understand something of the valley's attitude.

"I don't know as I'm dressed fit to see company," said Miss Taney, shyly. Yet her attire, silken and rustling, spoke loudly of careful preparation for company.

"I'm a little deaf," she remarked, when the doctor had left us together. I contrived to throw into my nod and smile that, although I was surprised and sympathetic, really it was a matter of little consequence to people of superior intelligence like herself.

"A little hard of hearing. I guess I'm getting old. If you'd like some sweet peas, you can follow the smell around to the side and pick as many as you like. I'm feeling kind of stiff in the joints tonight. Once I get down, I don't get up very easy."

There was a weakness in the old voice and a tremulousness of the veined hands that made me understand the doctor's solicitude. My heart grew hot as my imagination rehearsed that lightly sketched scene with the cruel boys. The cat's splendid eyes met mine with something that was like friendly understanding.

"Here are matters," I understood him to say, "that should not all be left to the discretion of a cat, however intelligent, though I do what I may."

Throwing into my smile to Miss Taney as much interest in sweet peas and gratitude for her offer as I was able, I went around to the side, following a smell so poignantly sweet, so drowsily eloquent of the spirit of midsummer, that the little patch of weed-surrounded garden into which I entered seemed hardly adequate to explain it.

Indeed, the sweet-pea bed was no more than ten feet long, but, though the strangling weeds stood tall all about it, they had not entered the charmed spot. The pink and purple flowers had bravely taken up the fight in their own behalf, and, reaching over, had met their foes half-way, drawing their tendrils tightly about the green heads of dock and pigweed.

I gathered a double handful, purple, pink, blue, and returned with them to Miss Taney, making elaborate pantomime of appreciation, whereat she seemed pleased, but in a faint, far-off way. With pain I understood that Miss Taney was feeling, this evening, that she was about through with her sweet peas.

The shadow of the opposite mountain was climbing the slope behind us. The road by which I had come was engulfed, then the pasture, and the trunks of the apple-trees, though the tops remained alight for some time longer. It found us on the porch and crept swiftly over our knees, up to our lips and eyes, and so no more, though by turning about we could see from the eastern end of the porch how Mount Pyb was still ablaze.

Miss Taney shifted so that her gaze was full upon it, where its foot ran down almost into the field of rye.

"I guess I'm growing old," she said again.

When she moved the cat arched his back, yawned, and leaped down. He limped slightly from his experiences with the boys, but disregarded it heroically. With the coming of the shadow he was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

waking up. He took a position in front of us, putting his ears forward alertly, watching the invisible life in the grass.

"The mountain," observed Miss Taney, "hain't changed much in eighty year. That field there, Farmer Tobin had it in rye just the same as now, eighty year ago this summer. Great-granther of Farmer Tobin as is now. I remember because I went through it, time I got lost up the mountain. Leastways," she mused, "they called it being lost and I didn't contradict. Children weren't allowed to contradict when I was young. I was spry and healthy as a child. There wa'n't no sign then my shoulders was going bad. Afterward I was sick a spell."

As the shadow, having covered us in, crept up the mountain also, a small wind sprang up, and all the voices of the grass and forest awoke, first one by one, then chorus after chorus, in full cry, as rhythmic as though kept in order by some invisible baton. Deep within the mountain's heart a solitary whippoorwill began. Miss Taney, in spite of her deafness, took an attitude of listening.

"Used to be a whippoorwill sang all night. I'm too deef to hear him now. Eighty year ago I used to hear him. Time I was lost I got quite clost to him. He was tame as anything with the other children. But me, I acted so foolish. If I'd been content to stay longer maybe he'd have come to me, too."

She sighed and with the sigh I felt the twentieth-century dusk dissolve into the dusk of eighty years ago. The cat, crouching belly to earth and forgetful of his lame paw, ran swiftly into the long grass. An owl hooted and swift bats darted about our heads with eldritch squeakings. Without further preamble, Miss Taney told me her story. I judged she had thus told it to herself every night for eighty years. Whether she had ever before spoken it aloud to a listener I do not know, but I think not, and that I am the only one who has ever known what happened up on the mountain when a little child of seven fled there—eighty years ago.

"I don't know how old I was when I first saw the children, but I know 'twas before I could walk very steady and the field was in hay. I got lost in it one day and moused around in it, kind of whimpering till I heard sounds of children playing. I went toward 'em and came out to the edge of the field where there's rocks and bushes and the mountain begins to go up. There wasn't nobody around, after all, and I was pretty sleepy and, there being some soft, short grass there, the kind that grows in dark circles, I cuddled down in it and went to sleep. When I woke up there was a girl and boy looking at me. They was real pretty children. I'd never seen 'em before, but I liked 'em real well. I was such a little thing I couldn't talk much or understand, but they seemed having an argument. Girl wanted to take me off with them; boy didn't seem to think they'd ought. He had his way that time and they took me back the way I'd come, through the hay, me holding a hand of each. I guess my mother 'd been worried. She spanked me.

"When I was crying about having been spanked I looked and they was peeking at me out of the edge of the hay, looking like they was crying, too.

"After that I used to see 'em 'most every day. Somehow we never talked together like what you'd call talking, though I used to understand 'em and they understood me. I began to go to school when I was four and there was a piece of lonely road where I used to be afraid of cows and cross dogs. One day I did meet a cow there and she put down her horns at me. I was so scared I couldn't move, and the boy he come out and she run. After that they used to see me through that piece regular. Having such good times with them, I didn't mind so much not being able to make friends with the children at the school. I was the littlest and not very strong. I'd 'a' been real lonesome if it hadn't been for the children from the mountain.

"I wasn't more than six when my father died and my mother married

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

again. My stepfather was a drinking man, hard on animals and humans. I guess she was pretty sorry after she done it. I was awful scared of him. Children don't have to *do* anything to get punished by that kind of man. Queer the way some folks act. You'd think the devil was in 'em. Time I run away I was seven, a mite of a thing. Him, he was big as a house and strong as a bull. There was rye in the field same as now, and I legged through it fast as I could pelt, him after me.

"I saw the children waiting right in that same round patch of grass. Leaning toward me, they was, and waving to me to hurry. I ran, and when I got there they took me one by each hand and we just scooted up that mountain like anything. When we got up on a clift where we could look down and see the farm and everything spread out I could make him out fallen all across that patch of grass like as if he'd tripped on something. Me, I was scared I'd done something wicked, but they laughed and clapped their hands like it was a good joke, and took me by the hands and we went on. I mistrusted my mother wouldn't have permitted me, but 's long 's I was up there, anyway, I thought I might 's well keep on and see where the children lived."

Here Miss Taney hesitated, her fingers pleating the fabric of her apron with embarrassment.

"I dunno," she went on, at last, "how to describe the sort of place there was up there. You'd likely think I was making it up if I tried. They wa'n't no gipsies. We had a nice dinner. Not like any food I ever see, but real tasty. In the afternoon they took me to their school. They had a nice teacher." Her voice grew shyer and more reluctant.

"It wasn't 'rithmetic nor g'ography they was studying, nor yet reading and spelling, yet it seemed easy to understand and real interestin'. Only now I disremember what it was all about. No, I can't remember the least thing.

"When it come along teatime I was beginning to get homesick. I didn't eat much, though they had nice things. After tea they was going to play games, but 'twas getting late and I was sleepy and wanting my ma. They wanted me to go to bed in their house, but, no, I wouldn't. Wouldn't do anything. You know how contrary children can be. I begun to cry, and somebody"—Miss Taney hesitated as though feeling for some further description of the one in authority—"some grown-up person," was all she brought forth, "said if I wasn't going to be happy there I'd have to go back. The girl she began to cry at letting me go, and the boy acted like he wanted to cry. He didn't want me to go no more than she did. He was a good-looking boy. I 'ain't never seen anybody since that reminded me of him. He didn't say much, but 'twas plain enough how he felt about my goin'.

"Well, the upshot was they took me down to the edge of the mountain. They wouldn't come up to the door—just kissed me good-by and left me at the same patch of grass where I'd seen 'em first.

"I hadn't taken but about a step when I begun to think about my stepfather and decided I wanted to stay with them, after all, instead of going home, but they'd gone awful quick. I called to 'em and ran into the woods a piece, but it was awful dark and they didn't answer, so I got scared the bears would get me and ran toward the kitchen window light fast 's I could.

"There was neighbors in and my mother was settin' in her rocker with her best dress and white apron on. Just as I come up the path she got up and come to the door again, shadin' her eyes to look, one of the neighbors holdin' her by the arm kind of comfortin'. The light shone out on me standin' there, scared to come in, my eyes, she used to tell me, shinin' like a deer's in the light of a camp-fire.

"She jumped for me and begun to cry like I never see the beat. I thought I was goin' to get a whippin', but she never touched me. She never laid hand on me in punishment after that day.

Digitized by Google
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Seems my stepfather was dead. They'd found him out at the foot of the mountain and thought he'd fell over the clift, but it must 'a' been some kind of fit. He was a real violent man and red-faced. I guess it was a fit. And they'd been thinkin' I was dead, too. Some thought maybe he'd killed me before he fell. They'd been looking for me all over the mountain, firin' guns and the like. I guess I didn't hear because I was so busy playin'.

"I never seen them children since. Before my back got bad I used to go all over the mountain, looking. Sometimes when I sit here looking up the mountain like this I get a notion they must still be up there somewhere, and not old, neither. Being old is queer. Times I don't feel old myself. More as if I was shut up in a shell, and if I could shuck it off I'd come out young.

"Often I've tried to remember what it was they was learning to that school. I went to district school after I got back, but there never seemed no meanin' in the things they taught. I didn't get on. So I 'ain't never had much education. Other children, they picked on me, too."

Tin Lizzie's horn blew, and a moment after the doctor came toward us through a galaxy of fireflies.

Before joining us he went around to the sweet-pea bed and brought back, with gestures of satisfaction, a large bunch of sweet peas, and, having helped her up, gave her his arm into the house, lit her lamp, brought in wood for morning, and stood over her while she ate some bread and milk and took medicine that he poured out. He was loath to leave her and so was I. The mountain was so huge and she so small and lonely. And who could tell what the boys would do next? Her eyes, as she accepted his petting, glowed like an elf's with pleasure.

At last he bellowed good-night to her and I kissed her cheek.

"We'll both come to-morrow," he shouted.

She smiled oddly, but made no reply. We could not be sure that she had heard.

On our way home, we planned spiritedly in her behalf. I believe I was even more perturbed about her than the doctor. I dreamed of her when I finally slept, confusing in some unintelligible manner the child of seven, with Miss Taney at eighty-seven. The sweet peas that I had brought home with me dominated the dream, and when I woke out of it before dawn, the whippoorwills seemed busy with the same theme and the whole night curiously alive, a tangle of invisible threads of activity. I thought once I saw a light moving about the Taney farm, and was troubled, until it resolved itself into a near-by firefly.

The doctor came for me at nine o'clock. I had prepared a basket of delicacies carefully chosen to indicate not charity, but courtesy, and with these I placed my own luncheon, since I intended spending the day there.

It was a hot midsummer morning. A light haze hung in the air and the birds were still. When Tin Lizzie fell silent at the stone wall there was no sound anywhere except the dry whir of grasshoppers. Miss Taney was nowhere in sight, and the door stood open.

"No use knocking or calling," said he. "You go in. I'll see if she's outside."

The house was in rigid order—braided mats, grandfather's clock ticking slowly like a meditative footfall, rush-bottom chairs, old china—everything expressive of Miss Taney.

No, not entirely in order, for on the dining-table lay a great quantity of sweet peas, already drooping from lack of water. Nor were they merely thrown down there.

Have you ever seen a feast of strange objects set forth by children at their play?

There were three heaps of blossoms ruthlessly snipped from their stems, one heap of pink and white, one of purple, one of purple and red, and three of Miss Taney's plates were set about the table—tiny plates, just what children would love for a party. On one of these plates a few blossoms were scattered.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"IN THE AFTERNOON THEY TOOK ME TO THEIR SCHOOL"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

I could make nothing out of it, though I stared at it and about the room while the clock ticked long seconds.

A partly open door revealed her bedroom, and with a feeling of growing anxiety I pushed it wider.

There was only the round print of her head on the pillow, the covers turned back as though she had just risen, but her neat shoes, primly toeing out, stood at the bed's foot, and a black-and-white calico, such as I should have expected Miss Taney to assume for morning wear, was arranged precisely over a chair. But Miss Taney was not the person to leave her bed unaired and unmade till ten o'clock in the morning, and a chill of foreboding was already settling about my heart when my eye lit upon an object which set my pulses racing. This was Miss Taney's black wig hanging beside the mirror. Wherever she was she might easily be wearing shoes or dress unaccounted for by the tally of her wardrobe, but not another wig, nor was it possible for her to have left her house voluntarily without it.

"She doesn't seem to be about," said the doctor.

I turned quickly. He also was eying the wig with anxiety and dismay.

"You stay here," he directed, when our glances had met in silent and alarmed consultation. I heard him going through the house, poking around the attic, then burrowing among hollow-sounding barrels in the cellar.

When he came up he stopped to tell me he was going about the farm again, and he puckered his forehead and shook his head over the little feast of fading sweet peas on the dining-room table.

"Seemed sane enough last night," he muttered. He sighed heavily as he went out, this time, I knew, to pay special attention to the barn, an old well, and the cistern, to weedy fence-corners and patches of low growth.

I saw him from the window contemplating thoughtfully the field of rye, and then he entered it at the angle which would take him by the shortest way to the mountain's foot.

He came back hurriedly.

"I'm going after some valley men," said he. "It doesn't seem possible, but I believe she has strayed up there. I found this"—he showed me a wilting spray of sweet peas—"in a patch of grass at the edge of the field, and some one had broken through the rye no later than last night."

It was plain enough now, I thought, with tears—and following so logically upon the story of her childhood she had told me! All these years she had been longing for those dream children. Eighty years! And telling me the story had brought it back too plainly. In a dream she had thought that she found them at last, and had followed them—to her death, first feasting them after childhood's custom with flowers.

I stayed there all that summer day, but she did not come. Neither did the cat appear, and in this I found some comfort, for it seemed certain that wherever she had gone she had one living companion.

I saw the valley men go by, and, thoughtfully attentive, enter the field.

But although, forgetful of suspicion and gossip, and grown suddenly neighborly and kind, they searched the mountain to its peak and back again with all the woodcraft they possessed, they did not find her that day — nor any day.

When it was very dark, the doctor came for me, and for a while, loath to leave the house with its mystery unexplained, we sat on the step as we had sat with her the evening before.

I told him something of the story she had given me, and he nodded his head in sad confirmation of my theory.

One of the searchers came out of the woods, a shadowy figure which we watched keenly as it drew near through the rye. Behind him a whip-poorwill was loud and joyous. He joined us and sat down dispiritedly on the lowest step.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"If there's a inch of old Pyb we 'ain't gone over I'll eat it," said he. "Damned if I don't think the old girl's flew off on a broomstick just like folks said she could if she had a mind. She ain't up there, nohow. We run into some city folks. At least their young uns. Couldn't seem to come across their folks, though I don't see how we could miss 'em, either, going over everything the way we did. I'd 'a' spanked them little cusses if I could 'a' caught 'em. Yes, sir! I'd 'a' give 'em something they couldn't buy at the store. Just laughing and poking fun when I asked them where their pa was and if they'd seen anything of a poor old woman lost on the mountain. Seemed to think 'twas best joke they'd ever heard. They had a black cat with 'em was the spit 'n' image of Miss Taney's cat, but they wouldn't answer when I asked 'em where they got it. The black-eyed one was the worst. Pretty as a picture and the blackest eyes I ever see in any head except Miss Taney's. The others was tow-heads."

In spite of his anger he chuckled at some specific memory of their naughtiness.

"I'd sure like to 'a' got hold of that black one for about a minute."

The whippoorwill had stopped his tumult while the man was speaking. Almost there was a listening silence. At the end of the report he broke out directly overhead, sweet and triumphant. The deep-throated chuckle at the beginning of his note was clearer than I had ever heard it.

"G-whippoorwill!—G-whippoorwill!"

Then, as though he had been an elfin messenger and had accomplished his mission, we saw him for a moment dark against the sky, returning to the mountain, and at intervals heard his note more faintly until it blended indistinguishably with the rest of the summer night's chorus.

SUNRISE IN WINTER

BY BRAEL CORLYN

MELTING like ghosts into the silver snow
The dim trees falter through the twilight gray:
But on a mountain summit far away,
One small pink western tip, dawn's colors grow,
Till the dull sky is spread with crimson glow,
And fringed along the east with golden light.
Now let the world fling off its mask of night,
While mountains flame like torches all arow!

Acclaimed by rose and trembling amethyst,
Hail, sun! Behold a world all white—snow-white—
Spread for thy golden feet to tread in light,
And strewn by little streams with wreaths of mist.
Did ever spring or summer rise to greet
More royally the coming of thy feet?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

POLAND UNDER THE POLES

BY HARRY A. FRANCK

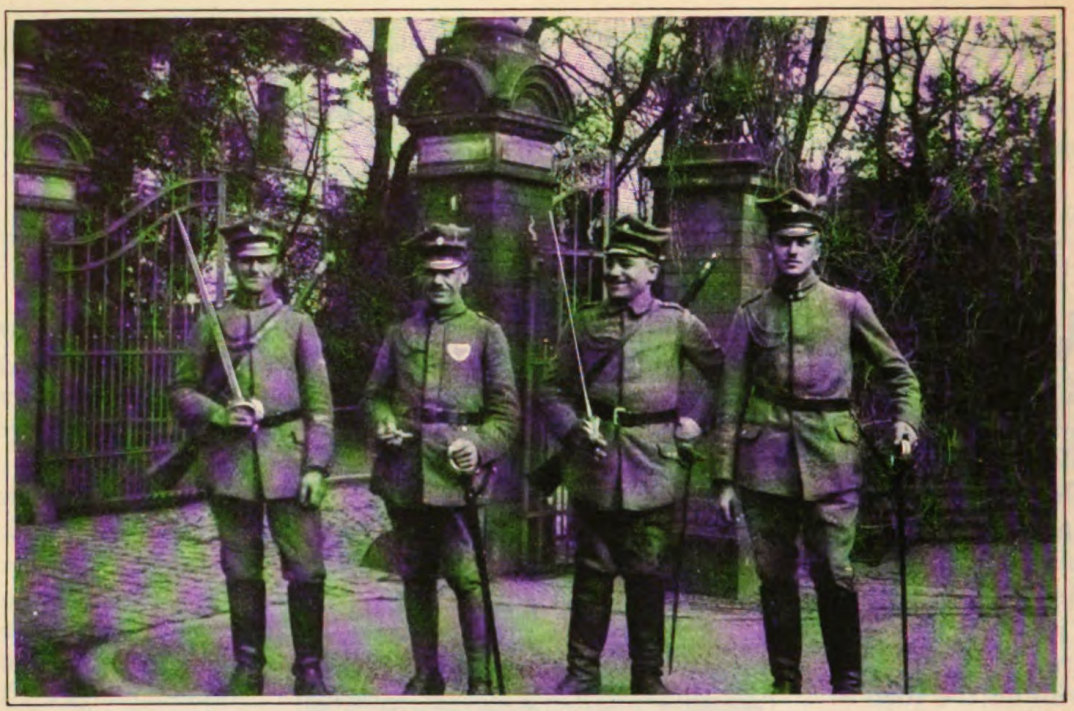
WITH every mile the train carried me forward into Poland it was easier to understand why the loss of the province of Posen had been so serious a blow to the hungry German Empire. Here were no arid, sandy stretches, but an endless expanse of rich black loam, capable of feeding many times its rather sparse population. If it had been "pumped dry" by the former oppressors, it was already well on the road to recovery. Wheat, corn, and potatoes covered the flat plains to the horizon on either hand. Cattle and sheep were by no means rare; pigs, goats, ducks, and chickens flocked about every village and farm-house, evidently living in complete equality with the human inhabitants. There were other suggestions that we were approaching the easy-going East. Men in high Russian boots sauntered behind their draft animals with the leisureliness of those who know that the world was not built in a day, nor yet in a year. Churches of Oriental aspect, with steep roofs that were still not Gothic, broke the sameness of the prevailing German architecture. There was something softly un-occidental in the atmosphere of the great city into which we rumbled at sunset, a city which huge new sign-boards on the station platform stridently announced was no longer Posen, but "Poznan."



WEIGHING CABBAGE LEAVES

The same spirit that had led the Poles to impress so forcibly upon the traveler the fact that the city in which he had just arrived was now called Poznan (pronounced Poznànya) had manifested itself in a thousand other changes. In so far as time had permitted, every official sign-board had already been rendered into Polish, and the detested German ones cast into outer darkness. Only those familiar with the Slavic tongue of the new rulers could have guessed what all those glitteringly-new enamelled placards that adorned the still Boche-featured station were commanding them to do or not to do. Every street in town had been baptized into the new faith and gaily boasted that fact on every corner. For a time the names had been announced in both languages, as in Metz; but a month or more before my arrival the radicals had prevailed and the older placards had been abolished. True, in most cases the new ones were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SOLDIERS OF THE NEW POLISH ARMY

merely translations of the old. But what did it help the German resident who had neglected to learn Polish to know that the "Alte Markt" was still the "Old Market," so long as he could not recognize it under the new designation of "Stary Rynek"? Imagine, if you can, the sensation of waking up some morning to find that "Main Street" has become "Ulica Glòwna," or to discover that the street-car you had always taken no longer runs to "Forest Park," but to "Ogrott Lass."

Nothing but the few things which defied quick change, such as post-boxes or names deeply cut into stone façades, had escaped the all-embracing renovation. Indeed, many of these had been deliberately defaced. The cast-iron *Haltestelle der Strassenbahn* high up on the trolley-supports had been daubed with red paint, though they were still recognizable to motormen and would-be passengers. Many business houses had followed the official lead, and private signs were more apt than not to have the German words that had once called attention to the excellence of the wares within crudely effaced, or changed to the new tongue. Sometimes it was not merely the language that had been altered, but the whole tenor of the proprietor's allegiance. A popular underground beer-hall in the heart of town was no longer the "Bismarck Tunnel," but the "Tunnel Wilson." German trucks thundering by on their iron tires bore the white eagle of Poland instead of the black Prussian bird of prey. German newspapers were still published, but as the streets they mentioned were nowhere to be found in all Poznan their advertisements and much of their news were rather pointless.

Having effaced the lingual reminders of their late oppressors, the Poznanians had proceeded to pay their respects to the bronze heroes they had left behind. The Germans, as is their custom, had littered the public squares with statues of their chief sword-brandishers, in gigantic size—tender reminders to the conquered people of the blessings that had been forced upon them. Their downfall had been sudden and unceremonious. Some had descended so hastily

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that the allegorical figures at their feet had suffered the fate so often overtaking faithful henchmen of the fallen mighty. The stone image of an old woman representing "Sorrow" looked doubly sorrowful with broken nose, legs, and fingers. Kaiser Friedrich, Doctor Bismarck with his panacea of "blood and iron," the world-famed Wilhelm, had all left behind them imposing pedestals, like university chairs awaiting exponents of newer and more lasting doctrines. Here and there a statue had remained, because it was Polish, but these were few and small and tucked away into the more obscure corners.



A POLISH WOMAN OF POZNAN

Next to its change of tongue, the most striking feature of the new Poznan was its military aspect. The streets swarmed with soldiers even during the day; in the evening the chief gathering-places became pulsating seas of field gray, for it was still the garb of their former servitude that clothed the vast majority of these warriors of the reborn nation. The silver double-eagle on his service-faded cap was all that was needed to turn a wearer of the German uniform into a soldier of Poland. Many still wore their *Gott mit uns* belt buckles and their Prussian buttons. A scattering minority, officers for the most part, were conspicuous in the full new Polish uniform—double-breasted with a forest-green tinge. The high, square cap, distinctive only of the province of Poznan, was in considerable evidence; the less cumbersome headgear of military visitors from Warsaw or Galizia now and then broke the red-banded monotony. But the only universal sign of new fealty was the silver double-eagle. This gleamed everywhere. Men in civilian garb wore it on their hats or in their coat lapels; women adorned their bodices with it; boys and girls proudly displayed it in some conspicuous position. It fluttered on a thousand banners; it bedecked every Polish shop-front; it stared from the covers of newly appeared books, pamphlets, music-sheets in the popular tongue; the very church spires had replaced their crosses with it. One could buy the resurrected insignia, of any size or material, in almost any shop — providing one could produce "legitimation papers" or other proof that it would not be used to disguise a German as a Pole.

An overabundance of swords tended to give the new army a comic-opera aspect, but this detail was offset by the genuine military bearing of all but a few of the multitude in uniform. The great majority, of course, had had German training. Now they put the "pep" of a new game into the old forms of soldierly etiquette. Their two-finger salute was rendered with the precision of ambitious recruits and at the same time with the exactitude of "old-timers." They sprang unfailingly to attention at sight of a superior officer and stood like automatons until he turned away. Yet there seemed to be an un-German comradeship between the rank and file and the commissioned personnel, a democracy of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

endeavor, a feeling that they were all embarked together on the same big, new adventure. There were, to be sure, some officers and a few men whose sidewalk manners suggested that they had learned Prussian ways a bit too thoroughly, but they were lost in a mass that had something of the easy-going temperament of the East or the South.

The Poles, evidently, are not by nature a frolicsome people, but they seemed to have thrown away the "lid" in Poznan and given free play to all the joy within them. Pianos were more in evidence than they had been during all the twenty months I had spent in war-torn Europe. Children appeared to have taken on a new gaiety. Night life was almost Parisian, except in the more reprehensible features of the "City of Light." It may have been due only to a temporary difference of mood in the two races, but Polish Poznan struck me as a far more *livable* place than German Berlin. Evidently the people of the provinces were not letting this new attractiveness of the restored city escape them; the newspapers bristled with offers of reward to any one giving information of apartments or houses for rent. Underneath their merriness, however, the religious current of the race still ran strong and swift. The churches discharged multitudes daily at the end of morning mass; no male, be he coachman, policeman, soldier, or newsboy, ever passed the crucifix at the end of the principal bridge without reverently raising his hat. There are Protestant Poles, but they apparently do not live in Poznan. Now and again, too, there were episodes quite the opposite of gay to make the city pause in the midst of its revelry —the drunken sots in uniform, for instance, who canvassed the shops demanding alms and prophesying the firing-squad for those who declined to contribute. Were they not perhaps the outposts of Bolshevism? But all this was immersed in the general gaiety, tinged with a mild Orientalism that showed itself not only in the architecture, but in such leisurely customs as closing shops and offices from one to three, in defiance of nearly a century and a half of the sterner German influence.



THE MUTILATED BASE OF A GERMAN STATUE WHICH WAS PULLED DOWN

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It is quite possible that the increased liveliness of the Poznanians was as much due to the fact that they had plenty to eat as to their release from Teutonic bondage. The two things had come together. Being perhaps the richest agricultural district of the late Empire, the province of Posen was quick to recover its alimentary footing, once its frontiers had been closed against the all-devouring German. With the exception of potatoes, of which the supply was well in excess of local needs, the exportation of foodstuffs toward the hungry west had absolutely ceased. The result was more than noticeable in Poznan; it was conspicuous, all but overpowering, particularly to those arriving from famished Germany. Street after street was lined with a constant tantalization to the newcomer from the west, arousing his resentment at the appetite that was so easily satisfied after its constant vociferations in days gone by—and still to come. Butcher shops displayed an abundance of everything from frankfurters to sides of beef. Cheese, butter, eggs by the bushel, candy, sugar, sweet-meats were heaped high behind glass fronts that would have been slight protection for them in Berlin. In what were now known as *Restauracya* one might order a breakfast of eggs, bacon, milk, butter, and all the other things the mere mention of which would have turned a German *Wirt* livid with rage, without so much as exciting a ripple on the waiter's brow. At the *Ratskeller* of Poznan's artistic old city hall a "steak and everything," such a steak as not even a war-profiteer could command anywhere in Germany, cost a mere seven marks, including the inevitable mug of beer and the "ten per cent. for service" that was exacted here also by the *Kellners'* union. With the low rate of exchange—for Poznan was still using German money—the price was considerably less than it would have been in New York at the same date. Far from being short of fats, the Poles were over-generous with their grease and gravies. Bacon could be had in any quantity at six marks a pound; eggs at thirty pfennigs each. Bread, brown but excellent, was unlimited. Food-tickets, unknown in hotels and restaurants, were theoretically required for a few of the principal articles in the shops, but there was little difficulty in purchasing without them, at least with the payment of a slight "premium." On market-days the immense square allotted to them was densely crowded from corner to corner by curiously garbed female hawkers and country men offering every conceivable product of their farms and gardens. Poznan still consumed a few things that do not appear on the American bill of fare, such as doves, gull eggs, and various species of weeds and grasses; but the fact remains that the well-to-do could get almost anything their appetites craved, and the poor were immensely better off than in any city of Germany. There was only one shortage that irked the popular soul. Expression of it rang incessantly in my ears—"Please tell America to send us tobacco!" The queues before tobacconists' shops were as long and persistent as in Germany. Ragged men of the street eagerly parted

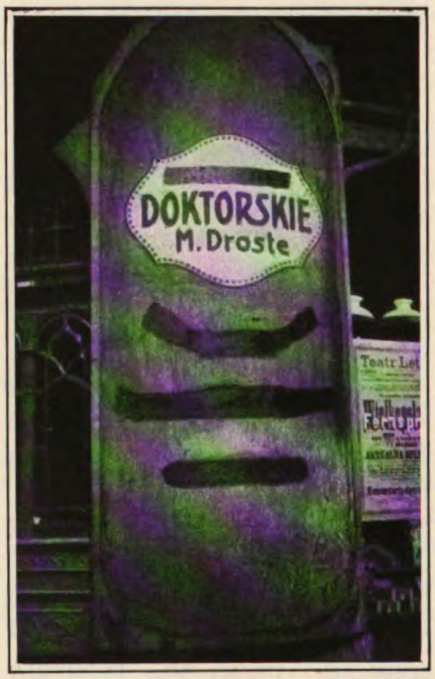


THIS RESTAURANT WAS FORMERLY THE "BISMARCK"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

with a precious fifty-pfennig "shin plaster" for a miserable "cigarette" filled for only half its length with an unsuccessful imitation of tobacco. The principal café, having husbanded its supply of the genuine article, placed a thousand of them on sale each evening at eight, "as a special favor to our clients." By that hour entrance was quite impossible, and, though only two were allowed each purchaser, there was nothing but the empty box left five minutes later.

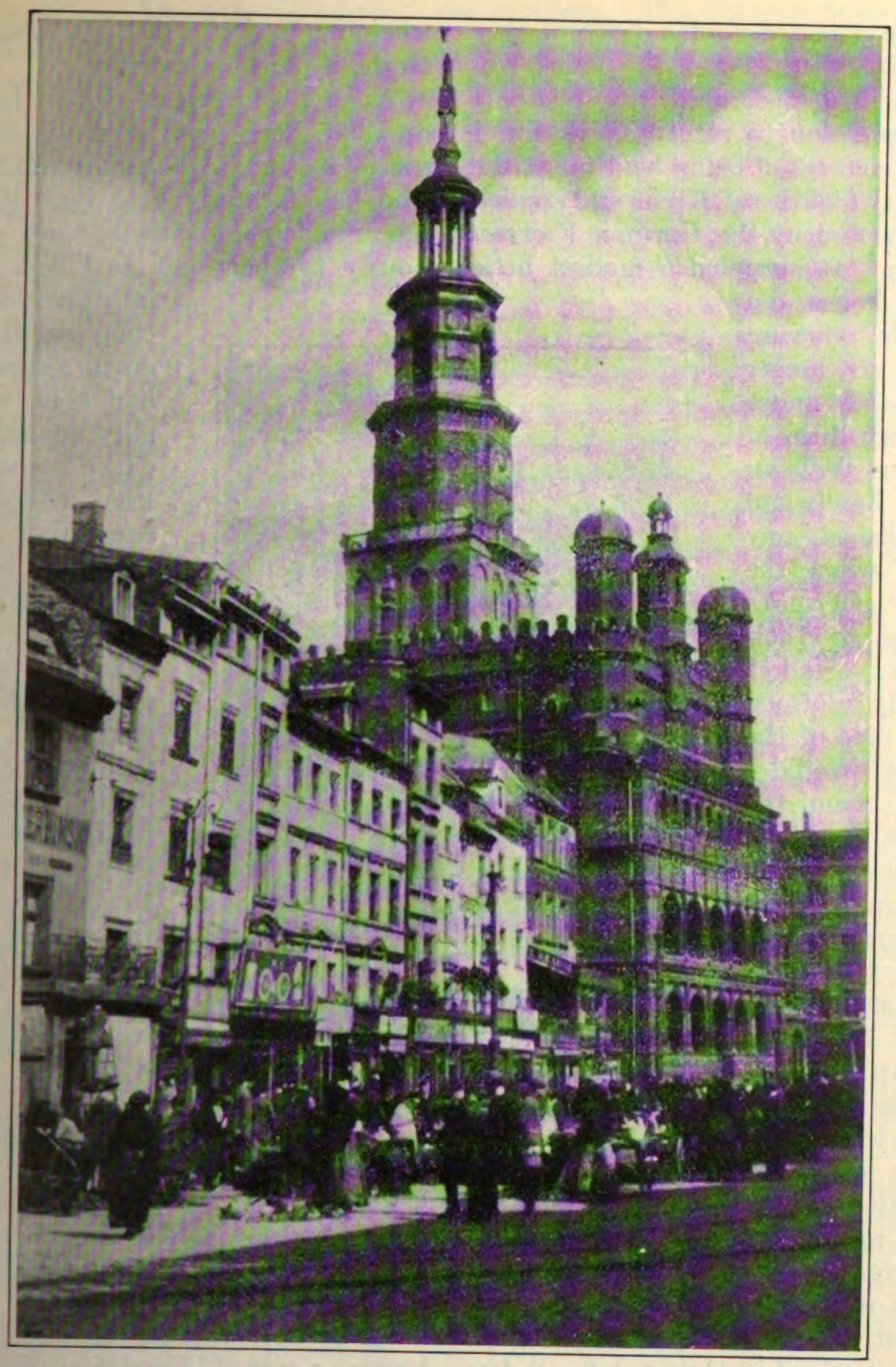
The story of Posen's existence under German rule, now happily ended, was largely a repetition of what had already been told me in Bromberg. In some ways this region had been even more harshly treated, if my informants were trustworthy. Polish skilled workmen "clear down to button-makers" had been driven out of the province. Great numbers had been more or less forcibly compelled to migrate into Germany. There were at least four hundred thousand Poles in the mines and factories of Westphalia. Saxony was half Polish; the district between Hamburg and Bremen was almost entirely Slavish in population. The *Ansiedler*—the German settlers whom the government had brought to Posen—had acquired all the best land. On the other hand, German Catholics were not allowed to establish themselves in the province of Posen, lest they join their co-religionists against the Protestant oppressors. Perhaps the thing that rankled most was the banishment of the Polish language from the schools. One could scarcely speak it with one's children at home, for fear of their using it before the teacher. Many of the youngsters had never more than half learned it. In twenty years more no one would have dared speak Polish in public. Men had been given three, and even four, months in prison for privately teaching their children Polish history. The schools were hopelessly Prussianized; the German teachers received a special premium of one thousand marks or more a year over the regular salaries. All railway jobs went to Germans, except those of section men at two marks a day. There had been Polish newspapers and theaters, but they had never been allowed any freedom of thought or action.



EVEN PRIVATE SIGNS HAVE HAD THE GERMAN WORDS PAINTED OUT

"The trouble with the German, or at least the Prussian," one new official put it, "is that it is his nature to get things by force. He was born that way. Why, the Prussians stole even their name. It was originally Borrusen, as the little corner of Russia was called where the robbers first banded together. They marauded their way westward and southward, treading first little people and then little nations under their iron heels. The very word the German uses for 'get' or 'obtain' tells his history. It is *kriegen*, to win by war—*Krieg*. You seldom hear him use the gentler *bekommen*. Everything he possesses he has *gekriegt*. Then he is such a hypocrite! In 1916, when we Poles first began to suffer seriously from hunger, some German officers came with baskets of fruit and sandwiches, gathered a group of Polish urchins, filled their hands with the food, and had themselves photographed with them, to show the world how generous and kind-hearted they were. But they did not tell the world that the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PICTURESQUE OLD RATHAUS OF POZNAN

moment the photographs had been taken the food was snatched away from the hungry children, some of the officers boxing their ears, and sending them back to the German barracks. How do you think the Poles who have been crippled for life fighting for the 'Fatherland' feel as they hobble about our streets? What would you say to serving five years in the German army only to be interned as a dangerous enemy alien at the end of it, as is the case with thousands of our sons who were not able to get across the frontier in time? No, the Germans in Poznan are not oppressed as our people were under their rule. We are altogether *too* soft-hearted with them."

The German residents themselves, as

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

was to be expected, took a different view of the situation. When the Polish authorities had decorated my passport with permission to return to Berlin, I took no chances of being held up at the temporary frontier of Kreuz and applied for a new *visé* by the German *Volksrat* of Posen. It occupied a modest little dwelling-house on the wide, curving avenue no longer recognizable under its former title of "Kaiser Wilhelm Ring." Barely had I established my identity when the gloomy Germans took me to their bosom. Had I been fully informed of *their* side of the situation? Would I not do them the kindness to return at eleven, when they would see to it that men of high standing were there to give me the real facts of the case? My impressions would be wholly false if I left it after having consorted only with Poles.



IN CONTRAST TO GERMANY THERE ARE EGGS BY THE BUSHEL IN POZNAN

As a matter of fact, I had already "consorted" with no small number of German residents, chiefly of the small merchant class. Those I had found somewhat mixed in their minds. A few still prophesied a "peasants' war" in the territory allotted to Poland; a number of them shivered with apprehension of a "general Bolshevist uprising." But fully as many pooh-poohed both those cheerful bogies. One thing only was certain —that, without exception, they were doing business as usual and would continue to do so as long as the Poles permitted it. The feeling for the "Fatherland" did not seem strong enough among the overwhelming majority of them to stand the strain of personal sacrifice.

When I returned at eleven the *Volksrat* had been convoked in unofficial special session. A half-dozen of the men who had formerly held high places in the municipal council rose ostentatiously to their feet as I was ushered into the chief sanctum, and did not sit down again until I had been comfortably seated. The chief spokesman had long been something corresponding to chairman of the board of aldermen. His close-cropped head glistened in the sunshine that entered through the window at his elbow, and his little, ferret-like eyes alternately sought to bore their way into my mental processes and to light up with a winsome naïveté which he did not really possess. Most of the words I set down here are his, though some of them were now and then thrown in by his subservient but approving companions.

"With us Germans," he began, "it has become a case of '*Vogel friss oder stirb*'—[eat crow or die']. We are forced, for the time at least, to accept what the Poles see fit to allow us. The German residents of Posen are not exactly oppressed, but our lives are hemmed in by a thousand petty annoyances, some of them highly discouraging. Take, for instance, this matter of the street names. Granted that the Poles had the right to put them up in their own language, it was certainly a sign of fanaticism to tear down

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the German names. More than a fourth of the residents of Posen cannot read the new street placards. There is not a Polish map of the city in existence. When the Province of Posen came back to us, the Polish street names were allowed to remain until 1879—for more than a hundred years. It is a sign of childishness, of retarded mentality, to daub with red paint all the German signs they cannot remove! It isn't much more than that to have forbidden the use of our tongue in governmental affairs. We Germans used both languages officially clear up to 1876. We even had the old Prussian laws translated into Polish. It is only during the last ten years that nothing but German was permitted in the public schools; and there have always been plenty of Polish private schools. I am still technically a member of the municipal council, but I cannot understand a word of the proceedings, because they are in Polish. Our lawyers cannot practise unless they use that language, although the judges, who pretend not to know German, speak it as readily as you or I. Yet these same lawyers cannot get back into Germany. At least give us time to learn Polish before abolishing German! Many a man born here cannot speak it. There are German children of eighteen or twenty, who have never been outside the province, who are now learning Polish—that is, to write and speak it correctly.

"Oh yes, to be sure, we can most of us get permission in three or four weeks to leave the province, but only by abandoning most of our possessions and taking an oath never to return. No wonder so many Germans become Poles overnight. You can hardly expect otherwise, when they have lived here all their lives and have all their property and friends and interests here. No, military service is not required of Germans, even if they were born here; but many of our youths have voluntarily become Polish soldiers, for the same reason that their parents have suddenly turned Poles. Naturally, there is fighting along the boundary of the province. The Poles *want* to fight, so they can have an excuse to keep their men under arms, and what can Germany do but protect herself? Poland is planning to become an aggressive, militaristic nation, as was falsely charged against the Fatherland by her enemies.

"The complaints of the Poles at our rule were ridiculous. We paid German teachers a premium because they had harder work in teaching German to Polish children and in seeing that they did not speak the language that was unwisely used at home. Railroad jobs, except common labor, were given to Germans because they were more efficient and trustworthy. Besides, does not Germany own the railroads? They complain that the best land was taken by German settlers; but the Poles were only too glad to sell to our *Ansiedler*—at high prices. Now they are attacking us with a fanaticism of the Middle Ages. Eighteen hundred German teachers, men who have been educating the Poles for twenty and twenty-five years, have suddenly been discharged and ordered to vacate government property within four weeks—yet they are not allowed to go back to Germany. The Pole is still part barbarian; he is more heartless than his cousin, the Russian.

"Seventy per cent. of the taxes in the Province of Posen are paid by Germans. Yet no German who was not born here can vote, though Poles who were not, can. I know a village where there are seventy Germans and five Poles—and the five Poles run things to suit themselves. Husbands, wives, and sons often have different rights of suffrage. The family of Baron X has lived here for a hundred and fifty years. The baron himself happens to have been born in Berlin, because his mother went there to see a doctor. So *he* cannot vote, though his Polish coachman, who has not been here ten years, has all the rights of citizenship. The result is that government affairs are getting into a hopeless muddle. An ignorant fellow by the name of Korfanti—a Polish German-eater—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

has now the chief voice in the municipal council. The Poles boycott German merchants. They deluge the city with placards and appeals not to buy of Germans. For a long time they refused to trade even a miserable little Polish theater for our splendid big Stadttheater. When the director of that finally got permission to take over the wholly inadequate little playhouse for next season he had to advertise in order to find out how many Germans intend to stay in Posen—as you have seen in our German paper. What can the Poles do with our magnificent Stadttheater? *They* have no classics to give in it, nor people of sufficient culture to make up an audience. We are still allowed to give German opera, because they know they cannot run that themselves, and a few of the more educated Poles like it. But our splendid spoken classics seem to be doomed.

"Then there is their ridiculous hatred of the Jews. The race may have its faults, but the five or six thousand Jews of Posen province play a most important business and financial rôle. They have always understood the advantages of German *Kultur* far better than the Poles. There is a Jewish *Volksrat* here that tries to keep independent of both the other elements of the population; but the great majority of the Jews stand with the Germans. They have no use for this new Zionism—except for the other fellow—unless you take seriously the aspirations of a few impractical young idealists"—a statement, by the way, which I heard from Jews of all classes in various parts of Germany.

"We Germans lifted the Poles out of their semi-savagery. We brought them *Kultur*. Do not be deceived by what you see in Posen. It is a magnificent city, is it not?—finer perhaps than you Americans found Coblenz? Yet everything that gives it magnificence was built by the Germans—the well-paved streets, the big, wide boulevards, the splendid parks, all the government buildings and the best of the private ones, the streetcars, the electric lights, even the higher state of civilization you find among the masses. There is not a Pole in the Province of Posen who cannot read and write. Do not make the mistake of thinking all these things are Polish because the Poles have stolen them. Before you leave, go and compare Posen with the Polish cities *outside* Germany. That will tell the story. In non-German Poland you will be struck by the appalling lack of schools, roads, doctors, hospitals, education, culture, by the sad condition of the workmen and the peasants—all those things that are included in the German word *Kultur*. In Galizia, where Austria virtually allowed the Poles to run themselves, the houses are only six feet high, and you could walk all day without finding a man who can read and write—or who can even speak German. Their cities are sunk in a degradation of the Middle Ages. Posen will fall into the same state, if the present municipal council continues in power. There are already frontier troubles between German and Russian Poland, and quarrels between the different sections that confirm what we Germans have always known—that the Poles cannot govern themselves. Warsaw does not wish to keep up our splendid system of workman's and old-age insurance because there is none in Russian Poland. Galizia complains that farm land is several times higher in price in the Province of Posen, without admitting that it is German railroads and German settlers that have made it so. That advantage will soon disappear. The Poles will make a mess of the whole province and will have it sunk into the degradation in which we found it by the time a real ruling nation takes charge of it again."

Just how much truth there was mixed in with the considerable amount of patent nonsense in the ex-chairman's declamation only a long stay in Poznan, or time itself, would show. The fact that the Poles allowed many of these statements, particularly the protests against the sudden change of language, to be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

published in the local German newspaper speaks at least for their spirit of tolerance. Though the new government was visibly making mistakes, and had not yet settled down to the orderliness that should come from experience, no one but a prejudiced critic could have discovered immediate evidence that it was making any such complete "mess" of matters as the German *Volksrat* testified. Even if it had been, at least the mass of the population showed itself happy and contented with the change, and contentment, after all, may in time result in more genuine and lasting progress than that which comes from the forcible feeding of German *Kultur*.

Armed with what those who read Polish assured me was permission to do so, I set out on foot one morning to the eastward. Beyond the last group of guards wearing the silver double-eagle on their threadbare German uniforms, I fell in with three barefooted Polish peasant women. They were barely thirty, yet all three were already well-nigh toothless, and their hardy forms and faces were plainly marked with the signs that testify to grueling labor and the constant bearing of children. The German they spoke was far superior to the dialects of many regions of purely Teutonic population. Their demeanor was cheerful, yet behind it one caught frequent glimpses of that background of patient, unquestioning acceptance of life as it is which distinguishes the country people of Europe.

The most energetic of the trio showed a willingness to enter into conversation; the others confined themselves to an occasional nod of approval, as if the exertion of keeping pace with us left them no strength to expend in mere words. It was plain from the beginning that they were not enthusiastic on the subject then uppermost in the city behind us. They greeted my first reference to it with expressions that might have been called indifferent, had they not been tinged with evidence of a mild resentment.

"What does it matter to us people of the fields," retorted the less taciturn of the group, "whether Poles or Germans sit in the comfort of government offices, so long as they let us alone? Things were all right as they were, before the war came. Why trouble us with all these changes? Now they are breaking our backs with new burdens, as if we had not had enough of them for five years. First they take our men and leave us to do their work. I have not a male relative left, except my husband, and he is so sickly that he is no longer a man. He is paid twelve marks for eight hours' work; fifteen for ten. But what help is that when he cannot work ten hours, or even eight? They offered him the iron cross. He told them he would rather have something to feed his family with at home. They asked him if he was not already getting forty marks a month for the support of his family. How could I feed four children, even after the other two had died, with forty marks a month? For three winters I ate nothing but dried potatoes and salt. I could not have bread for myself because the flour for the children took all the tickets. Now the war is over, yet they are still taking away what we have left. The same soldiers come and drive off our horses—for the silver eagle on their caps has not changed their natures. Pay for them? *Ach!* What is eight hundred marks for a horse that is worth six thousand? And how can we cultivate our fields without them? Who started the war? *Ach!* they are all arguing. What does it matter, so long as they stop it? Will the Germans sign? They should, and have done with it. If they don't, all the men over fifty, including the Germans and even the Jews"—there was a sneer in this last word, even in the country—"will be at it again. We have had enough of it. Yet if the soldiers come and tell my husband to go he must go, sick though he is."

My hope of walking out of Posen province suffered the same fate as my plan of tramping into it from Germany.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

In the end I was forced to return to Poznan and make my exit by train over the same route by which I had entered. In the third-class compartment I occupied there were five German residents who had renounced forever their right to return, for the privilege of leaving now with the more portable of their possessions. Two of them had been born in the amputated province; the others had lived there most of their lives. All spoke Polish as readily as German. One masterly, yet scholarly youth, who had served through the war as a lieutenant, was a school-teacher by profession, as was the uncle who accompanied him. They had taught six and twenty-six years, respectively, but had been dispossessed of their positions and of their government dwellings by the new rulers. Up to the time we reached the frontier all five of my companions laid careful emphasis on the statement that they were going to seek re-establishment in their civilian professions in what was left of the Fatherland.

At Wronki the Polish authorities were far more inquisitive than they had been toward travelers from the other direction. One by one, each compartment group was herded together, bag and baggage, and strained through the sieve of a careful search-and-questioning bureau. The soldier who examined my knapsack glared at the half-dozen precious American cigars I had left as if nothing but the presence of his superiors could have prevented him from confiscating them. Only sufficient food for the day's journey was allowed to pass. In some cases this rule was interpreted rather liberally, but no one got through with more than ten or twelve pounds to the person. The amount that was confiscated easily sufficed to feed the garrison of Wronki for the twenty-four hours before the next west-bound train was due.

When at last we were under way again the Germans in my compartment took to comparing notes. One, a doctor, was bewailing the "plain theft" of a surgical appliance of rubber which the Poles had confiscated in spite of what seemed to be complete proof that it was his private property and not part of the German army supplies. A foxy-faced country youth, who had carefully changed from shoes to high boots just before the arrival at Wronki, changed back again now with the announcement that there were some four thousand marks concealed between the boot soles. The younger schoolmaster threw off the disguise with which he had covered his real thoughts and announced, vociferously:

"You drive me out to work for my livelihood! I will work for my Fatherland at the same time. I will go to Bromberg this very evening and join the army again. We shall see whether the Poles can keep Posen."

The two other young men asserted that they, too, had left with exactly that intention. An indignation meeting against the Poles raged for an hour or more.

"I could have remained and kept my position," went on the schoolmaster, "if I had wanted to turn Polack. Both my parents were Polish; I spoke it before I did German, but I shall always remain a true son of the Fatherland, no matter what happens to it."

A few hundred yards from Kreuz station our train halted for more than an hour, and gave us the pleasure of watching the Berlin express go on without us. Though it would have been a matter of twenty seconds to have sprinted across the delta between the two lines, armed boy soldiers prevented any one from leaving his compartment. To all appearances it was a case of "pure meanness" on the part of the German authorities. Our wrath at being forced to wait a half-day for a dawdling local train was soon appeased, however, by the announcement that we were the last travelers who would be allowed to enter Germany from the province of Posen "until the war was over." The frontier had been closed by orders from Berlin.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

GUMSHOES 4–B

BY FORREST CRISSEY

SO far as a face handicapped by azure eyes, disappearing dimples, and a mouth of almost perfect cupid's-bow architecture can be stern, Barbara Marvin, the Senator's young daughter was, momentarily, a model of austerity.

Her passion for the precious privilege of the ballot at times almost swept her to the extreme of regretting these soft, feminine allurements. In fact, her inability to impress the Senator with the seriousness of her convictions on this great issue—her first consuming enthusiasm—was the very thing that had sent her into retreat among the Vermont hills. She had appealed to the statesman and had been answered by the parent; she had spoken as a potential citizen to a political leader, and she had been dismissed as a spoiled child; she had pleaded for civic justice and had been offered a pearl necklace. This last stroke had stung her to a fury of revolt.

So great was the Senator's reputation for diplomatic finesse that he was profanely known throughout the state as "Old Sugarlips"; but it must be admitted that he blundered boorishly in dealing with his spoiled, mischievous, and militant daughter after the indulgent-parent fashion. He had, at one blow, wounded her pride and stabbed her faith in his own greatness.

Instantly she had meditated a retaliation that should awaken him to the realization that she was an intelligent human being burning with a great conviction and endowed with a fairly complete equipment of reasoning faculties. How this was to be accomplished she was not sure; but as she was always able to "think things out" more clearly when ranging the mountain brooks for trout than in any other environment, she had fled to the perpendicular pastures of Winterset township to plot against the peace, dignity, and intellectual self-sufficiency of the senior Senator from the Boulder State.

All the way from the city Barbara had stared unseeingly from the car window, stifling a rising tide of revolt. And at Westbrook, where she took the stage for Treadwell's Corners, she was so engrossed with her warring thoughts that she only nodded absently to obsequious Joe Winter, the station agent, who had represented the township in the legislature ever since she could remember.

She had scarcely pressed a hurried kiss upon the creamy cheek of astonished Aunt Celia when she exploded:

"I'm in a rage. Father's in one of his stubborn spells and I've come to cool off along the brook! You know nothing settles me like casting for trout."

A little later, as she reappeared in her fishing "togs" and assailed the flaky wedge of cold mince pie, she inquired:

"Any news?"

"Why, yes," responded her aunt. "We've got a full-grown town pauper, the first in twenty years! The men-folks of Winterset don't talk of anything else. You'd think he was being kept at the Waldorf Astoria, to hear them tell it. But he's mighty useful to 'em. When any woman in Winterset wants a new hat or dress she gets the answer, 'Not while we've got a pauper on our hands.'"

"Just like the men," flashed Barbara as she took her tackle and started toward the brook.

Instantly she determined to make her first attempt upon the waiting trout in the deep pool where the fringe of alders

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

overhung the bank of the stream in the old Benham pasture. Already the brook had begun to grip her with its spell, and as she pushed her way eagerly through the thickest of slender, virginal young birches, she felt the flood of her anger ebbing a little. Then, as she emerged into a small, grassy opening, she suddenly found herself facing—a man!

He was a grizzled, oldish man, with twinkling gray eyes, rosy, clean-shaven cheeks, and an odd air of good-humored world-weariness. When interrupted, he was about to impale a grasshopper upon his hook.

The first thought that flashed through Barbara's mind was, "I can't even fish without asking permission of a man!"

"Perhaps I'm intruding," she exclaimed in surprise. "I know men don't generally care to have a woman about when fishing."

He answered with a wonderful smile. Its first flavor was that of shy, eager welcome, followed by a whimsical blending of mocking humor and pensive resignation.

"No, you're not intrudin', miss," he finally answered; "you're welcome. I s'pose I'm the only man in Winterset that believes a woman has just as good a right to do anything or go anywhere as a man has!"

"You do?" Barbara responded, in delighted surprise.

"Why not?" he answered, simply. "They're human bein's, ain't they? And I'd hate t' think what a woman would look like who was th' intellectual inferior of most of th' hard-cider voters of this township!"

Barbara met this remark with a smile.

"Mebby," he continued, "you ain't much acquainted round here — but if you happen to know Harlow Frey or Wickson Beale or Shackleton Hobbs or 'most any other of our leadin' citizens, you c'n understand what a strain on th' imagination it is to picture a woman lower down in the mental scale than they be."

"I think," remarked Barbara, as her comrade paused to pick her a few tender sprouts of young wintergreen, "it's time we introduced ourselves. I'm Barbara Marvin, and I'd like to get acquainted."

He answered her friendly smile in kind —but there was a quaint humbleness in his tone as he confessed:

"I guess mebby you'll be able t' git along without much more of my company, Miss Barbara, when I own up I'm the town pauper. But I used t' play with your pa when we was boys. He's a statesman now—a great statesman." Then he chuckled, boyishly:

"But I hold it's *some* pumpkins to live on this town! Nobody but me h's been able t' do it for more'n twenty years. If I was a top-notch statesman like y'r pa I couldn't take up more of the talk of my fellow-citizens than I do now. 'Tain't possible."

Then the whimsical smile with which he offered these jeering comments upon his prominence faded into seriousness as he continued:

"Queer, ain't it, how things will stick in yer mind like burrs to a sheep's back? Sometimes when I'm down here fishin' or prowlin' through the clearin's after wild berries I git t' thinkin' 'bout goin' up t' th' capital as a representative of th' people and what I'd do there. You see, a pauper ain't burdened with the responsibility of watchin' th' town expenses, an' he's free t' give his mind t' public questions. I've always done consid'able readin'—'specially since I've been on the town. Th' village library ain't much t' brag about, but I spend hours there readin' th' papers an' *Th' Congressional Record*. It makes it more interestin' t' kind o' play I'm a statesman tryin' t' post up on big problems. Sounds sort o' foolish for a grown-up town pauper to be playin' he's a statesman—but then, they don't anybody know it but you 'n' me, an' I figger we ain't goin' t' tell."

When they parted that afternoon it was with an appointment to meet in the morning and spend the day on Whet-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

stone Brook, which tumbled uproariously through the next valley.

That evening Barbara remarked:

"Aunt Celia, I've met your town pauper and I think he's a dear! He used to know father when they were boys."

"Why, of course he did," was the quick response. "Henry Dawes is just as respectable as any man in Winterset today, if he is a pauper. His folks were looked up to when I was a girl. Henry was a good-looking young man, too. He started away to school, but had to come back because his father broke down. His mother was weakly. Henry got his smile from her an' it's one of the best things left in the township! He kept right on smiling, too, when he had to give up his schooling and come back t' take care of th' old folks. Somehow he didn't ever seem to fit in Winterset. He's too progressive. Once he had th' whole town up on its toes over locating a big factory here—it belonged to some rich folks he'd met when he was away at the academy. Your father said it would have made the town, but the men who had the say of things here felt that the factory would put taxes up. So they let it go down to The Falls.

"Henry was beginning to notice a girl when his brother out West died and left two motherless children. That settled Henry's dream of marrying and held his nose tight to the grindstone until he was middle-aged. Folks up here don't generally die in a hurry, and his father and mother lingered along into their eighties. The expenses had piled up so fast that he had to let the old Dawes place go on th' mortgage. When the nieces married and left, we all thought that Henry would have his chance, even if he was close to sixty. He did go over into York state for a few years, but one day he turned up again and went at odd jobs of building. He got all he could do because everybody knew he was honest.

"When the selectmen of Winterset made a contract with him to build the big covered bridge it looked as if Henry was really going to make something substantial. But he'd agreed, under a forfeit, to have it ready for a certain day, and the man who was lending him the money shut off his funds, or something like that, so he couldn't go ahead. Anyhow, the bridge wasn't done on time and the selectmen took the forfeit. Then Henry failed, and his health broke. Finally the town had to take care of him. The men-folks wouldn't have taken him on the town if the women hadn't made 'em. We couldn't see Henry Dawes starve right here in a Christian community where he'd been raised. It costs the town a hundred and fifty dollars a year to keep him, but to hear th' men talk, you'd think the whole sum was being clawed right out of their vitals with a bale-hook."

After Barbara had gone to bed that night she received one of those sudden, volcanic inspirations to which she was occasionally subject. What splendid fun it would be to bring Henry Dawes an eleventh-hour realization of his secret dream! To change a town pauper into the statesman would be something like transforming a beggar-maid into a princess—enough like it, at least, to set Barbara tingling with thrills at the thought of its possibility. Besides, there might be the added delight of showing her distinguished father what the feminine intellect could do when applied to the problem of practical politics.

She recalled his favorite political maxim, "There's a heap more human nature than public spirit in the bosom of the average voter," and, "The man who lies down and goes to sleep on the soft side of a political cinch stands a good chance of waking up just in time to see his hide nailed to the barn door." Barbara recognized this saying as a golden nugget of political wisdom and promptly set about translating it into terms of action.

In the morning, when Barbara was being whirled to the Westbrook station to send a telegram, Aunt Celia was packing a huge lunch-basket with a full line of her choicest picnic cooking. Remem-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

bering that a town pauper in Winterset is not likely to be overfed on tongue sandwiches, cookies, and layer-cake, she had outdone herself.

At the station Barbara sent this message:

> Sorry I was nasty to the greatest statesman in America. Come back at once. Never saw such trout-fishing before. If you don't come I'll never speak to you again.
>
> BARB.

When she had turned away from the ticket-window the grinning operator showed the message to the station agent and remarked:

"Gosh! She's th' only livin' human bein' that dast tell the Senator when he gits off, like that!"

"The Senator," solemnly responded the station agent, "is the most powerful man in this state, an' about the richest. He can do more for anybody on this road than th' G. M. himself. Don't you ever make a mistake in any message that's got his name to either end of it—and put it through double-quick, too!"

If Aunt Celia had not been the sister of Senator Marvin and the first lady of Winterset—and therefore able to do what she pleased without prejudice to her social standing—she might have wished that her niece had not chosen the post-office corner as the place at which to "pick up" the town pauper; but the warmth of her smile and handshake, as he climbed into the surrey, clearly indicated that she was as pleased with him as was the radiant Barbara.

Their departure was witnessed by at least half the inhabitants of the village, a fact which was slyly recognized by the guest of honor, who remarked that he might think it was Town Meeting Day, if he hadn't known better. Barbara could almost hear the buzz of comment that followed in their wake as they turned up the hill road.

"I think," she reflected, "that the Elder Statesmen have caught the idea that Henry Dawes has a friend or two, even if he is on the town."

Probably no town pauper ever enjoyed a day of greater social delight than Barbara gave to her new friend. Her glowing good humor melted his reserve before they had gone a mile. As they passed the Hobbs house he remarked:

"Tidy little place—but you wouldn't think it was the home of a great financier, would yeh? 'Tis, though. There's some men who take their fun playin' croquet and others pitchin' horseshoes at a peg—but Uncle Shack takes his out in figgerin'. The other day he showed me a piece of wrappin'-paper on which he'd figgered that my keep was the interest, at four per cent., on an investment of three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. That sum seemed to weigh on his mind like a load of boulders. But when I asked him how much money he had out at that rate he intimated that I was probably th' most ungrateful old leech of a pauper eatin' th' bread of public charity anywhere."

"Aren't there any real *nice* men up here?" pointedly inquired Barbara.

"Why, yes, I guess so," replied Uncle Henry. "Anyhow, one. There's young Philo Sumner Phillips. He sings tenor and goes down t' Boston t' learn oratory and have his nails shined by a lady. He told the Episcopal preacher from Westbrook that he'd about decided t' enter public life an' devote his career t' th' uplift of Th' Hill people. Says he looks t' see th' day when th' debasin' influence of hard cider will be unknown in these parts an' th' inhabitants 'll be refined out of the vulgar custom of sleepin' in their underclothes. I gather that if he was pushed hard enough he'd be willin' t' run for Congress. Mebby he'd consent to make a start by goin' t' th' state assembly."

This character sketch of Winterset's "nice" young man seemed to furnish Barbara with food for much agreeable reflection. Her smiling silence was maintained until they reached Whetstone Brook. For perhaps the first time in her life, Barbara found that she was unable to make an entire mental surrender to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by Henry A. Botkin

"NO, YOU'RE NOT INTRUDIN', MISS, YOU'RE WELCOME"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the joy of whipping a trout-stream. Her haste to meet the Senator and get deeper into the action of her intrigue moved her to suggest an unaccountably early start for home.

She found her father waiting for her and gave him a greeting that should have repaid him for all the annoyance of their late estrangement. It drew from his reticent lips the remark:

"Barbara, you're so much like your mother! She was a beautiful, high-spirited girl and the most irresistible penitent after a fit of temper."

"Anyway, you're a dear of a dad," was Barbara's impulsive response, "if you are sometimes a little stubborn. To-morrow you're going to take my friend, the town pauper, and myself in the car over to Clear Springs. He's been charming to me, and there isn't a man in all your old home town who looks up to you more than he does. He's saturated with your speeches and takes a more intelligent interest in real public affairs than any other man here! So give him a good time to-morrow." Then Barbara suddenly changed the subject:

"Then there's something else you can do to please your spoiled daughter. Isn't Mr. Winter, the station agent at Westbrook, a very capable man?"

"Yes; rather above the average in this region," replied the Senator.

"Can't you get him a better position somewhere on the line? I'd like him to have a promotion at my request."

"The agent at The Falls is going to resign," admitted the Senator. "That place pays double what Winter is getting here, and I shouldn't wonder if he might measure up to it."

From the pocket of the car the insistent young benefactress drew a telegraph blank and handed it to her father.

"You know I belong to the Right Now Lodge! And please make the message so strong that it can't fail, for inside an hour after it's sent every house in Winterset township will be buzzing with the news."

When he wrote a message to the president of the road Barbara knew that her first move on the political chess-board was a success; she had created a vacancy in the Winterset legislative seat. A few minutes later she confided to the surprised station agent:

"You've always been so kind to me, Mr. Winter, that I asked dad to do this on my account. Of course it's going to take you out of the legislature and leave a vacancy—but then there are always ambitious young men and budding orators ready to step into public places whenever a veteran is promoted."

Joe Winter's one political maxim was, "A wink's good as a nod to a blind hoss." He held that no true politician ever expressed his intentions in plain and direct speech, and that the whole art of getting on with the masters of fine political intrigue who manipulated the destinies of the state government lay in an ability to read the code of subtle indirections and make shrewd deductions from a cipher language of delicately veiled suggestions. That Senator Marvin or any one so closely associated with him as Barbara should make a remark relating to politics which did not carry a hidden meaning was not considered possible by Joe Winter. That would be a more unthinkable breach of form for them than the use of bad grammar or inelegant table manners. Therefore, after he had submitted Barbara's remark to the decoding process, he answered:

"Miss Barbara, you've made two men mighty happy. If Philo Sumner Phillips knew that he really owes it to you that he'll get his chance to lift up his voice in the state legislature, I think he'd be willing to keep still and listen to your voice for, say, at least half an hour. He certainly does feel the urge of oratory, as he calls it. If he don't get a chance before long to hear himself speak in 'legislative halls,' I'm afraid he'll explode and spatter himself all over the township. You're makin' a great safety-first stroke for the community."

"And you're delightfully clever," laughed Barbara. "It's a pleasure to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

talk politics with one who is so quick to understand."

That day the Senator's car explored almost every mile of passable roadway in Winterset township, with the town pauper sitting in state on the back seat beside the most powerful politician in the commonwealth. It was a day of delightful relaxation and reminiscence for the Senator. There were moments when he almost felt himself a barefooted boy again, with a passion for the forbidden society of Len Persons—who had served a term in the penitentiary for smuggling goods across the Canadian border—and an ambition to buy old Jed Stimson's red peddler's cart and ply the beckoning roads of the Boulder State.

And his humble companion reminded him of a score of boyish scrapes that he had not recalled for half a century. That day he and Henry shook hands with more friends of their boyhood than they had met in many years. Incidentally, Barbara contrived to halt for a few moments not only in every village and hamlet in the township, but also in the dooryards of a score of elderly and suffering taxpayers.

Meantime, Joe Winter was busy spreading the news of his promotion and passing the word that evidently the boy orator of Winterset was "going to have it all his own way."

On the post-office steps, the following morning, when the Senator took his leave, he placed his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the town pauper, and, in plain hearing of the bystanders, exclaimed:

"Henry, I've had the time of my life making the rounds with you. We are going to see more of each other in the future."

Later Barbara again drew her car to a deft halt before Treadwell's store and motioned Shackleton Hobbs to approach. At this signal he left the bench held down by the Elder Statesmen with a nimbleness that he had not displayed since the historic day when he had fallen into the pond in an attempt to recover a silver dollar that had slipped from his hand.

"I'm going out for a little drive and I thought perhaps you'd keep me company," remarked Barbara.

"I guess I'm game for anything that Henry Dawes can do," remarked the town patriarch."

"Speaking of Mr. Dawes," responded his hostess, "you taxpayers must find it quite a burden to care for him."

"Burden!" quoted Shackleton. "He's a dead weight! Just draggin' down them that's got a little something tucked away!"

"Yes," was Barbara's sympathetic answer, "and the burden falls heaviest on the shoulders of those who are along in years—those who must live from their little savings. If this were a township of young men—"

"You're hittin' th' nail right on th' head!" Shackleton interrupted. "Us ol' fellers have t' carry th' load. Hain't a baker's dozen of young chaps left here since the spruce was cut—anyhow, not that's got thety cents ahead. What d' they care 'bout taxes?"

"Isn't there some way," asked Barbara, "by which this burden of Mr. Dawes's support could be shifted to where it would not be so heavy?"

"Young lady," impressively declared the dean of the Elder Statesmen, "I've laid awake nights tryin' t' figger that out. If 'twan't for the wimmin-folks we men 'd march him to the town line an' kick—"

"Oh!" interrupted Barbara, "but you couldn't do that. Mr. Dawes is a good man and—"

"Just what all th' wimmin say!" cut in Shackleton. "I've heard that so many times it makes my head ache. Lemme tell you, ol' Henry hain't th' only feller that's tried t' fasten himself on th' pauper list of this town—but he's th' only one that we didn't have something on that could be used t' turn th' wimmin against him. He's been s' pesky respectable that he'd ought t' 've been a preacher. I've tried t' git him started

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

preachin', but th' ol' leech says he ain't fit t' expound the gospel f'm the pulpit."

"But—" innocently inquired the girl at the wheel—"don't you have to support the minister?"

"Yep," was the crisp answer. "But I tell my Ma'thy they ain't any use keepin' two paupers—one in the pulpit an' th' other out—when they could be rolled into one."

"How clever!" laughed Barbara. "What did your wife say?"

"Said th' church needed a young man, eloquent, t' build it up."

"Speaking of eloquence," responded Barbara, "I understand that Winterset has an eloquent young man who expects to succeed Mr. Winter in the legislature." Then she laughed insinuatingly and added, "He's just as able as the minister to earn a living in some other way, isn't he?"

The sharp, close-set eyes of the village financier suddenly lifted to the face of the girl and studied it with fierce intentness. There was no doubt that an acute mental disturbance was taking place behind those steel-bowed spectacles. Then he shook his head and muttered:

"If they was some way! If it *could* be done!"

"What are you thinking of?" innocently inquired Barbara.

"Why—'lect that ol' leech t' th' legislature instead of sendin' th' gabby young Philo. But Joe Winter's already passed out th' word that Philo's th' ticket. Joe ain't in th' habit of talkin' about any slate that ain't be'n passed on by your pa an' they all know it."

"Mr. Hobbs!" exclaimed Barbara, "you're a wonderful man. Why, your idea is splendid! It wouldn't be exactly popular to run a town pauper for a seat in the legislature. The city papers would be likely to have fun with that phase of the campaign and make it seem to reflect upon the public spirit of the township. But I'm sure any one who could think of such a wonderful plan could also find a way of overcoming all the obstacles to it."

The countenance of her companion registered proud and complete acceptance of the insinuation that he had originated the idea of removing the town burden by promoting the pauper to the legislature.

"Of course," remarked Barbara, "you would naturally be selected to go to the assembly; but the life there would be too hard for men of your years. Board is high. Mr. Winter has often said that the pay is hardly enough to meet the expenses."

"Nope," responded Shackleton; "none of us ol' men could stand th' wear an' tear of a session. But Henry could."

"Is Mr. Phillips very popular?" Barbara inquired.

"With himself—an' some other women," was the tart answer. "But there ain't a dozen taxpayers who'd waste a vote or a chew of t'bacca on him."

"Why not," resumed Barbara, "just let Mr. Phillips run and make all the speeches he wants to without putting up any candidate against him—openly? If his friends thought there was no one running against him they might be inclined to take his election for granted and not turn out to the polls. Then this election is going to come when men will be busy in the fields. Meantime you and Mr. Frey and Mr. Beale could quietly see your friends and ask them to say nothing, but just come to the polls in the afternoon of election day and write Mr. Dawes's name on the ballot. I could take you and your friends about and nothing would be thought of it. Then, too, this way of doing it would perhaps help to offset the idea in the minds of some, that Mr. Winter's choice of a candidate was official so far as father is concerned."

The horny hand of Shackleton Hobbs reached out impulsively and patted the shoulder of the driver as he cackled:

"You're sma't. You're sha'per 'n tacks. I didn't know there was a woman in the world as slick as you be."

"Thank you," replied Barbara, as she modestly added: "Isn't it fortunate that father has just been here visiting

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

all over the township with Mr. Dawes and calling on their old friends? That will certainly overcome any impression that he's not friendly to our silent candidate. You can tell the taxpayers who are taken into the secret that this is just a way of avoiding any unpleasant notoriety because he is unfortunate enough to be a pauper."

"Huh!" gleefully exclaimed the village financier. "We'll 'lect him!—'lect him right off th' pauper list. But we've got t' keep all this f'm him. He's mean enough t' upset it all, just because we aim t' save th' cost of his keep. I know that ol' coot! He's as contrary as a hen, an' he'd run away f'm a good dinner if he thought I wanted him t' eat it."

"Yes, I'm afraid," admitted Barbara, "that Mr. Dawes might make trouble if he understood this plan. We'll keep it all from him until after the election."

"Mebby," suggested the town economist, "he'll rare right up in the shafts and refuse t' take the place after he's 'lected. He's just that mulish."

"But," Barbara assured him, "that can be avoided if all those in the secret will keep the motive of the election strictly to themselves."

"I'll shet 'em up," promised the thrifty conspirator.

In the brief interval before the election, Barbara made the Elder Statesmen the envied of all other inhabitants. There was scarcely a road in Winterset that was not explored by one of these patriarchs as the chaperone of the busy and eccentric Barbara. Simeon Hull, the town wit, declared:

"No young feller's got a ghost of a show. He's gotta wear white whiskers an' shake in his legs before th' slickest girl in the state 'll look at him. An' see what damage she's done a'ready! Shack Hobbs thinks he's th' Dook o' Winterset or something o' that sort, an' Wick Beale's got reckless an' bought a new straw hat. Oh, our Barbara is some little philanderer! Why, she's lulled our leadin' citizens an' most painful taxpayers into forgettin' they've got a pauper on their hands."

When this filtered through the community and finally reached the ears of Barbara, by way of Aunt Celia, it carried the comment:

"I can't see what you get out of carrying those tiresome old men around the country, day after day. When you got interested in Henry Dawes, I could understand it. He's bright an' keeps himself clean. But you seem to be all taken up with Wick Beale and Shackleton Hobbs and the rest of those tight old bench-warmers who put in their time hating Henry."

Barbara was divided between the temptation to laugh and to confess her plot. But this was no time for trusting her secret to even the most discreet feminine ears. So she said:

"Aunt Celia, I'm going to shift my attack and see how much of a hold I have secured on the Elder Statesmen. I want to find out what they'll do when they see me shedding the light of my smiles on the young men. Don't you think that 'll be interesting?"

"Barbara!" returned her aunt. "You're certainly the boldest and the most spoiled girl I ever saw. You wouldn't—"

"Just you wait and see," was the quick challenge. "A week from Tuesday I am going to give a unique social affair for the young people—a picnic breakfast at Bent's Lake. The only thing which will not be unique will be a speech by that eloquent and rising young orator—"

"Why, Philo can't come; that's election day!" exclaimed Aunt Celia. "He'll have to be getting his forces to the polls. Besides, all the young folks who can leave their work will be riding the country for him! You'll have to pick some other day."

"Did you ever," returned Barbara, "know Philo Sumner Phillips to refuse an invitation to address an audience? Besides, I just happen to be Senator Marvin's only and well-spoiled daughter and Philo is entirely aware of that fact.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

For an ambitious young legislator to refuse a request from the pampered child of the powerful senior Senator would be inconceivably poor politics, wouldn't it? But you're the dearest old thing that ever lived—even if you do fathom the inmost secrets of my soul! Besides, you're the best cook in Winterset township and you're going to have the distinction of cooking the first picnic breakfast ever served in The Hills."

Barbara knew that the future legislator was due to speak at Horton's Mill that afternoon and that she was reasonably certain to meet him on the road between Westbrook and that hamlet. It did not suit her purposes to have their meeting public. Therefore the orator of Winterset encountered Barbara's car near The Forks. The face which she lifted to Philo Sumner Phillips made no concealment of its welcome.

"Oh," exclaimed Barbara, with flattering impulsiveness, "I'm so glad that you happened this way."

"If there is anything I can do for you, Miss Marvin," he said in his richest chest tones, "I shall consider myself honored."

"Isn't it strange," returned Barbara, "how things happen? I was thinking of you at the very instant you appeared—because I wanted to ask a favor of you."

"Your wish," Philo declared, "is a command."

That, he felt, was an answer worthy of the future representative of Winterset.

"I want you to address a little social gathering a week from Tuesday. I'm giving a picnic breakfast on the shores of the lake. All the young people of the township are invited."

"A week from Tuesday? In the forenoon?" he repeated. "That is—"

"Why, so it is election day, of course!" exclaimed Barbara. "But certainly that can make no difference to you, Mr. Phillips. Without any opposing ticket in the field you can surely disregard the silly country superstition that a candidate must be at the polls and pretend to be anxious about the results. Besides, I'm sure you feel a deep interest in the betterment of the condition of the people of this region! I can talk to you as I couldn't to those who know little of the world. I thought you would perhaps speak on 'Helping the Hill People' and give a little vision of the higher needs of this community. Of course we know that they are drowsy with self-satisfaction and need to have their eyes shaken open. They must be told that public improvements are the only means of progress!"

"You give me," solemnly declared the bowing orator, "the proudest opportunity of my life. I shall always look back with supreme satisfaction to the fact that the beginning of my public career was made under such auspices and that at the moment when the citizens of Winterset were first honoring me with their suffrages I was sowing in their minds the seeds of a noble discontent. That, Miss Marvin, will be a splendid memory!"

He was standing beside the gray car and for a brief moment Barbara gave him both her hands.

"It's so good of you!" she exclaimed. "I want your address to be a delightful surprise to my guests, so I'm going to ask you to let it remain our secret until—"

"Until that happy and auspicious morning!" he interrupted, sweeping his hat low as he gave her a bow which he considered an excellent modern replica of the salute which Sir Walter Raleigh fastened upon the pages of Elizabethan history.

The day of election was as bright and fair as any ever predicted in a weather forecast.

Barbara recognized that no man who had crops to harvest or whose bosom reacted to the thrifty adage about making hay while the sun was shining would leave his work, with such weather, to go to the polls. While the guests invited to her odd party were mainly members

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the "younger set" known to be friendly to Philo Sumner Phillips and liable to have leisure and interest enough to cast their ballots for him, the limitations of "younger set," as defined by the scope of her invitations, were decidedly elastic. They included many substantial citizens whose minds were more occupied with the problems of financial prudence than with the adventures of ambition or romance. In one case, at least, the zone of complete retirement was invaded—for Henry Dawes was a guest on whom the hostess showered conspicuous favor! Not even the envious and sharp-tongued village jester was shut from her favor.

"Ain't she th' busiest little stepper that ever came down th' pike?" he confided to Henry Dawes. "I always did want one good chance t' make th' boy orator of Winterset squirm. I got it now, an' it's goin' t' take 'n earthquake t' shake me loose from her skirts. He's achin' t' get her where he c'n talk her t' death, an' I've got a call, as th' preachers say, to stand between her an' that kind of a lingerin' death. I'm goin' t' pertect her from Philo. I think I've pestered him consid'ble a'ready."

"There ain't," quietly observed the town pauper, "a boy or man here that she 'ain't handed a smile to—one o' them made-for-you kind that 'll be took home and put away private."

"Oh! Lord help us!" suddenly groaned Simeon as the orator of the occasion smilingly arose to perpetrate Barbara's "delightful surprise."

"Hear that!" he exclaimed a moment later, violently nudging his neighbor. "It's all about helpin' Hill people! You wait a minute and he'll break in th' head of th' family hard-cider barrel— Yessur! —there it goes! I told yuh! Next thing he'll take away their chewin' t'bacca an' hand 'em all nice white nighties. No—he's refrainin' out of consideration fer th' ladies. Listen! D'yuh get *that?*—a visitin' nurse, 'n' a comfit'ble 'n' sanitary home fer th' poor that 'll be th' pride of th' progressive citizens of Winterset. Th' visitin' nurse fer me, Henry—you c'n have th' sanitary home fer the unfort'nit!

"Say, won't th' bunch o' progressive citizens up on Treadwell's bench be pleased t' learn what th' next representative aims t' tack onto th' town expenses? I gotta go 'n' tell 'em—can't linger any longer! That talk 'll cert'ny make a hit with our ven'ble taxpayers."

"I wouldn't say anything here," suggested the pauper. "It wouldn't be exactly p'lite t' Miss Marvin."

"Do I need tuh?" was the sharp response. "Ain't he unwindin' his dream himself?—yards of it! I'll save my breath fer that noble group of reckless ol' philanthropists up-town. Just think of it, Henry—a candidate in *this* town spillin' that kind of talk *before th' polls are closed!* Henry, if they find me stiff an' cold by the roadside, 'tween here an' town, tell them I died happy—just laughed myself t' death!"

Just as some of the guests seemed to feel that the picnic breakfast, which had eloquently extended itself well into the afternoon, was about over, Barbara "prevailed" upon the Westbrook rector to make a few remarks. His happy response held the crowd for another hour, and then she announced that the remainder of the afternoon would be given over to games and fun. She had, Barbara modestly admitted, won a few swimming prizes at the seashore and it might amuse her friends to see some diving and fancy swimming tricks which were her only real accomplishments.

Her guests gasped. Not one stirred from the grounds after this announcement. Winterset was to witness its first female swimming exhibition—and that by Barbara Marvin!

Instantly she retired into a tent on the beach to appear in the only bathing-suit ever seen in the township. Her fashionable friends considered it reasonably modest, but most of the interested spectators were not aware of that fact. Some held that there was no such thing—at least for a girl as unreasonably beautiful

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by Henry A. Botkin

"ALL WOOL!—BY 'MIGHTY!—EVERY THREAD!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

as Barbara. The art of outdoor bathing for the gentler sex was wholly undeveloped in Winterset, but had not the orator of the day assured them that there were many good things in which The Hills stood in dire need? Perhaps, then, one of these was the broadening influence of fancy swimming-suits and co-educational water frolics!

Even the eloquence of Philo Sumner Phillips did not win more unstinted applause than the dives and "stunts" of the Senator's daughter. She lost count of her encores. As she came laughing from the water, the gallant Philo greeted her with the happy phrase:

"A perfect mermaid!"

As the picnickers returned to their homes, Henry Dawes casually remarked to Barbara:

"I'm afraid some cows in these hills ain't goin' t' git milked until about midnight, an' I guess most of our young men 'll reach th' polls 'bout 'n hour after they've closed."

Every one of the anxious Elder Statesmen stood with a silver watch in his hand as the time for closing the polls approached.

Simm Hull had not laughed himself to death on his way back to the village, as he had threatened, but had survived to pour the news of Philo's prodigal program into the ears of the venerable taxpayers. He was disappointed at the result. They received the news with astonishing serenity. Therefore the village jester watched the proceedings with the cynical aloofness of one who saw a splendid comedy sacrificed by dull and stupid players who could not see the greatness of their lines.

But when "Jedge" Hutchins unlocked the tin box and dumped the ballots on the center of the table, Simeon condescended to betray a slight resumption of interest by bending forward and training his sharp eyes upon the little heap of paper scraps. While the election clerks were adjusting their spectacles and clearing their throats for their official task, according to established ritual, Simeon had already deciphered the name scribbled upon several ballots and had noted that many others had writing on them. His big bulk shook with silent chuckles, but he stifled his hilarity until enough of the ballots had been counted to give a fair indication of the result. The crowd in the little shop held its breath until the town wit broke the tense silence with a whoop:

"Where's Henry? Gentl'men, I beg the privilege of bein' th' messenger of this hon'able election board t' wake Henry Dawes from his pauper bed and tell him he's a statesman! If you'll lemme do it I'll set up a keg of th' hardest cider in Winterset. After th' rest of yuh git about half pickled it 'll begin t' dawn on yuh how good this thing is."

"Well," interrupted Harlow Frey, "Henry's 'lected, all right. We 'ain't gotta take care of him no longer."

"What you aim t' tell Henry?" demanded the shrill voice of Shackleton Hobbs.

"Tell him!" responded the town jester. "I'll say: 'Henry, your lovin' fellow-citizens have picked you to go up t' th' halls of legislation. Your voice ain't chesty as that of your defeated opponent, but you've got a great an' glorious mission before you—an' one that will win th' eternal gratitude of your generous constituency, from which I bring this inspirin' message: 'If you ain't statesman enough t' remove yourself f'r all time f'm the pauper list you're no true son of this great commonwealth n'r of Winterset township!'"

"Don't you dast tell him any such thing," interrupted Shackleton, shaking with excitement. "You clown! Don't you know how contrary that ol' leech is? Like 's not he'd rather spite us by stickin' here on the pauper list than go up t' th' capital an' draw four dollars per diem with perkisites. If you was to throw it in his face that we 'lected him just t' git rid of him, he'd throw us. I told th' Senator's daughter that, right

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

at the start. He mustn't know anything about—"

Another wild whoop of joy from Simeon put an end to this explanation.

"Shack," he exclaimed, "I apologize t' th' assembled villagers an' t' th' sma'test woman in th' state. I almost credited you with hatchin' this thing—the greatest political coo-pay in th' history o' th' state!—but I see it all now. You just furnished th' motive an' she pervided th' brains. She's th' only human bein' exceptin' myself that's got a sense of humor big enough t' make livin' here a joy. Some day when women vote she'll set in her dad's seat in the Senate an' they'll never miss him."

"You just hold your hosses," insisted Wickson Beale, "till after Henry's took the oath of office. Then you c'n talk an' laugh all you wanta. We've worked too hard t' wipe him f'm th' pauper list t' have you kick it over now by givin' Henry a chance t' get his back up and dump us in th' ditch."

As the triumphant Barbara lay awake that night and studied the pattern which the moonlight and the curtain threw upon the wall of her chamber, she found herself suddenly facing a delicate problem. How was her statesman to be decently outfitted for his new rôle? She felt that his pauperism was official, not inherent, and that there was not a more independent and self-respecting spirit in Winterset than his. She remembered how often she had caught glimpses, under his serene and whimsical exterior, of a delicate sensitiveness. To overcome this would be, perhaps, the most difficult task of her campaign, but somehow it must be done! Somehow he must be provided with good clothes.

Barbara had never been more thrilled than when, the following morning, she found her friend by the brook, at the very spot of their first meeting, and went toward him with shining face and outstretched hands.

"Now," she said, "you can have your chance, and I'm so glad!"

"You're a—a great girl!" stammered Henry Dawes. Then the shadow of seriousness lifted from his face and he laughed boyishly as he added: "I expect old Wick Beale an' Hobbs an' th' rest of the Elder Statesmen, as you call 'em, think they've got th' start of me. They're chucklin' like a lot of squirrels. It 'd serve 'em right if I'd kick right over th' traces an' refuse to qualify. But I ain't goin' t' do that. You'd be disappointed after all I've said about my wantin' t' be a statesman, an' I ain't goin' t' spoil your fun."

Then he dropped his voice to a confidential tone and added:

"But just between two public-spirited citizens interested in seein' th' Hill people uplifted, there's goin' t' be some state improvements voted this session that 'll prevent th' tax list of Winterset from shrinkin' so's you'd notice it! That was a wonderful speech of Philo's. He moved me mightily."

"Now," said Barbara, "there's something real serious that I want to talk about and I don't quite know how to begin for fear—you see—"

He broke her embarrassed silence by asking:

"Do you figger that anybody seasoned in a pauper's seat in this town is goin' t' be hurt by anything a lady like you'd say to him?"

Under this assurance Barbara resumed:

"You see, you'll have to go up to the capital and you'll need good new clothes and a traveling-bag and money for expenses. You're my friend— I want you to make a good appearance—and you must take this."

Henry Dawes looked long at the roll of bills which the girl impulsively pressed into his hand. Finally he returned the bills and spoke with crisp decision:

"Nope!—can't take it! I'm obleeged more'n I can say—but 'tain't possible. I got money—plenty—more'n a thousand, buried in th' fireplace of our old house.

"You see," he continued with a sheep-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

'ish grin, "I used t' have a dog, when I was a boy, who was always buryin' bones against the time when he'd come hungry. Never forgot that dog! I hain't lived here 'most all my life without learnin' something about Hill people, as Philo calls 'em. Saw that their quality was peterin' out. Th' live ones left. What stayed was leavin's. Put in their time watchin' for relatives t' die and leave 'em something t' fight over.

"Well, I finally got away for a while and made a new start over in York state. Did more business 'n I ever figured t' do. But when a man I'd took a contract from failed up, owin' me about a thousand dollars, I took what I had left an' come home. Started in contractin' here. Old Shack Hobbs said if I'd build the big bridge he'd finance me. Then he framed it up with the selectmen t' freeze me out. Figgered they c'd save a lot o' taxes by forcin' me t' th' wall at th' last minnit. Of course ol' Shack was goin' t' have a few private pickin's fer his trouble. He got 'em, an' I failed up. It broke me flat; but I wa'n't goin' t' be beat out by them ol' weasels. I figgered t' git even. The only way I c'd see t' git my money back f'm Winterset was t' board it out as th' town pauper.

"Sho'tly what sh'd happen but this York state man turned up an' paid me that thousand I'd never expected t' see —with back interest. He'd got on his feet an' made a pile bigger 'n a haystack. Said he wanted th' fun of seein' my eyes pop out when he handed me th' greenbacks.

"Now when this windfall come along I let things slide as they was an' went ahead with my pauper boardin' plans. I planned that when I got even with th' town down t' th' last copper, I'd resign f'm th' pauper list. Course I didn't dast deposit that money in any savin's-bank; I remembered that dog of mine, an' buried it under th' fireplace in th' ol' house. We'll go 'n' git it now."

"*Uncle* Henry," Barbara exclaimed, "*I've never* begun to appreciate you. *Here I've* been associating you with the Babes in the Woods and other helpless innocents! There's a great anxiety off my mind; you're going to get along in politics up at the state capital—and get most of the things you go after, too."

When the Hon. Henry Dawes took leave of his constituents, at Treadwell's store, to go up to the session, his appearance made the assembled inhabitants gasp. He was arrayed in a fashionable gray suit which fitted as perfectly as that on the trim shoulders of Senator Marvin, who had come expressly to enjoy the occasion.

The departing state representative carried in one hand a kit-bag of astonishing style and magnificence, and in the other a cane of white birch cut from the pasture of his home place—and circled with a wide gold band.

After the dazed eyes of Shackleton Hobbs had surveyed for a moment, the splendors of the promoted pauper he reached out his thin old hand, felt of the sleeve of the gray coat with appraising fingers, and muttered:

"All wool! — by 'Mighty! — every thread! Where 'd he git 'em? That's what I wanta—"

An insinuating voice at his elbow interrupted: "I bought him the bag and father gave him the cane."

"But *them clothes?*" insisted the dean of the Elder Statesmen.

After Senator Marvin had shaken hands with the crowd that overflowed the platform of Treadwell's Store, the alert Barbara whispered in his ear:

"If you don't honor the most historic occasion that Winterset has ever known with a speech every citizen present is going to feel cheated. And please don't serve it cold. They want oratory and want it hot. So be a dear, and let yourself go."

The expectant hush that had suddenly fallen upon the crowd confirmed Barbara's reading of the popular desire and the Senator nodded, handed his hat to Barbara, and addressed his "Fellow-citizens and companions of my youth."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

He painted the glories of his native state and town in colors as rich as those with which the first frost of autumn had touched the foliage of the hills, and dwelt upon the great problems with which the nation was confronted. And then in quiet tones that thrilled his eager hearers, he concluded:

"But I have something far more intimate to say than this. I have a confession to make to my friends of my youth—an acknowledgment of political mistakes and a pledge to do my utmost to correct them."

There was a perceptible intake of breath on the part of his hearers, as he paused and placed his hand upon the shoulder of the beaming Barbara. With a rare and whimsical smile he continued:

"The wit, the tact, and the political resourcefulness of this young woman in connection with the happy event which we to-day celebrate have taught me that any man who doubts the political capacity of woman is living in the drowsy mist of tradition. From this time forward I will never hinder the fullest political freedom of woman—or doubt its wisdom and justice.

"And to my boyhood friend—wiser than I—who has never questioned the political equality of the sexes, I give this cane, cut from the pasture of his old home place. It is a token both of my affection for him and of my conversion to the cause to which he and his campaign manager are devoted."

For perhaps the first time in her life Barbara Marvin was a figure of public embarrassment and confusion. But she was rescued by Wickson Beal, who took the stick from the hands of its owner and read aloud the inscription engraved on its gold band:

HONORABLE HENRY BENHAM DAWES
From his boyhood friend and faithful admirer
MERRILL TREADWELL MARVIN

"I swow!" exclaimed Shackleton.

"*That*, gentlemen," said Joe Winter, tapping the inscription impressively, "is the passport to political success in this state. I know what doors that 'll open at the capital." Then he lowered his voice to a confidential pitch and added: "You bet Henry 'll get anything he asks for after the boys take a good look at that. An' some day Henry Dawes 'll be leaving here for Washington instead of up-state. He c'n tie most of us in knots when it comes to politics—an' Lord! look at the backin' he's got!"

"Well," loudly declared Shackleton Hobbs as the Senator's big car glided toward Westbrook station bearing the two statesmen from Winterset, "I guess I done 'bout as much t' 'lect 'im as anybody."

"Shack," exclaimed the village wit, "if you'll stick t' that line of talk strong enough, your lovin' fellow-citizens 'll buy you a tombstone as a token of their esteem. It's your one chance t' fool posterity."

When Barbara returned from the station she found the old man seated on the bench in front of Treadwell's store, and gazing reflectively at a plug of tobacco held limply in his bony hand. Startled from his reverie, he looked up suddenly at his smiling fellow-conspirator and exclaimed:

"Where did he git them clothes? That's what I wanta know. *Where did he git them flossy clothes?*"

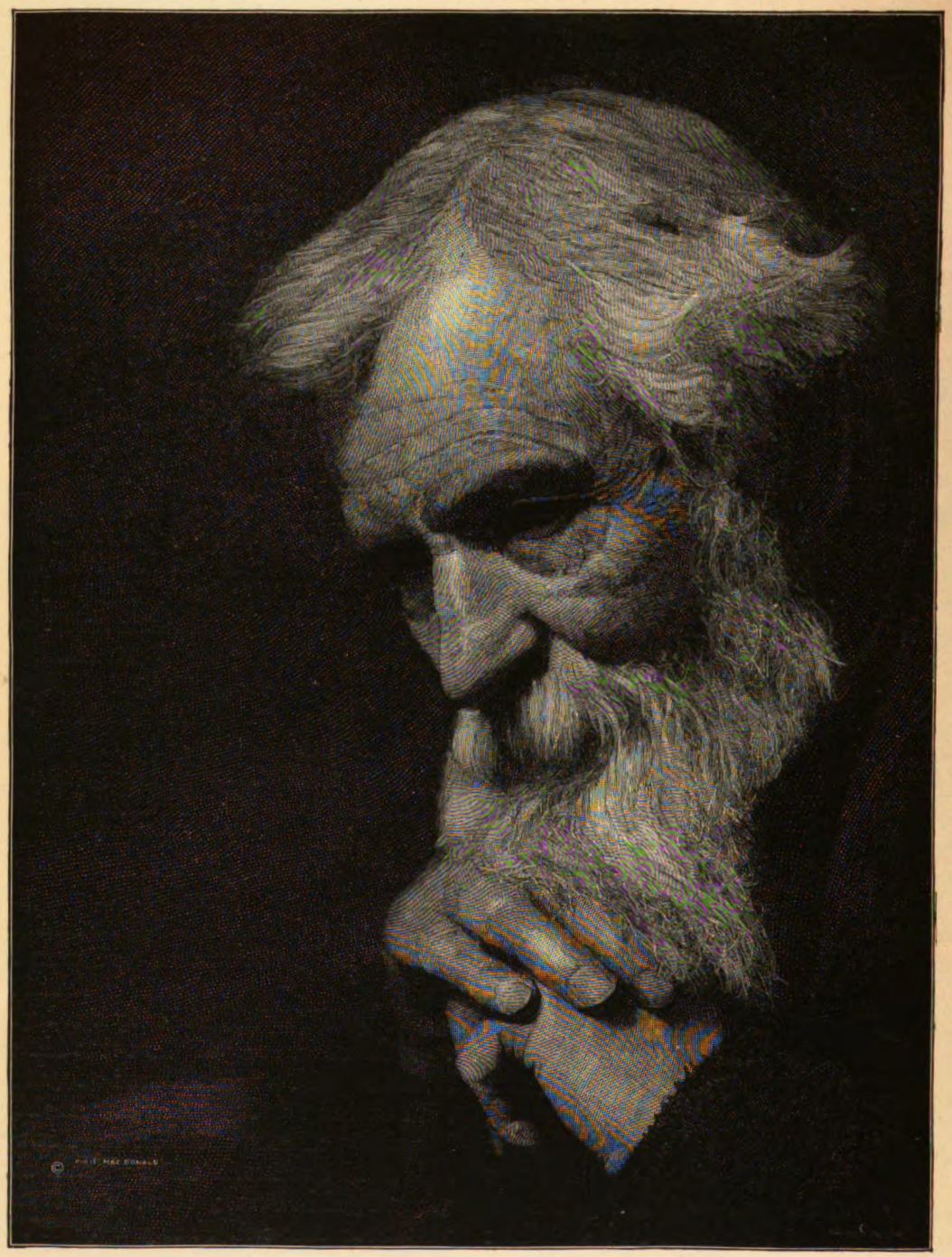
"It's a secret," whispered Barbara, "but I don't mind telling *you*. He bought them with money he'd put away from his work in New York state."

After an eloquent moment of stunned silence the old man murmured:

"Th' ol' fox! I might 'a' knowed it. He's smarter 'n th' hull pack of us. But we 'ain't got t' keep him any longer. He'll be fixed for life."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HENRY MILLS ALDEN

Editor of *Harper's Magazine*, 1869-1919

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

IN MEMORIAM

BY W. D. HOWELLS

NO literary man has lived more unknown in his most characteristic function or died to more universal recognition of it. Henry Mills Alden was the editor of this periodical for fifty years, but he was scarcely more accounted so outside of the daily discharge of his duty than if his work had operated itself. But he was no sooner dead than all his contemporaries awoke to consciousness of his unequaled relation to them and the public hailed his memory as that of the greatest editor of his time, or almost any time.

There has been something very beautiful in the universal acclaim of the long, tacit nature of his service. A measure of affection such as rarely qualifies the tributes to the dead made their readers sharers in the feeling of the writers. A very large public knew him as the author of several, especially two, extraordinary books, but so small a public knew him as the editor of the most widely circulated periodical of its long time that many contributions were addressed to the merely nominal editor of the "Easy Chair," as if he were an active entity, instead of an idle pretense. But now that Alden is gone every one associated with him in his faithful labors, and every writer eager to contribute to their effect, has hastened to record some affectionate sense of his unequaled fitness for his work, some feeling of his unselfish devotion to its performance.

For almost twenty years Alden was the next-door neighbor of him who still occupies the Easy Chair in this magazine, but the long term of his rule in the Editor's Study was only a minor part in his long service of the House of Harper, which began with the editorial management of *Harper's Weekly* and continued in the editorship of *Harper's Magazine* to the time of his death on the 7th of October. If he had lived to the 11th of November he would have been eighty-three years old, but centuries of life could not have intensified the quality of his usefulness or of his devotion to the service of the House which had in all half a century of the best that was in him.

It would be difficult to make the world outside realize the completeness of his devotion in this service. He was a man of rare gifts, a poet, a philosopher, a scholar, an acute critic, but few of those who knew him in these characters knew him as an editor perfect in his time and place. He understood with something like inspiration that his work should be strictly recognizant of the ideal of the publishers who had imagined and created the periodical they intrusted to his guidance, and who, it can be well conceived, in whatever event, would maintain the control of it. The wonder of his service was that he did not allow it, if he ever wished it, to become other than the most intelligent compliance. The publishers constantly advised with him and he with them, and he was of such rare make that he could see the reason of their opinions, which were rather theirs than his. Their mutual relation was a mechanism which was finally without jar, and their accord was the production of a periodical which

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

was without an equal as a whole, however it might be rivaled in parts. The ideal remained the publishers', with their instinct for a popularity, and its realization was the editor's, with his taste, his knowledge, his acquaintance with literature, and his unselfish intelligence.

In due time his modest, gentle, brave life will be fitly written, and he will be made adequately known to the public which so vaguely knew him as an editor. He was graduated at Williams College, and at the Andover Theological Seminary, for it was his purpose to become a minister of the New England type of orthodoxy. He was of the gentle yet simple line of the Aldens of Plymouth, and he was born poor in the little Vermont village of Mt. Tabor, where his first experience of the world was work in a cotton-mill of the wicked time when the superintendents could beat the little children enslaved to them. The writer of this remembers Alden's telling him, with that beautiful abeyance of his, that once while he was yet a small boy his fellow-workers recognized gifts in him beyond other boys, and one of them who had grown gray in their common servitude charged him not to forget them when he went out into the world, where it was believed that he would make a potent figure, but try to help them and to lighten their hard lot.

It may have been the hope of this that inspired him to study theology and to try for a place in the ministry where he could serve all the poor and suffering. We may be sure he did not forget them, but Alden was not meant for the church. He was meant for the secular service of men's souls in the literature in which his work eventuated; something largely and deeply hopeful, but not definitely doctrinal or dogmatic. After his graduation at the Theological School in Andover, he gave a course of Lowell lectures at Boston on "The Structure of Paganism," and presently found himself in New York, vainly endeavoring to reconcile poetic aspiration with the prose of daily life. Sometime, when that part of his story is written, the world will have a passage of literary history unique in character, and of singular preciousness as a purely American contribution.

His struggle, if his varied sufference of adversity may be called so, ended in the long peace of his employ by the House of Harper. The genius of democratic simplicity and accessibility expressed itself for the business side in the assembly of the whole cousinhood succeeding the brotherhood of the House at the desks which largely covered the space of the first floor at Franklin Square; but the editorial side needed greater privacy, and the literary and artistic workers were cloistered in a succession of wooden cells on the floor above, where the managers of the *Monthly*, could be found by any one making some show of right to audience. In such a cell on such terms you could find the greatest magazine editor of his time, who held more hopes and fears in his control than any other. There was a desk covered with manuscripts where Alden sat and read and worked, and beside the door stood a chair where a visitor might be bidden sit if he or she could show reason. Oftenest the visitor could not show this from the manuscript offered in the belief that there was no other way of getting a manuscript to the editor. He or she could not believe that every manuscript addressed to the editor would be opened by his own hand and judged on its fitness or merit; but Alden was none the less patient with every visitor. He looked at the things offered him, and with surpassing kindness judged and refused them, or, in some all but incredible instance, accepted one of them and sent the author reeling away in rapture. But he was just to all; he was patient, he was conscientious beyond the imagination of those he condemned with or without hope.

We of the Easy Chair once went with an elderly poet who unadvisedly wished to submit his copy of verse personally to the editor and suffered through the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

suspense which did not end in rapture. The operation, if not painless, was not long; but, having ourselves read the poem, we felt that justice had been done, and we knew that the kind judge had shared our joint suffering. It was bad for the poet, but perhaps it was worse for the editor.

When the unwise were all gone in their succession, he turned to the manuscripts before him, and noted on them his opinion or decision to his assistant readers, or sometimes he wrote to the author, the happy author, a letter in that beautiful hand of his which he was affectionately proud to find so like the beautiful hand of the Head of the House, whom he loved. He loved all the House, and their degree or desert; he called those of the younger generation by their familiar names. His affection embraced everybody, even those literary aspirants who would come to him without right or reason. The visitors who had the best claim upon him were such as came with some fruitful suggestion, and he was grateful to these, and he did not make them feel that it had been better for them to have written. But the visits which he seemed really to enjoy were those of some friend who had no business with him, and who would help him lose himself from all editorial care and launch himself in one of those psychological speculations dearer to him than anything else in the world. Then he would dream aloud in a steady flow, and seem not to mind much whether you were following with him or not in his question of the Soul, of God, of Life and Death. You perceived that these were his very interests, and that the other duties which he never neglected, but always most faithfully discharged, were things of the passing hour, and were as

> Cares that infest the day

and ceased with it.

In the management which succeeded the board of Harper & Brothers, the new head of the House revived the two departments, the "Editor's Study," and the "Editor's Easy Chair," which had been allowed to lapse, and had the pleasure of offering the "Study" to Alden. Then, to his unbounded content, Alden became a regular editorial writer in the magazine which he had conducted so long, and he continued to write the "Study" until his failing health obliged him to give it up within a few months of his death.

Until within a few years, when he took an apartment in town, Alden made his home in a New Jersey village, and when he issued, at the day's end, from his booth at Franklin Square, he set out on his hour of railroad, with his constant cigar over his unfailing game of cards in the smoking-car. He probably never consciously accomplished his journey, or knew whether he lost or won his game. He was plunged in the depths of those metaphysics speculations where he had his real being, for he was a poet at soul, and literary to his finger-ends, and editor of inspired fitness, but, above all, he was a psychologist of the uttermost abandon to the "filmy shapes that haunt the dusk" of the borderland of the soul.

What these early Lowell lectures on "The Structure of Paganism" may have been we do not know, for they were never published, but they were doubtless a prelude to those strange, powerful books, *God in His World* and *A Study of Death*, which roused our time to the fact that we had among us a thinker of far reach, a dreamer who could "dream true" about the deepest concerns of our life and could win a place for his vision "among the cloudy trophies" of that inner temple where the seers have ever served and prophesied. Probably no book of such serious intent as *God in His World* had instantly won so wide acceptance or brought such instruction and consolation to so many who might have thought themselves incapable of profiting by it. The simplest souls seemed capable of seizing its significance, and the most complex found refuge and relief from themselves in it. *A Study of Death* did not reach so many, but it was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

a popular book, too, and found its lesser public among the same "folks," as they would have called themselves or one another, and among those whom these "folks" would have recognized as the elect.

Hitherto those who had known Alden at all, had known him as the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, but these were few, and even his editorial identity had not penetrated to anything like a popular consciousness. To the wider public, where his books now made their strongest appeal, probably *Harper's Magazine* had always seemed to edit itself. But this strange thinker, this great seeker of the farther and deeper truth, went on editing *Harper's Magazine* in the wonted fashion for yet twenty-five and thirty years. As before, he came daily to his office in Franklin Square overlooking the tracks of the Third Avenue Elevated, and worked on the old lines and daily consulted with the powers that were and then at last were not, and then again were, reconstituted in like sympathy but other personality. But Alden was growing old, and, though "age could not wither him" as soon as other minds, it must have its way with him. His spirit remained dauntless, but the flesh was weak and weaker, and he began to come every other day to Franklin Square, and at last his unworthy and inconstant comrade of the "Easy Chair" heard that Alden came only once or twice a week. After that he did not come, and now he will never come more.

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

EDITOR OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 1869–1919

THE book lies open—just where last he wrote—
A heritage that time and faith may keep;
The throbbing presses pause, for they, too, know
The master is asleep.

The book lies open—and another's hand
Shall guide again its virile truths to fame;
But we who loved shall read with aching hearts,
Because we miss his name.

So many feet have sought the little room—
The calm he made above the spiral stair.
To-day the tear-drops fall throughout the land
Because he is not there.

O knight of thought—who threaded words with light—
O ripened greatness of a master mind—
Leave just the modest mantle you have worn,
That he who comes may find!

The book lies open; turn the written page—
For love and time the hallowed records keep;
And memory guards with jealous care her own—
The master is asleep.

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE LION'S MOUTH

THREE PIGS

BY DON MARQUIS

I SAW three pigs under an oak-tree—a white pig, a black pig, and a black-and-white pig. They were talking as they ate acorns, and I hid on the other side of the tree to listen.

"I am not what I seem," said the white pig, curling his tail proudly and cocking his head to one side in a very conceited manner.

"Nor I," said the black pig. "I have seen better days."

And they both looked at the black-and-white pig as if expecting him to make some claim for himself. But he only grunted, his mouth full of acorns.

"I," said the white pig, "was a friend and companion of Ulysses. When we landed on Circe's island, after we burned Troy, the enchantress turned us into swine. But my spirit has never complied with my apparent condition.[1]"

"I," said the black pig, "am perhaps the most splendidly wicked pig extant. I am a devil. I came from hell originally, and I was one of several devils that lived in the body of a man who dwelt beside the Gadarean lake, until a prophet came and drove us forth and made us inhabit a herd of hogs."

"Huh! huh!" said the black-and-white pig. "I'm a hog. A real hog. Just a common hog."

"I have seen things!" cried the white pig, looking with scorn upon the acorns, even as he continued to root for them. "I have been places!"

"I was one of Satan's most trusted young fiends," said the Gadarean swine. "I was spoken of all over hell as a rising young devil . . . a devil of promise . . . a fiend with a future before him. And to come down to this!" And he, too, shuddered as if with distaste as he ate the acorns; nevertheless he continued to eat them.

"Come down to this? What's the matter with this?" asked the common hog. "Here is plenty of good food!"

Circe's hog and the Gadarean swine exchanged looks of intelligence. It was easy to see they had the most utter contempt for the ordinary pig.

"A low animal!" murmured Circe's pig.

"A hog, just a hog!" said the Gadarean swine.

"Hog, common hog," said Circe's pig, "you may well be contented. You have never heard the battle-cry of Achilles when the spears clashed and the shields were as a sea, nor have you seen the face of Helen shining above the dust of war."

"You have never been to hell, common hog," said the Gadarean swine, "and the person who has never been to hell has never been anywhere nor seen anything."

"Ugh!" said the ordinary pig, placidly. "Mighty fine, no doubt, all that. But I get along, I get along."

"Oh, for the rushing of the chariots!" said Circe's swine. "And, oh, the laughter of the ships along the sea!"

"When the powers and princes of evil came slanting in black flight to take their places in full conclave," said the Gadarean swine, "there was a fine sight against the red dome! And I have seen the brazen capitol of hell pulse and

[1] We had assumed that Homer's account of this episode, concluding with the restoration of the entire company of Ulysses to human form, was the final word on the subject. Mr. Marquis evidently has reason to believe that one of the unfortunate crew did not answer the roll-call.—EDITOR.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tremble like a fiery lily in the wind when Satan spoke his will."

"Ugh!" said the common hog, not exactly understanding, but conscious that he was being outdone. He sought in his memory for some exploit of his own, or some knowledge, that would make him more important. Finally he said: "I know where there's a loose board at the side of a corn-crib. If the three of us together would poke and root around there for a while, we might nose it off and get into the corn."

"Vulgar beast!" said Circé's hog.

"No background!" muttered the Gadarean swine.

"Such a thing to suggest to me!" said Circe's hog. "I, who have hung sword to sword with Hector, and would have had his blood but that a goddess saved him!"

"Or to me," said the Gadarean swine. "I, who whispered Herodias to bid her daughter ask for John the Baptist's head on a charger! Yes, that was my idea!"

"To fall to such company!" said the Argive hog.

These pearls of reminiscence cast before the common hog finally began to anger him, and he said:

"Brag about what you used to be as much as you like! I do not care what you were. But do not be so contemptuous of me; or, if you feel so, keep it to yourself and cease to insult me. I am only a common hog; I claim to be nothing else; I have never been anything else—but, all the same, I do not choose to be insulted and blamed for being a common hog when I cannot help it. You, by your own testimony, were once my superiors; you wail about your declension in life. It seems to me that to have been something very important and to have fallen is nothing to boast about. If you were really proud and superior you would say nothing of your past glories, but would recognize the fact that you are now hogs and would devote your energies to being as successful hogs as possible. The one of you has ceased to be a hero, the other can no longer be a devil; well, then, you can both be hogs! And if it hurts you to be hogs, let it hurt you secretly. At least do not try to make those discontented who have no hope beyond being hogs."

"Never," said the Argive hog, "will I comply! Fate has cast me down, but in my heart I am still unconquered. I will never consent to be a common hog!"

"Nor I!" said the Gadarean pig.

"Well, then," said the common hog, slyly, "it is no use showing you that corn-crib with the loose board."

The superior pigs looked at each other, and they thought of the corn, and the slaver began to drip from their jaws.

"After all," said the Gadarean pig, "we used to eat, even in hell."

"Yes," said the swine of Circe, "after all—"

"Lead us to it, hog," said the Gadarean.

"I will eat the corn," said the Argive hero, "but, nevertheless, in my spirit I will not comply."

"Exactly," said the common hog; "you will be a real pig while you are at the corn, as greedy as any of us; and then you will turn aristocrat again and insult the hog that led you to it. Nevertheless, come on."

And the ordinary hog led them off, chuckling, and thinking that he had proved his superiority over them. But, as I reflected on the matter, I was not so sure that the common hog was right. For the words of an old Oriental proverb came into my mind:

"It is better to be a crystal, and be broken, than to be merely a tile upon the housetop."

THE DESPISED INDIVIDUAL

BY C. A. BENNETT

I HATE Armitage. Whenever I think of him I say softly to myself, "Something with a little boiling oil in it." We have just parted in anger—I hope forever. If I tell you why our "meeting broke up in confusion," you

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

will understand the reasons for my hatred.

We had been talking about a strike in one of the mill towns near by. I had been relating, with some natural indignation, the story of one of the workers, a Lithuanian, who had been badly clubbed by the police. He had been standing inoffensively on the sidewalk when a mounted policeman rode up, ordered him to move on, and, when he did not instantly obey, beat him about the head until he dropped unconscious. The wretched man was afterward sentenced to three months. Meanwhile his wife and five small children were left to ward off starvation as best they could.

When I had finished, "Ah yes, a sad story!" said Armitage. "But you have the same phenomenon all over the country. The rising tide of social unrest. . . ."

Now that is Armitage all over. Where any normal man would have a picture of a mother driven desperate by the cries of hungry children, of an unhappy European peasant first stunned by physical violence and then dazed by legal processes which he could not follow—a picture to leave one filled with pity and despair—Armitage saw only a thing he called a phenomenon, a mere incident in the working of great impersonal forces, a spark struck out by the collision of labor with capital, a wave upon a tide.

"The rising tide of social unrest," said he, "is threatening to undermine the foundations. . . ."

I couldn't stand it any longer. "Armitage," said I, "I'd like to see you drown in your damned tide."

And with that our meeting, as I have said, broke up in confusion.

My outburst was the climax of a slowly gathering irritation. During the war Armitage was quite unbearable. For we had all adopted his way of thinking. We forgot the individual. We thought of men in masses, as so much "man-power." Beneath the words "Our line has been advanced at some points," we concealed a thousand separate tragedies. We mobilized nations and diluted entire industries, while waves of this, that, and the other, waves political and social and economic, swept over the world. When President Wilson coined his phrase about "a great tide running in the hearts of men" Armitage was triumphant. It was as though one of his own children had leaped into sudden fame.

But his vicious habit was older than the war, and was due in the first place, I think, to the fact that he is an economist. As an economist he finds it beneath his dignity to think of people having sudden violent appetites for butter or violent antipathies to pork. For him, the real events are what he calls "fluctuations in the price-level." Where you and I see people "going on a bust" and spending far more than they ought to, Armitage sees "the inflation of the currency"—a ridiculous expression, calling up the vision of a man making a paper bag out of a dollar bill and blowing into it in a wild attempt to stretch it. When these same people regret their excesses and return feverishly to work, Armitage says that "production has been stimulated." Good old Production, with an accelerated knee-jerk!

It makes no difference whether he is dealing with important matters or with trivial, Armitage is just the same. Is it diplomacy? Then tell him of Clemenceau, ill in bed, receiving word that England, Italy, and America are ready to recognize the Soviet government. The sick man's face flushes with anger. His physician rushes from the room to assure the messenger that if such measures are taken with Russia his patient's temperature will rise a degree or two. Result: recognition of the Soviet government is declared to be impossible. Tell Armitage this, and in a few minutes he will begin to burble about "the processes of diplomacy." He will have forgotten all about the irritable old man sitting up in bed and damning his alleged allies. Is it domestic economy?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Well, the other evening Armitage dropped in after dinner. My wife retired early and excused herself by saying that she was exhausted after a hard day's canning. She was barely out of the room before Armitage was referring to "the wave of economy" which was sweeping over the country.

Perhaps you begin to see why I hate Armitage. I am weary of his world of abstractions and of the unreal happenings there. He is unacquainted with human beings and their personal needs and preferences and antipathies; he recognizes the existence only of "tendencies" and "movements" and "drifts" and "currents" and "social forces." In Armitage's world human beings never have ideas; ideas have them. Ideas always "gain ground." A revolution is not something made up of hatreds and angers, of fighting and shouting and flag-waving and speech-making; it is something which "breaks out" and "spreads"—like a rash. Nothing is ever done by individuals; they are mere flotsam, borne along by "the whole modern trend of things," at the mercy of "slow processes of decay" or "inevitable processes of growth."

Now this is an absurd and immoral doctrine, and until Armitage or some one else produces some decent evidence in support of it, I, for one, am not going to believe in it. It is sheer laziness and lack of imagination to treat human beings in the mass after this fashion. And it has disastrous consequences. Once begin to think of industrial problems in terms of "labor" and "capital," of revolution as a plague or a tide or a wave, and farewell to all chance of your understanding these things. It may be convenient to see a statistical curve where the reality is a riot of the passions, but it is likely to be fatal. And this is not my only objection. If only for the sake of my self-respect and peace of mind, I refuse to be reduced to a mere statistical item; I will not see my gross material longings for bacon and eggs in the morning evaporate into an incident in the dramatic career of a price-level. There were twenty-four quarts of vegetables canned in our kitchen that day. If Armitage is right, the wave of economy canned them. My wife says no. She did all the work herself. She ought to know.

So she agrees with me about "something with a little boiling oil in it." Yet, so civilized are we become that I fear the next time I meet Armitage—if there should be a next time—I shall be able to compass nothing better than the retort that, on his own showing, he himself, this very Armitage, is only an inconsiderable eddy, a microscopic whorl, in the great stream of modern thought.

THE LAST LAUGH

HORACE: EPODE 15

"Nox erat et cælo fulgebat Luna sereno—"

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

"HOW sweet the moonlight sleeps," I quoted,
"Upon this bank!" that starry night—
The night you vowed you'd be devoted—
I'll tell the world you held me tight.

The night you said until Orion
Should cease to whip the wintry sea,
Until the lamb should love the lion,
You would, you swore, be all for me.

Some day, Neæra, you'll be sorry.
No mollycoddle swain am I.
I shall not sit and pine, by gorry!
Because you're with some other guy!

No, I shall turn my predilection
Upon some truer, fairer Jane;
And all your prayer and genuflexion
For my return shall be in vain.

And as for *you*, who choose to sneer, O,
Though deals in lands and stocks you swing,
Though handsome as a movie hero,
Though wise you are—and everything;

Yet, when the loss of her you're mourning,
How I shall laugh at all your woe!
How I'll remind you of this warning,
And laugh, "Ha! ha! I told you so!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE MARMOT AND THE MARMOSET

BY M. LA PRADE

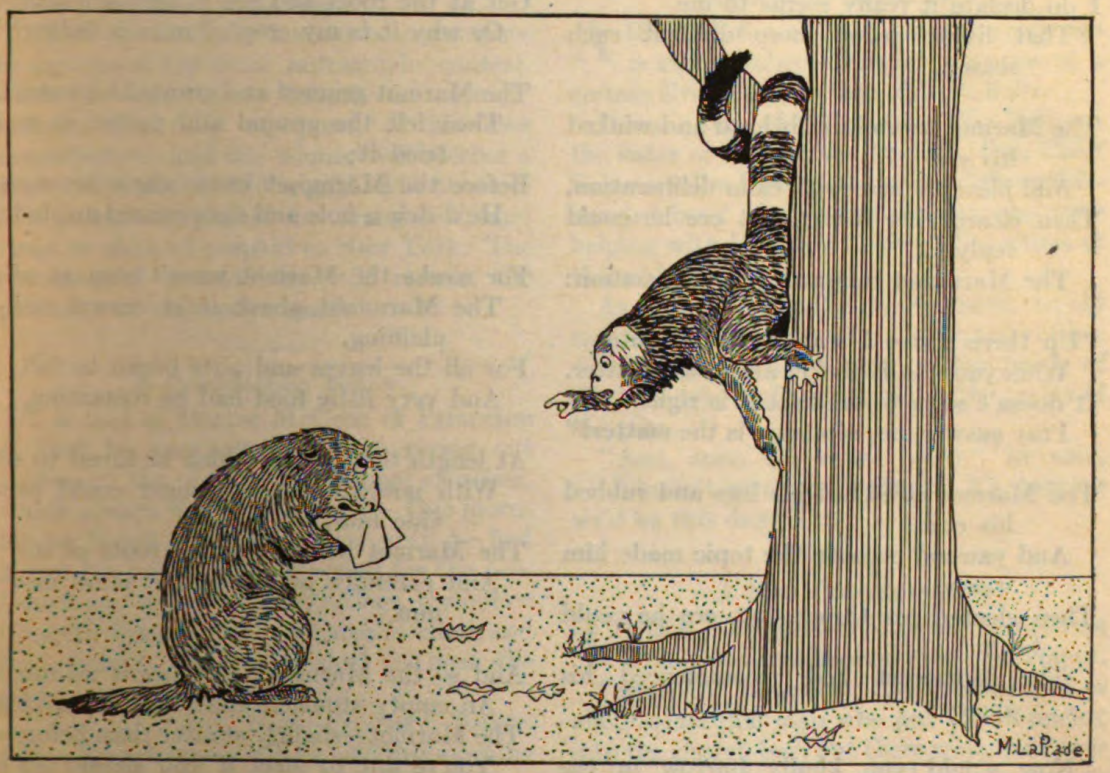
BENEATH a nut-tree dwelt a Marmot gray
Who lived a life of frugal conservation
And spent his time a-digging in the clay
In search of roots and herbs and information.

Among the branches lived a Marmoset
Who made the air uproarious with his clatter,
And no one in the neighborhood could get
A moment's respite from his silly chatter.

The Marmot met the Marmoset one day
When both of them had chanced to go a-walking.
The Marmot hadn't anything to say
Because the Marmoset did all the talking.

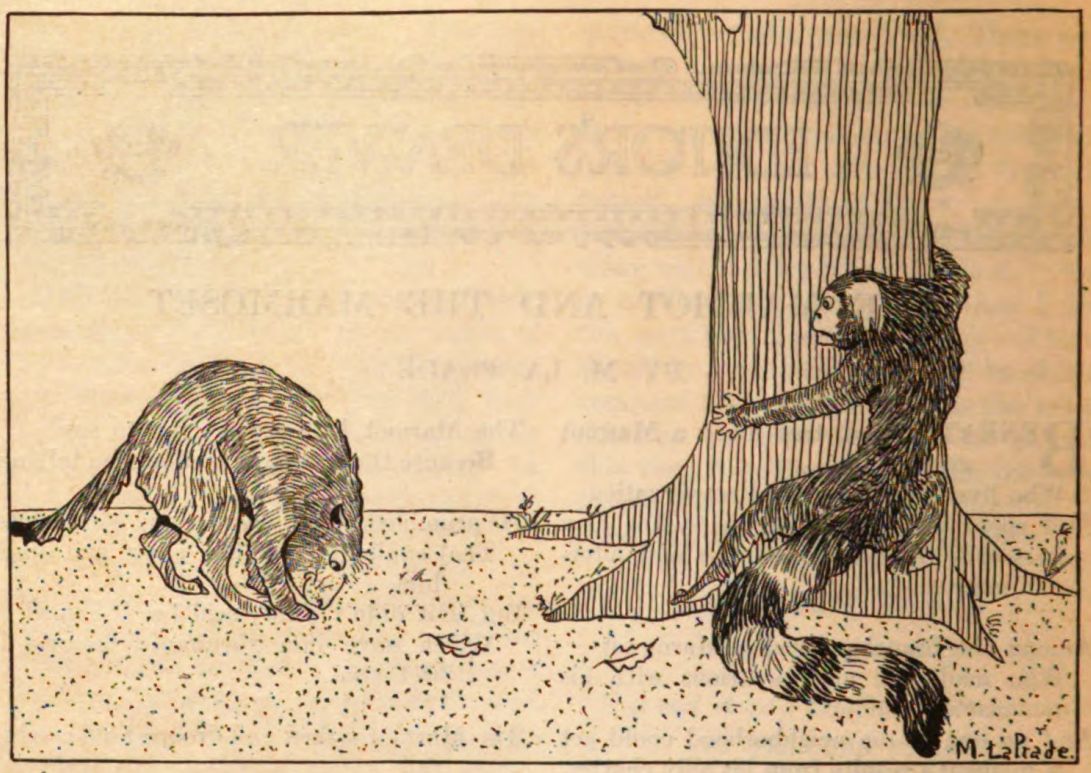
He grumbled at the weather and complained
That sunlight made him giddy and upset him,
But if it didn't shine, said he, it rained,
Which gave him rheumatiz because it wet him.

The Marmot sighed and drooped his waving tail
As if the sad recital did oppress him,
Then cleared his throat, but all to no avail;
The Marmoset continued to address him:



AND BLEW HIS NOSE WITH CALM DELIBERATION

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HE FELT THE GROUND AND PATTED IT AND TRIED IT

"The nuts are growing higher in my tree;
I can't imagine what may be the reason.
I do declare it really seems to me
That living grows more difficult each season."

The Marmot scratched his head and winked his eye
And blew his nose with calm deliberation,
Then cleared his throat, but ere he could reply
The Marmoset resumed the conversation:

"Up there above I scarcely find a bite,
While you who live below are growing fatter.
It doesn't seem to me that it is right.
Pray answer me, whatever is the matter?"

The Marmot stretched his legs and rubbed his chin
And yawned because the topic made him weary,
Then cleared his throat, but ere he could begin
The Marmoset had recommenced his query:

"Now would you kindly burrow in the ground
Beneath my tree and learn if aught is ailing;
Get at the roots and see if they are sound
Or why it is my crop of nuts is failing?"

The Marmot grinned and grunted his assent,
Then felt the ground and patted it and tried it;
Before the Marmoset knew where he went
He'd dug a hole and disappeared inside it.

For weeks the Marmot wasn't seen at all;
The Marmoset above ne'er ceased complaining,
For all the leaves and nuts began to fall
And very little food had he remaining.

At length the tree on which he loved to sit
With nourishment no longer could provide him;
The Marmot had got at the roots of it
And carefully preserved the same inside him.

And so the Marmoset was heard no more,
An empty stomach ended all his talking.
The Marmot—slightly stouter than before—
You're apt to meet if you should go a-walking.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Getting Back at Them

A TALENTED pen-and-ink artist, who has his studio in New York, once received from an automobile firm a printed circular that caused him no little surprise and amusement.

"You are cordially invited," the circular ran, "to participate in our grand $100 prize-drawing contest. Each participant may submit one or more drawings advertising our car, and the winner will receive a grand prize of $100. Drawings must be sent prepaid, and they must be original. All unsuccessful drawings will remain the property of the undersigned."

Now the artist, who can hardly be persuaded to make drawings at $1,000 each, smiled over this circular. Then he took a sheet of paper and addressed the firm as follows:

"You are cordially invited to participate in my grand $10 prize automobile contest. Each participant may submit one or more automobiles, fully equipped, of his own manufacture, and the winner will receive a grand cash prize of $10 in gold. The automobile submitted should be brand-new, and must be shipped prepaid to New York. The unsuccessful automobiles will remain the property of the undersigned."

A Combination Notice

IT is told of Doctor McCosh of Princeton that he was accustomed to giving out notices at the morning devotional exercises, which always closed with prayer. One morning he forgot a certain notice until he had begun his last prayer. Praying for the professors and students of the college, the notice from the French professor came to mind, and the students were astonished to hear the doctor say, in pious petition:

"And, O Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French lesson will be held this morning at nine o'clock instead of at half past ten, as usual."



HEN PECKED: *"That will teach her not to stamp her feet when she is in a temper"*

The Famine Saved Him

A REMARK made a number of years ago is still numbered among the gems of a certain Briton's collection of Irish bulls.

It was a time of famine, and Miss Balfour, the sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, was one of the noble-hearted band of men and women who were helping with food and clothes the victims of those black days.

As she sat in a cabin one morning, an old man called down blessings on the head of her distinguished brother, and on the heads of all those who had ministered to the wants of the poor.

"And, sure, me sweet leddy," he said, "if it hadn't been for the famine, it's starving we'd be this day."

A New Contribution

THREE-YEAR-OLD Louise ran home from Sunday-school in great excitement.

"Mother," she cried, "the teacher told us about some rich man who put lots of money into the church box, but there was a real poor widow who didn't have much money, and so she put in two mice."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"What are yer goin' to do, mister? Brush his teeth?"

Those Two

THOSE two! Why, say, I remember yet
When their two little hearts first learned to flutter.
They were only babies when first they met
And melted together like summer butter.
She but seven and he but nine,
But they fell in love, and none could doubt it,
For there they were (it's a certain sign)
Just hanging around to be teased about it.

Just suited each other! and up they grew
And pretty soon they were over twenty.
Still thick as thieves and the first we knew,
They were engaged—and engaged aplenty!
Say! she was for him and he for her;
Whatever his lips asked, hers would pout it!
And as for minding? Why, there they were
Just hanging around to be teased about it.

Caught them this morning! Both were flushed
And in her eyes was a sort of glory.
His collar was crumpled, her waist was crushed;
I saw at once 'twas the same old story.
Spoons! on their fortieth wedding-day!
But, shh! it isn't my place to shout it.
Look at them now! They're coming this way,
Just hanging around to be teased about it!

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

A Poor Substitute

THE parishioners understood that a certain amount of jealousy existed between the dignified vicar and his energetic young curate in an Essex town, but they never overlooked the fact that the material benefits came from the vicarage.

On one occasion the vicar had just returned from his month's vacation and was making a round of the district. At a cottage door he came across a recent addition to his flock lying contentedly in the arms of its fond mother. After inquiring the baby's name, he said:

"I sincerely hope the little fellow has been baptized."

"Well, sir," said the tactful mother, "I should not like to go so far as to say that—you being away; but your young man came round and did what he could."

A Case for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

A VERY estimable young widow is the mother of a small boy who is exceedingly troublesome.

"I am afraid," a friend remarked, one day, "that you are not firm enough with him."

"On the contrary," the mother replied, "I sometimes fear that I am much too harsh."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, I don't mean to say," the mother hastened to explain, "that I have really punished him; but I have talked to him a great deal."

"And what have you said?"

"Why, I have said, 'Richard! Richard!' and other severe things."

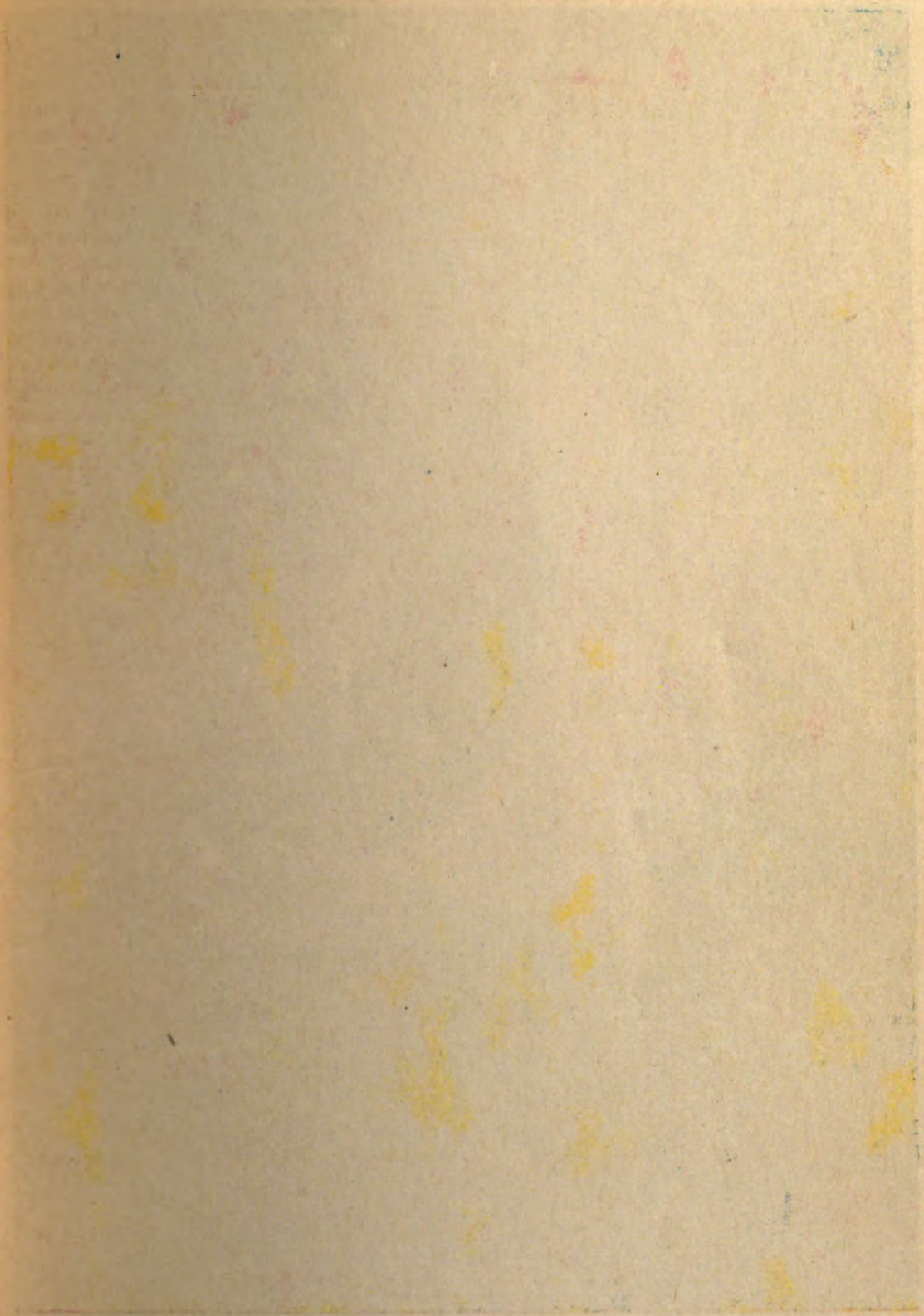
The Thing Needful

"COULDN'T ye give a man a job?" asked Patrick of the barber.

"Well, you might repaint this pole for me," assented the latter.

"An' I'm the man to do it," replied Patrick, delightedly, "if ye'll only tell me where to buy the striped paint."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by C. E. Chambers Illustration for "Christmas Cakes"

SHE PUT ONE FINGER UPON THE COIN

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXL JANUARY, 1920 NO. DCCCXXXVI



The Gods of the Copybook Maxims

By Rudyard Kipling

AS I pass through my incarnations in every age and race,
I make my proper prostrations to the Gods of the Market Place;
Peering through reverent fingers, I watch them flourish and fall,
And the Gods of the Copybook Maxims, I notice, outlast them all.

We were living in trees when they met us. They showed us each in turn
That Water would certainly wet us as Fire would certainly burn:
But we found them lacking in Uplift, Vision, and Breadth of Mind,
So we left them to teach Gorillas while we followed the March of Mankind.

We moved as the Spirit listed. They never altered their pace,
Being neither Cloud nor Wind borne like the Gods of the Market Place,
But they always caught up with our progress, and usually word would come
That a tribe had been wiped off its ice-field or Creation crashed at Rome.

Copyright, 1919, by Rudyard Kipling

Copyright, 1919, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

With the Hopes that our World is built on they were utterly out of touch.
They denied the Moon was Stilton, they denied she was even Dutch.
They denied that Wishes were horses; they denied that a Pig had Wings.
So we worshiped the Gods of the Market Who promised these beautiful things.

When the Cambrian marshes were forming, they promised perpetual peace,
They swore, if we gave them our weapons, that the wars of the tribes would cease.
And when we disarmed they sold us and delivered us bound to our foe
And the Gods of the Copybook Maxims said:—"*Stick to the Devil you know.*"

On the first Feminian Sandstones we were promised the Fuller Life
(Which started by loving our neighbor and ended by loving his wife)
Till our women had no more children and the men lost reason and faith,
And the Gods of the Copybook Maxims said:—"*The Wages of Sin is Death.*"

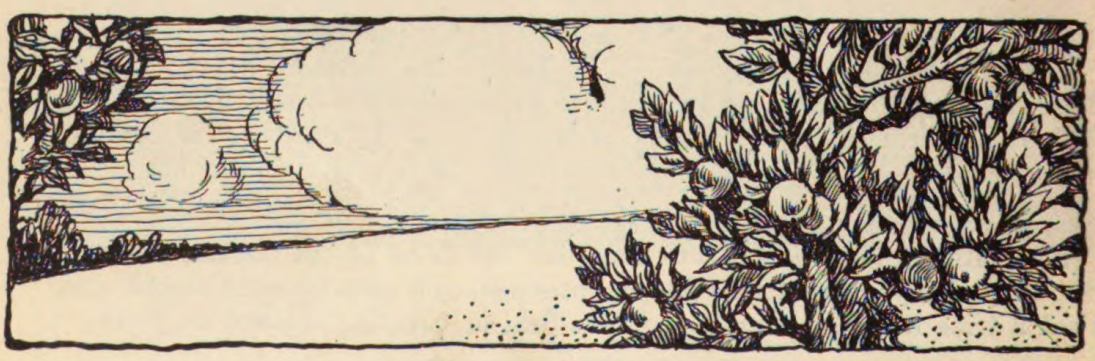
In the Carboniferous Epoch we were promised abundance for all,
By robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul;
And, though we had plenty of money, there was nothing our money would buy.
And the Gods of the Copybook Maxims said:—"*If you don't work you die.*"

Then the Gods of the Market tumbled, and their smooth-tongued Wizards withdrew,
And the hearts of the meanest were humbled and began to believe it was true
That All is not Gold that Glitters, and Two and Two make Four—
And the Gods of the Copybook Maxims limped up to explain it once more!

. . . . . .

As it will be in "The Future," it was at the birth of Man—
There are only four things certain since the Larger Primates began:
That the Dog returns to his Vomit and the Sow returns to her Mire,
And the burnt Fool's bandaged finger goes wabbling back to the fire.

And after this is accomplished, and the brave new world begins
Where all men insist on their merits and no one desists from his sins,
As surely as Water will wet us, as surely as Fire will burn,
The Gods of the Copybook Maxims with terms and slaughters return!



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MOUNT LOLOLOKWI THE UNKNOWN

BY EDMUND HELLER

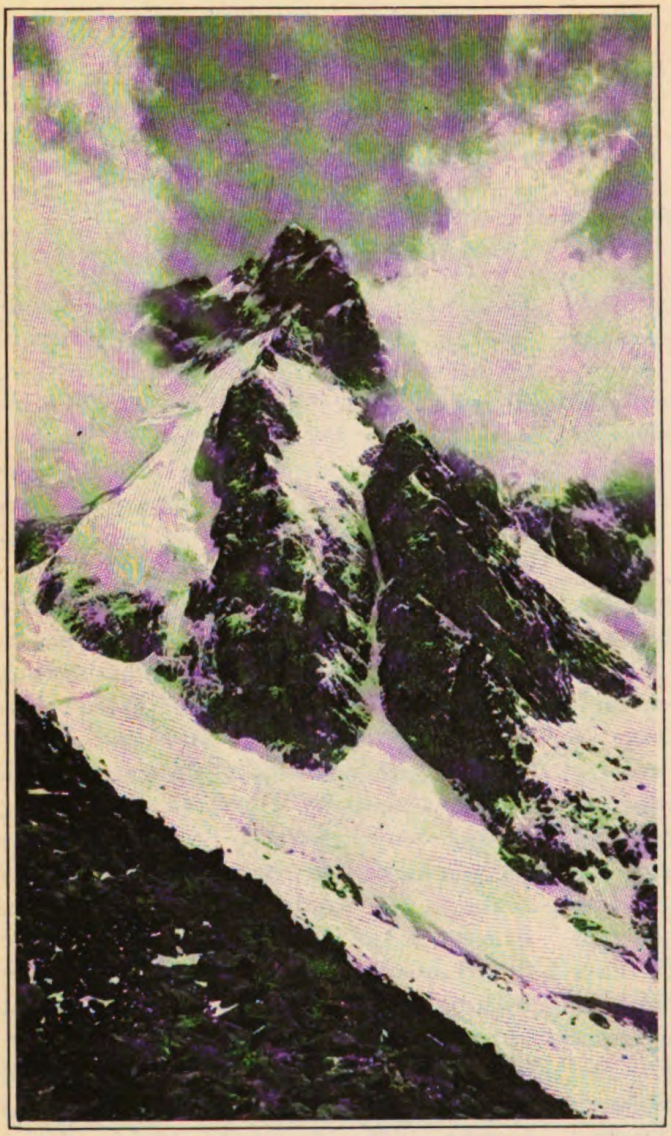
Of the American Museum of Natural History

IF you follow the equator across British East Africa to where it crosses the northern slopes of the great snow mountain of Kenia and strike northward at this point one degree, you will arrive at a gigantic kopje rising sheer on all sides out of a low sand desert; this is Lololokwi, the unknown. There remain today in Africa few spots indeed yet untrodden by that wandering animal, the white man. The elephant-hunter and the sportsman have pried into our very last frontiers in equatorial Africa, and, so far as concerns the mere leaving of pedal impressions, have done a very thorough job. I was fortunate enough a few years ago to discover a wee bit of country which, by its peculiar geographical position and the arid, forbidding nature of the desert surrounding it, had remained aloof from the touch of even a single white man. The few sportsmen who have braved the heat of the desert region lying between the northern Guaso Nyiro River and Mount Marsabit have beheld far to the west of the trail leading to Marsabit a great table mountain rising three thousand feet above the sandy scrub-clad plain. On near view the mountain looms up as a mammoth monolith of granite (gneiss) rock without apparent break on its smooth perpendicular sides. It is a veritable Rock of Gibraltar dominating this equatorial desert. The summit is a broad, perfectly level stretch of forested country lying at an altitude of some six thousand feet, at which height it receives considerably more moisture than the desert plain at its base.

To the Samburu tribe who pasture their flocks at its base at rare intervals after the short rainy season the mountain is known as Lololokwi, "the headland." The level summit, which covers an area of a dozen square miles or so, drops off sheer to the plain on all sides save the northern end, where the precipitous sides are broken by a shallow ravine which bisects the mountain in a transverse direction. The bed of this ravine offers the only available avenue of ascent. I learned from one of my Wakamba gun-bearers that the mountain held no human inhabitants and that there were no natives in the district who were acquainted with routes and waterholes in the surrounding desert. Death in the desert by thirst is no inviting prospect, and it was quite obvious that we could never reach the mountains without the guidance of some person who knew the location and nature of the desert springs. During the days we were within sight of the mountain I cast longing eyes at its forest-crowned summit and speculated upon the number of unknown species of animals it might harbor. The desire to explore Lololokwi obsessed me, and finally, some weeks later, the opportunity of fulfilling my desire presented itself. One day there wandered into my camp, on his return from this very region, an old friend, Percival, whom I had met several years previously in Nairobi. By profession he was a game-ranger, but at heart a naturalist who knew every bird note and bird from Mombasa to Uganda. As a protector of game animals he displayed an interest in the habits and classification of his charges far in excess of the zeal which he exhibited in bringing the crimes of over-zealous sportsmen to the notice of his superiors in office.

Percival had not visited Lololokwi,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE PEAK OF MOUNT KENIA, TAKEN AT AN ALTITUDE OF FOURTEEN THOUSAND FEET

but he had passed by its base and camped for several days on a neighboring mountain, Guargues, which he told me held several springs of good water and could be easily ascended. During dinner we talked over his recent journey through the little-known desert, and I mentioned my ambition to reach Lololokwi. He very generously offered to guide me himself to Guargues and then leave with me his Masai guide, who had taken him safely through the desert. Luck was not only with me; it had taken possession of me!

A day later we were packed up and ready to start across the desert. My outfit consisted of twenty porters of the Meru tribe from the lower slopes of Mount Kenia, who carried food and outfit, five gun-bearers and trappers of the Wakamba tribe who were old friends of mine and as good as gold, and a Swahili tent boy and cook. Percival traveled light, as he was to return in a few days, and his outfit consisted only of three laden porters, one personal boy, and a gun-bearer.

Before us lay a twenty-mile stretch of scrub-covered desert to be crossed before the first water-hole near the base of Mount Guargues could be reached. Night travel across tropical deserts is always preferable, the night being cooler and the danger from sunstroke eliminated; but there was no track for us to follow, so the best we could do was to start in the late afternoon at four o'clock and travel until sunset toward our goal. We made camp the first night on the sandy plain at a spot where darkness overtook us. The water in our canteens, which we had brought from the river, carried us through the first night.

We abandoned the usual precautions taken in Africa and slept in the open with naught but the sky above us, and before turning in set our alarms for a start at break of day. Breaking camp in the dark is not wholly without joy in Africa, for it is then cool and a bracing effect is felt. We took our breakfast by the light of a lantern and finished just as the dawn was "coming up like thunder." In the distance the grunting of a lion could be heard, a low, complaining sound

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

very different from his earth-shaking roar. To the hardened African traveler, however, such sounds are not worthy of comment, no more so than the caroling of birds at home. As soon as it was light enough we got under way and headed straight for the peak of Guargues. It was delightfully cool in the beginning, but within an hour and a half the sun and heat were pouring down on us; still we plodded onward until 9.30 and then took a short rest on the open plains, as no shade trees grew here.

Leading the way for us across the desert strode Kinani, at the head of our small column, as dignified a savage as ever graced Africa. Kinani was a member of the aristocratic Masai race who, until the advent of the British, were the lords of equatorial Africa. He held himself aloof from our Meru porters, and the Wakamba gun-bearers as well, but in bearing was courteous and very solicitous of the personal comfort of the white men, to whom he always accorded first place. He was as thoughtful of our comfort as a good host, and at each halting-place picked out for us the most desirable seats in the shadiest places and called up the canteen-bearers so that we could quench our thirst. The Wakambas, who were old friends of mine, resented his being so officious, and baited him in various ways. He amused them immensely by his peculiarly droll intonation of the name Lo-lo-lo-kwi, which he always pronounced very broad and with great gravity. By the simple trick of mispronouncing the name, the Wakambas never failed to induce the old man to repeat the word with even greater care, which set them in roars of laughter, but his dignity remained unshaken.

The local government, just to keep up its dignity of office, collects annually a hut tax of a few rupees for each native hut within its administered territory. This year Kinani, who had settled among the Meru dwelling on the northeast slopes of Kenia, had found himself shy the necessary rupees, so he had come on a snuff-selling expedition with us among the Samburu tribe living in the deserts through which we were then traveling. The Samburu are really a part of the great Masai tribe, with whom they agree in language, physical appear-



OUR PORTERS FORDING THE GUASO NYIRO WITH THEIR LOADS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ance, and pastoral occupation, and Kinani was accepted as one of them and was allowed to pass freely through their country. If you have ever met a perfect gentleman of the wilderness you will know what a delightful old chap Kinani was. Later, when we became better acquainted, he recounted to me his past, which had been quite stormy. It seems that his original home had been with his tribe near Nairobi, now the flourishing little capital of British East Africa. By some misfortune he had been implicated, with several of his tribesmen, in the murder of a white man and had to flee the country to avoid arrest. Meru at that time was little known to the administration, and in this remote district he had settled among an agricultural people and married a Meru wife. He had assumed the name Kinani, which is of Kikuyu origin, to disguise himself further. No word had reached him from his brother or family for many years, and he requested me to seek them out on my return to Nairobi and inform them of his present home.



THE WIFE OF A WAKAMBA CHIEF

Late in the afternoon we reached the southern slopes of Mount Guargues and made camp in a ravine where water was found in a series of pools in the rocky bed. We were tired out and it was almost dark, so we did not pitch our tents, but set up our beds beneath the shade of some large fig-trees growing by the side of the water. About midnight our slumbers were broken by a hundred stings and both Percival and I found ourselves in the possession of an army of driver ants. These murderous little fiends are carnivorous and attack any animal they find in their path. Being no respecters of persons, they had fastened their great jaws into our white skins and were industriously tugging away, tearing out tiny pieces for their own consumption. The rapidity of our movements in ridding ourselves of these fiery little devils is beyond description. The driver, or army, ants travel in great armies leading a nomadic, restless life, and quite lack any sentiment regarding a home or nest. Any living creature which cannot escape them is devoured, and I have often found in my traps nothing but the skeletons of the rodents they had contained, left clean and white by these voracious insects, which had departed after devouring every particle of flesh.

We had no sooner fallen to sleep again, after building a barricade of wood ashes around our beds, which effectually keeps the ants out, than a new source of trouble befell us.

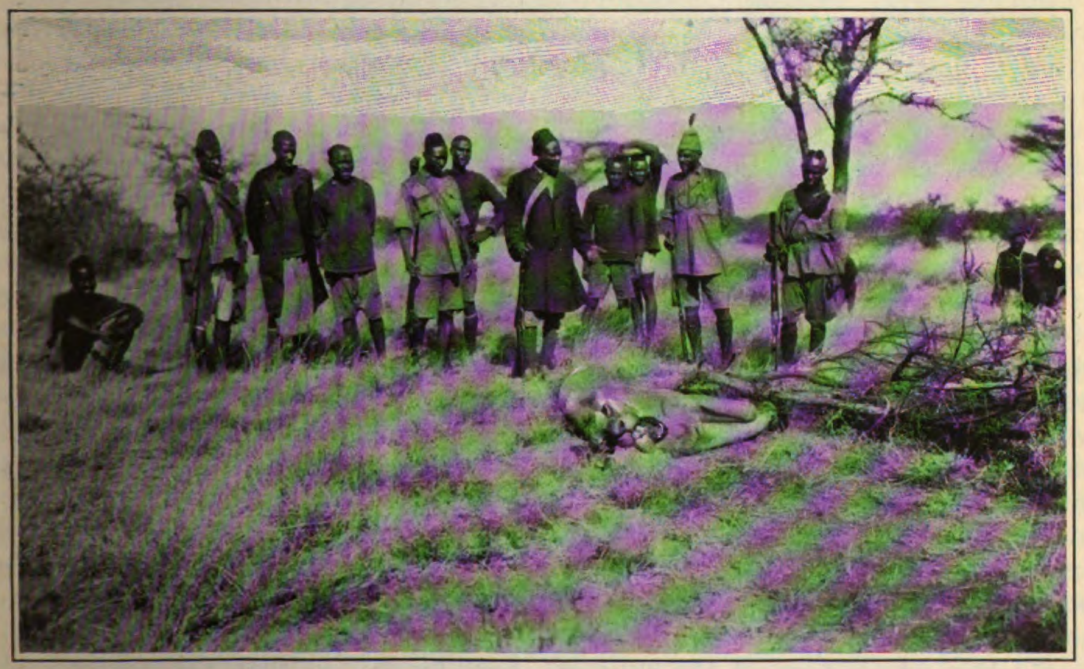
The fig-trees beneath which we rested bore ripe figs the size and shape of the domestic sort so dear to us in our childhood, and equally dear to a species of fruit-bat which came nightly to feed on them. The bats fluttering overhead were busily engaged in tearing open the fruit and feeding on the luscious pulp, but in carrying on their operations they continually showered down on us parts of the fruit which were inedible, and occasionally whole figs as well. Although our

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

slumbers were broken again, the presence of fruit-bats was not wholly displeasing to us and we were soon in action with our shot-guns, collecting specimens for the mammal collection we were gathering for the Smithsonian Institution. After a few of the bats had fallen victims to our shots in the dark, the others departed and we spent the rest of the night in blissful oblivion.

The next day we ascended the rugged sides of Mount Guargues, making our way up the dry bed of a narrow rocky ravine. By nightfall we were well into the luxuriant forest which clothes its summit and we pitched camp at seven thousand feet altitude, under some fine large yew-trees near a small stream of running water. The only large game animals in the forest were the Cape buffaloes—huge black beasts possessing great strength and courage. When angered, they are quite as dangerous as lions. We did not molest them, however, as our quest was for unknown species inhabiting the forest. The desert elephants, for some unknown reason, do not haunt the forest, but prefer to dwell in the torrid heat of the bush-covered region of the foot-hills. Owing to his duties as game-ranger, Percival could remain only two days with me, and then he departed for the Guaso Nyiro and Nairobi, leaving me on the cool summit of Guargues amid the burning desert. Herds of the great olive-gray baboons came daily to some rocky ledges near by and barked at our camp or amused us by the hour with their droll domestic scenes and their wonderful organization. Each baboon knew his place in the troop, knew what liberties he dare take with any other member, so that everything in baboondom seemed to us well-regulated and harmonious. At times the black-and-white forest apes, or colobus, were seen swinging through the tree-tops, but they were shy and showed no such intelligent curiosity in us as the baboons displayed. The colobus are at all times a stupid forest folk, and in captivity are invariably morose and unfriendly.

During my fortnight's stay on Guargues I sent Kinani across the desert to Lolokwi, where he was to spy out a means of ascent and the location of water-holes on the summit at which we could camp. He preferred to go alone, as



OUR GUN-BEARERS AND TRAPPERS AFTER A SUCCESSFUL LION HUNT

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

he knew the Samburu tongue and could make his peace with any of these tribesmen. For protection against predatory animals he went armed with the long, thin-bladed Masai spear, a most formidable weapon which could be thrust clear through any large carnivorous animal with facility. True to his word, Kinani returned to my camp and reported finding two water-holes on the summit, situated in the forested country, and, best of all, a possible route up the mountain for our safari. I was in great luck again and could now explore this unknown territory.

Two days after Kinani's return we moved our camp down the mountainside and retraced our steps to the waterhole, which reminded us painfully of our recent battles with the ants and the bats. There were further exploits at this very spot in store for us. During our first night in camp we were serenaded by one of the most vociferous leopards which has ever entertained the lonely traveler in Africa! This brute prowled about in the blackness of the night not more than a few hundred yards away and gave tongue to a most amazing series of blood-curdling howls in every known key. What the row was all about we never learned, but the beast seemed to have a most extraordinary tale to tell. At length we were so annoyed by the noise that I went out armed with a rifle and a lantern to shine the brute and bag it if possible; but *Felis pardus* was quite skilful at playing the game of hide-and-seek and I never quite caught sight of him. The next morning a small party of Wandorobos came to our camp, bearing a pot of honey as a present. They were well acquainted with the leopard which had annoyed us during the night, and said he occasionally came to their kraal and killed a goat, but that he was so crafty they could never catch him. Learning that he was fond of goats, I bought a small kid from the Wandorobos and used it as a live bait for my large steel traps, which I set in the hope of catching the leopard. He came promptly that night after the traps were baited and took away the kid without springing the traps, although I had cunningly buried them on either side of the pen in which the kid was kept. The kid, however, although lost to us, had a good effect on the leopard and appeased both his appetite and his vocal ambitions. We slept peacefully that night.

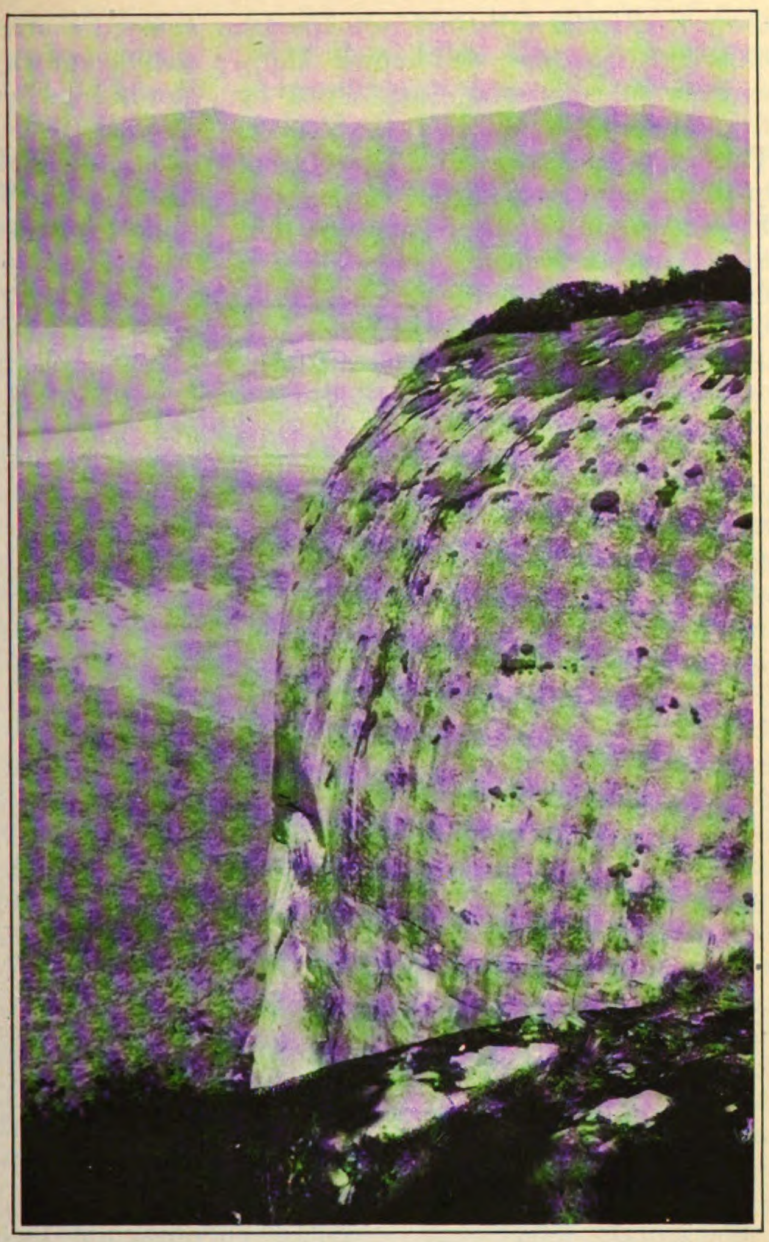
A stretch of some fifteen miles of low, sandy desert lay between the base of Mount Guargues and Lololokwi, which during daylight was an inferno of heat very distressing to our weak Meru porters. We accordingly set out at midnight to cross the desert. The way led down the dry rocky bed of a mountain stream lined by bushes and small trees, and then out onto the sandy desert. Kinani led the way and I followed him, accompanied by the Wakamba gun-bearers; then came the Meru porters with the loads of camp equipment and food, and bringing up the rear was Zingi, carrying one of my rifles and performing the important duty of preventing any straggling of the column. To prevent this taking place in the dark we had to keep in close touch with one another.

The desert harbors a few hardy rhinos, but we were fortunate enough not to encounter any of these animated battering-rams which have the speed of a horse and the temper of a wasp. At three in the morning we had crossed the desert and reached the base of Lololokwi, where we rested.

When daylight broke we found ourselves at the mouth of a brush-choked ravine which reached precipitously upward to the saddle at the north end of Lololokwi. Our only route through the dense bush led along the paths made by rhinos which ascended the mountain at this point to quench their thirst at the springs on the plateau. Where the bush was tall the rhinos had made tunnels through it, and at such places the overhanging branches had to be cut away by the gun-bearers with their swordlike bush-knives, so that the porters, who invariably carry their loads balanced on

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

their heads, could pass. Our Meru porters here proved their mettle and were an agreeable surprise to us. On the desert march they had lagged shamefully behind the few Swahili porters in the safari, but in the steep climb up the mountain-side they showed themselves much stronger than their rivals and easily outpaced them in our scramble to the plateau. This superiority in climbing was doubtless due to the hilly nature of their home district lying on the northeast slopes of Mount Kenia. On the plateau we rested and reveled in the grand view of the desert spread out below us.



THE MOUNTAIN LOOMS UP AS A MAMMOTH MONOLITH OF GRANITE ROCK

The day after we established camp some of our Wandorobo friends called on us with a further offering of honey. They had followed us over from Guargues and taken advantage of our presence to secure protection from possible encounters with the Samburu, who many years before had driven them from Lololokwi, in the forests of which they had once dwelt. At present the forest trees held great stores of honey which had accumulated during the years of their exile, and now they had returned with us to gather the crop. As Lololokwi is flat-topped without secure hiding-places and with but two or three springs, the Samburu had little difficulty in banishing the Wandorobos, who were a constant menace to their flocks. The honey which the Wandorobos presented to me was a blackish mixture of fluid, comb, bees, and bee bread, and quite waxy or polleny in taste, so I passed the gourds of honey on to the Wakamba gun-bearers, who were delighted with the mixture.

After a search of a few days for game, I discovered that there were only two species of antelope inhabiting the mountain-top, one the dik-dik and the other the rock-loving klippspringer. The lat-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ter proved to be a distinct, new species, differing from the well-known klipp-springer of equatorial East Africa by the absence of horns in the female. The klippspringers are bush-feeding or browsing animals, and on this account I examined the stomachs of those shot to discover their food habits. I was surprised to find that the leaves and twigs of a bush of the genus *Strychnos* were their commonest plant food. From plants of the genus *Strychnos* the deadly drug strychnine is obtained, but whatever poison the species which grew on Lololokwi contained, the klippspringers had acquired immunity, perhaps through long use. The dik-dik is a diminutive antelope and specialized to a life in the desert, where it lives independent of water. Some few other antelope which live in the African deserts have acquired a similar immunity from thirst, but most of the game animals in the desert require some water and are in the habit of visiting water-holes or streams daily to drink.



A YOUTH OF THE WANDOROBO TRIBE

A few days after my arrival on Lololokwi, Kinani guided me over to another spring which he had discovered a fortnight previously on his first visit. This water-hole was situated in a bushy, grass-clad ravine and we approached it through such cover, Kinani leading the way, carrying his spear, and I, armed with a shot-gun, following closely on his heels, and behind me a gun-bearer with my rifle. Suddenly, when within thirty yards of the water, we were saluted by a series of sharp grunting barks and we stopped short, expecting to see a rhino coming our way. Finally Kinani and the gun-bearers grew much excited and shouted to me, "*Simba tatu!*" ("Three lions!"), and almost at the same instant I saw a lion down one of the narrow rhino trails, peering at me, some thirty yards away. I reached for my rifle, but the gun-bearer had been overcome by his excitement and bolted with the gun in an endeavor to get a shot at one of the beasts. Old Kinani shared in the excitement, and I saw him dashing to the summit of a pile of large boulders, from the summit of which he bravely waved his spear.

The lions, however, kept their temper, and finally all three of them moved off down the ravine without my being able to get in a single shot with the rifle. In the thick cover surrounding the spring we had almost stepped on the lions, which were peacefully slumbering after quenching their thirst at the spring, to which they resorted daily for water. On the plains three thousand feet below they hunted zebra and the larger antelope nightly for food. After the excitement had subsided I gained possession of my rifle and we followed down the ravine, hoping to see the lions, but we failed to raise them again. That night I set a large steel trap near the spring, and in the morning, when we approached the place, the deep growls of a lion told us that one of the kings was very much attached to the spot. I approached cautiously, for a lion attached to a six-pound trap and very much annoyed by

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the incumbrance is a very dangerous foe. Furthermore, I knew he might be caught by only a toe or two, as a lion's paw is actually larger than the wolf-trap which held him. I had caught several lions previously in traps of the same small size, in each case by their toes only. I finally obtained a clear view of the lion down one of the avenues through the bush as he was standing with one fore paw in the trap. A shot through his shoulders from my .405 rifle killed him almost instantly. He was a full-grown lion, but without a mane, and his two companions were apparently his own age, perhaps brothers, for lions often associate in family parties. The trap had taken firm hold of a single toe just posterior to the great ball near the tip, but one supreme effort on his part would have freed him. He was, however, too cautious to go through with the operation of losing even a single toe for freedom. That night the remaining two lions came to the spring at camp and drank under our very noses, owing to the mishap of their companion at the other spring. They never again returned to either spring, but abandoned Lololokwi that night. The lion is a beast possessing real intelligence, and this one instance of capture at the spring was sufficient to give them a wholesome dread of the locality.

I had determined to explore the whole tableland of Lololokwi, so the day after the lion adventure I set out with Kinani and two gun-bearers for the northwestern edge of the plateau. The route lay through a meadow covered at this season by a luxuriant growth of dry grass. No grass-feeding antelope or native cattle had grazed here for many years, for there were no signs of human habitation or of wild game of large size, except rhinos. At the northwest edge the plateau breaks off abruptly in a wall of great cliffs. The country here is bush-covered and parklike, being interspersed by open glades, in one of which we spied a herd of fifteen bush-pigs. Bush-pigs are seldom bagged by the sportsman in Africa, and our desire to add some of the members of this herd to our collection raised our excitement to the heart-breaking pitch. Bush-pigs are cautious, alert



A SAND RIVER OF THE MARSABIT DESERT LINED BY PALMS

Running water occurs in these rivers only at rare intervals of several years following cloud bursts in the mountains at their source

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

brutes, and have a disappointing habit of dashing for cover at the least alarm. They are really a nocturnal and forest-hunting species as well, so it is only on rare occasions that they are seen in the open during daylight. I dared not expose myself, for fear of being detected, but I could see that the herd was composed of pigs of various ages, ranging from the bright sorrel red of the young, which resemble in color their relative, the Red River hog of the Congo Basin, to the black coloration of the adults. I picked out a large one and fired at his shoulder, and he bolted away, hard hit. The whole herd was stampeded by this shot, and charged about aimlessly, trying to locate the danger-point. Some of them bolted for the near-by bush, but before they all disappeared I had time to get in a few running shots, but with no evident success. An examination of the ground after they had all cleared showed a blood spoor leading down into a bushy ravine. We followed the spoor into a dense patch of the wicked sansevieria, amid the dagger-like spikes of which we had to walk very gingerly to avoid being wounded. The sansevieria is allied to the aloes and century plants, and each plant consists of a rosette of stout spikes radiating from a center, giving them a perfect defense on all sides. Like the century-plant, the sansevieria is a valuable fiber plant, the fibers being contained in the spiked leaves, which are from one to two feet in length. We found the pig I had first fired at dead amid this treacherous growth, and the gun-bearers bore his body out to an open space where we could examine our prize in comfort. He was a fine adult specimen, bearing a thin coat of long, stiff black hair, with some whitish markings on the throat and rings about the eyes and tassels at the tips of long, slender, falcate ears. As a pig he was rather ornate and physically he was built for speed, like our razor-backs of the sunny South.

The Wakambas, in prowling about, searching for new trapping-grounds, had discovered an unknown spring south of camp some two miles, and to this spot we moved our camp. The way led through the forest and gradually upward, so that at the spring we had increased our altitude some seven hundred feet. Our spring was a muddy pool of water lying in a rocky ledge cut out by a stream, and rhino paths were the only definite roads leading to it. Near by grew several fine clove-trees bearing great crowns of dark-green foliage, and beneath their shade we pitched our tents.

Upon some of the open downs of Lololokwi I met occasionally colonies of social mongooses traveling about in herds of ten to twenty individuals. When pursued they betook themselves, after a short run, to any convenient burrows for refuge, and on two occasions I saw snakes of moderate size come to the surface and hurry away, apparently escaping from their unwelcome presence.

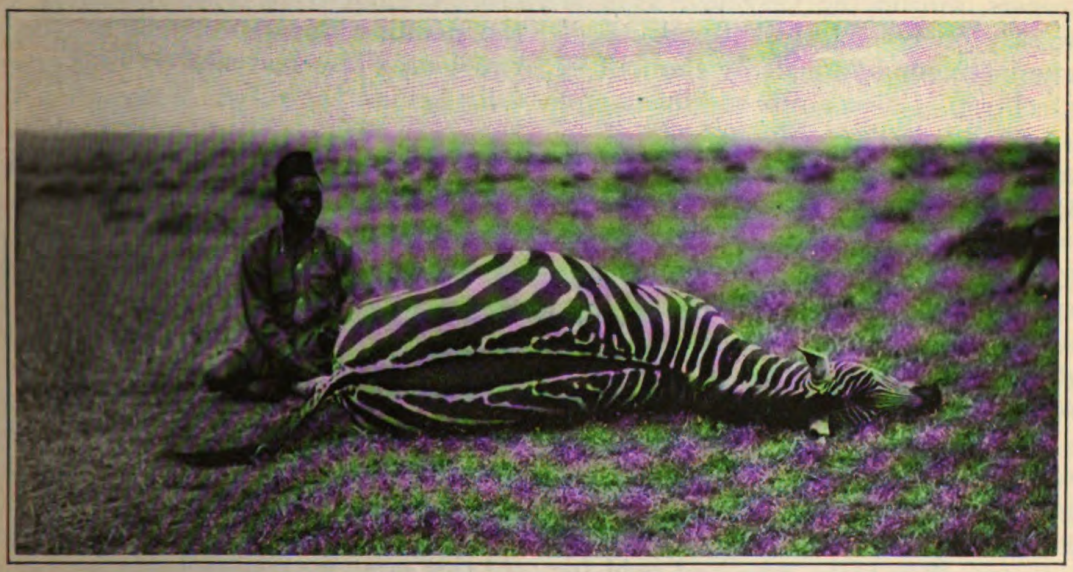
We had only half explored the plateau during our ten days' stay, but the porters and gun-bearers were down to their last posho, or ration of food (rice). I therefore determined to send at once half the porters for food to the nearest villages, some three days' trek south toward Mount Kenia. There was with me a Wakamba, Methu by name, who had both ability and truculence, and to him I intrusted the task of bringing food at the earliest possible moment to his own tribesmen, the gun-bearers, and the remaining Merus. He was pleased with his mission, for his overbearing nature could now indulge itself in a petty way on the meek Merus. Armed with the necessary rupees and a note from me stating his mission to any British officer he might meet, he set off with his burdenless and foodless caravan. I had employed Methu for two years and found him faithful to me, but constantly in rows with his own tribesmen, and at times I had even to shield him from the wrath of white men. He had talents beyond the average native and as a guide he was a shining light, not only among such stupid woodcraft folk as the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Swahilis, but even among his own tribesmen. Hard as nails and stubborn as a Chinaman, I knew he could be successful if he wished, and return to us without losing the way.

During the five days in which the men waited for this rascal's return they consumed the last of their rice and were down to a diet of honey, which they gathered in the forest. There were no game animals of any size to be obtained on the plateau except possibly rhinos, but I hesitated hunting this beast because we were really in a reserved area. My own food consisted of tinned goods from Europe and America, and, although sufficient for a fortnight for me, would not have lasted the men more than a day. It seemed fairer and wiser to send them all back to Kenia for food while I waited on the mountain alone for their return. The Wakamba gun-bearers, however, would not hear of abandoning me, but generously offered to remain while one of their number, Zingi, and all the remaining Meru porters returned. I was so anxious to remain ten days longer and finish my work that I decided to take what little risk there might be in living alone on Lololokwi rather than return now. It was a matter of great satisfaction to me to have my old friends, the Wakambas, stick to the last. I had felt confident that they would follow me anywhere in Africa, into any danger, but to receive real proof of it cemented our friendship.

In the short space of three days Zingi returned, much to our surprise, with all the Meru porters, bringing food (beans) which he had received from Methu at the Guaso Nyiro River, to which point that truculent tribesman had trekked on his return journey to us. He had fallen sick with fever at this point and could go no farther, so Zingi made all speed with the posho back to our hungry men on Lololokwi. The Wakambas, who had remained with me and had existed for six days on a diet of honey solely, fell upon the beans with the speed of hungry wolves. These were hustled into their cooking-pots, which were soon boiling merrily over the camp-fires, while their owners sat about in a group, munching some pieces of dried mutton which Zingi had thoughtfully acquired from some Samburu herdsmen at the river. The long watch which the cooking of beans required was at last ended, and the men gathered in groups about the steaming bean-pots, some dishing their portions out into small bowls first; but most of them were innocent of even such a simple



A BURCHELL ZEBRA SHOT NEAR THE CAMP

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

dining implement, and used their hands to convey the food to their mouths. The African can live in perfectly good health and do hard manual labor daily on a single sort of vegetable food. A straight diet of either rice, beans, maize, bananas, cassava, or millet will cause him to thrive and live contentedly as long as you supply him with so simple a mess. Such an achievement of simplicity in diet would be as far beyond the average white man's ability to survive as though he attempted to nourish himself on water only. The whole fault apparently lies with our rearing. Had we never in our youth been indulged in the pleasures of a mixed diet, our digestive systems would never have been corrupted into demanding a variety of food; but, once the habit of a mixed diet is established, there can be no complete reversion to the simple diet.

Is there any land so woefully neutral as to lack a defensive perfume—that is, if we regard perfume as being a mere matter of scent? In Africa one of the standard-bearers of intensified perfume is the zorilla, a small carnivorous animal. His appearance is alarmingly black and white, and any one who is familiar with our own cherished fur-bearer, the skunk, would put the zorilla under suspicion at a glance. Dolo, one of my Wakamba trappers, during the very last days of our stay on Lololokwi captured one of these interesting animals by the foot in a steel trap. It was a rare specimen, and he proudly and bravely brought it to camp and laid it at my feet. Fortunately the little beast had expended its defensive perfume on Dolo, so we were spared any further decorations. The scent is very skunklike, but the animal is thoroughly honest and is very skunklike in coloration, being striped black on a broad white ground, and, furthermore, it has the short legs and robust aldermanic physique and slow, deliberate movements of that animal. This specimen proved to be a new species, so I named it after Dolo, who had paid for the honor with his social position. He was banished from camp for a day, during which period he burned his simple garments and returned to a state of nature. When he came back to us he was less zorilla and less of a butt to his fellows, which restored his peace of mind.

At last the day for leaving our newly discovered bit of wilderness arrived and we packed our camp equipment, traps, and specimens. I was pleased with our natural-history results, which had been directed largely to the collecting of mammals. There were some forty-five different species of this class in our collection from Guargues and Lololokwi, fifteen of which were new to science. Besides the new species of klippspringer and zorilla which have been mentioned, I had secured as new a genet cat, several shrews, a weird-looking crested rodent, *Lophiomys*, and several smaller rodents and bats. Birds of many species were seen in the forest and collected. One of the familiar ones was a slate-colored robin in size like our own, which came daily to the springs at our camp to drink. A small purple weaver-bird, known as the animated plum, was another one of our visitors. Sun-birds, displaying the dazzling, iridescent colors of our humming-birds of the New World, were seen daily feeding on the nectar and minute insects contained in the cups of flowers. The avian prize, however, was the paradise flycatcher, which sported two long white feathers trailing gracefully behind the rufous body when the bird is in flight. There were bush cuckoos, woodpeckers, bulbuls, and weird black-and-white hornbills. The game birds were represented by two species of partridges, or francolins, and several doves resembling our turtle. The hooting of owls at night gave further evidence of bird life, but we did not meet such nocturnal species in the day. The first stage of the return journey was an easy one, only some five miles in length, the camp being pitched at the summit of the saddle through which we had ascended. At this camp we made a hasty search for further new species of animals.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

At daylight we were again on our way, descending the steep trail to the desert plain below. A half-mile off the line of our march in open country an old cow rhino was hove to in the spotted shade of an acacia-tree, and with her was a half-grown calf. We could have passed her easily without being noticed, but the porters, with the noisy conversation which they always maintain, would certainly disturb her Majesty and she might charge the lot of them, and my loads would be cast to the ground by the fleeing porters. It would be easy to prevent such trouble by shooing her away before they arrived opposite, so I sent Kinani over to do the shooing. He went over readily enough, fearing nothing, and when he arrived within seventy-five yards he shouted and clapped his hands to frighten the monster. She awoke from her slumber with a start and erected her ears to catch Kinani's message. As soon as she located him, instead of making off in the opposite direction, as good rhinos do, she charged straight at the old Masai with great speed. Kinani took to his heels and the race was on. By this time the whole caravan had arrived on the scene and were enjoying Kinani's record-breaking dash over the hot sands to the full of their childish natures. I had not the heart to spoil the fun by firing on the rhino until absolutely necessary. After a quarter-of-a-mile sprint the rhino's front horn was only a few yards behind Kinani's fleeing figure, so I opened fire and planted two shots in the fleshy part of the rhino's quarters, which made her change her mind. She swerved about to discover what new enemy had attacked her in the rear, and Kinani made good his escape. He returned to the safari covered with perspiration, but not with glory, and received the jeers and applause of his light-hearted countrymen. Mrs. Rhino rejoined her offspring, and they trotted off briskly together and soon disappeared into the shimmering heat waves of the desert.



A MASAI MAIDEN IN FULL DRESS

Soon after this episode we stopped for our noonday halt in the shade of a clump of thorn-bushes. The porters stacked their loads in a neat pile, and then stretched themselves out to rest in any available shade. While I was munching a few biscuits which I had brought for my tiffin, I noticed one of the desert mole-rats busily engaged excavating a burrow in the sandy soil, although it was high noon. My attention was first called to his work by seeing little puffs of sand projected into the air at a certain spot. The action reminded me of a miniature volcano, and the regularity of the puffs of a working locomotive. I approached the sand volcano cautiously and looked down the foot-wide crater. At the apex of the funnel I could see the rodent at intervals push the sand out with its head and fore claws, and then turn about dexterously and kick the sand out of the crater with its hind limbs. It was this action of throwing the sand out which had first attracted me. I borrowed a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pointed pole from one of the porters and drove it down through the soil into the burrow behind the mole rat, thus blocking his retreat, and then I hastily scooped him out onto the level ground, where he sprawled and defied us by gnashing his four great projecting incisor teeth. He was as naked as a new-born babe (much more naked than new-born mammals, generally) — in fact, absolutely hairless and of a pinkish-cream color, being without pigment in his skin as well. This little rodent had found the desert so hot that he decided to get along without his hair, and here he lives, the only one of his tribe which has availed himself of such a luxury or perhaps economy.

The long, hot march was tiring our porters, but we finally reached the Guaso Nyiro before dark and made camp beneath the fringe of doum-palms on its banks. Next morning I went out with the gun-bearers to collect zebras, which were needed to complete our collection. The meat fell to the Wakambas, who had been meatless the past three weeks, as well as without their posho for a considerably less time. The Guaso Nyiro River marks the southern limit of the Grévy zebra, and in a rough way that of the common, or Burchell, zebra as well. On the banks of this stream both species meet, and I found on my hunt that morning the two species living in the same herd. Although they associate together, they do not hybridize, for the hybridization of distinct species is very rare in nature, contrary to the usual opinion held by sportsmen. Annually in this region a great many of both species of zebras are shot by sportsmen for trophies, and not a single hybrid has been discovered yet. So-called new species are really well-established old species newly discovered. Natural-history science often lags far behind actual discovery. The history of the Grévy zebra is a good instance of such an oversight. The Grévy, or Abyssinian, zebra was the first known to civilization and history, but the last to be described by science! The kings of Abyssinia have a time-honored custom of sending as gifts to various neighboring sovereigns of Asia Minor and Europe living examples of this zebra. The Romans exhibited this species of zebra in their amphitheater and named it hippotigris, the striped horse. At last the species was recognized by a naturalist and described in 1882 from a living specimen sent by King Menelik of Abyssinia to President Grévy of France, after whom the species was named.

Not far from camp I encountered a herd of fourteen zebras, four of them Burchell and ten Grévy. This association in one herd of the two species is not usual, but it is by no means rare. I stalked this herd and shot specimens of both species. The two species, though alike in being striped black and white, are very different in the arrangement of the stripes, as well as in physical proportions and voice.

My Wakamba gun-bearers carried back to camp great loads of zebra meat, of which they are inordinately fond. That night they sat about their campfire, toasting strips of zebra meat before the blaze, and feasted. Their animated conversation and their laughter were the most reassuring evidence of the value of a meat diet. At break of day we broke camp and made a long trek along the banks of the Guaso Nyiro to the old *boma* once the home of Nyama Yangu, the elephant-hunter and lord of the whole region we had traversed. A few of the grass-thatched huts in which he held court were still standing in a grove of fine flat-topped acacia-trees.

That night we camped under the acacias and were serenaded by a party of three lions. Nyama Yangu had gone, but the lions were still in possession. The white man is but a mere memory in the tropical wastes, a bit of transplanted energy soon snuffed out. His name remains only where there are commerce and the machinery of government to take up the white man's burden.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"I'VE WANTED TO MAKE A DATE WITH YOU FOR JUST ABOUT THREE YEARS"

THE HARRYING FIEND

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

IT wouldn't have been Murtagh if he hadn't stumbled upon some unconventional way out, even though the general situation was almost as conventional as office-hours. At least it may be taken for granted that it is conventional for a man to fall in love with his stenographer, especially if he is susceptible and she is attractive. Such romances are made in heaven—or in the due course of propinquitous affinity, if you prefer—however large a majority of them never develop beyond repressed emotions.

Murtagh, unmarried, is nevertheless wedded to a masterwork, projected to fill five volumes, on "French and American Democracy." So exacting are the demands of this work, and such is his devotion to it, that it is referred to by the office wit as his "wife"; and it is no doubt true that a conventional wife would expose him to a good many of the troubles of a bigamist. As for purely practical considerations, the pay he receives for his daily editorial work on *The National Review* is so inconsiderable that, with even an inexpensive wife to support, he could hardly look forward to the yearly trips to France which will be necessary if his large, dry masterpiece

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

is to be completed, as planned, by 1925. Even if it never were completed, the world at large might not lose much, for it is a desiccated kind of book, juiceless and generalized as an X-ray photograph —or as Murtagh himself. The love of a girl like Mary Harrington might have done wonders for that man.

On the day when Miss Harrington's nine memorable words were submitted to him, "*Don't you want to make a date with me?*"there was some chance for a large event in Murtagh's soul. She chirped them across some six cooling feet of office space, with an air that carried only the faintest, frankest trace of coquetry, but he was prepared to make the most of them. He got up, after a moment of hectic deliberation, and strolled over to where Miss Harrington sat, sedate as Eve with the aboriginal apple behind her back, at the little typewriter desk which defined her status in the office, if not in society at large.

"Yes, I do—want to make a date with you," he announced. "I've wanted to make a date with you for just about three years, to tell the truth."

He smiled down at her with a fairish imitation of nonchalance; for all the dozen other occupants of the *Review's* one big editorial-room might have guessed, their conversation concerned kicks or dingbats. With thoughtful deliberation he continued:

"Will you go out to dinner with me this evening—and to a theater, or anywhere you like, afterward?"

She looked up at him, while he spoke, with the oddest possible mixture of embarrassed coquetry and a kind of frank surprise that approached consternation.

"Oh—that's rather personal, isn't it?" she said, lamely enough, beginning to blush. Her dark eyes challenged him, challenged and explored.

"Fairly so," he admitted, with the air of a man who spoke softly but carried a large determination.

"No—I'm afraid I couldn't." She bowed her head as she gave him her answer, and seemed to hesitate.

"Please don't say that. I'm sure you can," Murtagh insisted.

He was calm, suave, sure of himself. If his immediate rôle was new, he had known the girl before him long and intimately enough to bring their new relationship within a step from the old. At the same time, he had hardly expected that he would feel so stimulated, so like such a conventional devil-with-the-ladies. He could have roared with laughter at himself.

"Honestly—I can't. Don't ask me," she protested, looking up with what might have been an attempt at frank, regretful friendliness. He was slightly dashed by that. Her eyes left him for a worried flash about the office, a suggestion that they might be attracting attention, which was not lost on him.

"Look here—suppose you just let me walk as far as the ferry with you this evening, anyway?" he suggested, hurriedly. "You've told me you make it a rule to walk to and from the ferry. Won't you please do that?"

She asked quietly, after a moment, looking hard at the keys of her typewriter, "Do you think it would be— I mean, wouldn't it look—"

"Suppose I just meet you—by accident, you know—down the street—perhaps at Water Street?" he put in. It was no unrehearsed part he was playing. He had considered many contingencies during those three years while he had been falling in love with her, and he had a ready answer for the objection at which she seemed to be hinting. He had rebuked himself often enough with a reminder of the—well, awkwardness that might result if they were seen leaving the office together. "I want, very much, to talk with you—to know you better," he said, and was surprised by the persuasive softness of his own voice. "Please—"

"Well—" she half consented, and Murtagh strolled back to his desk, blinking at nothing at all. He was quite upset by the glory of his attainment.

True, in most of his imaginary rehear-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sals of similar scenes, she had been readier to accept his extra-official friendship, she had not made quite such a suppliant of him, and that idea worried him a little as he tried to get down to work. Was it possible, he asked himself with a distinct and shuddery shock, that she had some other attachment—that she was even engaged? He was reasonably sure, on reflection, that she had told him she was heart-free. There had been no specific announcement to that effect, of course, but they had come to convey much information without specific announcements. Implicit, for instance, in his remark, "I admire your new gown," dropped that afternoon as he passed her desk immediately before she asked him if he didn't want to make a date with her, there might be a confession of devotion not so much to the gown as to the lady inside. Words were symbols full of new and piquant meanings, not the smooth-worn coinage of every-day use, in those casual personal remarks which they exchanged at the rate of perhaps a dozen a week. He knew her heart too well, he flattered himself, to be much troubled because she had drawn back at his first definite approach, made in response to her open invitation. Was it not all part of the sweet, natural, conventional, important wisdom of Eve's daughters?

"Well, this is love—good-by common sense, good-by everything," he informed himself, and gave way to a vague, rapturous recklessness. Nor did he try to put back the flood of his emotion with the brooms which had served him on somewhat similar occasions, increasingly frequent in the past year or so; he remembered only to consign to perdition previous rebukes to the effect that he was nearing forty while Miss Harrington must be in her early twenties; that her healthy, girlish buxomness might become something quite different in a few years; that her high-school education had left deficiencies, even in her spelling of such words as "aisle" and "patois," and an almost complete vacancy where art, literature, and science might have been. Love, for the moment, touched all his questions dumb. Even two hours later, when he strolled into Water Street and turned toward the place of their appointment his mind was untroubled by thoughts of hows or consequences.



MISS HARRINGTON WAS WAITING ON THE APPOINTED CORNER

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Miss Harrington was waiting on the appointed corner, even a few minutes in advance of punctuality. He jerked out his watch in a flutter of embarrassment, and hurried up to her.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting?" he said. "I thought I was early."

"Oh, *I'm* probably early," she returned. She was matter-of-fact to the point of seeming a little fussy, even though the customary clear pinkness of her cheeks had flowered to dark crimson. "My watch stopped—and I hate people who are late," she explained.

He turned, with some remark of appreciation for that unfeminine attitude toward the time, and they began to walk westward, slowly, with the awkward, unequal steps of unaccustomed walking companions. That awkwardness, and a somewhat similar awkwardness pervading their whole association, bothered Murtagh a good deal, even while he acknowledged some satisfactory thrills.

"It's a runabout watch," remarked Miss Harrington, to his considerable relief.

"A runabout watch?" he repeated.

"Yes. It runs about half the time."

He chuckled with deep and genuine enjoyment. "That's good!" he said, recognizing the appearance of the common, doubtless cheap, American humor with which she had soothed his nerves on occasion in the office. "That's good!" If he had been a cat he would have closed his eyes and purred, so caressed was he by her blessed cheerfulness, by the rich, somehow velvety and electric contralto voice in which she spoke, by something deep and vital and ordinary and richly sensuous in even her lightest mood. "That's good!" he said, for the third time, and was disturbed by a suspicion that, what with feebly chuckling and repeating "That's good!" he was acting like a booby—he, Murtagh, of the comparatively ready wit and epigram. He tried to think of something to say that would have a little flavor, but he had a deep aversion to being flavorsome. He was full of the genial, let-down feeling that she gave him, that she had given him almost from the minute when he had first laid eyes on her. She was so healthily alive, so thoroughly, ordinarily—human. He turned toward her somewhat as he might have turned toward good brown earth, or unspoiled trees, if either of those commodities had been raised in the scale by the possession of speech—and a pair of black eyes lit from within by some altar fire of creation.

"Say—it's *warm!*" she announced. She might have seemed, to an unbiased observer, merely to be struggling with the burden of making conversation for two, but she managed to put so much original vim and flavor into her most flat indictment of the weather that Murtagh was stimulated into producing an idea.

"You re a *real person*—that's what *you* are!" he said, imitating her own strongly inflected way of speaking. "You're a *personality*—congratulations—they're rare! Yes—it is *warm!* Therefore let's just hail a taxi—if you'll let me tempt you from the strait and narrow way to the ferry just long enough to get something cool—"

"No—I can't. I'll be late getting home as it is. What were you calling me back there?"

"Just now, I want to call you a taxi. Please—just a bite of ice-cream, and then I'll whisk you down to the ferry."

"No—really, I mustn't."

That was decisive, it appeared, although she seemed to be softened, to come nearer to him, because it had to be decisive. He glanced at her face, drawn toward her, made tenderer, by the shadow of a denial that seemed to have been made against her will. She was very pretty, and wonderful, he thought. Her nearest cheek—there was something at once delicately full-blown and childlike about her cheek, its flush and softly rounded contours—and also about the full, red, delicate mouth, tight-shut, just then, in an eminently worldly wise and childish pout.

"How old are you, anyway?" he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"WHY—I THOUGHT YOU—LIKED ME," SHE ADMITTED

asked, bringing out an often mentally debated question with a kind of thoughtless spontaneity.

"Twenty-two," she answered, as casually as if he had asked the time. She seemed just then to be occupied with some mental inventory of larger interest. He watched her, allowing her to walk half a step ahead. She was nearly as tall as he was, a good five feet ten inches, he judged, for her heavy black hair curved backward from beneath her white-feather turban just on a level with his eyes. Her bow-curved jetty brows and equally jetty long lashes shadowed eyes the color and depth of black agates—specifically, of a black agate "shooter" circled with white which had been his joy in the marble-playing days of his boyhood.

"Your coloring comes from the north of Ireland—you witch!" he said to himself. Aloud he asked, "What are you thinking about so hard?"

"I—thinking?" For a moment her eyes, turned toward him, lightened, and she seemed on the point of putting him off. "Why, I was just thinking—" She glanced away, and her face shadowed again. "I was thinking—I suppose I shouldn't have agreed to meet you like this," she said, soberly; then she turned toward him, and her eyes lifted, brightened in another quick change. "I wouldn't have, if you hadn't asked so nice—and so hard!"

In spite of his superior interest in what she was driving at, he got an uncomfortable little shock from the "nice." The niceties of life meant much to him—too much, he rebuked himself.

"Why shouldn't you?" he asked, not so much because he didn't feel sure he knew as because he wanted to hear her put the objection into words.

"Oh, of course it's perfectly all right, I suppose." She looked across at him and added, with cool frankness: "Only I should hate to meet any of the men from the office. It wouldn't look just right—would it?"

He recognized that he had the diffi-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

culty, absurd difficulty though it might be, in its simplest terms. He had recognized the possibility that they might be seen—he, the middle-aged, rather free-thinking associate editor, keeping a street-corner date with the lively, young, distinctly pretty head stenographer. According to conventions made and provided, that wouldn't look just right. He wished, for a moment, that he had observed all regulations—asked to call, met the mother of whom she had spoken several times and for whom he had gained a warm feeling of respect—also the father, brothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts whom she might trot out to look him over. That wish evaporated, leaving him a trifle clammy. He had gone through some such process of establishing himself as a "live prospect" on several occasions, and the ceremony had tended tremendously to adulterate pure sentiment. He had a man's desire for unadulterated, essential love. With a sigh for the restricted scope of that wave of feministic theorizing which broke against the war, he attempted a feeble defense of essentials:

"Oh, why should we bother too much about how things look?"

That was remarkably flat, of course, and unappreciative of the girl's position, besides; he was glad that the roar of a truck beside them kept her from hearing his word for unconventionality, a matter unusually easy of masculine defense, however it might appear to a conventional, mid-Victorian-minded young lady stenographer. As the roaring passed, he observed: "I'm sorry if you feel that way about it. I confess, I hardly thought—"

"Oh, it's perfectly all right, I suppose," she repeated. "Besides, I *did* give you a pretty broad hint, didn't I?"

"Did you?" he asked; and such had been the length and strength of his desire to do what he was then doing that he really didn't, just then, remember that broad hint at all.

"I call asking you if you didn't want to make a date with me giving you a pretty broad hint," she said. Her rosy face and dark, laughing eyes were turned toward him. "I suppose you won't believe me when I explain," she went on, awkwardly, shyly. "You see, whenever I doll up at home, father always asks me if I don't want to make a date with him. So when you said you thought my gown was pretty, I just said—*that*—before I thought. There—I suppose that sounds pretty fishy—and you needn't believe it if you don't want to!"

"It sounds like nothing in the world but the simple, solid truth," he returned, feeling slightly fishy, in the sense of a fish out of water, himself. The large significance of her very simple explanation rather took his breath. Considering one phase of it, that sort of a father, combined with the sort of mother at whom he had already had a revelatory glimpse or two, would make up a home life sufficient to explain much of Mary Harrington. Probably, daughter of the metropolis though she might be, she was as "homey" a person as ever was the fairest, or otherwise, of the rural maids. He had often wondered at her unsophisticated naturalness, her delightful innocence—ignorance, he had called it at times when he had been forced to remind himself of her faults in order to save himself from love and love's large consequences. Innocence or ignorance, he had gone beyond the help or desire of fault-finding now. She was Dickens's ideal heroine, he told himself; Thackeray had devoted admiring pages to her in *Pendennis*; the clever Mr. Gilbert was always holding her up to admiration. Murtagh had once referred to her, mentally, as a Gilbert-and-Sullivan dairy-maid translated to Malebolge. She was a perfect Patience, made to win the devotion of all artificial and overbrained men, with her delightful, conventional innocence, her tendency to blush at almost nothing, even her healthful, winsome, withal dainty, buxomness—

"It's awfully *quiet*, isn't it?" she remarked.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The slap delighted him. "I'm not very amusing, am I?" he admitted. "To tell the truth"—he felt utterly reckless, even though he appeared unusually restrained—"to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, I believe I was busy falling hopelessly in love with you—dear."

A lucky crossing appeared just as he completed that announcement, and he was granted a much-appreciated excuse to take her arm. After one startled glance at him, she gave her attention wholly to the cobblestones of the pavement, but her cheeks were flaming.

'As a matter of fact, I think I've been in love with you for a long time," he went on; "but I suppose you knew that already? At least, I've asked myself, from time to time, whether it was possible that you didn't know—whether you couldn't feel it. If you haven't, there's nothing in telepathy!"

"Why—I thought you—liked me," she admitted, faintly, without looking up.

"And did you—like me, too?"

She nodded her head.

"Thank you," he said, with his lips close to her ear. They drifted on, over the uneven pavement, in the midst of a crowd all going their way. There was no more awkwardness in their walking together; they moved as if by the same impulse, with overlapping shoulders and arms wreathed together, so near each other they might almost have been one. Vehicles thronged the noisy, cobblestoned street beside them, wafts of dust



"OH, YOU MEN!" SHE SAID. "YOU'RE ALL ALIKE!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and gasolene fumes made a golden mist in the air.

"It's Arcady, Mary!" he said.

"What?" she asked.

He smiled, judging that she had no knowledge of that land, and glad of it; what a lot of things he could enlighten her about! He proceeded:

"Often and often I've dreamed of walking through this Arcadian landscape with you! A dozen times in the past year I've followed you away down here, half a block behind—but I always lacked the nerve—and the intelligence, too, perhaps—to go up and speak to you!"

She flashed a glance at him, half of disbelief, a glance that brought her eyes close to his, and protested, "You're not stringing me?" The dark-gleaming glory of her eyes, her vibrant, richly sensuous voice, the beauty of her face, made the protest no more criticizable than if it had come from Aphrodite Victrix.



AFTER ALL, HE WAS TELLING HIMSELF, SHE WAS RIGHT

"I'm certainly not stringing you—I love you, Mary," he told her.

Quite suddenly, without any explanation except a sharp little sigh, she drew away from him, both physically and spiritually. There was a new and strong reserve about her as she walked by herself, head high and eyes straight to the front. She shrugged her shoulders as they entered the ferry-house, and glanced back at him with a cool, appraising smile which even the flush that lingered on her face was powerless to warm.

"This will cost you five cents, if you're coming over with me," she said, producing her commuter's ticket. "My ticket is good only for immediate members of the family, and for servants."

"I don't mind the five cents, but I'd be glad if you'd consider me your servant—your very humble servant," he told her in reply, and followed her through the wicket into the midst of the human herd that was being loaded onto a boat.

It did not displease him that she had drawn away a little, that she had turned their communion into more casual channels. He was glad to let her go her own way, as her maiden fancy dictated. Had she not given him a pledge? He kept close to her, covering her a little with his right shoulder as if it had been a protecting wing, and smiled at her apparent softening in the intimacy enforced by the crowd. Her face flushed and her eyes lit up at the touch of his shoulder and the discovery of his face again close to hers.

As they wandered forward on the upper deck of the boat, some of the people, he noticed, stared at them. The stares were directed especially at Mary. Her face was worth staring at, he admitted with a glow of possessive pride, and with some faint objection, too, since he was not ready to share even the look of her with anybody. They walked over and stood by the rail, where they could turn their faces from the crowd toward the harbor. She seemed, possibly as a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

result of the recent stares they had attracted, to be a little flurried. He stood silent, full of a strange stress and flow of sensations, which so balanced one another that the effect was a wide stillness.

"Well, talk to me!" she commanded, between pertness and embarrassment. "Why am I letting you come along, anyway?"

"I don't feel horribly amusing," he confessed.

"*I* think you're a dope."

He laughed. "I suppose I am," he admitted. "I suppose that's one reason I like you—I mean because you're so different."

"It was lucky you added that!" She tossed her head. "I knew something like this would happen," she added, irrelevantly.

"Like what?"

"Oh, you know." She pouted at the horizon. "Well, I sha'n't ever let you come with me again—so don't ask me." She did not glance at him while she delivered that pronouncement, nor yet while she followed it with: "I'll have to leave you right on the other side, too. I have a date for this evening."

Murtagh was only a little put out; her moods interested him, apart from his personal interest in them, as the reactions of a rare and remarkable chemical might interest a scientist. "I'd already given up hope for this evening," he said. The boat got under way, and they watched the passing river craft for a time in silence. "But surely you'll let me see you some other evening?" he asked.

A string orchestra, somewhere forward, struck up "Over There," and Mary hummed the tune.

"Won't you?" he insisted.

She turned toward him, faintly smiling. "Oh, you men!" she said. "You're all alike!" There was a shadow of pain in her face and voice, but chiefly a kind of sympathetic contempt. "You're queer!" She was almost genial now, a little tired and contemptuous, but quite friendly, quite forbearing. "No, but seriously—" She became more serious and looked out, with a kind of philosophical acceptance, at the craft-littered harbor. "It *wouldn't* be right, would it, now?"

"Speaking of queer people, you're fully as queer as anybody I ever met!" he returned, with puzzled good humor. "Please tell me why it wouldn't be right for me to meet you again—and yet again!"

She said, so calmly that her words had a certain parrot-like flatness, "I don't think it would be fair, either to me or to your wife."

Murtagh was struck expressionless and motionless as well as speechless. She glanced at him once, during the odd seconds he remained in that state, and glanced away as if she had been saddened, not otherwise affected, by the sight of a bad man brought to book. When his mind began to work again he found the explanation for her mistake easily enough. His "wife" was mentioned around the office from time to time. "Will you come out and frivol this evening," Johnson, the witty foreign man, might ask, "or have you a date with your wife?" Johnson had originated that clever nickname for "French and American Democracy" in the great work's infancy, some five years before.

Murtagh laughed, with a kind of gasping insincerity, from sheer relief and amusement, and admitted:

"I seem to owe you an explanation, which I herewith am most glad—"

"I don't care for any explanation. I've had my *lesson!*" she cut in on him, sharply. "Once I was in love with a man who was engaged to another girl. I swore, when I got out of that, I'd never get mixed up in anything like *that* again. Yes, I've had my lesson! Oh!" The "Oh!" was a little gasp of pain.

"That was the only time I ever really got hurt," she went on; "but married men enough have made eyes at me before and since. And I've thought it all out—and it simply doesn't pay. Why,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

just for one thing"—she glanced at him appraisingly—"they're all so much older than I am. I think people ought to be the same age, to grow together. They ought to have the same interests, too. One oughtn't to be such a high-brow, while the other—never took much interest in such things, but in things a high-brow don't care for."

She broke off, and began again, strangely eager, it seemed, to confess to him: "You know, the men in the office—just seeing them and hearing them talk day by day—it's raised my ideals. I can't be interested now in the ordinary young men I meet. It seems as if there's nothing to them. I'm really *sorry* for that. You don't know how hard it is for a girl to meet a man, a young man her own age, who doesn't just simply—well—get her goat all the time. That's the only way to put it—get her goat—and I hope you'll excuse me for using low-brow language!

"Why, I met a young lieutenant on the boat the other day—only two weeks ago," she went on. "He was nice. I liked him. I'll tell the truth—I thought he would help me to forget *you*, anyway. And he confesses to me he's got a wife and two children! And a month ago, out at Rockaway Beach, I met a young man—just let him pick me up, you know—girls would never meet anybody nowadays if they didn't. He was nice, too—although he'd never had much education. He comes to see me, now, once every week, and I let him take me to dances and places—and he doesn't know whether he wants to marry me, or another girl he goes to see once every week, over in Brooklyn. It's a joke, isn't it?"

Murtagh was overwhelmed, but she did not give him an opportunity to mention it.

"And when people *do* get married, it's so often nothing but a mess," she proceeded. "Oh, I know of so many cases—nothing but messes. Just the other day a girl friend of mine was—well, I guess she was thrown over by the man she was in love with—and she married another man she wasn't much in love with—and now she hates him before they've been married a month. And another girl I know married a man old enough to be her father because he owned a grocery-store and had a good deal of money, and now she's in love with a young fellow her own age—and that's the worst mess yet. I say if a girl can't find a man of her own age, and interested in the same things, and if she don't love him so much she can't think of anything else—she'd better not get married."

"I suppose," said Murtagh, with the faintest sardonic tinge in his voice, "such marriages are difficult to arrange." Had he, subconsciously at least, expected to be received as a Prince Charming? Had he considered her a naïve, mid-Victorian-minded Patience? "You have high ideals," he said, seriously. "I wish I could do something to help you realize them."

"The only thing to do," she replied, with the most deadly, slightly forlorn seriousness, "I suppose, is just to keep looking around."

He suppressed an impulse to laugh, a second impulse to pity her, and a third to wish her "Good hunting." "And to think that I once considered you—well—slightly frivolous," he said. She had been quite as seriously concerned with the practical side of romance, he perceived, as ever he had himself.

"I'm *not* frivolous," she returned, with considerable spirit. "I don't believe in running around with men just for the sake of a good time."

He could not help insinuating, gently, sweetly, "Object, matrimony?"

"Why not?" she demanded. "At least I want to—to go around with men who can offer me something. I'm not prudish, but it spoils a girl's chances to run around with married men." She put the matter frankly up to him: "Doesn't it, now?"

"I suppose it does," he admitted, looking down into her eyes from a long, long distance. After all, he was telling

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

himself, she was right—he *was* married. He had his work, as real and just to him as ever the pursuit of "ut" to the dry-as-dust of Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral." She could not but interfere with his work, as he had convinced himself often enough. Should he give it up for an exacting, idealistic, egotistical young woman, who might accept him—forty years, graying temples, stupid erudition, and other drawbacks—*faute de mieux?* He had his ideals, also; only, for half an hour, more or less, he had been willing to compromise. She also might be willing to compromise, he suspected, for the sake of matrimony, but her ideals would not down permanently, in all probability, any more than his would. She had been spoiled, partly by those adoring, devoted parents, no doubt, into expecting a perfect movie hero of a man to appear at her feet some fine day and motor her off to happiness ever after. "Poor little stenographer!" he said to himself, using sympathy for her to cover up some aches in poor old Murtagh, who didn't see, or choose to see, that much of Mary Harrington's dispraisal of him was a plain case of sour grapes.

"Well, here we are!" she said, looking up with a show of brightness as the ferry sidled into its slip. "How serious we've been! I wonder how we got started?"

Murtagh smiled a dry, superior, and mordant smile. "Both the start and the finish were doubtless foreordained," he said, "by a more or less evil spirit of whom it is written, 'The fiend that man harries is love of the best.'"

"Yes?" she chirped, with an air of slightly supercilious comprehension.

He judged that she got no more out of the quotation than if it had been Sanscrit, and genially despised her for that. He was a good deal of a pedant, as he had to be to write so X-radially of democracy. When he dies, if he keeps on, he will be worthy of a modern "Grammarian's Funeral," full of references to bare peaks, and thin air, and relatively unimportant stars.

"At least I think we understand each other pretty well, now," he said, as they joined the unloading herd.

They shook hands and smiled in a friendly, definite kind of way, when they parted on the pier; and they still, more than a year later, exchange casual personal remarks, at the rate of perhaps half a dozen per month—in office-hours only. Of course there is always the chance that Mary may start something if, in spite of the peculiar reserves of a business office, she learns the truth about that "wife." But there's no blinking the fact that they both are high and mighty idealists, even though one of them, at least, might be willing to forget that, temporarily, in order to achieve matrimony; and compromised ideals are hard matters for the most robust love to handle. As for Murtagh, he remarked to Johnson, the other day over a mutton chop, that, due to the movies and vile magazine fiction, romantic love is probably the most over-rated and over-priced luxury in the world to-day. The chances are he means what he says, however mistaken he may be.

WOMAN

BY CHARLES F. MARPLE

BLIND, yet seeing day and night,
Deaf, yet hearing all things right;
Dumb, yet speaking loud and clear,
Unafraid, yet filled with fear.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

WRITERS WE LOVE TO READ

I—THACKERAY AND REAL MEN

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

IN that fragrant bunch of *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children* which has just brightened and sweetened these too sadly strenuous times there are some passages on novel-reading which are full of spirited good sense. He says that he can read *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*, and *Vanity Fair* over and over again; he agrees with his boy in preferring Thackeray to Dickens, and then he gives the reason—or at least *a* reason—for this preference:

> Of course one fundamental difference . . . is that Thackeray was a gentleman and Dickens was not.

The damnatory clause in this sentence seems to me too absolute, though Roosevelt softens it by adding, "but a man might do some mighty good work without being in any sense a gentleman." That is certainly true, and beyond a doubt Dickens did it—a wonderful plenty of it. It is also true that in several perfectly good senses he was a brave and kind gentleman, despite his faults in manners and dress.

But it is the laudatory clause in Roosevelt's judgment that interests me. Thackeray's work is pervaded with his personality to an unusual degree. It is a saturated solution of the man. We can taste him in every page. And it is because we like the taste, because we find something strong and true, bracing and stimulant in it, that we love to read him. 'Tis like being with a gentleman in any enterprise or adventure; it gives us pleasure and does us unconscious good.

Well, then, what do we mean by "a gentleman"? Tennyson calls it

> The grand old name of gentleman
> Defamed by every charlatan,
> And soil'd with all ignoble use.

In the big New Oxford Dictionary there is more than a pageful of definitions of the word, and almost every English essayist has tried a shot at it. One thing is sure, its old hereditary use as a title of rank or property is going out, or already gone. "John Jones, Gent.," is a vanishing form of address. More and more the word is coming to connote something in character and conduct. Inheritance may enter into it, and the sense of honor has a great part in it, and its outward and visible sign is an unassuming fitness of behavior in the various circumstances of life. But its indispensable essence is reality; its native speech, sincerity; and its controlling spirit, good will.

Let us content ourselves with a description instead of a definition. A gentleman is a real man who deals honestly, bravely, frankly, and considerately with all sorts and conditions of other real men.

This is Thackeray's very mark and quality. We can feel it all through his life and works. Everything real in the world he recognized and accepted, even though he might not always like it. But the unreal people and things—the pretenders, the hypocrites, the shams, and the frauds (whether pious or impious)—he detested and scoffed away. Reality was his quest and his passion. He followed it with unfailing interest, penetration, and good temper. He found it, at

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

least in humankind, always mixed and complicated, never altogether good nor altogether bad, no hero without a fault, and no villain without a germ of virtue. Life is really made that way. The true realist is not the materialist, the five-sense naturalist, but the man who takes into account the human soul and God as ultimate realities.

Thackeray's personal life had nothing that was remarkable and much that was admirable. It was simply the background of his genius. He was a child of the upper-middle class in England—if you know just what that means. He went to the Charterhouse School in London (which he afterward immortalized as Greyfriars in *The Newcomes*), and illustrated his passion for reality by getting his nose broken in a fight, which gave his face a permanent Socratic cast. At Cambridge University he seems to have written much and studied little, but that little to good purpose. He inherited a modest fortune, which he spent, not in riotous living, but in travel, art study in Paris, and in the most risky of all extravagances, the starting of new periodicals. When this failed and his money was gone, he lived in London as a hack writer.

His young wife was taken from him by that saddest of all bereavements—the loss of her mind. It became necessary to place her in a private sanitarium, where she outlived her husband by thirty years. To her and to the two little daughters whom she left him Thackeray was faithful and devoted. He never complained, never flinched into an easy way of escape from his burden. He bent his back to it, and, in spite of natural indolence, he worked hard and was cheerful.

He made a host of friends and kept them, as R. L. Stevenson puts it, "without capitulation." Of course this grim condition implies some frictions and some dislikes, and from these Thackeray was not exempt. The satire which was his first mode in writing was too direct and pungent to be relished by those who had any streak of self-humbug in their make-up. But, so far as I know, he had only one serious literary quarrel—that unhappy dispute with Mr. Edmund Yates, in which Dickens, with the best intentions in the world, became, unfortunately somewhat involved. Thackeray might perhaps have been more generous and forgiving—he could have afforded that luxury. But he could not have been more honest and frank, more real, than he was. Being very angry, and for a just cause, he said so in plain words. Presently the tempest passed away. When Thackeray died in 1863, Dickens wrote:

> No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of his heart.

The first period of his life as a man of letters was given almost entirely to satirical and fragmentary writing, under various *noms de guerre*. Hence he remained for a long time in comparative poverty and obscurity, from which he stepped into fame and prosperity with the publication of his first large novel, *Vanity Fair*, in 1847–8. It was like turning the corner of Grub Street and coming into Glory Avenue.

Henceforth the way was open, though not easy. The succession of his big, welcome novels was slow, steady, unbroken. Each one brought him thousands of new readers, and the old ones were *semper fideles*, even when they professed a preference for the earlier over the later volumes. His lecture tours in Great Britain and the United States were eminently successful—more so, I think, than those of Charles Dickens. They may have brought in less money, but more of what old William Caxton, the prince of printers, called "good fame and renommee." The last of his completed books, and one of his most delightful, was *Roundabout Papers*—a volume of essays that has no superior in English for a light, firm, friendly touch upon the realities of life. His last story begun was *Denis Duval*, and on this he was working when he laid down his pen on Christmas Eve, 1863, and fell asleep for the last time.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It was Edmund Yates who wrote of him then:

> Thackeray was dead; and the purest English prose writer of the nineteenth century and the novelist with a greater knowledge of the human heart, as it really is, than any other—with the exception perhaps of Shakespeare and Balzac—was suddenly struck down in the midst of us.

The human heart as it really is—there's the point! That is what Thackeray sought to know, to understand, to reveal, and—no! not to explain, nor to judge and sentence—for that, as he well knew, was far beyond him or any of us—but his desire was to *show* the real heart of man, in its various complexities and perplexities, working its way through the various realities and unrealities amid which we are all entangled.

The acute French critic, Edmond Scherer, distinguishes and divides between George Eliot as "a novelist of character," and Thackeray as "a novelist of manners." The epithet will pass only if we take the word in the sense of William of Wykeham's motto, "Manners makyth man."

For, as surely as there is something in the outward demeanor which unveils and discloses the person within, even so surely is there something in behavior, the habitual mode of speech and conduct, which molds the man using it. A false behavior weaves a texture of lies into the warp of his nature. A true behavior weakens the hold of his own self-delusions, and so helps him to know what he really is—which is good for him and for others.

It was in this sense that Thackeray was interested in manners, and depicted them in his books. Go with him to a ball, and you arrive at the hour of unmasking; to a club, and you hear the thoughts under the conversation; to a play, and you pass behind the footlights and the paint; to a death-bed, and—well, do you remember the death of Helen in *Pendennis?* and of the Colonel in *The Newcomes?* Foolish critics speak of these last two passages as "scenes." Scenes! By Heaven! no, they are realities. We can feel those pure souls passing.

Let us follow this clue of the passion for reality through the three phases of Thackeray's work.

At first he is the indefatigable satirist, rejoicing in the assault. Youth is almost always inclined that way—far more swift and sweeping in judgment, more severe in condemnation, than maturity or age. Thackeray writes much that is merely amusing, full of high spirits and pure fun, in his first period. But his main business is to expose false pretentions, false methods, false principles in literature and life; to show up the fakers, to ridicule the humbugs, to convict the crooks of every rank and degree.

Here is, for example, a popular fashion of books with criminals and burglars for heroes and heroines, portrayed in the glamour of romance. Very well, our satirist, assuming the name of Ikey Solomons, Esq., will take a real criminal, a murderess, and show us the manner of life she leads with her associates. So we have *Catherine.* Here is another fashion of weaving a fiction about a *chevalier d'industrie,* a bold, adventurous, conscienceless fellow, who pursues his own pleasure with a swagger, and makes a brave show hide a mean and selfish heart. Very well, a fellow of this kidney shall tell his own story and show himself in his habit as he lives, and as he dies in prison. So we have *The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.* Here are innumerable fashions of folly and falsehood current not only in high society, but also in the region of respectable mediocrity, and in the "world below-stairs." Very well, our satirist, under the name of "Jeames Yellowplush," or "M. Angelo Titmarsh," or "Fitz-Boodle," will show them up for us. So we have various bundles of short stories and skits and sketches of travel, some of them bubbling over with fun, some of them, like *Dennis Haggarty's Wife,* touched with quiet pathos.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The culmination of this satiric period is *The Book of Snobs*, which appeared serially in the London *Punch*, 1845–6. In order to understand the quality and meaning of Thackeray's satire—an element which stayed with him all through his writing, though it was later subdued to its proper place—we must take the necessary pains to know just what he meant by a "snob."

A snob is an unreal person who tries to pass himself off for a real person, a pretender who meanly admires and imitates mean things, an ape of gentility. He is a specific variety of the great genus Sham. Carlyle, the other notable English satirist of the nineteenth century, attacked the whole genus with heavy artillery. Thackeray, with his light cavalry of ridicule, assailed the species.

All snobs are shams, but not all shams are snobs. The specific qualities of the snob are developed only in countries where there are social classes and distinctions, but no insuperable barriers between them. Thus in native India with its immutable caste, or in Central Africa with its general barbarism, I fancy it must be difficult to discover snobbism. (Yet I have seen traces of it even among dogs and cats.) But in a country like England or the United States of America, where society is arranged in different stories, with staircases between, snobbism is frequent and flourishing. The snob is the man who tries to sneak up-stairs. He is the surreptitious climber, the person who is ashamed to pass for what he is.

Has he been at an expensive college? He goes home and snubs his old friends with allusions to the distinguished society he has been keeping. Is he entertaining fashionable strangers? He gives them elaborate and costly fare at the most aurivorous hotel, but at home his wife and daughters may starve. He talks about books that he has never read, and pretends to like music that sends him to sleep. At his worst, he says his prayers on the street-corners and reviles his neighbor for sins which he himself cherishes in secret.

That is the snob: the particular species of sham whom Thackeray pursues and satirizes through all his disguises and metamorphoses. He does it unsparingly, yet never—or at least hardly ever—savagely. There is always a strain of good humor in it, and often a touch of fellow-feeling for the man himself, camouflaged under his affectations. It may not be worth while—this kind of work. All satire is perishable. It has no more of the immortal in it than the unreality which it aims to destroy. But some shams die hard. And while they live and propagate, the arrows which hit them fairly are not out of date.

Stevenson makes a curious misjudgment of this part of Thackeray's work, when he says in his essay on "Some Gentlemen in Fiction":

> Personally [Thackeray] scarce appeals to us as the ideal gentleman; if there were nothing else, perpetual nosing after snobbery at least suggests the snob.

Most true, beloved R. L. S., but did you forget that this is precisely what Thackeray himself says? He tells us not to be too quick or absolute in our judgments; to acknowledge that we have some faults and failings of our own; to remember that other people have sometimes hinted at a vein, a trace, a vestige of snobbery in ourselves. Search for truth and speak it; but, above all, no arrogance—*faut pas monter sur ses grands chevaux*. Have you ever read the end of the lecture on "Charity and Humor"?

> The author . . . has been described by *The London Times* newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good anywhere, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners around him. *So we are*, as is every writer and reader I have heard of; so was every being who ever trod this earth, save One. I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak; that truth must be told; that faults must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for; and that Love reigns supreme over all.

With *Vanity Fair* begins what some one has called the *quadrilateral* on which Thackeray's larger fame rests. The three other pillars are, *Henry Esmond*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*. Which is the greatest of these four novels? On this question there is dispute among critics, and difference of opinion, even among avowed Thackerayans who confess that they "like everything he wrote." Why try to settle the question? Why not let the interesting and illuminating *causerie* run on? In these furious days when the hysteria of world-problems vexes us, it is good to have some subjects on which we can chat without ranting or raving.

For my part, I find *Vanity Fair* the strongest, *Pendennis* the most intimate, *The Newcomes* the richest and in parts the most lovable, and *Henry Esmond* the most admirable and satisfying, among Thackeray's novels. But they all have this in common: they represent a reaction from certain false fashions in fiction which prevailed at that time. From the spurious romanticism of G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth, from the philosophic affectation of Bulwer, from the gilding and rococo-work of the super-snob Disraeli—all of them popular writers of their day—Thackeray turned away, not now as in his earlier period to satirize and ridicule and parody them, but to create something in a different *genre*, closer to the facts of life, more true to the reality of human nature.

We may read in the preface to *Pendennis* just what he had in mind and purpose:

> Many ladies have remonstrated and subscribers left me, because, in the course of the story, I described a young man resisting and affected by temptation. My object was to say, that he had the passions to feel, and the manliness and generosity to overcome them. You will not hear—it is best to know it—what moves in the real world, what passes in society, in the clubs, colleges, mess-rooms—what is the life and talk of your sons. A little more frankness than is customary has been attempted in this story; with no bad desire on the author's part, it is hoped, and with no ill consequence to any reader. If truth is not always pleasant, at any rate truth is best, from whatever chair—from those whence graver writers or thinkers argue, as from that at which the story-teller sits as he concludes his labor, and bids his kind reader farewell.

It is amusing, in this age of art undressed, to read this modest defense of frankness in fiction. Its meaning is very different from the interpretation of it which is given by disciples of the "show-everything-without-a-fig-leaf" school.

Thackeray did not confuse reality with indecency. He did not think it needful to make his hero cut his toe-nails or take a bath in public in order to show him as a real man. The ordinary and common physical details of life may be taken for granted; to obtrude them is to exaggerate their importance. It is with the frailties and passions, the faults and virtues, the defeats and victories of his men and women that Thackeray deals. He describes Pendennis tempted without making the description a new temptation. He brings us acquainted with Becky Sharp, *enchanteresse*, without adding to her enchantment. We feel that she is capable of anything; but we do not know all that she actually did—indeed Thackeray himself frankly confessed that even he did not know, nor much care.

The excellence of his character-drawing is that his men and women are not mere pegs to hang a doctrine or a theory on. They have a life of their own, independent of, and yet closely touching his. This is what he says of them in his essay "*De Finibus*":

> They have been boarding and lodging with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

me for twenty months. . . . I know the people utterly—I know the sound of their voices.

Fault has been found with him (and that by such high authority as Mr. Howells) for coming into his own pages so often with personal comment or a word to the reader. It is said that this disturbs the narrative, breaks the illusion, makes the novel less convincing as a work of art. Frankly, it does not strike me that way. On the contrary, it adds to the *vraisemblance*. These men and women are so real to him that he cannot help talking to us about them as we go along together. Is it not just so in actual life, when you go with a friend to watch the passing show? Do you think that what Thackeray says to you about Colonel Newcome, or Captain Costigan, or Helen Pendennis, or Laura, or Ethel, or George Warrington, makes them fade away?

Yes, I know the paragraphs at the beginning and end of *Vanity Fair* about the showman and the puppets and the box. But don't you see what the parable means? It is only what Shakespeare said long ago:

> All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players.

Nor would Thackeray have let this metaphor pass without adding to it Pope's fine line:

> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Of course there is another type of fiction in which running personal comment by the author would be out of place. It is illustrated in Dickens by *A Tale of Two Cities*, and in Thackeray by *Henry Esmond*. The latter seems to me the most perfect example of a historical novel in all literature. More than that—it is, so far as I know, the best portrayal of the character of a gentleman.

The book presents itself as a memoir of Henry Esmond, Esq., a colonel in the service of her Majesty, Queen Anne, written by himself. Here, then, we have an autobiographical novel, the most difficult and perilous of all modes of fiction. If the supposed author puts himself in the foreground, he becomes egotistical and insufferable; if he puts himself in the background, he becomes insignificant, a mere Chinese "property-man" in the drama. This dilemma Thackeray avoids by letting Esmond tell his own story in the third person—that is to say, with a certain detachment of view, such as a sensible person would feel in looking back on his own life.

Rarely is this historic method of narration broken. I recall one instance, in the last chapter, where Beatrix, after that tremendous scene in the house of Castlewood with the Prince, reveals her true nature and quits the room in a rage. The supposed author writes:

> Her keen words gave no wound to Mr. Esmond; his heart was too hard. As he looked at her, he wondered that he could ever have loved her. . . . The Prince blushed and bowed low, as she gazed at him and quitted the chamber. *I have never seen her from that day.*

Thackeray made this slip on purpose. He wanted us to feel the reality of the man who is trying to tell his own story in the third person.

This, after all, is the real value of the book. It is not only a wonderful picture of the Age of Queen Anne, its ways and customs, its manner of speech and life, its principal personages—the red-faced queen, and peremptory Marlborough, and smooth Atterbury, and rakish Mohun, and urbane Addison, and soldier-scholar Richard Steele—appearing in the background of the political plot. It is also, and far more significantly, a story of the honor of a gentleman—namely, Henry Esmond—carried through a life of difficulty, and crowned with the love of a true woman, after a false one had failed him.

Some readers profess themselves disappointed with the dénouement of the love-story. They find it unnatural and disconcerting that the hero should win

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the mother and not the daughter as the guerdon of his devotion. Not I. Read the story more closely.

When it opens, in the house of Castlewood, Esmond is a grave, lonely boy of fourteen; Lady Castlewood, fair and golden-haired, is in the first bloom of gracious beauty, twenty years old; Beatrix is a dark little girl of four years. Naturally, Henry falls in love with the mother rather than with the daughter, grows up as her champion and knight, defends her against the rakishness of Lord Mohun, resolves for her sake to give up his claim to the title and the estate. Then comes the episode of his infatuation by the wonderful physical beauty of Beatrix, the vixen. That madness ends with the self-betrayal of her letter of assignation with the Prince, and her subsequent conduct. Esmond returns to his first love, his young love, his true love, Lady Castlewood. Of its fruition let us read his own estimate:

> That happiness which hath subsequently crowned it, cannot be written in words; 'tis of its nature sacred and secret, and not to be spoken of, though the heart be ever so full of thankfulness, save to Heaven and the One Ear alone—to one fond being, the truest and tenderest and purest wife ever man was blessed with.

I have left myself scant space to speak of Thackeray's third phase in writing—his work as a moralist. But perhaps this is well, for, as he himself said, and as I have always tried to practise, the preacher must be brief if he wishes to be heard. Five words that go home are worth more than a thousand that wander about the subject.

Thackeray's direct moralizings are to be found chiefly in his lectures on "The Four Georges," "The English Humorists," and in the "Roundabout Papers." He was like Lowell—as a scholastic critic he was far from infallible, but as a vital interpreter he seldom missed the mark.

After all, the essential thing in life for us as real men is to have a knowledge of facts to correct our follies, an ideal to guide our efforts, and a gospel to sustain our hopes.

That was Thackeray's message as moralist. It is expressed in the last paragraph of his essay "*Nil Nisi Bonum*," written just after the death of Macaulay and Washington Irving:

> If any young man of letters reads this little sermon—and to him, indeed, it is addressed—I would say to him, "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and '*be good, my dear.*'" Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable, etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted—each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honored by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindliness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the bâton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag!

With this supplication, for myself and for others, I leave this essay on Thackeray, the greatest of English novelists, to the consideration of real men.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BOTH JUDGE AND JURY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE moon was rising. Already it touched with silver the head of the dead volcano which held the island up out of the deep Caribbean waters; it flooded a high ravine here, or there on a far ridge a cornice of mahoganies thrashing in the trade-wind. As yet, on the lee shore, beyond the faint glow from the portico of Government House, the mystery of starlight held on. The two men were hardly more than two shirt-fronts and the tips of two cigars.

"You've not been in the tropics before?" murmured the governor.

"No," said Loomis.

"Ah? It's rather extraordinary just at first, I fancy."

"Very."

They were silent again. The straggling town was already dark, the black people asleep between their mud and iron walls, the dogs snatching a wink before the moon came; nothing was to be heard save the ripple of the tide or the rare cry of a sea-bird.

"You will be here for—for—ah—some time?"

"About a week, I should say, sir."

"Really? I wasn't aware we should look for a steamer so soon."

"The *Paramaribo* is to pick me up, I believe, direct for Halifax."

"Really?"

They had both stopped. Involuntarily they had drawn a little apart, and now they were facing each other, watching each other.

"Yes," Loomis went on, speaking slowly. "It's a bit out of the *Paramaribo's* way, but it's by government orders."

"The government of the Dominion of Canada?"

"Quite so." Loomis threw his cigar away with a kind of jerk and squared his shoulders. "I'll tell you, sir. Frankly, I've come here to take away a man. The man I've come to get, sir, is—"

"Is Jim White?"

Loomis paused for the fraction of a second before replying.

"The man *known* as Jim White. That is to say, Hyatt Carnes."

"I see! I see!" The governor turned a crab on its back with his boot-toe. "There was another of your kind, some time ago."

"There was. Inspector Alward. He came out here in August. He did not return, as you are also aware. He was murdered here, whether by governmental collusion or not remains (I will continue to be quite frank with you, sir) an open question."

"It need not. I tell you the truth when I say that neither White nor I knew the fellow's name or errand. Had he been frank with me there would have been a different outcome. He thought best, instead, to be frank with the blacks. A mulatto by the name of Kragie did him in. Kragie was tried for murder, convicted, sentenced, *and hanged.*"

The moon had topped the mountain. Loomis's lids drooped slightly as he watched the other's face, bare in the white inundation.

"You believe, then, in the law?"

"I do—and I don't. I believe in the laws *I* make, simply because I know they are just laws."

He said it without bombast. Like Loomis, he was a self-made man, and, like Loomis, he did not presume upon the fact.

"By the way," he added, "you've a warrant, of course?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I have, sir—a warrant thirteen years old. Would you care to—"

"No, no. I take your word, as I ask you to take mine. But one thing. Why, if Doctor Carnes was wanted—that is—Well, what put you on the track at last of the man here?"

"Just a scrap of letter, sir, smuggled through to Doctor Carnes's sister in Vancouver. 'Address me Jim White, St. Katherine, B. W. I.'—that's all. Inspector Alward came out, and, as you know—"

"Yes, yes, quite so. Hmmm! Quite so."

"And now, *I*—"

"Quite so!"

The conversation had arrived at an *impasse*. Loomis lit a fresh cigar. They moved on again along the beach, away from the town, slowly. The peculiar, full-bodied beauty of night and the ocean tropics lay about them, but if they took note of it, it was only with their nerves. Perhaps for this very reason the drain on the Northerner's nervous fabric was deeper than he suspected; at any rate, he began to have a feeling he had never had before, a kind of a sense of impotence. He was a man to whom obstacles had always been essentially obstacles, nothing more. Of a sudden he halted and faced around.

"Your Excellency," he said, "I can't help feeling that you are determined to put things in my way."

"No." The other appeared to weigh his words. "I shall put nothing in your way. . . . Shall we be walking back now?"

As they fell in step, the governor clasped his hands behind him and meditated on the shadow-streaked sand. He was a shorter man than Loomis, his flesh was softer and less resilient, his skin sallower, his brown eyes more deeply sunken by prolonged, half-won fights with fever. One would say he was no match for Loomis.

"You asked me," he said, "if I believed in the law. Let me ask—you've read, in your Hugo, about the chap called Jean Valjean?"

Loomis shook himself slightly, almost with a suggestion of anger.

"I am neither judge nor jury, sir."

"I see, I see." The other's tone grew even more abstracted. "I used to know Carnes in Canada. I knew his weaknesses and his strength. If it had been one of his weaknesses that led him to shoot Edward Blaine-Smith, I shouldn't have hesitated to give him up to the first constable in sight; you may take my word for that. As it was—"

"Oh, come, sir. Blaine-Smith was shot down in cold blood."

"Granted. But he had called Carnes's best friend a name—had called him more particularly 'a thief and a bastard.' The 'thief' we'll pass over. Neither is it a life-and-death affair to call a man the other thing—unless, mark me, *he happens to be one!* And this friend of Carnes's *happened to be one!* Now you will understand—"

"I tell you, sir, I'm neither judge nor jury. I must protest."

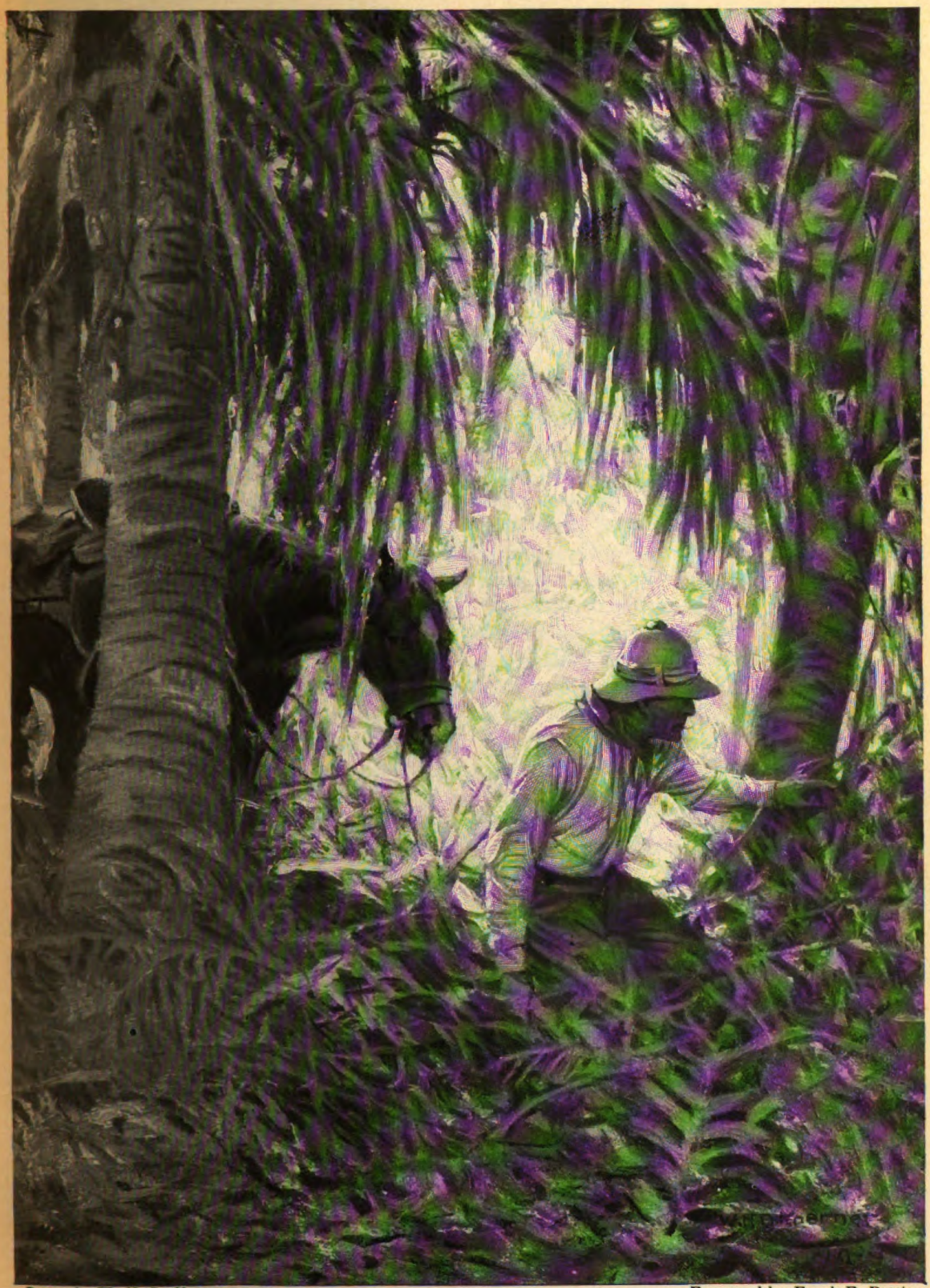
The governor's shoulders grew heavier.

"I suppose a judge would say the world didn't need a man who would shoot another man on such provocation. I'll tell you something, Mr. Loomis. There was an island in the world that needed such a man. When Doctor Carnes came here there were perhaps two hundred people, and their lives weren't worth the bother of living. Doctor Carnes knew nothing of tropical diseases. Within two years he knew more about mountain fever (as we call it) than any other man in the Lesser Antilles. I repeat, sir, thirteen years ago this island was a pest spot. It was scarcely on the map. A mulatto tax-collector came over twice a year from St. Lucia; that was about all. Now there are upward of nine thousand souls, four parishes, a Government House, and —a governor."

The speaker bowed his head slightly at the last.

"Perhaps you will wonder, sir, how I, a comparatively poor man from another dominion, a nobody, a friend of the like

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

HE SAW THE BLACKS STARTING DOWN THE SAVANNA

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of Jim White—how *I*— But I'll tell you. They tried one of their easy governors at first—one of their professional younger sons. It didn't do."

He stopped walking and touched the inspector's sleeve.

"Look about you! I am governor, but this is the work of Hyatt Carnes."

The moon rode higher. In the vast white illumination the sea recovered the memory of the colors of day—phantom purples, ghostly turquoise. The shadows of palm-boles lay across the beach, like a tiger's skin; between the trees clusters of pale, heavy-lipped flowers stirred in the slow wind.

"It *is* beautiful," Loomis breathed, as if against his will.

The governor took in his look of admiration, half nerves, half awe.

"But not that!" he cried. "Beauty, yes! But one grows tired of beauty; sometimes one has a fearful thirst almost for ugliness—for something cold and hard won and tawdry. No, this is what I mean; this town. This whole island, sir; the villages, the parish schools, the little estates of sugar and cocoa and limes. Seventeen thousand pounds sterling in exports per annum, sir! Seventeen thousand pounds!"

He stood so for a moment with his hands lifted.

"And *that*, sir, is what your *murderer* has done!"

"But I say!" Loomis shifted uneasily. "Hang take it, sir! I'm *not* the judge. I'm a machine! I'm set to do a task. I do it."

On the gravel before the house a small Welsh mare stood mourning over her own shadow, her legs propped apart, her head drooping. The governor wheeled to face his companion.

"Mr. Loomis, I am going to put nothing between you and Jim White. In return I ask a favor. This: Until you have definitely to act, will you be so good as to say nothing of your errand; will you study this man *as* a man; and then—Well, will you talk with me again?"

It was a moment before Loomis spoke. Under his drooping lids his eyes studied the other's face with something between mystification and uneasy wonder. In the end he murmured:

"Very well, sir."

"Done, then! . . . Shall we go in?"

At the door the governor's wife was awaiting them. She was a vaguely pretty, angular woman with dry hair and sallow skin, a typical Colonial. Her large blue eyes sought her husband's.

"Tom, Jim White is here." And she laid a hand on his sleeve with a gesture which seemed to say, "Don't, Tom!"

Jim White was seated at a long, bare mahogany table, under the light of a candelabrum. Before him was a glass, a decanter of St. Croix rum, several lime-peels, and an empty soda-bottle. . . . Here was a man with whom low latitudes and exile had not dealt kindly. One could see by the dry luster of the eyes and the color of the skin stretched over the skull structure that long coping with fevers had not been without its price; more than by anything else his physical and mental ebb told in his nerves, his thin, arid, uncontrollable outbursts of temper.

He got to his feet unsteadily at sight of the governor in the door. He pounded on the table with his open palms.

"Yes, I'm here! Look at me all you want!"

His voice was shrill with defiance. He pounded harder.

"No, by God! Tom, I won't be scolded to-night. The mist settled in Two Roads three nights ago. The fever struck before morning. The valley's astink with it. And I've come out. Here you see me, sitting in a clean room, drinking cold rum and soda, having a fine time."

The governor had not moved from the doorway. He spoke slowly.

"I suppose, then, that Jenks and Slowboy must be down with it, else of course you would have sent one of them out instead."

"Talk! Talk like a curate all you damn well please!"

The fellow's ecstasy was shocking. He

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

showed his teeth. He pounded harder on the table. He danced on his toes. "Talk, talk, talk!"

The governor approached the table. His voice was quiet, austere:

"Now, sir, have the goodness to tell me what you're grousing about."

"I? Oh! Ha-ha! Why should I grouse? Isn't everything just too splendid in there? Only seventeen down, and as for ice, you know—"

"So! That's better!" The governor took up a pad. "Ice, eh!"

"Ice-bags, douches, quinine. But why should one grouse about *quinine?*"

"Ice-bags," the governor wrote, "douches, quinine—"

"Brooms, mops, formaldehyde—"

The governor looked up from his list. "Quite right. And now, Jim, go to bed. . . . Pollett! I say, Pollett, show Mr. White up to the west chamber. . . . Where's Gabriel? Ah, Gabriel, here, this list. Look alive, will you! Make up a good stock, pack a camp, turn out Potter, Snaith, Washington, and Coco. Tell Fox I shall want horses in front within the hour. . . . Pollett, you've not shown Mr. White up yet. . . . Jim, go! . . . Mr. Loomis — I'm afraid — for a few days— White, as you see, is quite done, and I shall have to go in and do the best I can, myself. For a few days, then, if you'll have the goodness to forgive my absence—"

"For a few days," Loomis broke in upon the apologies, "I don't fancy I shall get much of White, either. So, if you don't mind, I think I'd rather go along. Shouldn't mind seeing the country."

The governor bent his head to one side and studied him.

"As you please," he said. "And about White, you're quite right. I fancy you *wouldn't* see much of the impossible fellow *here.*"

Loomis did not take the full significance of this till, about an hour later, the moonlit cavalcade came up into the shadow of the island jungle. And there, like a school-boy not to be left behind, Jim White awaited them, leaning on the neck of his prop-legged pony. Nothing was said on either side as he joined. He fell in at the rear. He remained silent. He seemed chastened, listless, burned out. . . .

To the northerner that night ride over the tangled buttresses of the Morne was something not to be forgotten. The damp heat hanging under the leaves lay heavy in his lungs. The effect, paradoxically, was a sharpening of all the faculties. A million infinitesimal stirrings, cries, snappings, ululations, came to his ears through the forest walls; even in the pauses in travel there was no silence. His eyes glimpsed a multitude of things like serpents in the spotted light—creepers and lianas looping tree to tree. Or at long intervals the jungle sank away, giving up vast little savannas rolling down blue in the moon to hide away in mist-pools. Once there was a sight of the mountain and a ravine, and white mist flowing down the ravine to fill the lower levels, where it lay like the beaten white of an egg.

"That, sir," the governor pointed out, "*that's* the rotten stuff!"

"God's curse and the devil's curse, too, be on it!"

White had come up from the rear; the malediction was his. A curious change had come over him. It was as if his fragile anger had returned, and yet it hadn't the quality of anger. The man looked rapt. An unhealthy eagerness drew him forward.

"See there!" His heels beat weakly at the pony's belly. "That's Two Roads just there, buried deep. God's damnation on it! choking the beggars in their beds. Tom, I say, are we all lame? Why do we want to be all night about it?"

It had been pretty near that, in truth; the moon was low, and although there was no light in the east, yet there was the feeling of pause in the air which comes before the sudden tropic dawn.

White's heels kicked with an increased, spasmodic violence; a wave of color ran hot over his cheeks; his eyes grew larger.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Come, Tom! Damn it! Spur up. We must get down to them!"

"Take care, Jim!" The governor turned in his saddle.

"Care? Hell! I'm going. I tell you Tom, I—"

The governor, leaning over quickly, caught the limp form and dragged it to him from the shying pony.

"Boys," he called back, "break out the camp under the road here. Get the wall-tent up straight away! Mr. White is ill."

Watching him as he got down with his sagging burden, Loomis saw on the governor's face a look of bewilderment, horror, and grief.

The tent was pitched. Dawn broke over the mountain, a white devastation. Loomis, uncertain precisely what to do with himself, heard the thin dribble of the sick man's delirium creeping out beneath the tent-flaps. After a moment the governor himself emerged. In the midst of the ordered confusion—negroes panting under tent-rolls and cases, animals backing and snorting—there was something in the look of the short, green-faced, white-clad figure which seemed to say that he, too, for the moment, was uncertain precisely what to do with himself. He looked at the sky, the immeasurably empty dome of blue. He stared down the gently sloping savanna at the mist that had swallowed the village. The attention of his ears seemed to go back to the low-walled tent and the frail bumble of words without meaning. He wheeled and saw above him Loomis. . . . He came at something like a rush. Loomis had the strong but indefinable sense that he was being charged upon. And then the man seemed to have lost hold of what he had been going to say. An awkward silence fell between them.

"He is—very bad?" Loomis inquired at last.

"He will die."

The complete, dry acceptance in the tone was shocking. For perhaps the first time in his life Loomis found himself stammering.

"But—but see here, sir—I— If there is anything at all I can do. I'm not much as a nurse, but if you care to have me look out for White, while you're down below—"

"No! Thanks!" The governor lifted both arms in a disordered gesture. "See here, my dear chap, you must get out. The road we came by has no branchings; in daylight you should not miss your way; you should be at Government House by early afternoon. I will be there in a few days—four at most. Till then—"

Loomis, weighing the change which had come over the dignified, almost phlegmatic executive, did not move.

"I prefer to stay," he said, quietly.

"And *I*—" The governor grasped the horse's bridle. "I—I won't hear of it. There's danger here. I tell you, Loomis, I'll not have another agent's disappearance laid at my door, or at Jim White's. If it weren't for that you might jolly well—"

"But it isn't 'for that.'" Loomis spoke slowly, watching the other's eyes. "For there's no danger here, above the mist. As you told me yourself, so long as one keeps clear of that—"

He dropped it, at sight of the other's face. One could see the man was not himself; that his reserve was shattered, and that he was ashamed of himself and of what he was doing—a man forced to quibble in the presence of tragedy. Gratuitously, and of a sudden, Loomis retreated from his position.

"Well, your Excellency, have it as you wish."

Lifting the reins, he turned the animal back into the trail. Within the minute he was swallowed by the green flood of the jungle.

That a man like Loomis should have surrendered his position so quietly should have been matter for suspicion. The fact was that he had not; he had simply avoided what is known in domestic affairs as a "scene." After a hundred yards he pulled up. He found a place where the leaf screen thinned on

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the shoreward side, and there, sitting motionless, he watched. He saw the camp completed. Under the waxing glare of forenoon he saw the blacks starting down the savanna, the pack-mules led. He saw the governor following, lagging, stopping once or twice as he went, and once again for a longer moment at the very margin of the mist pool, to gaze back at the tent left behind, a tiny snow-spot on the verdant upsweep of the mountain. And then he, too, turning for the last time, followed the men and mules with a kind of leap into the glimmering smother below. . . .

Loomis lifted the reins and guided the pony back to the open. In the sight of the mulatto, Snaith, who had been left with the dying man, he took off saddle and bridle, wove a deft hobble of rope, and turned the animal adrift. Stooping, he entered the tent.

He saw the sick man lying on a canvas cot in the close yellow glare. Already he would scarcely have known him. The sallow skin of his face had turned a bluish-gray, blotched with bright crimson. His breathing was unrhythmical, stentorian, and difficult. His burning eyes, fastened upon the intruder, did not seem for a while to take him in.

Loomis made quick gestures with his arms. He drew nearer and retreated again, as if trying by motion or distance to bring himself within the focus of that sightless sight. In the end he succeeded.

"Who are you?" White demanded in a weak, thick voice.

"I am a man from Canada."

With an astonishing return of strength White lifted on an elbow.

"What are you doing here? What do you want?"

"Nothing. I'm going to look out for you."

"Go away!"

The odd and horrible mask was contorted with a scowl; the man's body sank back again; he rolled over, gasping, and turned his face to the canvas wall. . . . Loomis hesitated a moment; then he went out.

In the open he found himself confronted by Snaith. Snaith had overheard the governor's command; he had also caught something of what went on in the tent. He found himself in a dilemma. The governor was his temporal god, and that his word should be treated lightly was beyond the mulatto's grasping. A truculent loyalty urged him to violence. . . . And yet the man before him, the offender, was a white man. A deep, inherited awe of all Caucasians bothered him. He was scared.

Loomis, reading this, took from an inner pocket a sheaf of official-looking papers.

"I assure you, my man, I'm quite all right here. If you care to see my credentials—" He shuffled the papers carelessly. "No? I will tell you, then. Your governor makes laws for this island, but his laws are made for *him*, as you know, by the home government. I am from the home government." It was all a lie, but it seemed to suffice.

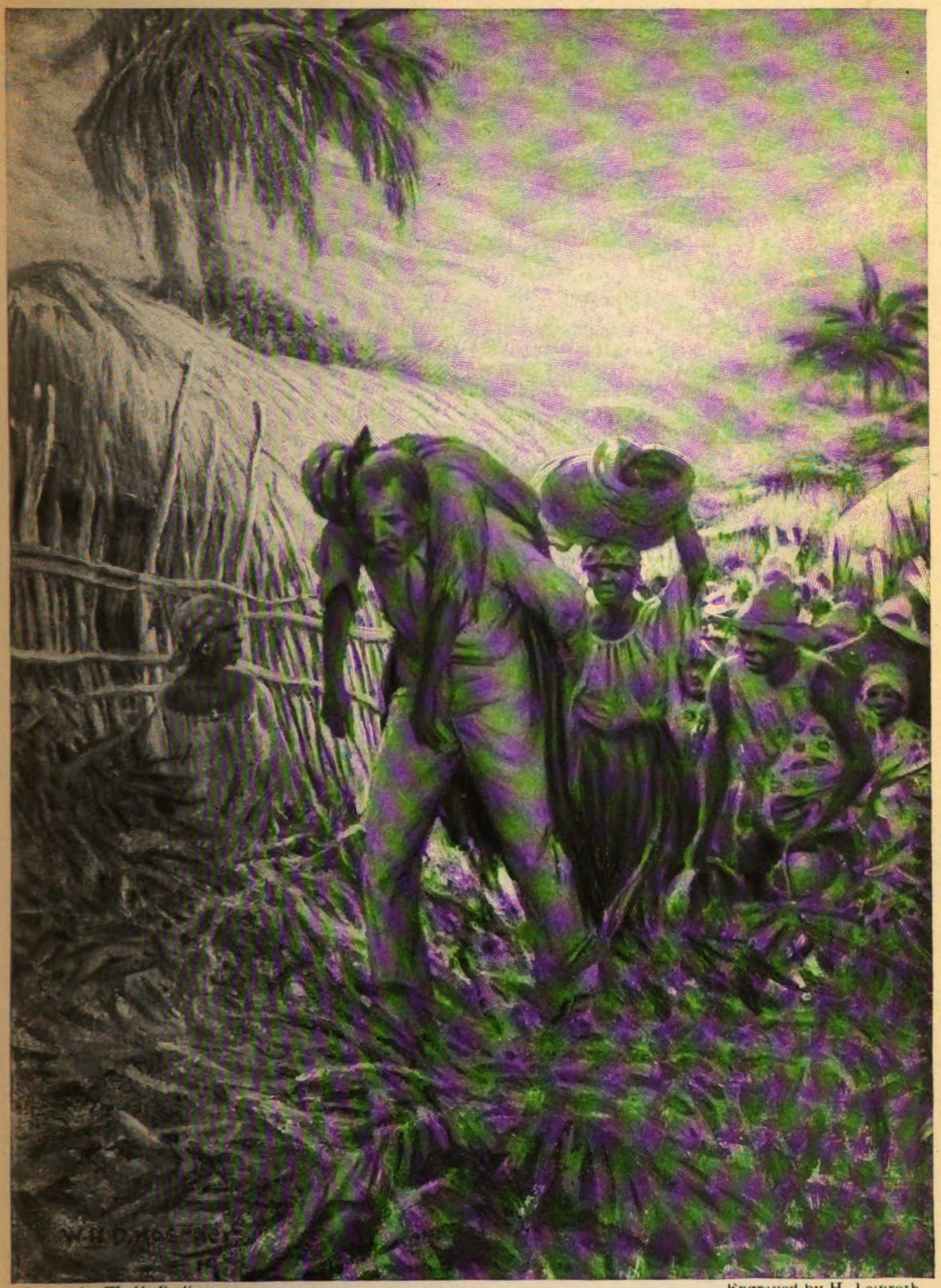
Bringing his saddle into the tiny triangle of shade thrown by the tent, Loomis made himself comfortable.

The sun rode high and higher. A dead heat lay on the world. Where in the dark of night there had been no silence, in the white tide of day nothing moved to mar the utter stillness. An hour passed; Loomis had rolled, lighted, and thrown away a dozen cigarettes, before the hush was broken by the mumbling resurrection of the voice within the tent.

Jim White, losing hold of his life in the humid brightness of a tropic isle, seemed to forget the brightness and the isle. He was a boy again—a young man—full of the powers and passions, the aspirations and lusts of youth—breasting the cold, clear river of his northern life. Through long spaces his words were incoherent; then for moments at a time fragments of sentences took on an incredible clarity, like the low syllables of a flute. . . . He talked with his love, by and by; his voice grew thick with a nervous tenderness. . . .

Loomis listened without shame.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by H. Leinroth

A WHITE MAN WAS BEARING A BLACK WOMAN ON HIS BACK

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I'm not a listener, an eavesdropper. I am a machine."

The sun gained the zenith. The sky was blue; the sea, beyond the roll of the land, stood up blue to the horizon; and yet the northerner, staring at it steadily, understood why one after another had written it down as brass. And the mist-pool in the hollow was more than ever like the beaten white of an egg.

Jim White had forgotten his love. Quite of a sudden he was fighting. There was a growl, an oath; there came an incoherent pæan of triumph; the fragile tent walls would not contain it; it rang strangely out across the rank, soft, yielding body of the savanna. Words stood out clear and separate—names.

The light told on the listener. His eyes swam. The effort of keeping his attention fixed on one thing in that drooping air began to tell, too. It became an enormous effort. He was glad when the voice was done; he was worn out with intimacies; his brain rebelled.

"Good Lord alive!" he breathed. "Good Lord! No!"

For half an hour there had been silence. Loomis wondered if his man was dead. An astounding thing happened to him, and one of which he was not directly conscious. Tears welled over his lids and rolled in floods down his cheeks —tears not so much of grief as of wonder.

He experienced one of the actual frights of his life when he discovered White's head protruding between the flaps near his elbow. The man seemed to have gained flesh and color; the wasted places in his face had puffed out; his gray-blue eyes were dry and clear. He had become a quadruped, that was all—content with his hands and knees. For a moment he remained there between the flaps, staring down fixedly at the fog over Two Roads.

"The precious niggers!" he mumbled of a sudden. "Precious, filthy, sick niggers!"

His great, rosy face wagged slowly while he talked, as if with a curious exaltation of disdain.

"Why does a white man, a healthy, clean, educated white man, want to spend himself for a lot of ignorant, filthy niggers? Look at 'em!"

Loomis, who had been staring down there all day long, made the surprising discovery that black people were actually to be seen. They made no great show in that vast dome of day; they were more than anything else like a thread of flotsam cast up to await another tide on the beaches of an opaque sea; they walked and crept tiny on the savanna, far down, with cotton bedclothing, bundles, umbrellas, some with kettles and pans, all perfectly quiet, staring back into the poisoned mist or upward at the tent and the mountain. And Loomis saw that under the drinking sun the mist itself had grown by a shade less opaque. There were phantoms in it; phantoms of huddled housetops made of grass—and the ghost of a white man in white coming painfully to the surface with a black woman on his back.

"Oh, well— Hell! Let's go!"

The sick man gave a kind of sigh as he said it. He shook himself clear of the flaps. Still on his hands and knees, as if he had got about that way all his life, he started down the slope. He went in the broad, blank sunlight to get the "niggers" and to meet his friend, an absurd quadruped, ambling down.

Loomis was on his feet. He stood very erect, with an odd sensation along his spine. He had hard work to make himself move; when he did, it was already too late. . . . White, slipping and crumpling on a more precipitous decline, had started to roll. He seemed to find rolling faster than ambling—and, besides that, he was dead.

For the first time in his life, very poignantly, Loomis felt himself, his errand, his career, his world, small enough to be in the way. He had started to run after the ambler. He stopped. He looked at the governor, toiling with an absurd and tragic haste up-hill; he saw the black men and women and children,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

coming like a scant swarm of flies. Turning about, he passed behind the tent. He caught up his pony, threw the saddle across its back, mounted, and rode away into the jungle track.

The light held for an hour, standing sultry in the rare openings between the tree-tops. Just before sunset it turned green. Then the night came. He gave the pony its head. In the whispering dark he rode with his shoulders sinking lower and lower; only at rare intervals did he shake them into a momentary rectitude, muttering in protest:

"It's none of my affair. I'm not the judge nor the jury!"

White's body came in that night about two hours after him, laid across a pack-saddle. He saw it just for a moment in the little glow beneath his window; then the somber cavalcade of two moved on again. Where the mortal exile was buried, what it said on the stone they put over him, Loomis never knew.

For seven days then he lived a vacant life; vacant and yet singularly crowded. His hands were empty, his mind horribly full. His brain hummed with thoughts like a top. Doubts would never let him be. His aimless feet carried him back and forth along the single roadway of the town, blinking idiotically at the half-clothed people, the mongrel dogs, the still more mongrel pigs asleep in the dust. The flame-banks of exotic bloom, the aspiring palms, the peacock water, had so soon grown cheap. The immense whiteness of the sunlight drove him to shelter with a pain behind his eyes.

The governor's lady was kind—and worried. Being a British Colonial, she kept it to herself. Being a woman, she gave it away ten times within the hour. It told on the guest's nerves. Once he allowed himself the luxury of an outburst of protesting reassurance.

"But if he *weren't* quite fit, you would have *heard*, you know!"

"Oh, my word! Of course he's quite all *right!*" She cast back his own reassurance with a bright, hard-lipped smile.

"It's all in not being afraid, with a thing like fever," he argued, solemnly. "So long as one's not afraid— White was afraid, I think."

"Yes, Jim White was always afraid." Something had gone out of her voice with that. . . . "And *he*," she cried of a sudden—"he, Tom, he *is* afraid. He'd tell you not; he'd tell me not. But I happen to have seen him in the night, after a time such as this, pacing the floor —fighting. Oh, sir, he is afraid. He knows, some day—"

Loomis escaped the house. Once more he wandered the dreary, brilliant corridor of his prison of idleness and doubt. A wild, unspeakable idea clung in his mind:

"Perhaps — perhaps, after all — he won't come back—alive."

Loomis hated himself; he did worse, he distrusted himself. . . .

And the governor did come back. He came out of the jungle late that evening when the town was asleep, like a soldier returning unheralded and unscarred from some obscure campaign. His face was a little thinner and sallower, that was all; his eyes a little drier and brighter. He ate ravenously under the watching eyes of his wife.

There was a moment in the meal when a distinct but undefinable change came over him. He was paring a mango. He laid it down on his plate and turned his eyes to the corner where Loomis sat, half in shadow. It was as though he had forgotten somewhere in that desperate week, and but now remembered the man —with something curiously like a shock.

He took up the fruit again and finished paring it.

Neither man slept. The clock in the small, tin-roofed "Church of England" had struck the half-hour after midnight when they met, as if by some unspoken assignation, in the open air beneath the portico.

The governor was the first to speak.

"You were with him--that day?"

Loomis nodded.

"He was delirious? He—he—" The governor turned his eyes to gaze un-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

easily out over the water. "He—talked?"

"He did, sir."

The governor, his eyes still averted, waited. Loomis waited. The silence grew. The inspector was the one of the two who could afford to lose patience first. Turning away, he walked down the steps.

"But—good *God!* sir."

The muffled outcry brought him back. He came and stood before the governor. His voice was brutal with deliberation.

"Do you want to know what he said, your Excellency? I'll tell you. He told me, in those ravings of delirium, what I came all this way to learn. He gave himself away—Hyatt Carnes. He confessed to the shooting of Blaine-Smith. He lived over again the scene. He killed the man in the dawn, standing on an open street against the prairie. He has never forgotten the look in the dying man's eyes, but what he did he did for a friend, and he is glad. That's what his ravings told me, sir. And he told me, sir, when he himself was about to die." He reached out to steady the governor's arm. "What's wrong with you, sir?"

"I—I seem—"

"You'll have to talk louder, sir."

"I seem to be done in. I've been on my feet—I—I need sleep."

"Why don't you turn in, then?"

"Th-thanks! I will! And you?"

"Presently."

Loomis did not make good his word. The clock in the church told hour after hour, and still he remained abroad, prowling the grounds and the deserted starlit street. Each time that his restless circuit brought him within sight of the governor's dark windows he gave himself up to anger.

"Sleeping! Sleeping the sleep of the just!"

He was torn between that and something else. The soft night wind, coming down over the body of the island, touched his lips and nostrils with the taste and perfume of peace. He seemed to see it as a thing resurrected—the villages, the new parish schools, the little estates of sugar and cocoa and limes. . . . He seemed to see a man pledging it with hands uplifted and eyes shining curiously in the moon: "That's what your *murderer* has done!" . . . He saw a man creeping up out of a mist-pool with an old black woman on his back.

"Damn it! Damn it! What's right, after all?"

He continued to roam. The stars faded to the coming of the morning moon. His eyes caught the black windows of the governor's chamber again, and again he stiffened his shoulders and raised his chin.

"No, no, no! Neither one way or another am I the judge. I'm an officer of police. I'm not a jury; I'm a messenger, a machine."

In the moonlight, far out on the skyline, a wisp of smoke stood up. The *Paramaribo* was coming, swinging in from its northward course to pick up the officer—and his prisoner.

A kind of panic laid hold of Loomis. The thought of running in, pounding up the stairs, battering at the governor's door, crossed his mind. And even as he stared at the entrance under the portico he saw the governor coming out.

The man had not slept, after all. He had not taken off his clothes. He looked tousled and musty. Red puffs stood under his eyes.

"Loomis," he cried, coming straight down, "I've got something to say to you."

"What?" asked Loomis, waiting squarely across the path.

"This. Just—well—" The governor took his arm in a nervous grip and pulled him toward the beach. "Let's have a turn."

They went at a breathless pace. Just as when they had strolled on the same beach the other night in the moonrise, now, in the hour before dawn, there was a long, easeless silence. When words did come to the governor's lips, they tumbled out in a rush. He talked against time, against thought, against every-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

thing. He seized on the thing nearest in time, the fever at Two Roads.

"Bad, sir, shocking bad! . . . But not so bad as last time; a year ago in St. Barnabas parish. Not by a jolly sight. Another time again, and it will be still easier to master, I fancy. It grows less. We shall have it in hand in time—in—in time. If only I am—if only I could be given—time. Time, sir!" It was the cry of a man going down. One realized that, of a sudden; the last cry of a forlorn hope that has come to its end.

In the growing half-light where the palm-boles stood up from the sand like gray iron bars, Loomis caught hold of his elbow and brought him to a halt.

"But this isn't what you came out to tell me, sir."

"I came to tell you—to ask you if you mightn't be wrong—about White. Are you sure—sure as life and death, sir—that he said what you say he said?"

"I am."

"But a confession may not be— It won't always hold. And the man was out of his mind, you know."

"That simply doubles the value of the evidence, doesn't it, sir?"

"Or else he *wasn't*. See here; he knew you were there? Yes! Suppose, then, that it was all a bit of acting—"

"Does a man *act* on his death-bed?"

"Not—not any man—except—Jim White. . . . And I won't have it! I tell you I can't let him go under with that!"

"Then, sir, by all this, you mean to say—?"

"I mean to say—"

The little governor of St. Katherine was shivering from head to foot. The dawn came. In the pink light his eyes went about him in a swift survey of the kingdom he had brought to life. And then his bloodless lips framed the word of his confession.

But Loomis was too quick. Loomis, springing forward, had a hand over the lips. At sight of an act, a gesture, a word ready to be given, a miracle had happened. He was no longer torn. His course lay clear. In a wink he saw himself judge and jury. He barked like a dog in his nervousness.

"No, no; I won't hear any more of this. My case is complete. . . . Look there! The *Paramaribo!* Lord! sir, but I must hurry!"

And with that he turned and was gone, running along the beach toward Government House. . . . In his chamber he flung his things together, crammed them into his bags; he tiptoed hastily out through the empty halls.

A pink-white long-boat was coming in to the beach. The governor of the island stood on the sand, watching it, his hands clasped tightly behind his back. Loomis dropped his bags beside him for a moment, rubbed his hands, shuffled his feet awkwardly.

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to express my respects and gratitude to my hostess. It's so confoundedly early, and I didn't care to bother her—and the haste and all—" He extended his hand. "And as for you, sir. . . . Well, I admire your work here!"

His expression underwent an abrupt change. It was as if he had had a "second thought." He dropped the bags, which he had caught up again.

"By George! sir. One thing. There was something which mystified me when I first came. One of the few things you *didn't* ask me—and one I should have thought you would have asked first—was whether or not I happened to have about me a photograph of the man—Doctor Carnes. The whole point of the matter was that I *had*."

He drew a cabinet photograph of a young man from his coat pocket, glanced from the pictured face to the living one before him, and then, with the slightest inclination of the head, tore it across and across and let the pieces fall in the water at his feet.

"It was the only one we could find in Canada," he explained. "Naturally, it is of no use now. . . . Good-by, your Excellency!"

Turning about, he walked to the waiting boat.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CARGOES THROUGH THE CLOUDS

BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

WE have seen "the nations' airy navies, grappling in the central blue," and we are about to see fulfilled the rest of Tennyson's prophecy, the "pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

For the purposes of this article, let prophecy stop there. The chance of any particular prophet predicting with accuracy either the course which the development of air-borne commerce will follow or what it will be like when it has been fully developed is too remote to be worth taking. It can, of course, be forecast of commercial aviation that it must pass through certain stages common to the development of all new inventions and enterprises. Radio-telegraphy, motion pictures, the automobile, each is a familiar recent example of the progress of an art from its inception in the brain of an inventor, or a group of inventors, through the period of endless experimentation, adaptation and change, to its final establishment as a popular and commercial success on the securities of which one may borrow money from his banker. That aerial navigation will, in its turn, pass through these stages of development and, before the children of to-day have reached maturity, become so merged in the routine of our every-day life as no longer to be the subject of wonder or comment, is hardly to be doubted.

Commercial aerial navigation, the thing itself, is here. There is no important section of the known world in (and above) which airplanes or dirigibles, or both, are not being used for some form of transportation which can be distinctly termed commercial, or where, at least, there are no well-matured, adequately financed plans for the establishment of commercial aviation actually in process of development. The newspapers have already announced the opening of booking-offices in London for air passengers to Brazil. This is merely one of the commercial aviation enterprises inaugurated since the war. A quick glance around the world discloses scores of other commercial uses of aircraft.

While the frequent flights between London and Paris made by Mr. Andrew Bonar Law in the course of his attendance as one of the British plenipotentiaries to the Peace Conference, in an airplane "equipped with all the luxuries of a Pullman," as one enthusiastic correspondent put it, received considerable notice in the newspapers, little has been said about the regular express airplane service that has been in operation between the French and British capitals for many months. Grand pianos are not the type of freight one thinks of first in connection with aerial commerce, but for advertising purposes an instrument of this sort was carried by airplane from the London store of which we hear most in America to a customer in France. And this across the English Channel, the flight over which by Bleriot less than ten years ago was an achievement so spectacular that the details were cabled around the world! Merchandise of every sort is transported by airplane daily on regular schedule between these two European cities.

The British Postmaster-General announced in the House of Commons, on July 18th, that aerial mail service to foreign countries was being seriously considered; it might not be long, he said, before mails would be carried to China and Australia in a few hours.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Regular mail service by air post between Paris and Geneva was established on May 26th, when the Swiss airman, Durafour, made the trip of two hundred and fifty miles in five and one-half hours, including half an hour's forced landing on French soil because of fog.

A British airplane company announces that it has been offered a carriage rate of five dollars an ounce for transporting from Shanghai to London certain essences used in the manufacture of perfumes.

Airplane lines for the regular transportation of merchandise between Brussels and Paris have been established. Five hundred pounds of lobsters constituted the cargo of the first plane to make the flight from Paris.

Regular daily newspaper delivery by airplane was inaugurated last May by the London Daily Mail, which sent packages of its Manchester edition to Carlisle, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Montrose by the air route. The papers are dropped from the 'planes in bundles attached to parachutes. The regular railroad time between Manchester and Aberdeen is thirteen hours, ten minutes; the newspaper 'plane makes it in three hours and a half.

At Johannesburg, South Africa, a commercial aviation company has been formed for the purpose of establishing passenger and express service between that city and Pretoria, Maritzburg, Durban, and Cape Town.

Australia has already established a transcontinental airway, from Sydney 2,550 miles across country to Port Darwin on the north coast. Landing-stations and relay and fuel depots have been established at distances of 390 miles apart. The survey by airplane of an alternative interior route has been begun.

It is 1,135 miles from Calcutta to Simla (a distance that strikes the American who knows India only from the maps in his school-books with a distinct shock of surprise). The railway fare, first class, is a little more than £8. And, as every reader of Kipling and Flora Annie Steele knows, it is a long, hot, tiresome journey. But now, or very shortly, one may literally fly from the stifling heat of the Hoogli flats to the cool hills of the "Plain Tales" in a third of the time and for less than twice the money. The newly organized commercial aviation company of India, with three million pounds sterling of capital, projects a Calcutta-Simla passenger-line that will cut the distance to 950 miles and make the trip in twelve to fifteen hours as against the forty-two hours which the train takes, for a fare of £15 17s. This route will be flown *via* Delhi; another line will run from Calcutta to Bombay, another from Calcutta to Darjeeling, and a fourth from Calcutta to Puri, the average fare being sixpence per mile.

The St. Maurice Valley Forest Protective Association, with the co-operation of the Canadian government, has established an airplane forest-fire patrol.

Even as the proof of this article is being revised comes the cabled report of the airplane "timber cruisers," twenty men with three machines, back from a month's exploration of two million square miles of Labrador timber and pulp-wood lands, with sketches and photographic maps revealing millions of dollars worth of accessible wealth as yet untapped.

One of the largest American aircraft manufacturers recently received a request for prices from the Congo Mission of the Disciples of Christ, which proposes to replace its fleet of steam-launches with flying-boats, the better to spread the gospel among the natives of the Belgian Congo. Half a dozen other foreign mission stations have also made similiar inquiries. "Sky-pilot" may soon be more than a mere figure of speech to the natives of many lands.

Lord Northcliffe, whose offer of a $50,000 prize was one of the stimuli of the men who undertook to fly across the Atlantic last spring, was quick to see the possibilities of closer Anglo-American relations which the flight in sixteen hours of Alcock and Brown from Newfound-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

land to Ireland opened up. "A warning to cable monopolists," he termed the feat, adding that the voyage was quicker than the average time of press messages in 1919. "I look forward with certainty," he said, "to the time when the London morning newspapers will be selling in New York in the evening, allowing for the difference between British and American time, and *vice versa* in regard to the New York evening newspapers reaching London the next day. Then we shall no longer suffer from the danger of garbled quotations due to telegraphic compression. Then, too, the American and British peoples will understand each other better, as they are brought into closer daily touch."

So far we have been talking about airplanes. The successful transatlantic round trip of the R-34 is the most convincing evidence that in the discussion of aerial transportation the dirigible balloon must not be forgotten. In fact, the only important commercial use of aircraft prior to the European war was the system of passenger-carrying Zeppelins. Immediately upon the signing of the armistice the Germans resumed the operation of passenger service by Zeppelins. Regular voyages on a fixed schedule between Berlin and Constantinople, *via* Munich and Vienna, have been made for several months.

Announcement was made in June of the formation of a combination of British airship interests, with several million pounds sterling available capital, for the establishment of airship lines literally encircling the earth. Moderate-sized dirigibles (there ought to be a better word for this craft) are being built for carrying express and mail matter, together with passengers; for long-distance flights carrying no cargo but passengers, ships of large size and high speed will be used; equally large craft, with lower engine power and slower speed, but large carrying capacity, will be constructed for general freight purposes. The largest of these airships yet planned is to have a cubic capacity of 3,500,000 feet, or nearly twice that of the R-34; it is expected to carry fifteen tons of passengers and mail for a distance of 4,500 miles at a speed of sixty miles an hour. The first of these new ships will be of 1,250,000 cubic feet capacity.

These are hard-headed British business men, who are preparing to stake their millions on the feasibility of operating airship routes from London to the four corners of the earth. Two main lines across the western ocean are planned; a London-New York route either direct or *via* Lisbon and the Azores, and a London-Rio Janeiro route, *via* Lisbon and Sierra Leone. Tickets (at £1,000) from London to Rio and return are already on sale for the first voyage. Schedules of two days and a half to New York, seven days to Perth, Australia, five days and a half to Cape Town, four days to Rio, a day and a half to Cairo—these are the space-ignoring, time-destroying details of this gigantic project.

To travel by airship over a shrunken world will not be as expensive as traveling about New York in a taxicab; ten cents a mile, against thirty; £50 from London to New York; threepence-halfpenny to send a letter. These are the tariffs already announced; that they will eventually be reduced is not to be doubted.

I have tried to indicate with the utmost brevity some of the things the rest of the world is doing in commercial aviation. These involve big plans and big figures. So far in America, the land of the airplane's nativity, nothing approaching these foreign achievements and projects in any important way has been undertaken or even seriously planned, with the sole exception of the United States aerial mail service.

By the time this is printed the air mail service in the United States, first established in the spring of 1918 between Washington and New York, and later extended to Cleveland and Chicago, will be in operation as far west as Omaha and St. Louis. Large, multi-motored air-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

'planes, especially constructed for the postal service, are to be built and ready for operation early in 1920. These big 'planes will make non-stop runs between Washington and New York, New York and Cleveland, etc., serving cities lying along their routes by dropping mail matter in packages attached to parachutes and possibly picking up mail-pouches from specially devised holders, on the same general principle as that by which fast through mail-trains pick up pouches with their mail-catchers.

That the aerial post pays, not merely in the saving of time, but in actual dollars and cents, has been fully demonstrated by the first year's experience of the Washington-New York service. The actual postage revenue for the year on this route was $159,700; the saving in railway transportation was $2,264, making a total revenue of $161,964. The cost of operation was $137,900, to which must be added a charge for the loss of one 'plane, less the useful parts salvaged, amounting to $4,961—a total operating cost of $142,861 and a surplus of $19,103.

These results have been achieved with 'planes which were not built for mail transportation nor really well adapted to it. They are army 'planes, slightly altered for the use of the Post Office Department. Possessing high speed in the air, they are able to carry only 400 pounds of mail matter at a time, while their excessively high landing speed not only makes their operation risky, both to pilot and to mail matter, but compels landings in large open fields which naturally are not to be found close to important post-offices. The exception to this last-named condition is Chicago, where the great open space along the downtown Lake-front, Grant Park, makes an ideal landing-place almost within stone's-throw of the Post Office. Mr. Praeger reported on June 22d that fifty-eight consecutive trips had been made between Cleveland and Chicago without delays, forced landings, or engine trouble. These flights, moreover, were made in weather which a short time ago would have been regarded as prohibitive of flight. Once when a squall so severe as to tie up shipping in Chicago Harbor was raging the mail-'plane got through on schedule, with its 16,000 letters (an average of forty letters to the pound). The release of a railway-mail distribution-car between these two points saves $52,000 a year. In view of figures like these, and the capacity of 1,000 pounds and upward which the new mail-'planes will have, the recent reduction of the aerial postage to two cents an ounce, the same as charged for all other means of transportation, seems unlikely to bring about a deficit in the Air Mail Service.

In the first year of the American postal air service, which began on May 15, 1918, not a single mail-airplane fell and not one of the Post Office pilots was killed. This was in a total of 128,000 miles of flying, in all sorts of weather. Out of 1,261 scheduled trips only fifty-five were not undertaken because of weather conditions; this in spite of the fact that expert airmen, formerly in the Army Air Service, have denounced the type of 'plane used on the postal routes as unsafe except in the best weather.

Of course American airmen and aircraft manufacturers have not been idle since the armistice was signed. In the three months ended on August 1, 1919, American airplane manufacturers reported orders booked and in process of construction for more than 500 'planes, while fully 500 more serious inquiries had been received; every manufacturer in America was months behind his orders, the largest of them having had to put on both day and night shifts at two factories. Anything that will fly can be sold; the range of orders runs from single-passenger machines to those with a capacity of ten or more. One enterprising manufacturer advertises that owners of his make of flying-boats are taking in from $600 to $1,000 a day, carrying passengers on pleasure rides at high fees. On the other hand, the amateur mechanic can buy the necessary parts, with accompanying blue-prints, for the con-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

struction of his airplane, for two or three hundred dollars. For motive power he can buy a Ford engine—yes, the same that propels the despised but ubiquitous Tin Lizzie—modified for aviation purposes, for a matter of $350! They fly, too, these Ford-motored aircraft, and give promise of becoming so numerous along the air lanes that special regulations will have to be promulgated to keep them from messing up important traffic.

And we are using aircraft in many non-military ways here in America. Aerial observation as a means of detecting forest fires was begun in the spring of 1919 by the establishment of a lookout in a captive balloon at the United States Army Balloon School at Arcadia, California, on the edge of the Angeles National Forest. With his field-glasses the observer commands a view of more than 2,500 square miles of forest area. By means of map and compass he is able to determine with great accuracy the location of any smoke that seems to be more than that from a traveler's camp-fire. The telephone at his hand gives him instant communication with the Forest Service headquarters at Los Angeles, which in turn can at once call by telephone the fire-fighting unit nearest to the scene of trouble.

Regular air passenger service between New York and Atlantic City was established in the summer of 1919.

The Apache Aerial Transportation Company advertises an hourly service in both directions between Los Angeles and San Diego, with four new twelve-passenger airplanes.

Utah capitalists have organized a company which will operate a line of sightseeing airplanes from Salt Lake City, piloted by former "Aces" of the Army Flying Corps. It is planned to make accessible to tourists in this way hundreds of natural wonders and beautiful vistas which are otherwise almost inaccessible.

Here is a newly established advertising agency, its officers all former officers of the U. S. Air Service, announcing a complete service of aerial advertising, including sky-high display on dirigible, kite, and spherical balloons and airplanes, the dropping of souvenirs and handbills from the air and aerial photographing of cities, summer resorts, country places, real-estate developments, etc.

One American newspaper, *The Brooklyn Eagle*, has begun in an experimental way the delivery of its papers to Long Island points by airplane. Newspapers that undertook to transport photographs of the Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo on July 4th to New York by airplane did not achieve the results they hoped for, but the pictures were actually delivered, in spite of breakdowns and accidents, many hours earlier than trains could have transported them. An enterprising Toledo newspaper distributed its "extra" editions, with news of the fight, over a seventy-mile radius by airplane.

A Utica newspaper has made arrangements for delivering its papers to distant points in the Adirondacks by airplane.

Airplane passenger service was established last summer between San Antonio and several other Texas cities and Ardmore, Oklahoma, with a prospect of its extension to Denver and Kansas City.

An enterprising Chicago firm of clothing manufacturers, specializing in clothes for college boys, has established its own aerial delivery service, under the direction of a former army flyer, which includes all of the colleges and universities within a hundred-mile radius of the city on its regular delivery routes.

Guiding fishing craft by radio communication to the location of schools of fish is an odd job for the airplane, but this service, inaugurated by the navy last summer at Gloucester, proved such a saver of the time and money of the Gloucester fishermen that it is to be extended to other coasts. Flying at an elevation of 3,000 feet, the observer in a seaplane can see the mackerel or cod a hundred feet or more below the surface.

The use of aerial photography as a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

means of map-making was demonstrated during the war. Less than one-third of the area of the United States has been surveyed and mapped. Here is a tremendous peace-time job for aircraft. Some technical improvements must be made in methods of aerial photography before maps made by this method will equal in accuracy those drawn from careful surveys, while altitudes and contours may still have to be calculated by the usual method of triangulation. But for all practical purposes airplane maps are more than adequate, while the saving in time and cost is literally enormous. For the resurveying of the shifting coast-line, which has to be done at frequent intervals, as well as for the checking up of existing maps of the interior to note the addition or removal of landmarks, there is continuous work ahead for a very large number of 'planes. The war has necessitated the redrafting of the commercial and military maps of the whole world, a terrific task that has not been thoroughly done more than twice in the past century. With the aid of the airplane survey it may yet be possible to realize the dream of the cartographers, a dream which heretofore seemed impossible of realization, of a complete and perfect atlas of the world. Already considerable areas in the South and Southwest, heretofore inadequately mapped, have been photographically surveyed by army 'planes and the results reduced to topographical drawings.

The pink boll-weevil, celebrated in song and story, is the deadly foe of the cotton-growers of Texas. Like many of the other troubles of the Southwest, the boll-weevil comes from Mexico. To protect the rest of the state and of the country from the invasion of this destructive pest, the state of Texas with the co-operation of the United States Department of Agriculture, some years ago established a zone from twenty to one hundred miles wide along the Rio Grande, within which the growing of all cotton was forbidden. In spite of heavy penalties, Mexicans and some Americans living in the zone have persisted, year after year, in growing cotton and thus there has been maintained an "underground railway" by which the boll-weevil has been able to make frequent incursions into the heart of the Texas cotton belt. The airplane has provided the first feasible means of patrolling the restricted zone and detecting "outlaw" cotton. In the spring and summer of 1919 numbers of outlaw cotton-fields were discovered by government scouts in army machines lent for the purpose, the owners apprehended and fined and the crops destroyed before the boll-weevil had been able to make serious inroads.

Throughout the summer of 1919 a Newark, N. J., department store delivered goods to its customers at Asbury Park, on the Jersey coast, daily by airplane.

One of the first international commercial voyages in the air was made by a Canadian military aviator last May, flying a standard army training-'plane, with a load of 400 pounds of furs which he brought from Toronto across Lake Ontario and on to Newark, N. J., in nine flying hours. His first stop was at Clayton, N. Y., the port of entry, where the United States customs duties were paid.

Thirty-two American cities have asked the War Department to co-operate with them in establishing municipal aerodromes, to be jointly lighted and policed and equipped for the starting and landing of postal, passenger, and express airoplanes.

To the person who thinks of commerce only in terms of bulk freight, fifty-ton car-loads of pig iron, ten-thousand-ton cargoes of wheat, the commercial importance of any sort of aerial transportation may not appear to have been convincingly demonstrated by the foregoing collection of facts and figures. But if one stops to think a minute, he will realize that it is not the heavy and bulky cargoes for which the world is willing to pay the highest freight rates. Such commodi-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ties as coal, lumber, cotton, are shipped by the slowest and cheapest means of transportation. What the world willingly pays its highest tolls for are gold and gems, perfumes and spices, luxuries, the value of which does not depend upon mere bulk—these and news. You can send a pound of coal across the Atlantic for less than a cent; there are no scales delicate enough to weigh the single word for the instantaneous transmission of which across the Atlantic you pay ten cents. Nobody wants coal badly enough to pay airplane rates for its delivery. It is characteristic of the human race that it will always manage somehow to get along without the necessities of life as long as it can have its luxuries when it wants them.

A dozen years or so ago, driving across the North Dakota prairie, along a road paralleling the track of one of the great transcontinental railway systems, a little black dot in the western distance, far beyond the point where the rails ran together and vanished, resolved itself into a railway train approaching with such lightning swiftness that we reined in the horses and sat, motionless, to watch it pass. A glimpse of a gun-barrel through the window of the fireman's cab, a blurred streak of sealed express cars, and, on the rear platform of the caboose, a couple of men in wide-brimmed hats, each holding that deadliest of all close-range weapons, a sawed-off "pump" gun—that was the picture we saw as the train whirled by.

"What's that?" I asked my driver, a young plainsman.

"That's the Silk Express," he replied, with the same touch of local pride which village youngsters in my own boyhood used to display when the Hartford stage rolled through Peeptoad-on-the-Pike. "Carries a million dollars' worth of silk right through from Seattle to Chicago without stopping, every time a ship comes in from China."

Five days from coast to coast is the time made by the Silk Express with its "costly bales." Up to a quarter of a million dollars' worth of silk could be carried by any of the big airplanes now being converted from their original purpose as night bombers into cargo-carriers; at ninety miles an hour a squadron of them could carry the freight of the Silk Express from the Pacific to the Atlantic in less than two days. Twice, at least, the Silk Express has been wrecked and rifled by train-robbers, in its course across the lonely prairies. The day may come when the aerial Silk Express will need a convoy of fighting airplanes to protect it against bandits of the air, but as yet that possibility exists only in the imagination of the writers of romantic fiction. That silk transportation by air will be actually cheaper than by rail, as well as faster, is reasonably certain.

This very safety of the airplane from robbery *en route* inspired one of its earliest post-war commercial uses. An Oklahoma oil company, operating over an extensive and unsettled territory, with many wells at isolated points, had been sending the money for the weekly pay-roll by automobile. In spite of a heavily armed guard, robbers more than once succeeded in getting away with the cash. Now the payroll is delivered by airplane, with perfect safety against robbery and an immense saving of time and cost.

To the man on the ground, with no special knowledge of aerial affairs except what he reads in the daily newspaper, the element of risk in aerial navigation seems frightful. It is impossible that sane persons should trust their lives, to say nothing of their goods, to a means of transportation fraught with such terrific perils. In the same manner men inveighed against the steamboat and the railroad with its "frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour"; the bicycle and, much more vehemently, the automobile were denounced by all the "safety first" advocates, in their respective infancies. Yet, proportionately, the airplane and the dirigible, even in war, have no larger number of fatalities charged against them. Newspaper-readers shuddered

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

when they read of the dirigible that fell through the skylight of a Chicago bank last July, with the resulting deaths of eleven persons. Yet in the same month there were chronicled railroad wrecks, on our presumably safest railroads, that cost many more lives each.

Every Monday morning the newspapers report deaths, running frequently into the dozens, due to Sunday's automobile accidents, yet the death of a single airman excites more horror than all of these. Partly, no doubt, the peculiar horror with which humanity regards death by falling from a tremendous height is due to its novelty among human experiences.

The plain fact is that the element of risk, given a properly constructed machine—airplane or dirigible—manned by engineers and pilots who have learned their art thoroughly, is no greater than it was in the early days of railroading or steamboating, little, if any, greater than in automobiling to-day, comparing the number of miles traveled. The novice, if permitted too early to fly alone, runs a tremendous risk. Hundreds of airmen were sacrificed during the war to the necessity for speed, both in training and in the construction of 'planes. That there were not more deaths from these two causes, particularly the latter, is surprising when one considers how utterly new the whole art of aircraft construction was five years ago to everybody except a little group of experimenters. The Allied world had to start its whole aircraft program with what was practically a blank sheet of paper, and out of the diverse and contradictory claims and theories of experimental engineers to decide upon plans and methods of construction that would at least produce machines which would fly and engines which would propel them.

It was not until after America entered the war—not until after we had committed ourselves to certain types of 'planes and engines, in fact—that there began to emerge from the combined experience of the belligerents something like a set of general principles embodying what was conceded to be the best practice in airplane construction.

It was not until the very end of the war that there began to be produced airplanes in any reasonable way adapted to commercial purposes. These were chiefly the huge, multi-motored bombing-'planes, the Italian Caproni, the British Handley-Page and Vickers "Vimy," and the American Martin; aside from training-'planes, we had produced in this country while the war was on, only the De Havilland-4 in appreciable quantities. The navy was working on its "nancies," the NC type of flying-boat, of which one was to be the first aircraft of any sort to cross the Atlantic Ocean, but none of them was ready for use before the war ended. The swift little Loening monoplane, unique and revolutionary in its combination of simplicity, speed, and lifting capacity; the light and sturdy La Pere—these and many others were still hardly more than projects when the armistice was signed. Great Britain was working on huge, rigid, dirigible balloons, larger than any Zeppelin, but none of these was completed until after the war; our own dirigible program had progressed only to the preliminary stages, the C-5, our largest craft of this type, having been completed in the spring of 1919. In short, the world had only just learned how to build aircraft when the war ended, and it is a perfectly fair statement to make that more first-class, properly designed, well-constructed, and reasonably stable airplanes and dirigibles have been built since November 11, 1918, than in all the years prior thereto.

The peace-time airplane differs from the war machine in a thousand respects, chief among which are its better design, more careful construction, and greater factor of safety under all conditions. Doubtless there will always be accidents in the air; we have not learned how to avert them entirely in the older methods of transportation. One need only mention the *Titanic*. But disasters at sea do

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

not prevent persons from starting on voyages, nor have the marine-insurance companies ceased to underwrite the hazards of the deep. Perhaps the best possible index to the risk in any enterprise is the insurance rate. One may buy any sort of insurance to-day on aircraft at premiums proportionate to those asked for similar insurance on automobiles, this not alone from companies organized for this special purpose, but from old-established fire and casualty companies. The prospective traveler by airplane can buy an accident-insurance policy for a day, a week, or a year, from the oldest and strongest companies in the business; the rate is materially higher than that charged for the familiar accident-insurance tickets sold in the railway offices, but that the chance of the aerial voyager's safe return is already better than a thousand to one is indicated by the premium of one-tenth of one per cent. for airplane passenger insurance.

The most important element as yet largely lacking required to put commercial aviation on a sound basis is the element which every other form of transportation requires—namely, adequate terminal facilities. All the ships on the seven seas would be worthless unless there were harbors; a railway line without stations would be nothing but the traditional "two streaks of rust and a right of way." And just as a steamship or a railway train cannot start from or stop at any sort of a place, but must have terminals constructed especially for the purpose, so aircraft of every sort require for safe and efficient service aerodromes with hangars where they can be properly housed against the elements when not in the air, level fields from which they can arise, and, especially, properly surfaced, protected, and beaconed fields upon which to alight. The modern airman confronts the same difficulty as was faced by J. T. Trowbridge's classical hero, Darius Green, who remarked, as he rose from the ruins of his homemade flying-machine amid the barnyard muck, that flying was easy enough, the only trouble being when you come to "light"! By far the largest proportion of accidents in non-military aviation since the war ended have been due to faulty landing conditions. The high-speed military 'planes, incapable of slowing down to less than sixty-five miles an hour, even with the engines shut off, are perilous craft to handle, even on the smoothest and broadest of landing-fields. Machines designed for commercial flying do not sacrifice safety in landing for the sake of speed in flight; better be able to land at thirty miles an hour, a speed at which even the novice seldom has trouble, and attain only a bare hundred or so in the air, than pay the penalty for high speed aloft with the risk of life and limb when landing. The landing handicap is greatest with the small, single-engine machines, but the successful flight from Newfoundland to Ireland of Alcock and Brown, in their twin-engined Vickers, nearly came to a tragic end when their machine was wrecked in landing. The big, multiple-engined 'planes have the advantage that they can shut off one engine after another when approaching the ground and slow down to a reasonable landing speed. But every newspaper-reader who recalls the accounts of the huge expenditures of time and money required to establish even fairly good starting-fields in Newfoundland for the various transatlantic contestants must realize that even the largest and most stable machines need something approaching ideal conditions before they can even get off the ground.

Aerial transportation cannot become a universal means of transit until there are established not only adequate aerodromes at the termini of every super-terrestrial route, but definitely marked landing-places at frequent intervals along the main-traveled air lanes. The best of engines may stall for some unforeseeable reason at any time. When a locomotive breaks down the inconvenience is seldom more serious than is involved in sending out a red lantern and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

waiting for a fresh engine to back up. Many a steamship has been towed into port or worked its way in under sail, with its engines totally disabled. But for the derelict of the air, the 'plane with a disabled engine, there is safety only in volplaning to the nearest available landing-place; the alternative, to be adopted as a last resort even as the captain of a ship sends his crew and passengers to the boats only when all hope is gone, is to take to the parachutes. And, in passing, let me point out that the perfection of the parachute and of means of using it for descending from an airplane is another advance in aviation that came too late for use in the war, though the success of the German aviators in escaping with their lives from crippled or burning 'planes while the American and Allied flying fighters were losing theirs, had resulted in such an insistent demand from our airmen and those of Britain and France for parachutes that when the war ended provisions were being made for equipping all of the flying men of the allied forces with such devices.

As a part of the general scheme of commercial aviation, therefore, there must be provided landing-places at intervals of not more than ten miles. From a height of 5,000 feet, the probable average minimum elevation for commercial air navigation, a competent pilot can volplane to earth in safety and cover a horizontal distance of four or five miles without difficulty. 'Planes flying at a greater height can naturally cover a longer horizontal span in volplaning, while the pilot of the multi-motored 'plane with all but one engine disabled would be able to take his choice of a number of ten-mile-spaced landing-fields.

It is obvious that the provision of such safeguards as these regularly spaced landing-fields, as well as of the hundreds of other regulations and precautions that must be observed if commercial flying is to be developed to the full of its possibilities in America, cannot be left to chance or to the unregulated initiative of private competing organizations; still less should it be permitted to come under the control of forty-eight separate state governments. Whether the proposal now being urged, of the establishment of a Federal Department of Aviation with a Cabinet member at its head, to take full control of all aviation, military, naval, and commercial, is the best possible plan is perhaps an open question. That is the way the enterprising British have solved the problem, and it is incontrovertible that in some manner America must establish national control of aerial navigation.

As this is written, there exists in America no governmental or other control of aviation, other than the military regulations prohibiting the flying of aircraft over certain designated areas. Before me as I write lie the regulations promulgated on April 30, 1919, by the British Air Ministry, signed by the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, Secretary of State for Aviation. They cover the whole field of aerial navigation, whether by airplane, seaplane, dirigible, or anchored balloon. They prescribe in the minutest detail the conditions under which the air of the British islands and the territorial waters adjacent thereto may be navigated. Aircraft of every sort must pass government inspection before they can be flown. Pilots must pass comprehensive medical and technical examinations before they may be licensed; those desiring to pilot commercial 'planes or dirigibles, for passenger or freight service, must show a higher degree of skill than those who wish merely to risk their own necks. Aerodromes must be located and constructed in accordance with regulations issued by the government. Rules for air navigation, covering the layout of air lanes, altitudes at which craft of certain designated types and purposes shall fly, lights to be displayed, the aerial code of signals, and the "rules of the air" are provided for.

In every respect regulations comparable with those imposed by the British

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Board of Trade upon merchant shipping are provided, including the keeping of complete log books in specified forms. The safety of persons on land as well as of those in the air is considered, in rules forbidding trick-flying over cities and towns, the dropping of handbills or other articles from 'planes, and requiring airmen flying over cities to do so at heights that will enable them, in case of engine trouble, to volplane clear of the town.

Nor do these new British regulations deal with matters of safety alone. A significant side-light on British expectations of the commercial development of aviation is the provision that "there shall be kept exhibited in a conspicuous place at all aerodromes used for the landing or departure of passenger or goods aircraft a tariff of charges in such form and on such scale as may be directed or approved by the Secretary of State."

Control of the air must be not only national, but international. Already there is being established, mainly through British initiative, a scheme of international air control which might well have been inspired by Kipling's imaginative forecasts in *With the Night Mail*, first published nearly twenty years ago. America is represented, of course, on the Aeronautic Commission of the Peace Conference, and we have had representation on the International Commission on Aerial Navigation and in the International Aeronautic Federation. The Assistant Secretary of War, Benedict Crowell, and a party of army aviation officers and representatives of American aircraft interests recently made a tour of European aircraft factories and returned fixed in the belief that Europe was rapidly outdistancing America in the peace-time development of aerial navigation. But when Congress was asked for an appropriation of $51,000 to cover the expense of American participation in the 1920 conference of the International Aircraft Standards Commission, the request was refused.

As a result of this sort of American apathy, existing plans of international air routes center in London, with New York as a secondary port. So far have these plans progressed that already they cover a very large part of the world outside of the United States, with routes laid out from London and Paris to every part of Europe, across Russia and Siberia to China and Japan, from Egypt to India and southward to the Cape of Good Hope, down the Malay Peninsula to Singapore, and thence across the East Indies to Australia and New Zealand, from Newfoundland inland to Quebec, Ottawa, and west and north to the Hudson Bay country and Alaska.

Tentative plans, not yet promulgated, but awaiting final decision by the various international aviation bodies, provide for the establishment along these and other routes of airways grouped in geographic divisions analogous to the standard-time zones, and of levels for different classes of air transport, precisely as Kipling foresaw it. Aircraft navigating between points less than 500 miles apart are to keep on the lower levels, below 5,000 feet. From 500 to 1,000 miles they must maintain a level between 5,000 and 10,000 feet. For longer distances the international level, above 10,000 feet, is to be used. National and international airways are to be eighty miles wide, all aircraft to travel on the right of the center line until they approach their destinations. In the middle of the eighty-mile strip is to be a neutral safety zone, ten miles wide, where crippled aircraft may navigate slowly while making repairs, and in which the aerial police may maintain a constant patrol to watch for and apprehend violators of the flying regulations and to lend such aid as possible to craft on fire or otherwise in danger.

This is not a dream of the year 2000—it is the sober, present, serious proposal of intelligent men who know precisely what they are doing, and who agree that the time has already come for just such control and regulation of commercial flying.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHRISTMAS CAKES

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

AS Christmas draws near I am always glad that I am a baker of bread and not a pastry cook or one who fashions holiday cakes. Except that there must be plenty of stale bread on hand for the stuffing of turkeys, we who provide plain fare for our customers get off very easily indeed. But one likes to pretend that his tasks are many, and so with the coming of December I make a great clatter about leaving for my work. And my landlady meets me in the hallway, smiles, and says:

"Josef, my son, even if the days were not growing shorter, I should know that the holidays are at hand because you are such a busy man."

Then, in spite of my haste, I stand on the front steps for ten minutes, listening to her tell me about Christmas in the little village in Alsace where she was born. And, not to be outdone, I reply when she has finished:

"That is all very well, but in Bohemia things are just as pleasant. We have snow and roast goose and plenty of good cheer. . . . After all, a white Christmas is best. Here in California it is pleasant enough, but green hills and blue skies are for Easter."

"Well," she says, shaking her old head, "we should be glad of blue skies at any time. A white Christmas looks well on a holiday card and with the eyes of memory. But if one has good friends and God's blessing the weather at any season makes very little matter."

Then, seeing she has the best of the argument, there is nothing left for me to say, so I go clattering away to my evening tasks.

This year my landlady forgot her usual banter, but instead, upon the first signs of my bustling, she stopped me and said:

"Josef, it is a scant three weeks until Christmas and it is time we were thinking about sending a box to my brother's son. If ever a lad needed cheer it is he lying upon his back with both legs gone. I have knit a half-score of wristlets and a sweater to keep him warm, but I am thinking that some cakes and sweetmeats would be nice also. Now, you are a baker. What do you think about it?"

"Cakes are poor things to send any distance," I answered. "Chocolates are good, and perhaps he would like some candied fruit?"

"Well, I have thought of all that. But one always should have cakes at Christmas. . . . I once had a German friend who baked just the cakes for a long journey—made of sugar and the whites of eggs and flavored with anise. Every year at Christmas she would send me a box. They looked like square bits of glistening frost, and each one had the figure of a flower or a bird upon it."

"Oh yes!" I replied. "I remember well. The first year I roomed with you she came herself with them and we all had a glass of sherry together. She rang the bell just as I was leaving the house for my work. What has become of her?"

At this my landlady frowned.

"How should I know? . . . All I can tell you is that for two years her gifts have been missing. No doubt she is thick-headed like the rest of her kind, but she has wit enough to know that a Frenchwoman wants none of her favors. She made good cakes, it is true, and I shall not quarrel with God for wasting talents upon a race such as hers. But

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

if I ordered the universe and had a Son, I should have given the skill of His birthday sweetmeats into other hands!"

"How you do talk!" I answered. "One would think, to hear you, that no one but this German friend of yours could make these cakes of which you speak."

"Well," my landlady said, and her black eyes snapped as she spoke, "I *have* tasted others of the same kind, but they were poor things to serve as holiday cheer. Whether this German got her talent from God or the devil I do not know, but she made good cakes and she never forgot me. . . . But, luckily, all that is passed. As you say, cakes are bad things for a long journey. There are wristlets and a sweater ready, and I shall give you the money for chocolates and candied fruit, if you have set your mind upon it. As for German cakes, we shall think no more about them! A pretty present such things would be to a man who has lost both his legs because of such swine! Josef, Josef, what could I have been thinking of?"

"Of older and pleasanter times, my good mother," I answered.

"Yes," she replied, brushing the corner of her eye with a trembling hand, "of older, pleasanter days that will never come again."

"Ah, but did you not say that Christmas would be here in a scant three weeks? Perhaps—who knows?—there will be cakes again, along with the other cheer."

"No, Josef, my son, all that is over," she said again. And with that she left me. And I saw that she was sad instead of angry, and I knew then that she had still a soft spot in her heart for her old friend, and I said to myself:

"She has really set her heart on these cakes for her brother's son, although she will not admit it. . . . Perhaps with a little cleverness it can still be arranged."

And I went to my work singing.

It does not matter how I discovered the name of my landlady's German friend or the house where she lived. It is enough to know that I wasted no great time upon either. San Francisco is a city that is only pleasantly large, and it is not hard to find a person you go in search of. Besides, this German woman who made such famous cakes at Christmas-time had lived for many years without changing her dwelling. So, having found everything that was necessary, I waited until Saturday night, which is the one night in the week I do not work. I waited until Saturday night, and I put on my holiday suit and my best tie with a crimson rose embroidered on it, and, as I left the house, who should I run across but my Greek friend who works beside me at the bakery.

"Well, if this is not Josef Vitek!" he cried, twisting his face into a smile. "My, but you are gay! And what did you say the lady's name was?"

I laughed back a reply that meant nothing, and I passed on quickly. The jests of my Greek friend have a bitter taste and I like him best when he is silent.

It was a clear night and overhead the stars were twinkling like the feet of dancing women wearing shoe-buckles that flash in the light. The air was sweet with the smell of far-away forests and the clean coldness of mountains white with snow. Yet in the gardens a few flowers still blossomed and song-sparrows sang. As I walked along I thought of my village in Bohemia lying asleep under a glistening blanket of snow, and of my little mother, and of Christ Himself. I thought of all these things and my heart sang, and I said:

"My landlady was right, if one has good friends and God's blessing, what else can matter?"

With that I found myself before the cottage for which I was searching. It was not a large place and it was very much as I had fancied it—setting back a little from the street, with a porch at its front and honeysuckles and fuchsias in the garden.

I went up the low steps and pulled at

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the white knob and a bell tinkled faintly. But nobody stirred. I pulled the knob again. A light appeared. A third time I rang, and presently the door was opened, but only a very little way, and I saw the face of an old woman peering out. I knew she was afraid, so I said, as quickly as I could:

"I am Josef Vitek, a baker, and I have come to ask about a certain cake you make at Christmas."

At this she opened the door wider and she looked long at me.

"You have an honest face," she said at last; "but at such times one cannot be sure. Who was the person who told you of my baking?"

"An old friend," I answered, "whom you have forgotten."

She stepped to one side and I went in. She had a lamp in her hand, and I followed her into the front room while she laid it down upon a table.

"An old friend whom I have forgotten," she said, like one who repeats a bit of sad news. "That is not possible—I remember them all!"

"And yet for two years," I replied, "you have kept these holiday cakes to yourself."

"To *myself!* Ah, my young friend, what can you think of me? Do you not know that cakes take sugar and eggs? In war-time we are not permitted to indulge in such fancies."

"Well," I said, "the war is over now, and Christmas is not a great way off."

She shook her head. "But even so, sugar and eggs are not to be had for the asking."

I looked into her face with a searching gaze. "Ah," thought I, "can it be as bad as that with her?"

And I saw that her mouth was drawn down by strange lines, and that her lips were blue, and that the veins upon her hands seemed shrunken and bloodless.

"As I told you," I said, aloud, "I am a baker and the fame of your cakes has come to me. If you will tell me how they are made, I shall pay you for your trouble."

With that, I reached into my pocket and drew a silver dollar out and laid it upon the table beside the shining lamp.

She put one finger upon the coin, and two red spots burned in her wrinkled cheeks.

"What goes into my cakes is a small matter and soon told," she said, proudly, "but the skill of the mixing is everything. . . . However, if you wish to know, I shall tell you."

Saying this, she sat down opposite me, and I knew that her secret was dear to her from the way her voice trembled. But it was soon over, and when I was leaving she said:

"You are a good lad and God will reward you!"

I went down the steps quickly and out through the wooden gateway into the street. At the corner I turned and looked back. The door of the cottage was closed, but the figure of a man stepped into the golden light of the street-lamp. I bent my body forward so that I might see his face. It was my Greek friend, but instead of coming toward me he went in another direction.

"He has followed me for spite," I thought, at once, "and to-morrow he will taunt me before all my comrades! Well, let him do his worst. I have endured him before. He has a dull heart and a sharp tongue and if he gets pleasure so stupidly, it is not my affair."

Toward daybreak on Monday, as we were finishing our baking, my Greek friend began his banter. I was drawing a dozen golden loaves from the oven when he clapped his hands and cried in a loud voice:

"Comrades, what do you suppose has happened? Our friend, Josef Vitek, is in love again! And this time with a shrew old enough to dandle him on her knee. . . . Last Saturday, as luck would have it, I ran across him with his hair all brushed and his face shining and smelling of perfumed soap. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'this smooth-cheeked monkey is up to his old tricks.' And so I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

followed him — you understand — not that I was curious, but to see whether or not I had guessed rightly. . . . Sure enough, it was as I expected. . . . *But the age of his charmer!* Well, there is no accounting for tastes, and he will have a pleasant place with a garden and within walking distance to his work. . . . If any of you are interested and are passing up Fell Street you will see his future home. Not new, by any means, but it faces the south and sits close to the ground, and the window curtains are white and freshly starched."

At this he stopped for breath, and I pretended to be busy drawing another batch of loaves from the oven.

"On Fell Street?" cried another. "A cottage with fuchsias climbing the porch rail? . . . You cannot mean the house where that German woman lives?"

"A German!" said my Greek friend. "Well, this *is* news. Yes, it must be the very place. Then you know her?"

"Know her? Well, I should not like to say that. But you should hear what the neighbors say! . . . It seems last year she had a whole barrel of sugar . . . and everybody else with only two pounds a month! Somebody in the block suspected. Why, I don't know, but the noses of women soon smell out any advantage to another. And so they talked the thing over and my wife's sister, who is a clever woman, said, 'Let me ring her front-door bell and pretend to be short of sweetening for a pudding, and see what happens.' She went according to her plan and rang the bell and asked for a cup of sweetening. And the old woman, being thick-headed, like all of her kind, and flattered to think that a neighbor would call on her at such a time, brought her into the kitchen and uncovered the barrel of sugar without further ado."

"Well, well!" cried my Greek friend, rubbing his hands together as he always does when he is pleased at the turn his evil gossip has taken. "And to fancy that it is with such a person our little Bohemian has fallen in love! And what happened, pray? Did your wife's sister report the matter to the proper authorities?"

"Ah, she did better than that. She said in a flash to this old humbug, 'If you do not give me all the sugar in your possession, I shall go and inform against you.' And the other had no choice, although she wrung her hands and sniffled a lot. . . . Then my wife's sister, after taking a good share herself, divided the rest among the neighbors. But that was no more than right, seeing that it was her cleverness that had tricked the old dame."

At this last I stood up straight and I said, slowly:

"What you say may all be true, but I should like first of all to hear *her* story. . . . As for myself, I would be ashamed to lay a snare for another by asking a favor. Surely there are tricks enough without that!"

When I had finished, the man who had been boasting about the cleverness of his sister-in-law came so close to me that I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

"Josef Vitek, do you mean to insult me?" he asked, between his closed teeth.

"No," I answered, as quietly as I could. "You know that is not my way. We are none of us perfect, but when we do a mean thing it is not necessary to boast of it."

He drew back from me with a sneer. "It is well that the war is over—otherwise there might be those who would be glad to know what sort of woman a patriot of Bohemia has for his companion."

"And old enough to be his mother, at that!" put in my Greek friend, laughing until his little eyes were hidden.

I turned so that my glance fell upon him.

"Yes," I said, "you are right. She *is* old enough to be my mother. Perhaps if you had thought twice upon that fact you would have said less."

And at that every one was silent, and I went about my final tasks in peace, although my heart was heavy. For my

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

comrades are pleasant enough when they have a mind to be, and I am no great hand at quarreling.

That day, when I should have been sleeping, I lay upon my bed with open eyes, thinking of what I had heard at the bakery.

"Can it be possible," I said aloud to myself, "that this old woman is as bad as they would make her out to be? If so, then she has tricked me. . . . A dollar is a small matter, but no one likes to be fooled."

And that evening I said to my landlady:

"I have heard strange things about this German friend of yours who once made Christmas cakes for you. There are some who say that she has only a roof over her head and very little else. Indeed, if we are to believe everything, she has scarcely enough in the house to eat."

"Well, that is in God's hands," she answered, reaching into a corner for her broom.

"Still," I began again, "there are others who accuse her of shameful things. They say that only last year a neighbor's wife discovered that she was hiding sugar. Now which of these stories do you suppose is true?"

"When I knew her she was a just woman," my landlady replied, "but now anything is possible," and she went on with her sweeping.

But the next day, toward evening, a little before my usual time, I left my lodgings and went again to the little cottage with fuchsias trained against the porch railing, and I pulled at the bell three times. Presently the door flew open.

"There," cried the little German woman, smiling, "I knew it was you by your ring! Come into the parlor and sit down."

Now in the twilight I saw that this parlor of hers was a very pleasant place, with its neatly pinned bits of lace upon each chair, and flowers that never fade upon the mantelpiece. And I said at once:

"My good woman, you have a well-kept room here. It must take all your time to manage things in such a good fashion."

"What else have I to do?" she asked, quickly. "My man is dead, and my friends have forgotten me. One must have a door of some kind to shut in the face of sorrow."

"Why do you not take a lodger?" I asked. "Surely the presence of another would be a pleasant thing for one as lonely as you are."

"For years I made my living in that fashion," she said, shaking her head sadly. "But finally, for one reason or another, I found my house deserted. So I went down to a shop on Fillmore Street and I bought a sign neatly printed and I put it in the window. Many people came, and looked, and promised to see me again. When they did not come back I wondered. But one day I saw a neighbor talking to a woman who had just left my house, and then I knew that there was no further hope, so I took the sign down."

"And was this neighbor the one who made you share your barrel of sugar with the others?" I asked, without warning.

At this she grew very white, her hands trembled, and she began to cry.

"I might have known that no good could come of letting a stranger into my house," she said; "but you had a kind face, and I thought, 'Perhaps, after all, chance has sent me a friend!'"

"That will depend on what you have to tell me," I answered. "You cannot blame me for keeping an open ear to what is said in a loud voice everywhere. But you have a tongue in your head also, and I am ready and listening."

"How much do you know?" she asked.

"Well, I have heard about the woman who begged a cup of sugar for a pudding, and the barrel she found in your kitchen. In war-time that is sufficient seed for any slander."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by C. E. Chambers

HIS BASKET DROOPED WITH THE WEIGHT OF GOOD THINGS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"So far you have heard rightly, but how I came by that sugar and what I treasured it for has not been told you. That is not surprising, since I have not bothered to tell so foolish a thing to any one. The truth is, I did not *once* get more than my share at the grocery where I trade. But every month I went and bought what was allotted me. And instead of sweetening my coffee or sprinkling fruit in its season, I emptied the bag into this barrel, which I kept ready in a far corner of my kitchen. . . . Then one day a woman came, asking with a sly smile on her lips for a favor. Well, you have heard how things went, and perhaps more has been added to give a strong flavor to the stew."

"No, you are wrong. This dish of gossip was served plain. They who offered it were wise enough to let me provide my own seasoning."

"What, then, does your fancy make of it?"

I looked at her for some moments in silence, while her lips twitched and her hands moved in her lap, and I felt very happy at the thought that I had not been tricked by her—at the thought that she was a worthy old woman who, but for the fact that she had first opened her eyes upon another country, might have been my landlady, waiting each evening for me as I go to my work, and putting fresh fruit and sweet cakes on the table beside my bed.

"What does my fancy make of it?" I repeated, finally. "I am a poor hand at stories, but if I had my way I should keep that barrel of sugar in the far corner of your kitchen for but one purpose. I would fashion my tale very much as you have. Every month a few more pounds added until at last the barrel would be full. But the woman ringing your bell for a favor—I would not have her in my story. Instead, when the barrel was filled to overflowing, and the days had grown shorter, I would have little square cakes fashioned, little square cakes flavored with anise. And on Christmas morning the neighbors' children and a few old friends would eat their fill of them. . . . Tell me, my good woman, was not that how you had planned it?"

Instead of answering me, she wept softly, and presently I said to her:

"Come, this is no time for tears. It will not be long now until Christmas. On Saturday night I am free. If I come to you then, will you teach me the secret of the cakes? Only tell me what is needed, and I shall bring everything."

On Saturday morning, because the Friday-night's baking is greater than any in the week, we have coffee and a bit of cake before leaving the shop. And, if the truth were known, this is the pleasantest hour of all. At such times we sing or tell stories or drink in silence, as the mood takes us.

When Saturday morning came again I sat quietly, saying not a word, for, as you have guessed, I was not so friendly with my companions as usual. To be sure, they had said no more since my Greek friend had taunted me, but they still smiled and nudged one another at my passing. Or they made way for me with great flourishes, as if I were already a bridegroom. Well, on this morning every one had his say, telling what came quickest to his tongue, and, finally, finding that I neither laughed at their jests nor applauded their efforts, one of the number said:

"See how solemn our comrade Vitek remains! His face is as long as a wet week. He must have a sad tale to tell us!"

And my Greek friend, winking at the rest of the company, answered:

"The lovesick are always so! . . . Come, my lad, do your share, and tell us a tale!"

And every one cried:

"Yes—a tale!" And, seeing that I was not in the mood, to worry me further they dragged me to my feet and stood me upon the table, while they mocked me.

At first I set my lips tightly together,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

but finally a thought came to me, and I raised my hand.

"Silence!" shouted my Greek friend. "Josef Vitek is to tell a story."

"Once upon a time," I began, "there was an old woman who made cakes at Christmas for her friends and neighbors. For over twenty years, when the month of December came, she got together a quantity of sugar and many eggs and a bit of anise. And she worked for days in her kitchen fashioning little squares with which to sweeten the holiday feasts of those who had been kind to her. One day the country in which she lived went to war and there was little sugar, and the old woman thought to herself, 'For over twenty years I have made cakes for my friends, and now what shall I do when Christmas comes and there is no sugar to be had?' And at once she began to save the sweetening that the law gave to her. Every month she went for her share, and, instead of using any for her comfort, she put it away in a barrel in a far corner of her kitchen, thinking, 'How surprised my friends will be when Christmas comes again to find that I have not failed them!'"

At this, I stopped and looked about. My Greek friend was smiling bravely, and the man with the clever sister-in-law had thrown back his head, as if to defy me.

"As I said," I began again, "she took no comfort herself, but she saved her store, and her heart sang. . . . But one day a clever woman came and asked for sweetening for a pudding, and the old woman took her in and gave her what she wished. And everything happened as you heard it told in this shop last Monday morning. . . . Now to rob an old woman of her delight is one thing, but to take her bread from her is quite another. Not content with dividing the sugar among themselves, the neighbors lay in wait for lodgers who came to rent her rooms. And the old woman sat in her house, starving, because of their ill-nature. . . ."

"And is that the end of the story?" asked the man who had a clever sister-in-law, trying his best to sneer.

"What the end is, I do not know yet," I answered. "But with God's help happier days are here. The war is over, and there is sugar enough for every one with the price."

"But this old shrew is starving, according to your report," cried the same man again, but in a softer voice.

"Nevertheless," I replied, "there will be cakes baked again this year." And I sat down suddenly in my seat.

With that my Greek friend jumped up on the table.

"Comrades!" he called, loudly, "you see how things are! This little Josef of ours is forever putting us to shame! Well, we are not all bad, in spite of our bitter jests. Who will give five pounds of sugar to start the baking of holiday cakes again. And who will give a dozen eggs?"

"I, for one!" cried the man who had a clever sister-in-law; "and the devil take my wife's relations!"

"And I also. . . . And I as well!" came from the lips of every one, and they began to toss silver coins at the feet of my Greek friend.

When they had finished, he gathered the money in his hands and he brought it to me and emptied it into the hat which I held out to receive it. I was so happy that I could not speak. For now I knew that they were indeed my comrades.

At the door of my landlady's house I said to her that morning:

"I have heard why your German friend hid her sugar; she hid it to make Christmas cakes for her friends!"

At this my landlady took my chin between her crooked fingers.

"Josef, my son, do you believe all you hear?" she asked me, in a mocking voice.

I said no more, but I left her.

"How hard women can be when they make up their mind to it," I said to myself as I sat upon the bed and counted the silver which my comrades had given me.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Toward evening I left my lodgings, and my landlady said to me:

"How is this, Josef—this is Saturday night and yet you have put on your baking-clothes?"

"You forget it is only two weeks until Christmas," I answered, as quickly as I could.

"Ah, then they have set you at the task of baking cakes!" she said, like one well pleased with having solved a mystery.

"Yes, and it may be that my skill will surprise you," I returned, laughing. And I went my way.

This time I met no one, but when I arrived at the little cottage with fuchsias trained against the porch I was in the company of a grocer's boy and his basket drooped with the weight of good things he was carrying. I did not ring the bell, because the old woman was already standing with the door thrown open.

"Well, well—Mr. Vitek, so you have really come! . . . And here is everything for the baking—even to the flavoring!"

With that we went into the kitchen and set to work. At first my companion was silent, but presently I said to her:

"What a sad affair we are making of this! There are some tasks that one should chatter over."

So she began to talk. But her gossip was mostly of old days. She spoke of her husband, and the children she had longed for, and once she mentioned her native land.

"The village I was born in was a pleasant place at any season," she said, "but at Christmas my mother made cakes like these and my father went into the forest and brought home a tree. . . . They were good people in their way and I had many happy times . . ."

"Would you like to go back?" I asked her.

She looked at me sternly. "Does a woman return to the house of her father unless the man of her choice has proved unworthy?" she said, in answer. And I knew that she meant to rebuke me, and so I said no more.

All at once there came a ringing at the bell. The little German woman turned pale.

"Who can that be?" she cried. "Nobody rings my bell these days but you."

"Wait. I shall go and open it. Have no fear."

As I went out into the hall I could hear the tramping of many feet upon the steps, and a murmur of voices, and bits of laughter.

"Well, what can be in the air?" I thought, as I threw open the door. Before me stood a company of women, and each one had a brown-paper bag in her hand, filled to bursting. They said not a word, but they pushed past me into the kitchen. When I followed them in I saw that they had gathered in a circle. The old German woman stood in the center.

"Mother," began one of the women—and for some reason I knew at once that she was the clever sister-in-law of my comrade at the bakery—"some time ago we borrowed sugar from you, and here we are, every one of us, returning what we took so unjustly."

And they all clapped their hands, and there were a few tears and a great many kisses and some laughter, until finally I thrust myself into the center of the ring and I said:

"Come, this is all very well, but we are baking Christmas cakes, and if you keep on in this fashion nothing will be accomplished."

Then came more tears and kisses and laughter until they filed out, one by one, and the little German woman and I were left alone. . . . Toward morning our task was finished and the kitchen-table piled high with good things.

"Well," the little German woman said, with a sigh, "everything is done!"

"Not quite," I answered. "Put on your bonnet and cloak and come with me, for there is one thing more needed to complete your happiness."

Then I told her about my landlady, and her nephew in France with both legs

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

shot from under him, and everything that had tempted me to seek out a baker of Christmas cakes. . . .

It was a pleasant morning, and a white frost dripped from the roofs, and church-bells were calling softly to one another as we walked slowly toward my lodgings. But I could feel my companion's arm trembling as I helped her up the long flight of stairs where on week-days my landlady waits for me to come home from work. To-day she was not in her accustomed place, so I rang the bell, thrusting the box of cakes which I had been carrying into the hands of the old woman who stood with a quivering lip. And presently the door flew open and my landlady stood before us.

"My good mother," I cried, gaily, "see who has come to visit us!"

For a moment my heart failed me, for the look in the eyes of my landlady was not pleasant. But the little German woman quickly slipped the lid from the box of glistening cakes.

"Am I too late?" she asked. "Is there still time left to send these to the lad who will never dance again?"

And with that my landlady gathered her old friend in her arms.

APPARITION

BY JOHN ERSKINE

I WALKED my fastest down the twilight street;
  Sometimes I ran a little, it was so late.
At first the houses echoed back my feet,
  Then the path softened just before our gate.
Even in the dusk I saw, even in my haste,
  Lawn-tracks and gravel-marks. "That's where he plays;
The scooter and the cart these lines have traced,
  And Baby wheels her doll here, sunny days."
Our door was open; on the porch still lay
  Ungathered toys; our hearth-light cut the gloam;
Within, round table-candles, you—and they.
  And I called out, I shouted, "I am come home!"
At first you heard not, then you raised your eyes,
Watched me a moment—and showed no surprise.

Such dreams we have had often, when we stood
  Thought-struck amid the merciful routine,
And distance more than danger chilled the blood,
  When we looked back and saw what lay between;
Like ghosts that have their portion of farewell,
  Yet will be looking in on life again,
And see old faces, and have news to tell,
  But no one heeds them; they are phantom men.
Now home indeed, and old loves greet us back.
Yet—shall we say it?—something here we lack,
  Some reach and climax we have left behind.
And something here is dead, that without sound
Moves lips at us and beckons, shadow-bound,
  But what it means, we cannot call to mind.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

POLITICAL COWARDICE

BY DAVID LAWRENCE

POLITICS is perpetual warfare between two influences—a desire on the part of the individual in it to render a maximum of good with a minimum of personal sacrifice and expenditure of one's own money and effort, and a desire on the part of the same individual to obtain a maximum of personal prestige and vainglory with a minimum of regard for public funds and public needs. Having said which, the writer hastens to add that the aberrations of politics are confined to no single political party of this or preceding generations. Modern methods may be more subtle because processes of deception are nowadays more complex, but fundamentally the art of fooling the people part of the time goes on from one administration to another, from one term of office to another, while the public intermittently learns its lesson and swaps its horses.

Greatest among the flaws of democracy nowadays is the lack of courage of the elected or appointed official. It is a declining standard. Mere recollection of the Clays and the Websters and the Calhouns and the Sumners and the Jacksons and the Adamses and the Hamiltons of yesteryears only accentuates the historical fact that valor is as rare in the political world as altruism is in the commercial world.

To watch affairs at the seat of government in Washington from year to year and then occasionally to make a trip across country where an abiding faith in the legislators rises with innocent reverence to meet you is to touch elbows with the tragedy of modern political life. People elect and people defeat, people praise and people condemn, people debate and work themselves into a fuming rage on the pros and cons of a political personality who all too often is neither worth the salary he gets—were the enterprise reckoned in purely commercial values—nor deserving the profound prestige bestowed upon him.

Instances without number accumulate from month to month and year to year of the debauchery of public office. Graft, that ugly word which no longer takes the crude form of money, but whose equivalent in social position, future business connections, or even promises of help in climbing a rung or two on the political ladder itself, is so deeply imbedded in our system of to-day as to be invisible to the community at large.

Ambition must not be confused with political strategy or political evasion of responsibility. How far an individual is privileged to withhold his neck from the noose that means political suicide, and how far he is obliged to accept political extinction so that a righteous cause may triumph or a great wrong be prevented, is an ethical question answered in individual cases only by a judicial balancing of the advantages to society in the one or the other course of action. Too often an uncompromising and stubborn insistence on a single point of view, when a more flexible person might have passed the issue by as too inconsequential on which to risk one's whole career, has nipped in the bud an otherwise useful personality on the road to fame.

In our own day the most conspicuous illustration of the dilemma just mentioned was the resignation from the Wilson Cabinet of Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War. Knowing now what we did not know then, the opportunity

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

for Mr. Garrison—had he compromised with the President and stayed in office—would have been politically tremendous. Imagine the kind of Secretary of War that Mr. Garrison would have made with a real war to be secretary of. Imagine his dynamic force in the War Department as big armies were being mobilized or big questions of purchase and supply had to be resolved. And what might the American people have bestowed upon him in the way of reward if Mr. Garrison had stood out as the organizing genius of our war machinery—especially in these days when the clamor is for a business man to become President of the United States?

Yet, knowing Mr. Garrison as I do, all the temptations of presidential opportunity would not have swerved him in the least. He would have stuck his head in the political noose again just as he did, insisting upon his point no matter what the reward ahead. He thought only of the cause he was arguing—national preparedness. And if Mr. Wilson did not regard Mr. Garrison as reflecting the views of his administration on that subject, the distinguished Secretary of War failed to see any reason for staying a moment longer at the Cabinet table. Other members of this and other Cabinets have compromised, have yielded, have set aside their personal views—not necessarily because they regarded it as expedient to do so in order to forward their political opportunities, but because they deemed themselves advisers of the President and no more obliged to kick up a fuss if the President differed with them than a general counsel or lawyer does if his client is disinclined to accept his advice. Some Cabinet officers argue that until we have Cabinet government and Cabinet responsibility, the sole obligation rests upon the President; his Cabinet is merely a body of individual advisers serving the man who gave them their jobs.

So, strictly speaking, the cases of political courage in a President's Cabinet will differ from the instances in which officials actually elected by the people—as a President of the United States seeking a second term or members of the Senate and House looking for re-election or elevation to the Presidency itself—play the game of politics.

And what happens in Washington is repeated on a smaller scale with governors and would-be-governors in state legislatures or with mayors or would-be-mayors in city councils and municipal bodies. The principle is the same. This is why our best citizenry is not found in public life. The processes are too objectionable, the road too much beset with toll-gates where the individual must pay tribute intermittently to the demands of selfishness.

Nowhere, however, is the whole business disclosed as completely to the naked eye as in the national capital. Watching the political behavior of Democrats and Republicans, Progressives and Insurgents, Independents, and the various factions of the big parties no matter what their nomenclature, many years of study in Washington reveal inevitable tendencies on the chart of political courage that mark, indeed, the ebb and flow of the tides of democratic progress itself. Sometimes the waves of reform come irresistibly forward, only to break on the shoals of political expediency. Sometimes they eddy merely and leave not a ripple on the placid surface of the governmental stream. Sometimes, though rarely, they make deep chasms and cut for themselves cañons where runs the whirlpool—interesting because distinctive, but not always effective.

Many men have come to Congress, no doubt, flushed with their success at the polls and determined to make their campaign speeches mean something. Many have sat as novices in the House or Senate and studied what seemed to them an atmosphere of indifference, a *laissez-faire*, all-the-time-in-the-world kind of an attitude written in the faces of the lounging, half-sleepy, half-bored Senators or Representatives who have served

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

long terms in Congress. Among the things which the new member discovers, in addition to his way about the confusing corridors of the Capitol, is that a man can absent himself from the sessions of Congress and nobody will be the wiser, provided he can "pair" his vote with an opponent or provided he can stay within hearing distance of the gongs and bells, which ring in all the adjacent buildings where members of Congress may be foregathering, and which summon them to the halls of the Senate or House whenever a vote is to be taken. And the new member learns the ropes quickly. To him is pointed out the half-dozen or more members who are always present at all sessions, looking out for the rest and playing watch-dog while the majority betake themselves to other pursuits, sometimes to the ball-game in the spring, sometimes to other cities to make speeches, sometimes to their own districts to mend political fences, but more often to their own offices in the Senate and House office-buildings where the member of Congress spends his time answering letters or meeting constituents.

Unquestionably the average Congressman finds little relief from intrusions upon his time. But he is himself to blame. For, as a rule, he encourages it when he is home. "Come to see me in Washington any time—I'll take you around," is his promise to scores as he says good-by at home. As the vast majority never come to Washington, the promise is the essence of cordiality and hospitality. So many citizens regard the national capital with a mixture of reverence and awe that the consequent effect is almost the same as an invitation by royalty abroad.

But to satisfy the incidental desires of those constituents, not a few of whom feel that their votes should be recompensed by snug jobs, the member of Congress spends more of his time on private affairs than on public business. Would you not have him answer his mail? Must he not acknowledge the letters of his constituents? Certainly, but if his constituents heard that he was the busiest kind of a man, and that he had to spend all of his time in attending the daily sessions, and that he was even too busy to answer letters beyond a formal acknowledgment, so busy, in fact, earning his salary and serving his constituency that he hoped the people from his home town would excuse him because he might miss an opportunity to serve them if he were diverted for a single day —that sort of answer might be the truth, as no doubt it often is, but, politically speaking, it would be fatal. No, the average member of the Senate or House is scarcely sworn in when he begins thinking of re-election. And the "boys back home" must be kept satisfied. If it isn't writing nice letters whenever Tom Jones and Mrs. Jones have a baby, it's a note of congratulation on Bill Jones's wedding or condolence on somebody else's death. Not infrequently, too, it is something more serious than any of the preceding distractions—a troublesome letter from the head of the chamber of commerce, saying that the business folks are piqued because they feel the rival town of Bugsborough was given a bigger post-office or a government shipyard or a cantonment or some other government contract that might have brought revenue to the city. The conception which so many business men seem to have of the duties of their representatives in Congress is partly responsible for the low plane on which so much of our politics is conducted. The notion prevails in many cities that it is the sole duty of a Senator or Representative to camp on the door-step of the White House and receive Executive favors that mean financial advantage to their respective cities or to bludgeon the Secretary of War or Secretary of the Treasury, or other officials who have money to spend for various projects, into giving the same to the congressional district or state from which the aforesaid individual was elected. Let the state be a vineyard where wine-growers dwell, let it be a community where guns and rifles are

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

made, let it be a section where ship-building is the chief industry or a part of the country where farmers constitute 100 per cent. of the electorate—and you can always tell what the Senators or Representatives from those particular sections will do when a vote is taken on any bill affecting prohibition of the liquor traffic, government manufacture of war material as against private competition, ship-building, or agriculture. "Sectional interests" are what they have been called with a certain sense of legitimacy involved in the use of that term.

Nobody begrudges the expression by a man from a wine-growing state of the viewpoint of the wine-growers. Nobody would consider it unethical for a member of Congress to present to the Senate or the House all the petitions and statements of his constituents on any subject on which they might desire expression. Nor would there be any just cause for criticism if a man from a wine-growing state sided with great numbers of his constituents who declared that their property was being confiscated by pending legislation. That would not be political cowardice. But when the legislators themselves are known to have absolutely no sympathy with the constituents in question, when they tell you so privately and tell their party leaders the same thing, when they beg of the party chieftains an opportunity to make a fuss in the Senate and House, with the proviso that the harsh words leveled at one's own party will be forgiven because, you know, the local situation demands harsh words in order to show how vigorously one fought, how tenaciously one clung to the viewpoint of one's constituents only to be outvoted, unfortunately, on the last count by an unsympathetic majority—then the word "cowardice" is a bit mild and charitable.

Instances there are of men who receive constituents from home, listen to their plaint, and frankly say: "I'm sorry I do not agree with you. I can't make your fight—I don't believe you are right. Defeat me if you will at the next election, but I care more for my convictions than I do for re-election."

Men like these are rare, but they exist. I like to mention two in particular who typify the foregoing point of view—Senators Oscar Underwood, of Alabama, Democrat, and Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, Republican. They see the national, not the sectional, interest as paramount, and support the sectional issue only when it coincides with the national good.

Unhappily, it is the other kind of Senator and Representative who predominates nowadays. How often have correspondents stood on that green-carpeted corridor that flanks the Senate Chamber and watched a distinguished-looking member of the Senate and said to each other, "What a fine United States Senator he would make—if he were only not a candidate for the Presidency."

Something cancerous gets in the system of the Senator or Representative who wants re-election or political promotion, and it poisons his whole service. If he is not smiling affably to one set of constituents who want him to vote aye, he is tactfully paving the way for the opposite vote when confronted by another group of constituents. He is undecided which way to jump chiefly because he is weighing the respective values of the political support of each. Or he is absorbed in dire plots upon the political life of his chief rival, caring little for the merit of his opponent's achievements, and even less for the effect of his denunciation on this or that phase of a controversy which a wearied country would like to see solved. No; the demands of the occasion are individual, not collective. And so the monkey-wrenches are thrown into the machinery with indiscriminate zeal, blocking here, pushing there, destroying the work of disinterested, unselfish citizens who have put their energies behind many a reform which they thought for the public good only to find it hopelessly entangled with personal vicissitudes and political personalities.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The would-be candidate for the Presidency is in a class by himself. He must needs prove his originality, his distinctiveness; he must depart from the beaten paths of affirmation and exhibit a capacity for violent negation. To have something to catch the public eye he must demonstrate his peculiar fitness to govern where there has been misgovernment. So the first premise is to establish the fact of misgovernment, and then, with a plethora of promises sufficiently general to pledge correction and revision of almost anything that has been cited as needing change, the candidate stalks forth by implicit or explicit statement as the single individual inspired to do the job!

Painfully do many men in the Senate and House tolerate the political somersaults of their colleagues and the stageplay that goes with political candidacies. But the sycophants who look forward themselves to possible appointments under a new President are often to blame. They flatter and praise and swell many a political head that was never ambitious for a crown.

I have often wondered what it is that makes a man want to be President, aside from a curious desire, perhaps, to become something that less than thirty men have been in the past century and a half. I have often wondered what some of the would-be candidates must think as they retire to the privacy of their homes at night and survey themselves in the mirrors that reflect only themselves and not the crowd before whom, in politics, posing might be pardoned. I have wondered if these men really see themselves ruling a nation of one hundred millions of people, if they honestly are convinced they are the messiahs of the political age. Something more than egotism must drive a man to the point where he really believes he is the individual capable of managing the complex affairs of the American people. I am convinced that most of the men who have been successful in winning the Presidency have had something besides a great passion to serve the people—they have had their capacity so well demonstrated that they were but the instruments of the parties that nominated them. Their own desires may have been strong, their ambitions limitless, but fundamentally they had proved their worth.

Fortunately, neither political party has ever rewarded at its national conventions the wobbling, shifty, spineless, and I-please-all type of politician. Whatever, for instance, may have been the verdict of the country as to the fitness of William Jennings Bryan for the Presidency, he showed his own party that he was no political coward. He kicked over the traces again and again, and blazed away for the reforms he thought paramount. It is hardly necessary to advert to the political audacity of Grover Cleveland or the splendid courage of Theodore Roosevelt. Wasn't it the recollection of the way Charles Evans Hughes defied the bosses in New York State that caused a political party to take him from the bench to become a candidate for the Presidency? And wasn't the record of Woodrow Wilson in New Jersey in his uncompromising struggle with a debased political organization in his own party responsible for the welling up of the forces that compelled his nomination at the famous Baltimore convention?

Yet these facts are forgotten or ignored in Congress, where, instead of boldly striking out for the public good, irrespective of party label or party strings, the individual is too apt to seek distinction by the superiority of his invectives of criticism against a rival candidate or party. It is because the people are so busy attending to their own business every day and so ready to leave the public business to the men they have elected without checking up as carefully on a public servant as they would a private employee, that the people are fooled so much of the time. They are unfamiliar with the tricks by which the politicians pull the proverbial wool over the eyes of their constituents.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Palpable among the offenses which members of the House of Representatives commit is the practice of inserting in *The Congressional Record* speeches that are never delivered orally, but are printed by common consent as an "extension of remarks." The original remarks comprise a perfunctory request—usually granted—for permission to have one's long speech printed in *The Record*. Copies of that speech are printed by the thousands and spread throughout congressional districts as an evidence of the zeal with which Mr. Congressman is representing the "folks back home."

But these are trivial compared with the instances upon instances when, as a sop to their constituents, speeches have been made, have actually been delivered to empty seats because everybody knew that the whole thing was intended for "home consumption" and bore no outward or inward evidence of sincerity.

Why not expose them? Why doesn't the press do it—or why doesn't the other Senator, if he happens to be of the opposite political party? But the newspapers are too often sponsors in the first place of the man in question: they have proposed him, supported him, and defended him, and perhaps elected him. To attack their own candidate might be deemed inconsistent. Some independent newspapers do it—the party organs rarely, and, if they do, the reason is sometimes to be found in a personal squabble or the ingratitude of the elected official who has failed to secure an appointment or a favor for the persons who contributed originally to his political success. Then why not the men in the opposite party? Ah, they, too, want to make use of the same tactics. That peculiar term, "senatorial courtesy," usually makes it inadvisable for one Senator to attack his colleague, no matter to which political party he belongs. They do not run against each other, the election of one is never in the same year as the other.

Examples of political cowardice are so numerous that one has but to examine the vote on any large issue in recent years to behold the clubs that have been held over the timid heads of members of Congress.

First and foremost has been the hyphen. Long before anybody dreamed that war was coming to Europe, the Irish-American societies cracked the whip, or the manipulators of Italian-American votes, or the organizers of the foreign-born, in conjunction with many editors of foreign-language newspapers reaching millions of new citizens, exacted their toll. Conspicuous among the cases in which the Irish agitators showed their hand was the famous controversy over the repeal of the Panama Canal tolls in 1913, when it was Irish-American policy to oppose all measures that granted anything to the English or might serve to make an entente between the United States and Britain. One may sympathize with the desperation of the Irish in America who felt so aggrieved at Britain's neglect of the Emerald Isle as to go any lengths to wreak vengeance. But the fact remains that members of Congress who had large numbers of Irish voters in their districts felt the pinch and hesitated; and many of them voted against the proposal for no other reason than a fear of what the Irish-Americans might do to their particular candidacies in the next election. Not all of the men in Congress who had Irish voters in their districts took that view. Many deliberately risked political fortunes to stand by their convictions. But the pitiful number who confessed to their colleagues that they could not do otherwise than vote against the tolls repeal was all too obvious. Sheer fear, not conviction, swayed them.

Early in the period that followed the outbreak of the European war and preceding our own entry into the conflict, the influence of the German-American societies was plainly exhibited in the halls of Congress. By one subterfuge or another, by one subtlety or another, the fires that had been kindled before against everything British were fanned

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

anew. It was not for the most part that Germany had any large body of friends —but England had a traditionally antagonistic group of opponents. Later on those who represented states where the German population was numerous came out in the open and argued for embargoes on war munitions that were being exported to the Allies. What did these men care for the merits of the embargo or the effect which a stoppage of war exports to the Allies might mean in a great struggle against autocracy? Their own re-elections, their own political careers, hung in the balance. They did not dare always to be outspokenly pro-German. They took refuge in "neutrality" policies that meant nothing more than aid and comfort to the Central Powers, whose sea-power was, in the aggregate, inferior to that of the Allies and therefore unable to maintain any commerce on the seas. Notable exceptions there were. The late Senator Paul Husting, of Wisconsin, took up the cudgels against the German sympathizers in his state, notwithstanding the fact that he was quite sure they could form a coalition with his own political opponents and defeat him for re-election. But he was fearless.

And, while on the subject of Wisconsin, examine the notorious case of Senator La Follette. Nothing illustrates more clearly, perhaps, the theme of this article than the experience of the senior Senator from Wisconsin. Nobody could justly call La Follette a political coward. His record of aggressiveness, first as Governor and then as an insurgent Senator, is too well known. And when he decided to introduce embargo resolutions and to denounce the war, people who knew La Follette well understood that, while he might be giving aid and comfort to the German sympathizers, he was fundamentally anti-war and primarily a pacifist who would be just as vehement in his denunciation of war if Germany were not a belligerent at all. Mr. La Follette made several speeches, especially one at St. Paul, that drew the ire of the state of Minnesota and caused the Senate of the United States formally to take cognizance of charges of disloyalty made against him. Feeling in the Senate was bitter. This was largely because public opinion seemed intolerant of La Follette's views. Members of Congress passed by the senior Senator from Wisconsin without nodding. He was for a time literally and figuratively ostracized. Republicans as well as Democrats looked upon him as an outcast.

Then came the November elections of 1918 and Congress was politically overturned. The Republicans secured control of the Senate by the narrow margin of two votes. In organizing their committees the Republicans needed every vote they could get. Brother La Follette held the balance of power. Soon it was to be observed that the Senate committee investigating charges of alleged disloyalty dismissed those charges and absolved the senior Senator from Wisconsin. Soon he was received back into the fold—not exactly received as a prodigal, but nevertheless received—coddled. And all was well again, even to the extent of a ride down Pennsylvania Avenue in Brother Penrose's big red automobile.

Far be it from any one to suggest that Senator La Follette was misguided in his course during the war or that he was indiscreet. Certainly his views on the war have not changed. Nor are his views on the peace treaty or the subject of profiteers or excess profits or things like that any different now. He is still La Follette. But, assuming on the other hand that his colleagues were right in their scorn for his war views, assuming that they were administering punishment for his supposed lack of patriotism in hours of national crisis, nothing less than political timidity and a fear of consequences led to the burying of the hatchet and the return of the Wisconsin Senator to the Senate with the slate clean.

Thus do political affections fluctuate. Opponents become friends overnight in sight of the common enemy. Principles

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

go to rack and ruin where votes and personal preferment are involved.

It is easy to build a backfire beneath the average Congressman. And he is sometimes not to be blamed for misreading the activity of a minority in his district who agitate a question with seeming popularity. Too often the mass of voters remain indifferent, inarticulate, and impassive. They are then as much responsible as the misdirected member of Congress. He perceives only the voices that are loudest, which are not always the wisest. He may at times be honestly striving to interpret his duty in the light of his own knowledge of a subject and what he believes must be the wishes of his people. But suddenly an organization linked with another organization, or affiliated with still another society, begins sending letters and telegrams. Petitions begin pouring in. Sometimes the Senators or Representatives recognize organized propaganda and smilingly ignore the same. Too many times, however, they not only recognize, but obey.

There are, to be sure, two theories of representative government. One is that the representative shall express by his vote the opinions and convictions which he himself holds irrespective of whether or not they coincide with the views of the majority of the people in his constituency. The other is that a representative shall act as a medium of transmission, giving expression by his vote not to his own ideas or thoughts, but the wishes and desires of the people in his district.

Obviously, the second of these two would be the more desirable if there were some practicable system of determining the wishes of the body politic, if, indeed, every question could be submitted, for instance, to a referendum or vote. But representative government in its essence is delegated government. The people elect their representatives as agents or trustees to transact for them the business to which they individually and collectively are not able to give analytical thought or careful study. They place their trust in the elected official whose individual or party program gives them, theoretically at least, an inkling of the direction which his action will take if he is elected. Should he prove faithless to his trust, unmindful of his campaign pledges, and generally out of tune with the desires of his constituency, he can be defeated—and in some instances he can be recalled, as under the parliamentary system in England. But the recall does not apply to our Congress, and the most that can be said of our system is that the people take a two years' risk on members of the House of Representatives and a two or four years' or six years' risk on the members of the Senate, depending upon the time that must elapse between the vote on a vital issue and the subsequent general election.

But at bottom neither the technical safeguards involved in a system of recall nor the fact that the people can always fail to re-elect if they so desire brings relief from the obnoxious practices and schemes of politics. What is most needed is character. Better men, honest men with a genuine public spirit, must make government a vocation. For the flexibility or inflexibility of our political system is secondary. First and foremost the people must make it evident as often as they can that they vehemently disapprove of spineless, self-centered, egotistic, and narrow-visioned officials. They must visit rebuke upon the timid official as well as the audacious boss. But that is not all. They must assist and stimulate the few who, in setting out on a public career, strike out boldly in opposition to the party politicians. Individuals may reveal human weaknesses when elected—they may prove cowardly or incapable. But the flaws of it all fall squarely on the body politic itself. For if we nominate inefficient men and make our selections out of a group none of whom, irrespective of party, is fitted for the complex tasks of government, we have only the great mass of indifferent, passive, non-voting citizens to hold guilty.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

WILD RASPBERRIES

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

WHEN Hetty first fell ill—really, truly ill—she was glad. She had felt weak and mysteriously afraid for such a long time. It had been so hard to drag about, to try not to break down and cry like a fool. Very often she had done that—cried like a fool.

Henry had been savage and called her one. He was strong and jolly and had small patience with an ailing woman. Nor did he want a woman of fancy. Henrietta was full of stately, serious fancies. She had caught a lover with them, but she could not keep him as a husband. He had forgotten their courting-time out there upon the hills. But she had not forgotten; and the look of the world, as it looked then, and the taste of his first kisses were tangled together in her memory.

So they had been unhappy through their seven years of marriage. When he came home, when supper was over, they fell into stubborn silence. Hetty, looking sideways at Henry's defiant profile, broke her heart—and said nothing. Henry, fixing a dull and furtive eye upon his wife as she quietly sewed, hated that mute, disdainful delicacy. He taunted her, and swore that she was no wife for a working-man, and asked, boisterously, why she gave herself such airs, she—who was only a shepherd's daughter.

So there they were in the little farm together. It stood square and small and gray in the exquisite deep of the hills. Hetty used to stop in the middle of her hard work and stand at the gate, delighting in the delicate undulations of those great downs, hardly knowing what it was that made her feel so calm and happy. She could not stand still long; there was too much to do. She had the geese and the fowls and the pig to feed. She kept bees and looked after the patch of flower-garden. Indoors, were the dairy and the baking and the housework. And there were the clothes to wash. She dreaded that. It broke her back.

A little farm, five miles from anywhere, a man out in the sun and wind, tilling humbly; a woman at home working hard and quite alone—that had been it, until suddenly she fell ill.

The doctor looked soberly at her. He was kind. He had a word alone with Henry in the front room down-stairs before he rode away.

Henry came up-stairs. He looked scared; he trod gingerly. He sat down by the bed, took his wife's hand and squeezed it hard. Then he started fondling her fingers and sliding the wedding-ring up and down. He looked at her impassive face and his eyes seemed to wink. They piteously besought that face—so perfect, for she was a beauty—not to be a riddle any longer.

"I'd better make myself up a bed in the back room, hadn't I?"

He spoke so tenderly. He could be tender. She thrilled.

"Yes, you'd better. I'm sorry, dear."

"I shall have my hands full, Hetty. I've got to be man and wife, too."

"Am I forced to stop abed long? Did doctor say?"

"You got to stop here for a week of Sundays." He was jocose. "Don't you worry about that, for I don't. I can tidy up your bed and give you a bit of breakfast before I goes out. I can do the cooking when I gets back."

"Poor old chap! But there's the fowls, Henry."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"'Tain't much trouble to chuck them a fistful of grain," he said.

"But there's such a lot of jobs. You'll find that," she told him, and she moved voluptuously in the bed.

For she had done with dirty work. She might bide where she was. She had doctor's authority.

"There's the bees and the garden. There's the pig. Boiling up food and cleaning the sty takes time. I'm particular about the pig. And—Henry—how about the washing, dear?"

"Now you've got me." He was rueful. "I'm no manner of good at the washtub. I might rub out my own shirt, but then there's sheets." He stared at the bed with its pure linen.

Hetty gently laughed.

"Well for you to lay there and laugh!"

"Don't be angry with me; I can't bear that. It was only that I don't see you rubbing out your own shirt."

"No, no more don't I."

They surveyed each other in a brooding, sickly silence. They were thinking of the same thing. She said it first:

"We'll have to get a housekeeper."

"Yes"—he was sullen—"I reckon it's that."

"I don't want a strange woman poking about with my things, Henry."

"Well, I don't want a strange woman, you may be sure."

"But we got to do it," she sighed. "We'll advertise."

"That costs half a crown, and silver coins don't grow on bushes," he returned, gloomily.

"We got to do it. You fetch me the newspaper and a bit of paper and a pencil from the parlor."

Henry went off docilely. His wife, left alone, turned her charming black head on the pillow. She looked out slily, gravely, at the great hills.

Days were coming, of untroubled sleep, or quiet, ecstatic sight.

Henry returned. He sat down; the tumbled newspaper was on his corded knee.

"What you thinking about?" he asked, looking at her entranced mouth and glowing eyes.

"I was only thinking that I'll be able to lay here and look at the hills."

"That all?" He seemed relieved; then he added, tenderly, "I never know what's at work under that black thatch of yours."

He put his big hand shyly on her dark hair; he felt along the middle parting. When he drew his hand down she set her lips eagerly in his palm. She smiled at him.

"Well, what we going to put in the paper?" He turned sulky; that was his way.

"I don't know nothing what we'd better say, Henry. We don't know nobody who'd come, do we?"

"No, we don't. I've only got you and you've only got me," he reminded her, sublimely. He gripped his great fingers round her little wrist.

"That's it." She sounded content—for she *was* content to lie still and look out of the window and let Henry love her wrist.

"It's got"—he drew his hand away—"to be an elderly person."

"Yes, elderly"—she was quick—"I can't have a gell. P'raps there's some widow woman with a little child that she might bring with her."

"What do we want with children, Hetty? We got none of our own."

"No"—she looked at him, then looked away—"we 'ain't."

"It 'u'd only be an extra mouth to fill," he said, speaking with a kind of glare. "And I can't daddle about up here all day." He turned abruptly and went clumping down-stairs.

Hetty watched him through the window, hungrily watched him out of sight. He went along that broad, deep path of age-old, heavenly turf that ran for miles between them and the village.

She was left alone, to stretch herself, to realize how delicious it was for an intolerably aching spine to lie straight.

When she woke up, Henry was stand-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing by the bed. He had a teapot in one hand, a cup and saucer in the other.

"I'll fetch the other things," he said. "Won't all goo on the bed, will it?"

"There's a little round table in the back room." She sat up, looking half afraid, for very often he was cross when he came in from work. "I don't want nothing to eat," she added.

"Look here; don't you be a fool. Doctor says you must feed up."

"We'll start on that to-morrow," she returned, lightly. "You goo and eat your own supper."

He went away. She heard him fumbling about in the kitchen; heard him moving in the forlorn fashion of a man who has had a good wife and suddenly loses her.

He came back after supper and she said, wistfully:

"You can't s' much as sew a button on for yourself, can you, now? I've brung you up so bad."

"Buttons! You can sew them on, laying where you are."

"S'pose I could. Yet I don't want to threedle a needle no more."

"You're only twenty-seven." He was suddenly violent. "You can't lay up here fifty years being waited on."

"Fifty years!" she repeated, and laughed.

"Folks live to seventy-five or eighty, these times. 'Tis nothing," he insisted, looking at those blue veins in her temples, at those violet crescents of fallen flesh beneath her eyes.

"Did you draw up the advertisement while I was away?"

"No, I never. I went to sleep. I'm so glad to lay still. I've been wanting to lay still."

"Then you was a fool not to. You might have saved all this trouble if you'd took a day off now and then."

"I did stop in bed one day, but you said—"

"Never mind what I said. You take a chap s' serious."

"Yes, I do. I did mind. And I got up next day, though I wasn't fit to step."

"'Tis best to joke a woman out of her sickness. That's what I thought. That's all I thought, Hetty."

"I'm not that kind of woman."

"You're a funny kind of woman, ain't you?" he asked her, jestingly, and looked into the ravaged loveliness of her serene face.

Could she doubt his love when he looked at her like that? High triumph glowed in her.

"I didn't reckon"—he spoke with a kind of shame—"that there was such lots of jobs about a house. Why, you're never done. 'Tis one thing top of another. I'm in a rare muck down there already. And—what do you think? Old Joe Simcox is dead and buried. I've been to the village. So, there's Sophy. She's left, now her father's gone. She'll have to goo to service, unless—"

"I like Sophy," said Hetty, quickly.

"Yes, and she's the lively sort. She'll do you good. I spoke about it. I said you was laid by, and—"

"You spoke to Sophy? You did?"

"Well"—he seemed defensive—"I was passing by and she was standing at her gate. She'll come to-morrow and talk it over with you."

"Sophy 'ull cook and wash and mend for you while I'm up here?"

"That's it," he returned, nodding contentedly.

"She'll be the missus, while I—"

"Now don't you talk silly, Hetty. You ought to be glad she'll come."

"Glad! I am glad."

He hesitated, then he kissed her troubled mouth, then he swallowed hard, like a mystified dog.

"Henry"—she smiled at him—"I'd like Sophy to come. She's particular. She'll keep the place clean."

"If you hadn't been s' particular, if you hadn't wore yourself to skin and bone, you wouldn't be laying here now," he told her.

"But I've been a good wife. You don't deny that?" She sounded weak yet shrill.

"No"—he was gentle—"I don't deny

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that. Where's she going to sleep? We've only got two bedrooms. I'll be forced to come back here along of you."

"No. Sophy can sleep here. There's a chair-bed down-stairs. She can put it up in the corner"—she pointed. "I'd like her here. Very often I'm dying for a drink in the night. My throat's like a lime-pit."

"You could have woke me up for water."

"I didn't want to. A man's got his work to do next day."

"A woman's got hers"—he sounded roguish and sad; "I've found that out already."

"Women! Oh, they're used to waking up." She laughed softly. "Sophy won't mind a bit. Very likely she'll have a jug of barley-water or something nice."

"You could have had barley-water before now."

"It was too much trouble to make it. When you're s' weak everything is a trouble. Times, I could have cried when the cat mewed for milk."

"Well, you lay still," said Henry, vaguely, and he moved, a forlornly troubled shape, toward the simple door with the iron latch. "S'pose I'd better goo and wash them supper-dishes."

"Henry!" She called him back sharply when he was half-way down the winding stair. "She ain't too young?"

She could not see his face, but he called back: "Young! She's close on thirty and you're only twenty-seven, though you seem older."

"Do I? Why?"

"Dunno why. You always did. Old head on young shoulders; that's it."

She lay listening. He clumped about down-stairs, whistling desolately. He smashed something. Was it the little dish? She half rose in the bed, then dropped back.

"I'm glad Sophy 'ull come," she said, with her mouth at the friendly pillow. "She'll wash and mend and cook for him. She'll laugh when he laughs. She'll take a joke. He'll like that." Her face convulsed. She went on drearily whispering to the white pillow. "She'll be his wife—almost. I don't want no other woman about the place. Yet what am I to do?" She dozed off.

She opened her eyes to find him standing at the foot of the bed again. His face seemed queer. The candle, lighted, guttering, was crooked in his hand. Before he spoke his mouth looked foolish.

"I'm off to bed," he said. "If you want anything you've only got to holler. Been to sleep, 'ain't you?"

"Yes, fast asleep."

"You're a regular hog for sleep."

"I don't want nothing else, now I've got to bed," she answered, and sighed contentedly.

"There ain't much the matter with you. I don't believe the doctors. Why, you've got a beautiful color."

He said this. Then he came and kissed her quietly between her brilliant eyes.

"We've never slept apart before," he said, with broken jocosity.

"No" — she smiled faintly — "we 'ain't."

Tears rushed over her cheeks.

"I'm weak," she said, piteously; "the least thing starts me off."

"You're a silly little fool," he told her, softly; "that's what you are."

So—for the first time, she loved to be called a fool!

He tucked up the bed-clothes, in the man's funny way of tucking up. He left her.

She called him back. "Henry! What was that you broke?"

"Only a saucer."

"Old fumble-fingers!"

"Fumble-fingers! That's good. You laying up here and—"

"Can I help laying up here?"

"You can't help it, poor old gell," He was patient for once. "Seemed funny down there without you."

"It did?"

"I could do what I liked, for once. Seemed queer, that's all."

"That all you've got to say?"

"What else do you want me to say? I'm sleepy. I'll be off to bed."

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Henry!" She made a forward gesture in the bed, leaning toward him, for she hated to be left. "What 'ull we have to pay Sophy?"

He returned, with the vagueness of the man who hates to face unpleasing facts. "She won't want much. Just her keep."

"She'll want a bit for herself. There's clothes and things."

"Now don't you worry. Me and her 'ull settle it."

"No, I sha'n't worry." She turned suddenly listless. "I can't fidget no more. That's how I feel."

He said, speaking fiercely, "You get well, for God's sake, and come down-stairs again."

She was puzzled by the haggard fire in his face and the slow dread. When he went away for the second time she did not call him back again. She lay upon her back, thinking. When everything was quiet in the back room she crawled painfully out of bed and drew back the window-curtain, for if she woke in the night she wished to look out. She nestled back into the warm bed, feeling weary, puzzled, gently alarmed. To-morrow morning she need not get up.

The selfishness of the very sick possessed her. Sophy Simcox was coming to keep house, for a little while, till she could get about again. Sophy should wait on her hand and foot. She would have hot water to wash with, and early tea to drink, and nice things to eat—broths and milky puddings, the things they gave to invalids. Jelly, very likely! Sophy would sometimes have a little surprise, something to tempt her appetite.

She lay drowsily on her side, looking through the window. There was a flurry of dim stars in the summer sky.

Sophy was bright, tinkling, alert. She was trumpery—a jewel you might buy at a fair. Henrietta was a cameo, set round with flame. Sophy loved rough jesting and ready laughter, the things that Henry loved. The invalid used to lie and listen to them playing the fool down there at meal-times. When Sophy brought up the tray, nicely set, with a white cloth and a tempting plate, she used to ask, jealously at first:

"What are you two at down there by yourselves?"

Sophy, the happy grin not quite faded from her face, would answer:

"Now don't you bother about us, Mrs. Mills. Don't you mind me and my fun. Eat your dinner up, there's a dear."

She was quick and kind and deft. She had the knack of propping pillows and smoothing the bed. Then she would be off down-stairs and laughing again with Henry.

"Couple of fools!" muttered his wife.

Later on, she never minded what they did, so long as she was quiet and clean and comfortable. She left off wincing when Sophy's sharp voice, like the juice of a wild apple, came up the stairs, "Now don't you mind me, Mr. Mills."

Hetty, her own voice seeming fainter, used to call Sophy up in the night.

"I don't know nothing what I'd do without you," she said once in the stark hours of the very early morning.

Sophy's palm was flat at her back, propping her; Sophy, with the other hand, guided the glass to her lip.

"There's a dear!" she said, with an odd giggle. "Why, you've drunk it up to the last drop."

She put the empty glass on the little round table, stood looking at Hetty, then puckered up her face.

"What's the matter?" asked Hetty, sounding dreadfully afraid. "The least thing upsets me," she added, trembling.

"Nothing's the matter, Mrs. Mills. You lay down again. Don't you mind me."

"But I do mind. You're not ill, are you, Sophy? What's going to happen to me if you're took bad?"

"I'm not bad, nor likely to be. Don't you fear. I'm sick of things, that's all."

Sophy dropped her chin. She wiped her wet eyes on the frill of her night-gown.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I mustn't goo waking you up in the night like this. I never thought. When you lay abed s' long you don't think about other folks and what they'll feel," said Hetty, with remorse.

"Bless you, I don't mind getting out in the night. 'Tis the days what worries me."

Sophy sat down on the edge of the bed. Her round, red face and her merry gray eyes seemed changed.

"Is it Henry, with his temper? Has he been going on at you?"

Hetty jerked herself forward, Sophy leaned toward her, and their faces were close—the sick face with its superb beauty, the hearty, healthy face with its bright, impudent lines.

They sunk their voices. They continued to speak—scared, secretive, so that the man in the next room, sleeping, through the thin wall, should not wake up and hear them and begin to wonder.

"Mr. Mills," said Sophy, primly, "is kindness itself."

"Then he's different with you." Hetty was placid. "I found that there was no pleasing him. Well, if he treats you decent, and if you don't mind being woke up in the night, what's the matter?"

Sophy grabbed up a bunch of quilt. She puckered it and picked at it as if it were petals. Her mouth was pouting. It looked scarlet.

"I've lived in the country all my life and I ain't struck on it," she confessed. "I'd like to get away. There's too much being by yourself. Falmer was bad enough, but in a village you do *see* people. Up here's awful. I can't think how you've stood it."

"Don't leave me, Sophy; not till I'm about again, I do beg and pray of you. I couldn't bear a stranger; not now. I don't get stronger, do I, Sophy?"

"No"—Sophy looked at her in a sort of terror—"you don't get stronger. I can't truthfully say that you do, Mrs. Mills. But don't you keep me here, there's a dear. Let me goo —do.'

She said this, then swung away abruptly and into her corner, where the chair-bed was. She scrambled in.

"I'm a fool," she said, sitting bolt-upright. "Let's get to sleep. I got a busy day to-morrow."

"You're a good gell, Sophy."

"No," said Sophy, furiously, "I'm not." She remained hunched up and staring at the brightly papered wall. "I reckon the old hen 'ull hatch out to-morrow, and that's more work. Her with the rose comb, I mean—the Orpington."

"What made you set her s' late? I never set one s' late. July!"

"Mr. Mills he thought—"

"Henry! What's he got to do with hens? Why he never s' much as looked at my chickens."

"Reckon I'll have thirteen." Sophy spoke prosaically. "I'll bring 'em upstairs to show you. Dear little things, ain't they?" She put out her hand to the candle. "I'll blow him out. You won't want nothing more till the morning."

When the room was dark, Hetty said: "Ducks are ever s' much prettier than chickens. I wish I had as many sovereigns as ducklings I've hatched out."

"All young uns are pretty." Sophy's voice came strangely from the corner through the blackness. "Pity you never had no children. You and Mr. Mills might have been happier if—"

"Who said we wasn't happy?"

"Well, you said to me once that—"

"Oh—said! Show me the couple that's always happy!"

The room was silent, except for strained and cautious breathing. Each woman was lying wide awake. Through the wall, a man slept soundly.

Sophy that summer kept grumbling at the weather. Every day she said, "I never knew such a perishing July."

"You want to get off to London or somewheres?" Hetty used to ask her, half gaily, yet with a growing dread upon her face.

"That's it—London. Somewhere big," Sophy returned, one day. "Some-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

where with lots of men. You can't spend your life fidgeting over one man."

"Wait till you're married, then you'll see," returned Hetty, languidly.

"You sleepy?" Sophy stood by the bed, holding the empty cup. "Beef tea makes you sleepy, seems to me."

"I'm always sleepy in the daytime, dear. Then I lay broad awake nights. I dread the nights."

"You'll drop off, once I'm gone. We'll keep quiet down there."

"Henry home? 'Tain't dinner-time."

"He's in the back kitchen, plucking a fowl for me. I hate plucking fowls. Nasty, tickling job."

He never plucked one for me."

"Reckon you didn't ask him the right way," giggled Sophy. She went off with the cup.

Hetty, lying on her side, looked peacefully out. She loved these cool, steely days. She looked out of the window at green grain splotched with scarlet. She learned the thousand secrets of poppies growing in the corn. Once, when first she came to bed, she was jealous of those two down there and she used to make Henry come up-stairs and sit by her when he had finished his supper. But he worried her—with his glum face, with his clumsy stepping across the creaky boards, with his fatal way of never knowing just what she wanted.

"You take me all wrong," she said to him, mournfully, one evening when they started bickering. "You make me all of a worret," she added. "I wish you'd stop down-stairs with her."

"But you called me up, didn't you?"

"Yes, I called you up."

"Want me to goo down again?"

"Don't know what I want."

"I'm blest!" He laughed heartily; very often he seemed strangely happy. "Then how do you expect me to know? Queer woman you are, ain't you?"

"Henry! Was you two setting in the best room last night?"

"Yes. Why? Sophy likes it."

"She does? We never used it except on Sundays. I don't want it messed about, that room."

"We sha'n't poison it, shall we?"

"No—but—"

He looked at her wearily. "I'd better goo down. I make you tired, don't I?"

"I'm always tired. Yes, you kiss me good night and goo down."

So he kissed her and went. When she thought it over, she found that he had kissed her very quickly. He kissed her and went. She heard them laughing. She did not worry. She said to her drowsing bed, "I can't fidget no more."

After that night she did not call him up to her. The bustle that those two made, joking and cackling, became softened and withdrawn.

The one touch of passion left her was the look of the hills. She would lie on her side and stare, while the light lasted.

The religion that she had lying here was some simple, vague belief that, when she died, her spirit would be drawn into the charmed circle of the lavender-tinted, stately range that stepped between the land and the sea.

She thought that she had done with living and the worry of living. She thought that she had done with love and the joy of love and the great agony. But it all came flaming back one day and burned her, and there she was, only twenty-seven and beautiful still, and Henry's wife. Yes, she was his wife!

She had half forgotten what it meant, being a man's wife and he being your husband, and both of you bound together in some way which the world couldn't break—though it tried. And which another woman couldn't break—however wicked she was.

"I'm his wife," she muttered, leaning on her sharp elbow, looking at those two through the open window.

The massive perfection of her face was torn. She was too weak even to get out of bed by herself. She could only lean upon her elbow, watching.

There they were, down there. There they stood, out in the sun. This was a

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

hot day for once. It was opulent, yellow August. She couldn't see their faces. What did she want with faces? She knew what lovemaking was. Henry had made love to her, out there upon the hills.

She looked at them, bitterly, intently, with awful rage, with helpless misery. She could not even stand upon her feet alone. Nothing that she could do would stop them.

Sophy had been picking wild raspberries. There was the basket, brimming and juicy red, upon the wide grass path —that velvet path which went across the great Beacon three miles above them, which dipped to the village five miles below. Sophy was standing in a tangle of arching brambles and tall canes.

Hetty knew the routine of this delicious orchard that fruited alone in the deep hills. Once they had picked wild raspberries together, he and she. They had stood, as he, with Sophy, was standing now—shy, absorbed, rapt. Why should she trouble with their two faces?

Henry stood stalwart and straight in his glittering youth—a strong man, not yet thirty. When he had lived with her, when she had been his wife and his woman, to work hard in the house, his back had looked bowed, his face had been heavy. And his tongue! How rough it had been.

She marked the eager, reckless stride of his foot. He took one step through the tangle of bushes to Sophy, where she stood. He touched her and she turned her head.

They were looking at each other. Very likely they talked. Henrietta didn't need to see what eyes said, nor listen to what lips uttered. She knew it all. She was wiser about it than they were.

The hot sun poured into the room—a room that was pure and quiet, with a spotless bed and a beautiful young woman who was dying fast. Yet she was a woman who blazed with the last relinquishment. She watched them standing there.

The hills had wrapped themselves in haze. It was midday of a sublime day. She heard the happy tinkle of little, tiny sheep-bells. She saw the shepherd moving slowly and far away. His flock followed, broken and small. Henry by his very movement had expressed gladness and strength. He was natural; he was freed from the irksome restraint of a more stable nature than his own.

His wife couldn't put it that way, but she said, in her bitterness, "He don't want me no more." She added, "He never did want me, like he wants her." That was the truth of it. That was the medicine she must take; he never had wanted her—once he'd got her!

Their pose was innocent, woe-begone, ashamed, afraid.

"They ain't bad," breathed Hetty, with a fierce flush on her fallen cheeks. "They ain't done me no wrong."

She dropped on the pillow, fighting for life, nearly choking.

"I've lost him, laying up here."

When she looked through the window again they had moved. They were walking along the calm grass path; they were returning to the house. Henry was carrying the raspberries.

Hetty reflected that never once had he carried a basket for her.

They came into the house. Sophy was bustling about at once. Hetty could feel that Henry was mutely following her, whichever way she went.

Sophy came up-stairs. She came into the bedroom, carrying a tray with a plate of raspberries, a jug of cream, and a bowl of white sugar. Her eyes were extra loving.

"I pretty nigh got sunstroke picking these for you," she said, with rough gaiety. "I'll mash them up, Mrs. Mills; you'll fancy them that way. There's a taste to wild raspberries—"

She looked up. Hetty was staring at her darkly.

"Now you don't mind me mashing 'em up?" The hand that held the shining fork began to shake. "'Tis easier for you to eat them if—"

"Sophy! Where's my husband?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"He's about the farm somewheres."

"But he come into the house with you."

"So he did, but he went off agen."

"He come home with you, carrying raspberries."

"Yes, he would carry the basket. He's a man that will have his way."

"What do you know about his ways?"

"Well, I don't know nothing, Mrs. Mills, but—"

"Don't goo calling me Mrs. Mills. Yes, you do know. You— Put that plate down, Sophy Simcox. You come close."

The plate of raspberries trembled in Sophy's two hands. She retreated.

"You'll smash that plate if you're not careful, and then you'll live to be sorry. 'Tis one of the best plates. Put it down on the little table."

Sophy came and put it down.

"Now you come here; you let me hold you. I want to look into your face."

"Why, what have I done, Mrs. Mills?" The old jocularity sat ill upon the rosy face. "I 'ain't broke a plate. Not a single thing have I let drop since I come here."

Hetty pulled her to the bed. Sophy sat down and her skin was red as raspberries. She flung up her fruit-stained hands.

Hetty, with a great effort, dragged them down. She held them tight.

"I 'ain't got the strength of a mouse," she panted. "When I get about again, I don't know how I'm going to wash and wring. My flesh has got so soft."

"You won't do the washing for a long time," said Sophy, in a smothered voice.

"Stupid!" Hetty shook her black head, with the tight, sleek hair. "I sha'n't wash no more, nor yet wring." She spoke kindly.

Sophy was wriggling her hands. "Your fingers are like live coals, Mrs. Mills."

"Sophy! You look up at me. I sha'n't bite you."

Their eyes met. Sophy's shallow, and tender and afraid, Hetty's with their smouldering secrets.

"You've stole away my husband."

"No, no!" Sophy was shrill at once. "I've done you no harm."

"I know that. I've been watching you two, standing in the raspberry-canes."

"You didn't hear what we said?"

"I didn't want words."

"I'll goo away," said Sophy, dropping her head again. "I wanted to goo. I see how things was shaping between me and him. You wouldn't let me goo. That night, in the middle of the night. Don't you remember?"

"I can't spare you. I dursn't live, nor yet die, without you."

"Now don't you talk about dying. You make me feel s' wicked."

"You ain't the wicked sort," said Hetty.

"No more ain't he." Sophy was quick.

"Don't you bother to tell me things about my husband."

"I've got to goo. I see that, Mrs. Mills."

"No, you won't. 'Tis me that's going. But don't you think, because I'm ill and because I'm dying, that I ain't hurt, that I don't care," stormed Hetty, summoning up her last fires. "It as good as killed me seeing you two in them raspberry-canes."

"I've broke your heart. I'm a bad gell."

"Henry broke that seven years ago, dear, though he never meant to, poor old chap! He won't serve you the same. You're the woman for him and he's the man for you. He's more yours, already, than he ever was mine."

"You can't help them feelings," muttered Sophy, sounding sullen.

"Now don't you stop me. You let me have my say. I've been laying here months. When you're up and about you never get time to think, but—"

"Don't want to think."

"I do. I'm different. I've got to think and got to feel. I couldn't have bore my life else. We ain't all made the same way. We don't all want the same things. I wanted to live quiet—me and Henry alone here on the farm, working

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

hard and him being pretty to me. But he isn't the man to pet—me!"

Her mouth that looked so long, so pale and thin, gave one wide twist.

"And I wanted children, if they'd come," she added, in a whisper.

"You let me goo." Sophy struggled. "I'd love to see London. 'Tis all amusements in London, if you're to believe the papers."

"He's been reading the paper to you, nights. I've listened to him droning."

"Yes, he has. Well, why not? There's no harm in that. We like the same things and we hate the same things. He's all for a bit of life, and so am I. You'd never goo with him to the pictures, nor nothing."

"You've been setting down there talking me over!"

"No, we never, but things come out. A man and a woman can't sit mum. He'd like to be near London. He's fair sick of these old hills and all the loneliness. If he had a bit of market land near London—"

"So you've settled it!"

A frightful sneer drew across the sick wife's unearthly loveliness.

"We've been throwed together," said Sophy, helplessly. "A young man and a young woman can't set staring and twiddling their thumbs, can they?"

Hetty drew her twisted fingers across the back of her rival's hand, the round, pink hand that smelled of raspberries.

"I ain't cross, Sophy. Not a bit cross, dear. I did have a bad turn when I looked out, first, and see you two, but I'm glad now. Let me have a good look at you."

"I can't, I can't. I'm frightened. I'm ashamed. And he—he's come back. Can't you hear him whistling down there in the front room?"

"He's on the stairs," said Hetty; some heavenly ripple dimpled her face.

Sophy dragged away. She went and stood by the window, with her back to the bed and to the door. She stood winking out at the bright world, through hot, salt tears.

Hetty lay, well propped, austere, between her many pillows. Henry stood at the door. She looked at his bronzed face and his bare throat. She absorbed the jolly sense of harvest that there was about him. She looked at his hair, darkest gold and palest flax.

He was standing in the doorway, and he looked both hilarious and furtive.

"He's afraid. They're cowards, the men," she thought.

Her eyes, brilliant in her sunken head, said to him, "Come." It was a ghastly summons, with a certain coquetry, with a last dignity, with a final demand.

He had never loved her more, nor felt more afraid of her, nor more completely at sea with her. She lay there looking like a queen, she the shepherd's daughter.

He walked slowly to the bed. She was feeling, with a last, wifely woe, "Would he rather walk to the window?"

"Kiss me," she said, when she'd got him. "Kiss me," and put out her arms.

She had his head between her arms, the dear, the warm and precious old hayrick! She had his head close to her heart. For the last time, the last!

Sophy, apart, scared, turned, saw this ineffable embrace, then looked away.

Henry was staring at his wife—the entrancing pallors and pinks of her drawn face, the shrunken breast, the knotted throat—an old woman's throat. And she was twenty-seven! Through him tore the memory of what she used to be—stately, delicious, firm, young. A girl to turn a man's head!

She was smiling as he let her down into the pillows. Her dark eyes closed and he saw the wrinkled lids, the thick, proud lashes.

"She's gone!" he said in a hollow, terrible voice. "Sophy, she's gone!"

Sophy turned round. She flung him a tragic smile, wavering, fond.

The harmony between them was strong in the room—that and the smell of the raspberries.

She left him on his knees by the white bed. Her face, pretty and trivial, with honest gray eyes, was moved to sublimity.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

INTELLIGENCE AND ITS USES

BY EDWARD L. THORNDIKE

Professor of Educational Psychology, Teachers College, Columbia University

IN the last hundred years the civilized world has learned to trust science to teach it how to make the powers of wind and water, the energy of chemicals, and the vibrations of the ether do man's will and serve his comfort. Physical forces are being conquered by science for man. We may hope that man's own powers of intellect, character, and skill are no less amenable to understanding, control, and direction; and that in the next hundred years the world may improve its use of man-power as it has improved its use of earth-power.

Not only philanthropists and philosophers, but hard-headed, practical men of affairs in business, education, and government, are now looking to psychology, the science of human behavior, to provide principles for human engineering—for the efficient private and public management of man-power or "personnel." For example, the Secretary of War and Adjutant-General McCain, in seeking specialists to help "(1) secure a contented and efficient army by placing each enlisted man where he has the opportunity to make the most of his talent and skill, (2) to commission, assign, and promote officers on merit, and (3) to simplify the procedure of discovering talent and assigning it where most needed," intrusted the task to psychologists. The co-operation between psychologists and business men in the organization that resulted (the Committee on Classification of Personnel in the Army) made clear to each group how much it had to learn from the others. And, in general, to-day, science is eager to make use of the practical experience of men and women who succeed in managing human nature; and men of affairs are realizing that the experiments and measurements and formulæ of the scientific man may turn out to be the most "practical" things in the world.

As a sample to illustrate both what the scientific study of personnel has done and what it has to do, we may take the problem of intelligence and its uses.

Men talk freely about intelligence, and rank their acquaintances as having very little, little, much, or very much of it. If, however, they try to state just what it is, and how it is to be measured, there is difficulty. One says, "It is thought-power; and it is measured by the person's ability in school and in life." Another retorts, "What is thought-power?" and calls attention to the fact that ability in school and ability in life are different things. Smith declares that "Intelligence is ability to learn," and when asked, "To learn what?" adds, "To learn anything." A teacher present then observes that one of the slowest boys at learning Latin whom he ever knew made record progress in learning to swim, skate, and play ball. Jones, who has turned to the dictionary, says: "This suits me, '*Readiness of comprehension*'! I call a man intelligent who can understand questions—see the point. Give me fifteen minutes' interview with a man and I can give you a measure of his intelligence." Some one at once objects that a man may be slow and incorrect in responding to questions, but quick and sure in locating the trouble with an automobile, or in seeing a bargain, or in sizing up the temper of a mob of strikers

The facts of every-day life, when

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

inspected critically, indicate that a man has not some one amount of one kind of intelligence, but varying amounts of different intelligences. His ability to think with numbers may be great; his ability to think with words small. He may be a successful student of history and a failure at learning physics. Compare Grant's intelligence in using an army with his intelligence as a business trader. In our ratings of men we unconsciously strike a sort of average of his abilities in learning, thinking, and acting. The source or cause of this average ability is what we really have in mind when we speak of his intelligence.

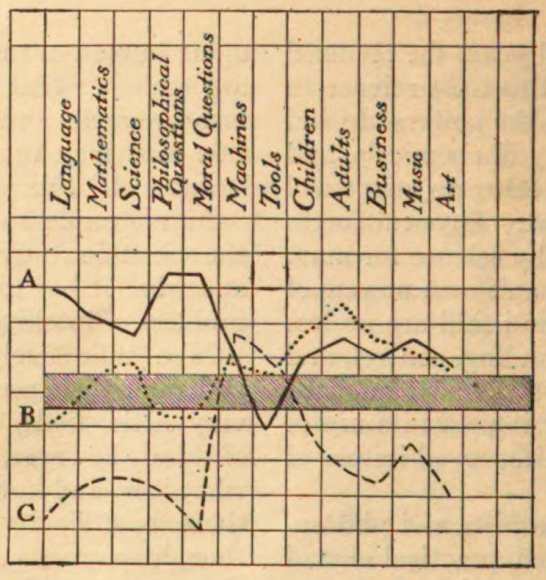


FIGURE 1
The shaded area represents the average intelligence of the adult American

Numerous scientific investigations of human intellectual abilities confirm and extend this view. No man is equally intelligent for all sorts of problems. Intelligence varies according to the life situations on which it works. A man so feeble-minded in most matters that he is confined in an asylum is found to play a first-rate game of chess. A man who in his day was famous the country over as editor, speaker, and executive never was able to pass freshman mathematics in college. Such extreme cases are, of course, found rarely. There is a general rough correspondence or correlation, such that a man notably intelligent in one respect will usually be above the average in others also. But the correlation is far from perfect. Shakespeare was successful as a business man, and doubtless would have made a good record as a lawyer, farmer, statesman, navigator, or grammarian; but no competent person believes that his intelligence was equally adapted to all these. The general fact may be kept in mind in the form of a diagram like Fig. 1. The continuous line represents the intelligence possessed by individual A, the height of the line representing the amount of intelligence. The dotted line tells the same story for B. The dash line tells the same for C. A is on the average the more intelligent, and C the least; but B surpasses A in several respects, and C surpasses A in two.

A perfect description and measurement of intelligence would involve testing the man's ability to think in all possible lines, just as a perfect description and measurement of the mineral wealth of a state would involve adequate testing for iron, copper, gold, silver, lead, tin, zinc, antimony, petroleum, platinum, tungsten, iridium, and the long list of rarer metals.

For ordinary practical purposes, however, it suffices to examine for three "intelligences," which we may call mechanical intelligence, social intelligence, and abstract intelligence. By mechanical intelligence is meant the ability to learn to understand and manage things and mechanisms such as a knife, gun, mowing-machine, automobile, boat, lathe, piece of land, river, or storm. By social intelligence is meant the ability to understand and manage men and women, boys and girls—to act wisely in human relations. By abstract intelligence is meant the ability to understand and manage ideas and symbols, such as words, numbers, chemical or physical formulæ, legal decisions, scientific laws and principles, and the like. Mechanical

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

intelligence and social intelligence refer to thought and action directly concerned with actual things and persons in one's hands and before one's eyes. When the mind works with general facts *about* things and people, as in the study of physics and chemistry, or history and sociology, its action is referred to abstract intelligence.

Within any of these intelligences a man displays relatively great consistency. The man who learns carpentering quickly and well could commonly have done nearly as well as a mason, sailor, plumber, millwright, or auto-repair man. The man who succeeds as a politician would commonly have done well as a salesman, hotel clerk, confidence man, or, if provided with certain accessory traits, as a parish priest or school principal. The boy who cannot learn algebra, history, and sciences will probably be unable to learn law, engineering, philosophy, and theology.

Between one and another of the three there is relatively great disparity. The best mechanic in a factory may fail as a foreman for lack of social intelligence. The whole world may revere the abstract intelligence of a philosopher whose mechanical intelligence it would not employ at three dollars a day!

In recent years much progress has been made in devising means to measure intelligence, with the result that we can discover how individuals and races and the sexes differ in the amount of it which characterizes each; how this and that form of training influences it; how much of it is required for success in any given occupation, and how it is related to other desirable qualities, such as mental health, cheerfulness of disposition, leadership, industry, honesty, determination, public spirit, loyalty, and co-operativeness.

The greatest progress has been made in the case of abstract intelligence. If the reader will, without any preparation, turn to the four tests and spend exactly 90 seconds on A, 180 seconds on B, 180 seconds on C, and 480 seconds on D, he will have experienced a fair sample of a measurement of abstract intelligence. If, instead of these four "tests," he had done the ten or twelve of which they are a sample; and if, instead of doing only one form of each, he had done five or six forms on five or six days taken at random so as to represent his average condition of alertness; and if he had been brought up by English-speaking parents with the average opportunity of a child in America to-day—then his score would be an approximate measure of his abstract intelligence. If he had had special opportunities, or previous practice with the tests or others like them, a discount would be necessary before his score would represent his ability. Conversely, if he had had less than ordinary advantages. The score would be only approximate because any limited series of tests

TEST A

If the two words of a pair mean the same or nearly the same, write "s" opposite them. If they mean the opposite or nearly the opposite, write "o" opposite.

1 wet—dry.
2 in—out.
3 hill—valley.
4 allow—permit.
5 expand—contract.

6 class—group.
7 former—latter.
8 confess—admit.
9 shy—timid.
10 delicate—tender.

11 extinguish—quench.
12 cheerful—melancholy.
13 accept—reject.
14 concave—convex.
15 lax—strict.

16 assert—maintain.
17 champion—advocate.
18 adapt—conform.
19 debase—exalt.
20 dissension—harmony.

21 repress—restrain.
22 bestow—confer.
23 amenable—tractable.
24 avert—prevent.
25 reverence—veneration.

26 fallacy—verity.
27 specific—general.
28 pompous—ostentatious.
29 accumulate—dissipate.
30 apathy—indifference.

31 effeminate—virile.
32 peculation—embezzlement.
33 benign—genial.
34 acme—climax.
35 largess—donation.

36 innuendo—insinuation.
37 vesper—matin.
38 aphorism—maxim.
39 abjure—renounce.
40 encomium—eulogy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

can test intelligence only as it operates in certain limited ways with limited problems. If John has devoted his mind chiefly to thinking with words, while James has devoted himself chiefly to thinking with chemical and electrical symbols, John will be overrated and James underrated by the series of four tests in our illustration. Also, if Mary has devoted her mind almost exclusively to one subject, say music, while Jane has devoted hers about equally to a thousand subjects, any dozen short tests are likely to give Jane a better chance than Mary. If the test were, "Choose the thing you know most about and tell what you know about it," Mary would have an unfair advantage. Also, if an individual possesses a very high degree of intelligence, the tests may be too easy and the score may represent the speed with which he can think rather than the total efficiency of his thinking.

Other limitations will occur to the critical reader. The fact remains, however, that, life being as it is, all the limitations do not prevent a well-chosen series of tests, if used with ordinary discretion and interpreted with ordinary common sense, from giving an approximate measure of an individual's abstract intelligence, at least during childhood and youth. Schools find them useful as a means of grading pupils; employment managers find them useful in hiring and placing employees; the army found it profitable so to test nearly two million of its recruits.

When an individual is measured by any of the standard tests, he is given a score in such terms as make it convenient to compare him with other individuals and with various requirements. For example, John Smith, aged 15 years, 0 months, may be reported as: "Mental age 12 yr., 0 mo.," or as, "Intelligence quotient (or I Q) 80," or as, "A 7-percentile intelligence," or as, "Int. = −1.5 S. D." Mental age, 12 yr., 0 mo., means that John did as well in the tests as the average child of 12 years, 0 months. I Q = 80 means that John's mental age as shown by the tests was 80 per cent. of his chronological age. A 7-percentile intelligence means that 7 per cent. of the population (white) of age 15 years, 0 months, will do worse than John in the series of tests in question, and 93 per cent. will do better. Int. = −1.5 S. D. means that John is below

TEST B

In each of the lines below, the first two words are related to each other in some way. What you are to do in each line is to see what the relation is between the first two words, and underline the word in heavy type that is related in the same way to the third word. Begin with No. 1 and mark as many sets as you can in 180 seconds.

SAMPLES
sky—blue : : grass— table **green** warm big
fish—swims : : man— paper time **walks** girl
day—night : : white— red **black** clear pure

1 gun—shoots : : knife— run **cuts** hat bird.
2 ear—hear : : eye— table hand **see** play.
3 dress—woman : : feathers— bird neck **feet** bill.
4 handle—hammer : : knob— key room **shut** door.
5 shoe—foot : : hat— coat nose **head** collar.

6 water—drink : : bread— cake coffee **eat** pie.
7 food—man : : gasolene— **gas** oil automobile spark.
8 eat—fat : : starve— thin **food** bread thirsty.
9 man—home : : bird— fly **insect** worm nest.
10 go—come : : sell— leave **buy** money papers.

11 peninsula—land : : bay— **boats** pay ocean Massachusetts.
12 hour—minute : : minute—**man** week second short.
13 abide—depart : : stay— over **home** play leave.
14 January—February : : June— **July** May month year.
15 bold—timid : : advance— **proceed** retreat campaign soldier.

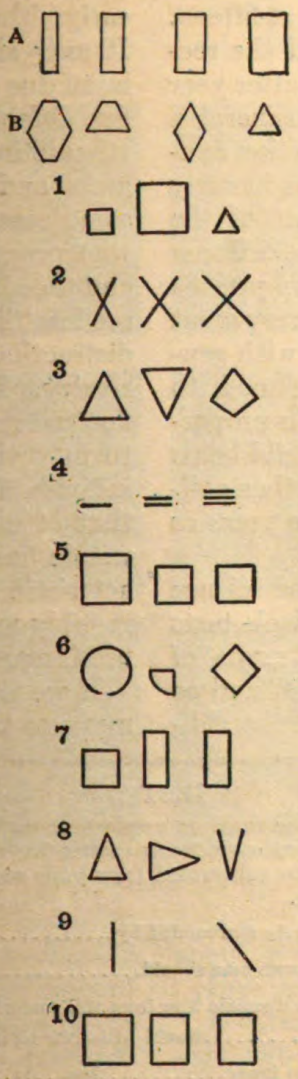
16 above—below : : top— **spin** bottom surface side.
17 lion—animal : : rose— **smell** leaf plant thorn.
18 tiger—carnivorous : : horse— cow **pony** buggy herbivorous.
19 sailor—navy : : soldier— **gun** cap hill army.
20 picture—see : : sound— **noise** music hear bark.

21 success—joy : : failure—**sadness** success fail work.
22 hope—despair : : happiness—**frolic** fun joy sadness.
23 pretty—ugly : : attract— **fine** repel nice draw.
24 pupil—teacher : : child— **parent** doll youngster obey.
25 city—mayor : : army— **navy** soldier general private.
26 establish—begin : : abolish— **slavery** wrong abolition end.
27 December—January : : last— **least** worst month first.
28 giant—dwarf : : large— **big** monster queer small.
29 engine—caboose : : beginning— **commence** cabin end train.
30 dismal—cheerful : : dark— **sad** stars night bright.
31 quarrel—enemy : : agree— **friend** disagree agreeable foe.
32 razor—sharp : : hoe— **bury** dull cuts tree.
33 winter—summer : : cold— **freeze** warm wet January.
34 rudder—ship : : tail— **sail** bird dog cat.
35 granary—wheat : : library— **desk** books paper librarian.
36 tolerate—pain : : welcome— **pleasure** unwelcome friends give.
37 sand—glass : : clay— **stone** hay bricks dirt.
38 moon—earth : : earth— **ground** Mars sun sky.
39 tears—sorrow : : laughter— **joy** smile girls grin.
40 cold—ice : : heat— **lightning** warm steam coat.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the average for his age to an extent of 1½ times a certain standard amount. Thus, the adult inmates of asylums for the feeble-minded are mostly under 9 years, 0 months, in mental age. Children with I Q's of 60 or below later fill such asylums. An I Q of 100 means average intelligence. Unless he has extraordinary energy and devotion, a boy whose I Q is under 100 will be unable to graduate from a reputable American college. Children selected by competent observers as extremely intelligent will be found to have I Q's from 120 to 160.

Measurements of mechanical intelligence have received much less attention from psychologists and are not yet standardized, but they are under way. Two samples from a set of such tests may be briefly illustrated. The first is a series of dismembered objects to be put together. It begins with something the average child of four can do, such as to put a nut on its bolt, and progresses by graded steps to something which only the 90-per-centile adult can do without special training, such as to put together the pieces of an electric pull-socket, or of a very intricate lock. The second consists of a set of materials out of which the individual tested is told to make something, or to make as many things as he can in an hour, or to make as good a cart, derrick, and boat as he can, or to use the material in some other prescribed way. The merit of the product which he produces is estimated in comparison with certain average performances of 6-year-, 8-year-, and 10-year-olds, and so on, under similar conditions.



TEST C

In lines 1 to 10 draw a fourth figure in each series such that the fourth figure is to the third as the second is to the first, as shown in examples A and B

Convenient tests of social intelligence are hard to devise. A child's wit in reading facial expression might perhaps be measured by his success in selecting from such photographs as those in Fig. 2 when asked, "Which lady would you ask to help you?" "Which lady is thinking?" "Which lady is worried?" "Which lady is saying 'I will *not*'?" and the like. It is doubtful, however, whether pictures can be safely used in place of realities. And for most of the activities of intelligence in response to the behavior of human beings, a genuine situation with real persons is essential. Social intelligence shows itself abundantly in the nursery, on the playground, in barracks and factories and salesroom, but it eludes the formal standardized conditions of the testing laboratory. It requires human beings to respond to, time to adapt its responses, and face, voice, gesture, and mien as tools.

Whether we consider one of these intelligences or the composite of the three, it appears that each human being is equipped by nature with a certain degree of intelligence, much as he is equipped by nature with a certain strength of body or form of finger-prints. Individuals differ by original nature in intelligence as in stature or eye color or countenance. It is true that good training improves and bad training injures the mind, as it does the body; that nature's gift may be lost by accident or decreased by disease, neglect, and misuse. As things are in America today, however, the net effect of these disturbing factors does not greatly disarrange the order or decrease the differences

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of individuals in respect to intellect. A boy who is the brightest of a thousand at the age of five will usually be in the top fifty of the thousand at the age of ten. The child who is at the lowest of a thousand at ten will almost never rise above the bottom hundred at fifteen. Kelley and others have traced the records of the same children year after year in school and found that in general a child keeps about the same position relative to other children in late as in early years. Terman's measurement of the abstract intelligence of the same children (over a hundred of them) at two periods five years or more apart shows very great constancy. Intelligence grows with general growth from early childhood to adult years, but its growth is in proportion to what it already is. A child holds his place in comparison with other children nearly as closely after five years as after five days.

Because of the recency of the science of mental measurements, we lack tests of the same individual at 16 years of age, 18 years of age, 20, 22, 24, and so on. It may be that certain of the children who seemed essentially dull were only growing slowly; and these may catch up in adult years, and some of the children with high I Q's at 10 or 15 may have merely "got their intelligence" early, as some children get their teeth early; these may sink back relatively. It may also be that the new trends of mind due to sex and adult ambitions will act differently on different individuals, stimulating intelligence in different degrees and even subtracting from it in some cases. As a rule, however, those who progress most rapidly go farthest; and those who have the most intelligence are least likely to have it lessened by the distracting force of sex or display or rivalry. Intelligence probably does not fluctuate very much more from fifteen to fifty than from five to fifteen. An individual's intelligence compared with that of other individuals of his age is, within limits, a stable, permanent characteristic of him. It can be at least roughly measured and the measurement used to prophesy and direct his career.

If we take a group of individuals and measure their success in life, as students

---

TEST D

On each line of dots write the word or words that make the best meaning. Each sentence completed with entire correctness counts 3. A substantially correct completion will count 1. 2 will be subtracted from your score for each foolish or irrelevant completion of a sentence.

1. A body of .....entirely surrounded by.....is called an.....
2. It is.....that a full-grown man should.....a ghost.....he is.....
3. His friends,.....wished to dissuade him from this undertaking, asserted that.....
   he followed their advice.....would withdraw their support.
4. The struggle for.....among the lower.....has.....a commonplace of modern scientific thought.
5. Two.....of practical efficiency may be applied to the.....of the city: What does it provide
   for the people and what.....it.....the people.
6. And now.....all.....introduction.....us go.....at our question.
7. History..... .....assisted and recorded memory.
8. Ideas distinguish.....from all animals, and all.....significant in .....history.....
   be.....back to ideas.
9. We know that power.....purify men in despotic governments, but we talk.....
   it..... .....so in free.....
10. The laws of nature are given.....my wishes.
11. Want of uniformity in private law and methods of.....is an evil.....
    minds will.....by different.....
12. Let the class that.....itself to transportation, for example,.....working and the disas-
    trous.....to the rest of the.....can scarcely.....imagined.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in school, or as money-makers, or as lawyers, or as carpenters, or as teachers of children, and then measure their intellect by some suitable series of tests and observations, we can determine how closely success in any line goes with the degree of intelligence shown by the test-score.

For example, consider the significance of abstract intelligence for success in school-work. If we take a thousand children twelve years old we may measure the success of each in school-work by the grade he has reached and by the quality of work he is doing in that grade. If we measure these same children with an adequate series of tests made up of giving the opposites of words, supplying missing words in sentences, solving practical problems, following directions, and putting facts in their proper relations, we have as a result a diagram which shows the *resemblance* or *correlation* between intelligence score and success in school in the individuals in question. The amount of the resemblance—the closeness of the correlation—is measured with great exactitude by a *coefficient of correlation*, called *r*, a number derived by suitable calculation from the thousand pairs of scores. This number varies from +1.00, or perfect correlation, to −1.00, perfect antagonism. Such coefficients of correlation are the shorthand in which science sums up the extent to which two things go together. The significance of intelligence for success in a given activity of life is measured by the coefficient of correlation between them.



FIGURE 2

Scientific investigations of these matters is just beginning; and it is a matter of great difficulty and expense to measure the intelligence of, say, a thousand clergymen, and then secure sufficient evidence to rate them accurately for their success as ministers of the Gospel. Consequently, one can report no final, perfectly authoritative results in this field. One can only organize reasonable estimates from the various partial investigations that have been made. Doing this, I find the following:

Intelligence and success in the elementary schools, r = +.80.

Intelligence and success in high-school and colleges in the case of those who go, r = +.60; but if all were forced to try to do this advanced work, the correlation would be +.80 or more.

Intelligence and salary, r = +.35.

Intelligence and success in athletic sports, r = +.25.

Intelligence and character, r = +.40 or more.

Intelligence and popularity, r = +.20.

Whatever be the eventual exact findings, two sound principles are illustrated by our provisional list. First, there is always some resemblance; intellect always counts. Second, the resemblance varies greatly; intellect counts much more in some lines than in others.

The first fact is in part a consequence of a still broader fact or principle—namely, that in human nature good traits go together. To him that hath a superior intellect is given also on the average a superior character; the quick boy is also in the long run more accurate; the able boy is also more industrious.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

There is no principle of compensation whereby a weak intellect is offset by a strong will, a poor memory by good judgment, or a lack of ambition by an attractive personality. Every pair of such supposed compensating qualities that have been investigated has been found really to show correspondence. Popular opinion has been misled by attending to striking individual cases which attracted attention partly because they were really exceptions to the rule. The rule is that desirable qualities are positively correlated. Intellect is good in and of itself, and also for what it implies about other traits.

The second fact—that intellect varies in utility according to the work to be done—has permitted a very wide diversity in opinions about its utility. Ordinary observation of life is beset by such variety and complexity that persons of generally good judgment can be found who will rate the importance of intellect for success in, say, business, or art, or politics, almost all the way from 0 to 100 per cent. Only the painstaking investigation of each such problem can give the correct answer.

The correct answers will put an end to numerous superstitions and fancies about human achievement. About a generation ago America was obsessed by the superstition that money-making had a correlation of from +.80 to +1.00 with general intelligence and good-will, so that to get a representative of the people in Congress, or a trustee for a university, or a vestryman of a church, or a member of a commission on public health or charity or schools or playgrounds, you should look about for a man who had made a great deal of money. To-day the world is being assailed by the much more foolish superstition that money-making is correlated 0 with general intelligence and about −.80 to −1.00 with good-will, the maker of great profits being no more fit intellectually to run his business than his barber is, and being diabolically eager to amass dollars at the cost of misery to anybody who gets in his way and to all innocent bystanders.

Exact and complete knowledge about the correlations of mental traits will be of enormous importance for the utilization of man-power by schools, churches, employers, and the state. When we have such exact knowledge, we shall be able to make up a bill of specifications of the sort of intellect and character required for a certain job, select men efficiently instead of haphazard, and train them according to their individual needs instead of indiscriminately.

The present waste is great, both in efficiency and in happiness. W. P., whose I Q is 83, is being forced through high-school to college by his father. W. P. gets nothing but confusion and misery from his high-school work and is growing a little more inactive, sullen, and idle each year. He wants and has wanted to be a gardener, and could probably succeed and be useful to the world as such. There is not one chance in a hundred that he will graduate from college or get any good from college studies. L. C. was promoted to be foreman of the shop merely because he was the most skilful workman. He possessed very little social intelligence and was unhappy and inefficient in the new job. The management, realizing that it was to blame, continued him at a foreman's salary, but gave him a special mechanical job. P. S., a field salesman of extraordinary success by virtue of his great popularity, energy, and personal tact in face-to-face conferences, was promoted to be in charge of planning sales campaigns and selecting and directing the staff of salesmen. He failed, being only mediocre in general intelligence, and unable to understand the plans of the manufacturing department or teach his subordinates. In selecting these, also, he sometimes mistook "sportiness" for popularity and pleasant manners for real tact.

Knowledge of the correlations of mental traits will also be a protection against many unsound, impracticable theories of business and government. Consider, for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

example, the correlation between intellect and character. Dickson and Terman found, in the case of little children, that the I Q of abstract intelligence had correlations with the teachers' ratings for persistence, conscientiousness, co-operativeness, industry, courage, dependability, and unselfishness of from +.30 to +.50, with an average of +.41. Chassell has found, in the case of college students, correlations between intelligence and unselfishness, loyalty, justice, courage, self-control, reliability, and activity for social welfare, averaging +.40. Woods, rating some six hundred members of European royal families for intellect and for character, finds a correlation of about +.40. No impartial student of the matter has found any contrary result. The abler persons in the world in the long run are the more clean, decent, just, and kind.

To this feature of human nature which has tied good-will toward men to ability, a large proportion of the blessings which the common man enjoys to-day are due. The brains and ability of the world have been, and still are, working for the profit of others. If Pasteur had been of mean and brutal nature he could have kept his first discoveries as a trade secret, extorted a fortune in fees, and lived in sensuous idleness, leaving the world without his still more important later work. Flexner or Carrel could poison their enemies and rivals except for the tradition of justice and generosity which the positive correlation between intellect and morality has made a part of scientific work, and which their own natures gladly maintain.

The correlation between intellect and character has in fact within a few hundred years produced so strong a body of customs that the world rather expects a gifted man of science to be a public benefactor. It would have been greatly shocked if William James had given up psychology to establish a lucrative organization of spiritualistic mediums over the country, or if the Mayo brothers had retired from medicine to direct a chain of Mayo drug-stores!

The peasants of France did not themselves extort democracy from Louis's autocracy. They were led by intelligent aristocrats. The Russian serfs did not secure their own freedom. Africans did not abolish the slave-trade. In at least three out of four social reforms the reform is initiated and put through largely by leaders from above, men of high intelligence who act, often against their own selfish interests, for the common good. Many men of great intelligence will, of course, be unjust and cruel tyrants; the correlation is .40 or .50, not 1.00; the direction of the world's affairs by men who were guaranteed to be both of great ability and of fine impersonal devotion to the world's welfare, would be best of all. But, in the long run, it has paid the "masses" to be ruled by intelligence. Furthermore, the natural processes which give power to men of ability to gain it and keep it are not, in their results, unmoral. Such men are, by and large, of superior intelligence, and consequently of somewhat superior justice and good-will. They act, in the long run, not against the interest of the world, but for it. What is true in science and government seems to hold good in general for manufacturing, trade, art, law, education, and religion. It seems entirely safe to predict that the world will get better treatment by trusting its fortunes to its 95- or 99-percentile intelligences than it would get by itself. The argument for democracy is not that it gives power to all men without distinction, but that it gives greater freedom for ability and character to attain power.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

THE stage was set for April, the curtain-raiser of the spring. Along the rickety fence a row of yellow jonquils blinked like footlights. The smell of revival struggled from the handicapped but persevering syringa-bushes; it tanged from the new-cropped grass on the neighboring Mall; it contended not unsuccessfully with fugitive puffs of smoke from the tracks two blocks away. But where it became triumphant was at a certain moment when it suffused the quarter with the perfume of frying drum-fish steak. A girl had opened the door of the Beulah Restaurant, and stood holding it ajar while its faint jingle died away. Passers-by slackened their pace and raised noses whose squatness by no means unfitted them for vehicles of expression. The dilation of the nostrils seemed to lift the mouths into beatific smiles. On the clean window-glass beside the promising door was traced in white paint:

LAND OF BEULAH RESTAURANT
WE NEED NO ADVERTISEMENT

It was a true word.

The girl who had freed this whiff on a welcoming world stood in an attitude of nonchalance, tinged with an impudent curiosity, which came natural to her type. Everything about her tawny face tilted a little. It was the pose, made familiar to the world by the screen drama, of the heroine registering unconsciousness of an interested public, waiting for the party of the second part to arrive, but modestly dissembling the wait. It had once been miniatured by an Elizabethan playwright, who knew not films, in a curt stage direction: "Enter Filena, greatly affecting Claudio, but making no show of it." Filena had entered. Claudio was in the habit of breakfasting at the Beulah, but this morning the meal—with drum steaks—had come and gone without him.

The girl's glance conned the farther side of the street and widened into a stare. Across the way stood a two-story, brown building; a piazza on which the front door opened ran along the side. Over this entrance curved an arch on which was painted in tall and necessarily slender characters:

THE HALL OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN CANDLESTICKS OF CHARITY

The doorway was wide, and through it a procession, consisting of a hobbling old man and several little colored boys of assorted shades, were carrying an endless number of objects which they precariously unloaded from a cart. The statuesque, hopeless mule of the usual prehistoric model did what it could to reassure them by maintaining a comatose condition which appeared to be its natural state. Chairs, potted plants, startlingly feminine lamp-shades, baskets of crockery, all the raw material of a function, were flowing into the hall.

"Mistah 'Clesiastes!" called the girl.

After two appeals the old man turned a cordially stretched mouth in her direction, disclosing a row of decimated but powerful ocher teeth.

"Mawnin', Corinne. Mawnin', child. How you fe-e-el? . . . Me? Jis' common, t'ank Gawd."

"Who goin' to have Candlestick Hall to-night?"

Two of the little boys turned together and grinned. The next caught the grin

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

on the fly and passed it like an infection down the line.

"Hit's a eengagement pahty."

"Eh? Who-all givin' a engagement party?"

Ecclesiastes made the announcement with conscious pride. "Mah cousin Dorcas's gal Vi'let, she gin it. Dis de fust eengagement pahty done hire Candlestick Hall een mah reckermembrance."

"Vi'let engage'? Who Vi'let engage' to?"

"She eengage' to ole Doc Pahh's shuffer, Cla'ence Polite, dat who."

"*What?*" Corinne flew across the cobbles and caught his arm as he stooped for the basket of tumblers that he had deposited under the mule's forelegs.

"You don't mean it!" she gasped. "'Tain't so! You didn't say Clarence. You didn't!"

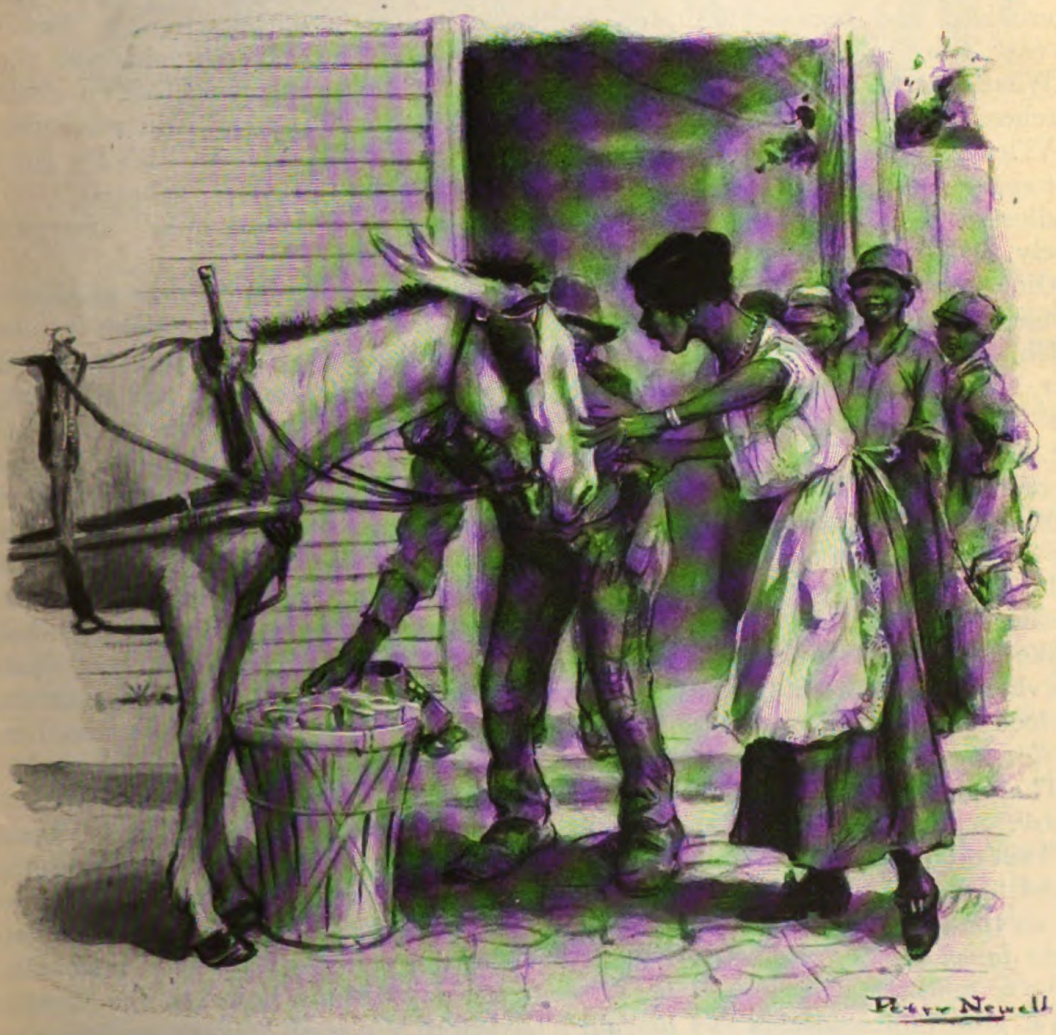
"I sho did."

"But he *can't* be."

The old man swung fiercely on the clump of saucer-eyed boys, their mouths curved open like slices of watermelon. "Teck dem chai's eenside de eenstitooshun. Giddap!"

The mule stirred at the familiar sound, then, perceiving by the witness of the glasses that it was in a position of trust, relapsed.

Old Ecclesiastes pointed an admonitory finger. "'Ain't yuh got no better sense? 'Ain't yuh know dem boys' mammies all guine ast how yuh teck de news? Looka huyh, I dunno what rea-



"YOU DON'T MEAN IT!" SHE GASPED. "'TAINT SO!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

son yuh got fer s'posin' he can't be eengage' ter Vi'let. Only he is, dat all. Well, den."

The girl gave her absorbed audience a look which caused it to fly about its business. Her head went up, her hand fell to her hip, smoothing her absurd, lace-trimmed apron.

"'Tain't nothin' to me," she said, contemptuously. "If Vi'let wants to trus' a perfec' stranger, I'm willin'. It's a mere matter o' tas'e." She turned grandly on her heel and walked back into the restaurant. The door slammed behind her with a protesting peal.

A young brown girl laying one of the small tables set down her tray and prepared to be interested. A sleek, cinnamon-colored woman looked out of the inner room where the odors of Araby materialized and became flesh, or, in this case, fish.

"What's matter, Corinne?" she asked, apprehensively.

"Vi'let Summers an' Clarence is givin' their engagement party to-night over to Candlestick Hall," said her daughter, tensely. "Now you know."

"Oh, my Lawd!" ejaculated the younger girl. "How come that?"

"Oh, shut up, Izzie!" ordered her sister, savagely. She caught up a plate from the tray and dropped it on the floor. The quiet resignation with which the mother brought a dust-pan spoke volumes concerning the family relations. Izzie took the brush from her.

"I'd get even," she said, with stolid decision, her small, shrewd face puckered up like a boy's about to throw a ball. "Leavin' you out from the party does sho look like a guilty conscience, at that."

"That so," the woman dared to sympathize.

"'Tain't like I *cared* for him." Corinne walked to the window and scratched a spot on the glass. "They 'ain't nothin' he kin *laugh* about. Only—you don't like—"

"I'd give him somethin' to his old party to remember," muttered Izzie, arranging her spoons with a certain vindictive enjoyment.

When the stalwart and correctly garbed figure of Clarence Polite entered the horizon of Violet Summers he arrived as the direct answer to prayer.

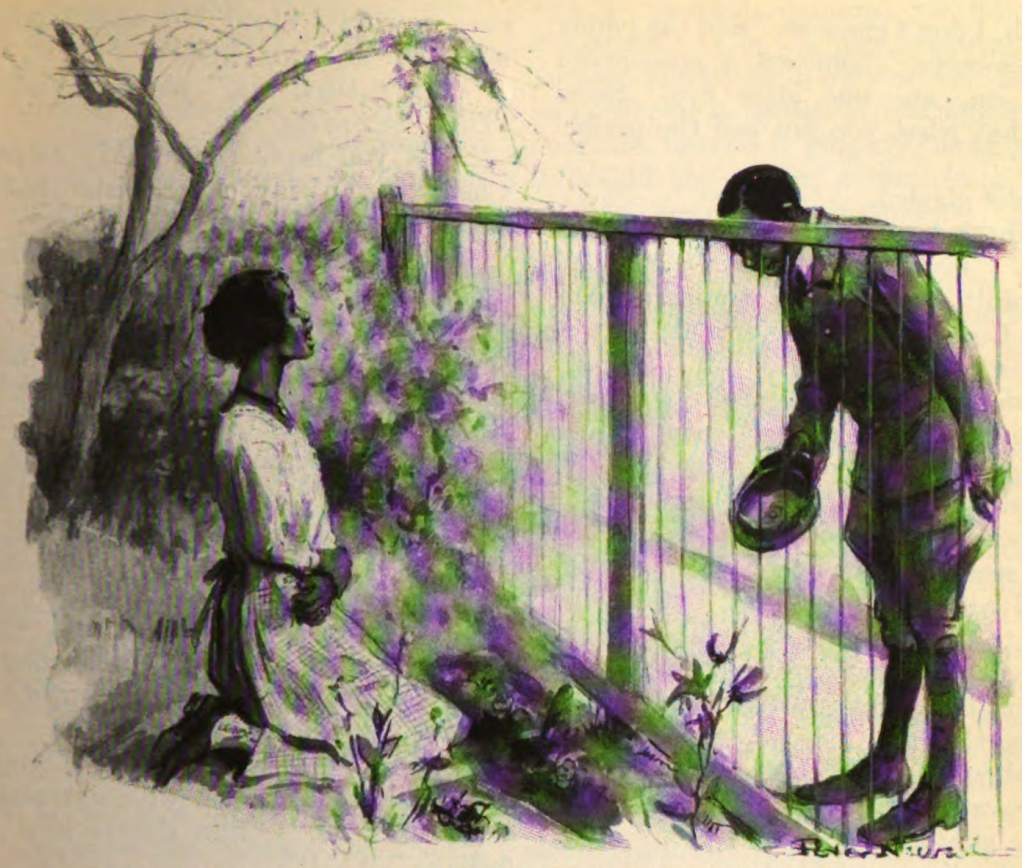
Violet's life was governed by two dominant maxims. The first had been made an integral part of her gray matter by Miss Adela Beaufort, and consisted of the brief rule-of-thumb, "Do not let anybody outside of the family ever see you without a clean white apron." The second pearl of wisdom had been bestowed by old Doctor Parr.

"You'll never make a trained nurse, Hannah," he had one day reluctantly decided. He consistently rechristened the Blanches, Lucilles, and Eulalies who came under his jurisdiction. "But I know an old lady who would take you as an attendant at once. You could make her comfortable. And remember this," he added, solemnly, "it's the good girls that get the good husbands."

"Yes, suh, I know, suh," answered Violet, soberly.

Therefore Violet had been a good girl. Two years' service with her semi-invalid charge, old Miss Fanny Beaufort, had resulted in mutual respect and affection. For Miss Fanny's younger, bustling sister Violet's feeling was more largely plain respect. Miss Adela, having missed any particular life of her own, had tried to supply the lack of the whole cloth by a kind of Batik tapestry put together out of other lives. Her interest extended even to Violet's family circle. But then, as Violet was aware, it was an eminently worthy circle. If Dorcas, her mother, still went out dressmaking by the day, it was because she preferred a career. She could afford to "rest," and, as she frequently announced in her comfortable voice, she was willing for the rest to be in heaven just as soon as Violet was suited with a good husband. In her day-dreams, however, she always envisaged him as an easy-natured person whose work took him a good deal away

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HE WAS A WORK OF SUPEREROGATION ON THE PART OF DESTINY

from home and left her daughter with her. By Violet his personality had been worked out rather more in detail.

One morning in March she had gone out with a box-cover of young pansy plants to set in the long beds next to the iron railings. She liked to dig among the green things out of doors, seeing them come alive out of nothing, week after week. The smell and feel of the earth filled her with a deeply pleasant trancefulness that was not quite thought. It was dreaming in solution, a fallowness of the heart. She smiled over the pansies. A clump of the pale yellow ones which reflected her own coloring made her think of a lot of little child faces, all looking one way at her. As she sorted she was seriously considering that a matrimonial prospect might be alluring if you could make a composite person, as you made a bunch of flowers. Nobody was naturally just right. You had to take what the good Lord sent and be thankful that it was no worse. Suddenly she stuck her trowel in the earth and gazed up into the sheer white clouds that melted into gauzy brilliancy overhead.

"O Lawd"—her thoughts followed them—"it ain't that I want him so gran', but I do want him to be refin'."

And there, looking through the railings into her dazzled eyes, stood the man.

Her first feeling was the simple pleasure of a child who receives a present even better than she had asked for, for this brown young man was both refined and grand. He was a work of supererogation on the part of destiny.

"Good mawnin', miss," began the present, genially. "They's a funeral down the street, they is." This fact was equivalent to a formal introduction. "I seen a lady cryin'."

"Good mawnin'," returned Violet, fluttered, but interested. "That must 'a' been the widder."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Oh, I don't guess so," said the young man, soberly. "She got a grass-green wais' on, an' one glass eye. Seem like that what you kin call the perfec' alibi."

Violet giggled.

"Kin I have the pleasure of interducin' myself on this delightful mawnin'?" pursued the stranger. "My name Clarence Polite. Name an' nature. I strive to please."

Violet's thoughts spiraled down from the heavenly plane. Her second glance conveyed the impression that this tall person in the chauffeur's uniform was the best-dressed creature that she had ever seen. Others might do what they could with socks and ties, but he had gone to the sources and used his epidermis as the key-note of his color-scheme. His rather light puttees matched it accurately.

"My name's Vi'let Summers."

"Now, ain't that pretty? Sound jus' like a gyarden. An' *look* so."

"Oh—thang you!"

There was an eloquent pause, but both were too well used to social amenities to prolong it.

"I shauffin' for Doctuh Parr."

"I know him. Ain't he a gran' ole gentlemun?"

"He sho is a fine ole spo't. Him an' me hit it off firs' rate."

A bell sounded from the house. Violet caught her box-cover and started up the path. "That's fer me. Goo'-by."

"Hope to meet you befo' long."

"Hope so, um sho."

The hopes were promptly realized. The courtship took no account of speed regulations, and almost before Violet realized it, and quite before Miss Adela did, the engagement was a fact, and the function designed to celebrate it in process of arrangement.

The time and the place were settled without difficulty, but when the list of guests came up for revision—the loved ones all together—Dorcas and her daughter skirted their first real quarrel.

"Never did I 'spect to see the day when my own blood kin wasn't good 'nough fer my own chile."

"'Tain't that, ma," pleaded Violet. "They ain't room."

"Who you leavin' out? My cousin 'Clesiastes, an' my church-sister Sally what live over the river?"

"Jis' don't put 'em together. They kin be so embarrassin'. An' they talk jis' like African persons."

"They talk like what they is. When them two start, all both, is when I enjie myself. They's a time to laugh an' a time to embrace, an' I kinder fancied a weddin' was that time, but it seem like I was wrong. Have it like a fun'al if you wanter. It's yo' weddin'. An' my brother Beau'gar', maybe, what been body-servant to Cunnel Ashley, you can't say he ain't quite the gentlemun."

"They won't be room fer so few of my girl frien's. Corinne an' May—"

"I ain't goin' to have that Corinne gal," declared Dorcas, with extraordinary firmness. "She donno how to behave."

Violet averted her eyes. She felt instinctively that she would be happier if the discussion lapsed. "They ain't room, nohow," she sighed.

When the great night arrived, and Violet, seated beside Clarence, looked down the vista of the ceremonial table, she decided that she was a very lucky girl. She had him, and she had (on the whole) a creditable family circle with which to reassure him.

The long room on the second story of Candlestick Hall was lavishly lighted and decorated. The table, modeled on that which Miss Adela beautified for her annual tea, was a radiant success. In the center a tall gilded basket gushed with white roses and ferns like a fountain. At one end a large glass bowl contained a fruit-punch, and at the other reposed a noble turkey into which Uncle Beauregard had, in his celebrated style, plunged the sacrificial fork, preparatory to the grand dissection. Down the sides ranged dishes of ham, ice-cream, rice, cucum-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

bers, cakes, pickles, "hoppin'-john," and all that the heart of man could desire.

Clarence, in meeting his future in-laws, had been worthy of his patronymic. To Violet's gratification, he had discarded his working garments in favor of evening dress. Having been, as he mentioned, a waiter at the most fashionable hotel in Atlanta (which expressed everything), he wore this costume as to the manner born, and without that self-consciousness which oppresses those to whom its assumption is a rather rare adventure. Uncle Beauregard was similarly attired, and so were two young cousins who from time to time slipped unostentatiously from their places and changed plates, according to the conventions of the best society.

Uncle Beauregard rested from his labors and lifted his cultivated voice, a close imitation of that of the late Colonel Ashley.

"It is custom'y, I believe," he began, "to pos'pone the drinkin' of healths until aftoh the viands have been somewhat—a-amalgamated. But, as I have often heard that gran' gentlemun, Colonel Ashley, say, 'When a thing's wo'th doin' it's wo'th doin' at wunce.' Theyfo' I p'opose the healths an' happiness of our young frien's who have so auspiciously inaug'rated they intention of—"

A sharp knock at the door, impatiently repeated, dammed his flow of eloquence. One of the unobtrusive youths, known as Buddy in the home and Jefferson in the world, slid across the floor and opened it gingerly, as though to shield the glories within from the profane eyes of the uninvited.

"Special-'livery letter fer you' Aun' Summers."

"I guess I won't open it," decided Dorcas, comfortably. "Might have sumthin' sad in it, an' 'twould be too misfortunate to overcas' the evenin'."

A storm of protest met this hedonistic suggestion. "Oh, ma, no!" "Hit mout be a death een de fambly," this last unctuously from Aunt Sally, who indeed talked, when stirred, like an African person. She had come to the feast attired in profound black, including a long crêpe veil worn over a white head-handkerchief. She was not in mourning for any one in particular, but the handsome costume being her full dress, she had donned it to do honor to the happy occasion. Naturally it somewhat influenced her thoughts.

Dorcas unfolded the sheet with exasperating slowness, then turned it wonderingly over and over.

"Is it bad news?" quavered Violet.

"'Tain't nothin', 'tain't nothin' 'tall. I don't know what it signify," said Dorcas, wildly.

"My! That bad," announced Aunt Sally with oracular, pursed lips.



UNCLE BEAUREGARD LIFTED HIS CULTIVATED VOICE

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Mighty bad luck to git a letter wid nothin' een it."

"Heep wusser luck to git a letter wid some things in it," contributed a humorous married man farther down the table. He had the mild, slippery look of a plump, dark oyster.

"Like a bill," put in his wife, hastily. With her sharp, scooped, yellow profile she suggested the slice of lemon that goes with the oyster. Appropriately, she kept a soft-drink emporium.

"O' a summons," another skeptic volunteered. "Eh, Judkins?"

These flippant observations were frowned down as unworthy of the crisis. Uncle Beauregard made a gallant effort to revive the earlier atmosphere of gaiety.

"I hope nobody heah is so sup'stitious as to observe these redic'lous signs. I would not puhmit it to distohb yo' equiblibrium, Dorcas."

"You don' b'leeve no signs, fer de troof?" demanded Aunt Sally. She pointed a huge, efficient forefinger. "Would you-all go stretch yo'se'f een a grabeya'd an' teck yo' res' dey, on a Friday night een de dark ob de moon?"

"Well, maybe not on a *Friday* night," conceded Uncle Beauregard, weakly. "An' I don't blame nobody for declinin' to set down thirteen—onless," he added, with delicate persiflage, "the dinnah was out o' the common enticin'."

Only a few tittered. The subject was too serious. Cousin, 'Cle', who had been seining in his pocket, suddenly dumped a heterogeneous handful on the cloth. Selecting a frazzly brown fetish, he held it up for public reverence.

"Mah rabbit foot. Cut off de live rabbit, plumb at midnight, jumpin' ober de grabeyard fence, by a coal-black, cross-eyed man."

The youth named Buddy solemnly extracted a few inches of rope from somewhere. He did not explain it, but his neighbor, an arch young person in watermelon voile, gave a terrified giggle of comprehension. The history of that rope was too sinister for utterance at a party.

"The only sign I don't feel rale good 'bout," the citric young woman gave her conviction, "is when I put on my lingerree inside out an' hafter change it 'fore twelve."

Violet gave her companion a swift glance. The conversation was becoming indecorously intimate. She was a simple soul and had never heard of the sixth sense which enables a woman to understand what impression the passing phenomena are making on the chosen man, but she was trying her best to use it.

Aunt Sally's scornful eye raked the two rows of faces. "City people don't know ebbryt'ing," she snorted. "Rabbit foot? Rope? Ma Gawd!" From her tight black basque where a large imitation cameo shone she drew forth an unsavory little bag. "Disher a strong cha'm what de root-doctuh gin me. Dat some good, umhump, dat some good."

Violet gave a little shocked moan. It was permissible, she knew, in society, to hold converse concerning signs and wonders. The very nicest ladies consulted Ouija, and Miss Fanny herself read books which had come through that channel straight from the everywhere into the here.

But to have a social occasion invaded by anything so barbarically countrified and plebeian as the root-doctor! Aunt Sally might be guilty of the "cunjah man" next.

"They are cert'ny queer things in this world," Clarence vouchsafed.

Two conversationalists perceived an opening into which their powers might debouch. Uncle Beauregard was preparing to strike again into the channel of his frustrated toast, when a sleepy-eyed old man seated in the umbrage of Aunt Sally's veil appeared to waken, recognize a fellow-seeker, and decide to show him the light.

"Is yer ebber meet up wid a glub een de road?" If the diction of his wife was rustic, this voice might have been called backwoodsy and hinterlandish, racy of the soil where it runs into the jungle.

"Oh, Pink, quit crowdin' de talk," his wife admonished him.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HE HELD A FRAZZLY BROWN FETISH UP FOR PUBLIC REVERENCE

"Mah brudder Jake he fin' one, an' when he gone home de mule broke he laig."

"Who leg?" shot from Uncle Beauregard, who was listening entranced.

"Mule laig."

"Oh," said the listener relaxing.

The door-bell again made itself heard loudly and impertinently. With a gesture of despair, Buddy's coadjutor rose and skated with the waiter slide to the front window, whence he prepared to bring the intruder to a sense of his indiscretion.

"Who dat?"

"Who dat say who dat?" came an impish voice from below. A fantasia on a bicycle-bell punctuated the night. "Dat you, Clint?"

"We all havin' a pahty, doggone yuh!" Clint turned to explain. "One o' dem impident messenger-boys. I go git it."

When he returned with a large, white box, a wreath of smiles encircled the table. Violet's hands fluttered as she lifted the cover. Then she gave the cry of a hurt child.

"Oh!" she cried. "Who could 'a' done a thing like that?"

The box was full of dead blossoms, roses and syringas that had been shut for days from the light. Their acrid-sweet smell filled the room. Clarence caught up the box, strode to the window, and pitched it into the street. The girl followed him, laying a quivering touch on his sleeve.

"Vi'let"—his undertone was thick with anger and suspicion—"did any *man* sen' you them flowers?"

Her shocked, innocent eyes seemed to satisfy him.

"I don't mean nothin' by that," he consoled her hastily. "I guess it's jis' a rotten joke. Come back and let's laugh it off."

She could not help admiring the ease with which he carried the conversation over the difficult minute. But they reckoned ill who left Pink out. There was something about the dark quality of his tones that compelled notice like a spreading shadow, enthralling even skeptics and men of the world.

"One night Jake he set by de fire, an' he heah t'ree slow, ha'd knocks come on de do'—"

He paused for a mysterious second. Like an echo, three slow, hard knocks came on the door.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The girl in pink uttered a soft shriek. Like automata, Buddy and Clint moved with the effect of protecting each other to the doorway.

Several men stood on the landing outside—white men. The foremost, a tall, blond, middle-aged person with a handsome aquiline nose drooping over a bushy mustache, stalked in and stopped in his tracks, as though a groaning board was the last thing in the world that he had expected to see.

"Where's the body?" he asked, crisply.

Petrified silence answered him.

"Say, 'Cle', what's the joke?" inquired the new-comer.

"Search me, suh," responded Ecclesiastes, wildly. "You know anythin' 'bout this? Hit Mistah Englebein, de deppity-cor'ner."

"I was called up that there had been some sort of fight at Candlestick Hall, and a man killed. That's all."

"No, sirree, nobody been kill'," testified 'Cle', warmly.

"No, suh, no, suh; ain't nobody been killed," Dorcas expostulated, and Aunt Sally chimed in:

"'Ain' nobody been kill' de whole ebenin'."

"Glad to hear it," said the coroner.

Uncle Beauregard escorted the party down-stairs, earnestly assuring them at each step of the complete absence of bloodshed. Half-way down they met a second group, this time consisting of three dapper colored men. An indefinable air of smugness and yet of studied gloom hung about them.

"Evenin', suh," the leader greeted the coroner. His English was meticulous. "No doubt we both meet together on the same sad acci-dent. Ah, Beau'gar', you kin tell me who the the body is."

"Body? Dat body some mo'? My Lawd, my King!" shrilled Aunt Sally from the upper hall.

"We was notified by telephone to call at Candlestick Hall an' take charge of a body. I understood 'twas you, Beau'gar', had a sudden fit of somethin', but I must 'a' heard wrong."

"You sholy must have," agreed Uncle Beauregard, with dignity. "I have never been subjec' to no fits of no kind, excusin' a fit of indignation at this here intrusion. I'll thank you-all to retire befo' the ladies ketches sight of you. It might give 'em a turn."

This considerate request came too late. Before the undertaker and his assistants could efface themselves with the discretion peculiar to their calling, the landing above was overflowing with the holiday garments and excited gestures of the whole up-stairs party. During the past few minutes the street outside had become alive with vehicles. The usual night crowd from nowhere was materializing. The Beulah Restaurant opposite was still lighted, and two absorbed figures hung over its small iron balcony.

To Violet, leaning against the staircase railing, the hall below seemed full of people, and more coming in. When they parted respectfully to allow a gray-haired, stout figure to come quietly up the steps, she recognized an old friend and pushed her way to him with outstretched hands of appeal.

"Oh, Doctuh, please, suh, tell 'em they ain't anythin' wrong. Nobody been hurt."

"They ain't no body, Doctuh."

Old Doctor Parr caught sight of his resplendent chauffeur. "So you are not in any trouble, Clarence?"

"No, suh. Jis' goin' to get married."

"Well, there are worse ones. Are you the bride, Hannah?"

"Yes, suh," simpered Violet through her perturbation.

"I hope you will be very happy, I'm sure. If you want me to give Clarence a character I'll make an effort." The audience smiled appreciatively. "Some mistake. The hospital was called up about a cutting-up scrape. Your name was mentioned, Clarence. I couldn't make out whether you were the injured party or not, so I came with the ambulance. Good night."

"Thank you, suh," responded Clarence.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The company returned to the table. Uncle Beauregard took up his carving-knife, then remained motionless. The muffled retreat of the ambulance wheels was lost in a new, disturbing sound, a swelling clang and the strident alarm of a gong. At the same moment the pealing of bells became audible.

"Fire! Shu-u—"

Dorcas counted the strokes. That count was never finished. The clanging, shining monster, followed by two others, had pulled up directly in front of the building. Every man in the room precipitated himself on the piazza, the women shoving in among them. A storm of questions, exclamations, recriminations, and general frenzy caused sashes to fly up on either side of the street.

"Don't yuh turn that there water on!" shrieked Dorcas from her post commanding the scene. "They ain't no fire here."

"They never been no fire."

"What you send the alarm in for, then?" This from an indignant giant on the sidewalk.

"We never done no such a thing. O Lawd! some enemy done this," wailed the distressed hostess.

Uncle Beauregard, as usual, rose to the occasion. With poise and unction he presented the case, apologized for the bad taste of the parties unknown who



CLARENCE STRODE TO THE WINDOW AND PITCHED IT INTO THE STREET

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"HELLO! THIS THE POLICE STATION?"

had caused the inconvenience, and generally disseminated oil where it was most needed.

"An' now I hope they 'll be a lull," sighed Dorcas, devoutly. "As you was sayin', Beau'gar'—"

A lull was the correct term.

At the same moment, in the little iron balcony of the Beulah Restaurant, Corinne nudged her sister feverishly.

"Think o' somethin' else, befo' that crowd gets 'way. Letter, box, horsepital, undertaker, cor'ner. The note is fer the las'. Oh, Izzie, think o' what would disturb 'em awful."

"Plumbers."

"They wouldn't come out this time o' night."

"Police."

"The good Lawd bless yer!" answered Corinne, fervently.

She flew to the telephone, and Izzie, listening, chuckled her oily laugh. The voice floated to her, deepened from its usual high notes to an acid, eliding tone.

"Hello! This the police station? . . . Thang you, suh. This Macella Judkins what keep the Sof' Drink Palace Coterie. . . . Yessuh. You know the place by the Mall. I wanter repo't that the whole neighborhood been discommoded an' kep' awake by the goin'-ons over to Candlestick Hall. . . . Crap game? Dunno. Werry likely. An' they *do* say they's a still under the sink over to there. . . . No, I 'ain't never seen it; I jus' hear so. . . . Yessuh. They do say so. An' no sof' drink from me ain't 'sponsible fer sich devilment like they raisin' now. . . . You're welcome. Hit's a pleasure."

The girls clung to each other, shaking.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"An' that las' was the truth," gasped Corinne; "it was a pleasure."

All that had gone before to destroy the peace and elegance of the fated engagement party was as nothing when the police began their firm and exhaustive search for the imaginary still and the non-existent crap game. Even the sample of strictly prohibition punch which remained in the bowl failed to convince them. Aunt Sally's indignation at the affront boiled over into sarcasm.

"Maybe, suh"—she took on a stern young constable who meant to earn his spurs and considered this occasion a good beginning—"you-all 'd like to see de body, too, what been kill' huyh ternight."

The young constable jumped. "What!" he rasped out.

"Yessuh, de cor'ner, an' de doctuh, an' de buryin' sasiety, an' de fire-enjine, dey-all been ter view de remains, so don' min' sayin' ef you got a min' ter do de same, an' look on de face."

It took ten minutes of passionate argument to convince the law that Aunt Sallie was indulging in satire and not making a confession which might be used against her. Even when his colleagues were quieted down, the severe young constable was still of the opinion that another drastic search toward the new objective was highly desirable.

"All I can say is," he insisted, glumly, "where there's so much smoke there must be some fire."

The discussion had raged down to the sidewalk where the patrol-wagon waited hungrily, as though reluctant to have taken this tiresome nocturnal jaunt for nothing.

"All I want to know is," he summed up, "find out who called us out. That's all I want to know."

"Me, too," lamented Dorcas. "We always been a perfec'ly respec'ful fambly; we ain't never had nothin' to do wid the police in our born days. Don't cry, Vi'let, chile. Whey's Clarence?"

Where, indeed, was Clarence? The conspirators had saved their master stroke for the end. As he stood beside Violet a shadow had brushed by him and something had been slipped into his hand. He had opened the noncommittal envelope, and had been bowled over by the ominous words: "All found out. Better run at wunce."

Now, as Clarence himself would have put it, he hadn't been no worser than anybody else been. But how many men exist who could receive such a warning unshaken and with an abiding sense of invulnerable rectitude? Clarence's memory ran back on its tracks like a bird-dog. Was it that little matter of joy riding? Or was it not too distantly connected with games of chance which do not find favor in the eyes of the law? Or—here was something more serious—did the trouble involve the other and disturbing sex? Clarence had no idea of running at "wunce." Only, with that patrol so adjacent, and the hard-featured young cop so reluctant to depart empty-handed, it seemed only prudent to slide into the shadows, merely, you understand, to think the situation over.

When Violet, therefore, looked about for the support which she had every right to expect, and found that it had unaccountably vanished, her bruised heart immediately accepted the worst. Clarence's gentility had revolted against entering a circle where such indecorums intruded into the most sacred and stylish moments of family life. He would marry some happier girl whose surroundings were not in touch with craps, police, illicit liquor, or even unmaterialized bodies.

"Oh, ain't it awful, ain't it awful?" she sobbed on her mother's ample bosom. "An' I did want it to be so genteel."

Aunt Sally, consolingly smoothing the girl's back with a powerful palm, made a sympathetic cluck in her throat. Then she became aware of a figure planted full in the pool of light that streamed from the door of the hall, the figure of a girl, defiant, derisive, gloating over the sorry clump of humanity before her. Aunt

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Sally's cluck changed into a curious, low snarl. With a surprising lightness she skirted the crowd and took her stand behind.

"Well, you sho did break up that pahty." The rich malice in Izzie's voice reached her. Aunt Sally's hand rose, reached out like the paw of a wildcat, seemed to dilate.

"Who goin' to be arrested?" sang out Corinne in the joyous arrogance of insult.

"You is, doggone yuh!" responded Aunt Sally. And the claw descended.

There is, after all, in the privilege of being a savage, of expressing the truth straight from the shoulder, a comfort that natures of infinitely finer complexity might envy. To Dorcas, somewhere between the two extremes, came the satisfaction that must have moved the medieval queen of beauty. Incapable herself of resorting to the arbitrament of raw force, the sight, nevertheless, went to her heart with the appeal of a heaven-sent idea. Few things in life had given her an acuter realization of the goodness of God.

When the principals were separated the police-van opened its maw with the gratified expression of a cannibal saying grace. The young constable, wearing the replete smile of the man who knows that all things come to him who waits, motioned both combatants within. Aunt Sally obeyed with alacrity, merely hanging back for a parting expression of faith.

"Nebber yuh min', Dorcas. I's glad to do hit to 'commodate yuh. Looker dat gal."

Corinne was worth looking at. Her sleeve was slit from the shoulder and hung in strings. Her hair was wild. A long scratch outlined her jaw. Her skirt was jagged and frowsy with bits of straw, picked up while she had been rolled in the roadway by those irresistible arms. She was beaten. She was being arrested. From her abject place in the dust of defeat she could see the triumph of her rival. Clarence, having thought things over, had returned to the post of duty. He stood protectingly beside Violet, who was smiling through her tears as though no annoyance of any moment had occurred at all. But—and here Corinne drew herself up and lifted a hand to her disheveled head—she was being looked at—she, Corinne, was in the limelight. Her other hand fell to her hip in the familiar gesture; slowly she turned, her glance sweeping the circle with a smoldering fire of illimitable contempt.

"Ain't it tryin'," she apostrophized the circumambient air—"ain't it tryin' when a lady got to go out in the worl' an' meet up with all kind o' people!"

SECOND GROWTH

BY WINIFRED WELLES

MEN know that the birch-tree always
Will grow where they cut down the pine—
This is the way of the forest,
And the same way shall be mine.

For now that my sorrow lies stricken,
And shadow in me is done,
I, too, shall have years of laughter,
And of dancing in the sun.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

WHY I REMAIN IN INDUSTRY

BY A DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

LIKE many another college instructor, I had given up my academic work for industrial work when the war made production the chief concern of the nation. For more than two years the demands of this work had been such as to make any comparison between industrial and university life inopportune. With the cessation of hostilities, however, the consideration of personal concerns once more became appropriate. In my own case, this concern resolved itself into the question, Should I resume my teaching profession or remain in industry?

Recently I received a letter which brought my reflection to a head. It was from the university with which I had been connected until the outbreak of the war, and its contents were as follows:

> DEAR DOCTOR ——, Now that the war is over you will probably be thinking of resuming your profession. At a meeting of the faculty held yesterday it was decided to invite you to take up your former position as soon as feasible.
>
> The Committee on Compensation has decided to count the two years of your absence as part of your regular term of service, so that you will resume your duties at the yearly salary of eighteen hundred dollars instead of sixteen hundred dollars.
>
> We hope to have an early reply as to your decision, in order that we may complete arrangements for the coming semester.
>
> Very truly yours,
>
> ———————
>
> *Secretary of the Faculty.*

At the time this letter was written, I was holding a position in a large industrial concern at a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars a year. The decision which the letter called for was, therefore, one of great importance, not only financially, but in many other ways. It represented a turning-point in my life. On the one hand, industry with its advantages and disadvantages; on the other hand, academic life with its peculiar privileges and restrictions. In order to make clear the full significance of the situation, I shall have to give a bit of my personal history.

I was graduated from a well-known Eastern college in 1910 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Although I had worked my way through school, I had still managed to win the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key. In addition, I had been awarded a fellowship. My fellowship, amounting to about four hundred dollars a year, enabled me to enter the graduate school, where I spent three years specializing in the study of economics. At the end of that time I received my doctor's degree, the intellectual passport to scholastic achievement. Few men attain the high rank of full professorship without this degree. Simultaneously there came an offer from the same university of an instructorship in economics at an initial salary of twelve hundred dollars. Since it was my ambition to become a professor and since my entire preparation had been calculated with this aim in mind, I accepted the offer with alacrity.

My financial progress as an instructor was much like that of instructors in other large universities. One thousand or twelve hundred dollars is the customary starting salary. Thereafter an increase of one hundred dollars is given for each year of service for six years, making a salary of about eighteen hundred dollars at the end of that time.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

After that an instructor who has been satisfactory is promoted to the rank of an assistant professor at a salary of two thousand dollars a year, with increases at intervals until the twenty-eight-hundred-dollar mark is reached. I served as an instructor for four years and was receiving sixteen hundred dollars a year at the end of that time. Now the university authorities proposed to overlook my two years of absence and resume my salary at eighteen hundred instead of sixteen hundred dollars.

During my two years of absence, however, several important changes had occurred. The industrial position which I had assumed required scientific investigations of standards of living to serve as a basis for adjusting wages for various classes of work and people. On assuming this position I had received a salary of eighteen hundred dollars. On the strength of this increase and the future which it seemed to promise, I had been married. My marriage came after an engagement of almost five years, for, on my instructor's salary, marriage had hitherto been out of the question. Now, however, we had decided to venture, and my wife and I had leased a pretty little apartment in a pleasant but inexpensive part of town. At the end of one year my salary was increased to twenty-five hundred dollars, and before the expiration of another year, to thirty-five hundred dollars. This final raise was possibly hastened by the birth of our son. We were a happy and contented family.

The letter offering me my former position with the university brought me to a parting of the ways. I had taken my present position solely as a war measure. My rejection by the enlistment authorities had left this the only field open to me. But my great ambition was to become a full-fledged professor. I had given eight years of my life to training with this in view. Moreover, my wife was the daughter of a university professor and had grown up in university circles. There is a distinct atmosphere about a university society, a certain intellectual alertness and refinement, of which both my wife and I were enamored. Still, here was, on the one hand, the offer of an instructorship at eighteen hundred dollars a year, and, on the other, an industrial position at thirty-five hundred dollars. The situation was one which called for careful thought, not only from a financial point of view, but from many other viewpoints as well.

Financially, the difference between the two salaries could be only regarded in the light of future possibilities. I had already reached my limit as an instructor. The next step would be that of an assistant professorship, and of this I could be fairly certain. However, after that I might linger for five or six years or for an indefinite period, still with the rank of an assistant professor and with a salary at the end of that time not in excess of twenty-eight hundred dollars. If I happened to do work that was particularly brilliant or write a book which commanded wide interest, my chances of being made a professor would be much improved. In that case, my salary would be about three thousand dollars a year, with a periodic increase until it had reached four thousand dollars. In short, if everything went well, I might hope to be a full-fledged professor at the end of six or eight years, and be earning four thousand dollars at the end of eleven or twelve. This seemed to me, at this time, a very comfortable annuity on which to live.

If I were unusually fortunate, I might even obtain one of the endowed professorships at a salary of five or six thousand dollars. But these positions are generally filled by older men, men who are never released and who seldom resign. One of the most discouraging things about the chances of promotion, as I looked forward, was the fact that so much depended on the health of the professors who might precede me. I had in mind particularly a friend who had been an assistant professor for ten years in a subject for which there was only one

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

professorial chair. During that time he had rejuvenated the department. He had built up its classes from about ten to one hundred and sixty pupils. His courses were among the most popular in the school. And yet, because of the tenacity of his venerable predecessor, he was unable to take the chair to which his work had entitled him.

My industrial position was quite different in these respects. Within a year and a half I had been made chief of my particular bureau. Within three or four years I might, with reasonable success, hope to be the head of a department with an annual salary of four or five thousand dollars. Even if promotion in this particular institution were blocked, my constant dealings with other industries put me in the way of openings elsewhere. There was always the probability of a better position ahead.

In this respect the university was almost hopeless. I remember vividly an interview with the professor at the head of my department shortly before I received my Ph.D. In this interview I expressed the desire to write to certain universities, asking them whether they would consider me for an instructorship in economics. The professor elevated his eyebrows in surprise and exclaimed: "Why, Mr. ——, you can't do such a thing. You must wait until you receive an invitation!" When I asked him how I should receive an invitation, he explained vaguely that it might come through the acquaintanceship of my professors with professors in other universities, or through the intermediacy of an agency in which I might enroll myself. When I replied that it was contrary to my nature to trust so largely to chance, he informed me that I should only hurt my chances if I took matters into my own hands. This provoked me to ask why a prospective doctor of philosophy shouldn't be just as direct and energetic as a business man. He merely smiled and said, "It simply isn't done." Further inquiry served to emphasize the truth of his statement and to show me that for an instructor to seek a position is considered the height of bad form. This fact, forgotten for the time being, now thrust itself once more into the foreground of my memory and compelled me to weigh more carefully the relative advantages of an academic and an industrial career.

Financially, the possibilities of a business career were certainly far brighter than those of the teaching profession. And, having once tasted the wine of business prosperity, it was impossible not to think of the future in terms of greater material comfort than I had ever dared to dream of before. Many of my classmates, apparently no brighter, no more capable, no more ambitious than I, were already earning five thousand, and even ten thousand dollars a year. They owned comfortable houses, lived in pleasant suburbs of the city, rode in their own cars, belonged to country clubs, and had time for tennis and golf. I could not help desiring for myself and my family similar comforts. I had no hankering for luxuries, but these were not luxuries. They were common necessities. Moreover, they were the marks of a successful man, and I longed to be a man successful among men, dealing with men, directing men. As an instructor I had been a man among children, dictating year in and year out to immature youths unable or unwilling to talk back.

To be sure, I was aware of the traditional contrast between business activity and university life. In industry the headlong rush for wealth and more wealth; the subordination of thousands and thousands of workers to a bare existence in order that a few might profit; the continuous grind and anxiety; the cold-blooded inhumanity of it all; these facts had been impressed on me long before I myself became part of the industrial mechansim. On the other hand, the university was the reputed home of the humanities. Here were great opportunities for instilling in the mind of prospective young business men the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ideals of service, of generosity, and high-mindedness in the subsequent conduct of their business affairs, of the value of human life, the right of every individual to the enjoyment of art, literature, music, and the higher values of life. This was a contrast calculated to appeal to the most heroic and romantic elements in a young man's ideals.

Two years in industry had almost entirely obliterated this notion. Through my contact with industrial executives and industrial literature I had found a more active and wide-spread interest in human affairs than during my entire academic career. Rather than theoretical, this interest was immediate and practical. It centered about industrial insurance, sick benefits, profit-sharing plans, better housing, better working conditions, accident prevention, medical care, Americanization, thorough investigations into living costs and consistent wage adjustments, and a hundred other points of immediate benefit to the worker—to say nothing of the encouragement of the more esthetic activities, such as landscape gardening, community singing, literary and dramatic clubs, and musical organizations. Service, generosity, and humanity, instead of being ideals, were being regarded as every-day bread-and-butter facts.

In contrast with this type of humanity, was the type characteristic of university circles. I had often wondered why professors were so frequently held in contempt by business men and scorned by the laboring classes. The reason is clear to me now. Many a teacher, instead of putting himself in the way of humanity, withdraws into the comparative quiet and detachment of the university quadrangle. His interest in the masses is intellectual rather than active, and his sympathies are academic rather than practical. He would mingle with humanity, but without running the danger of soiling his academic robes. He would uplift humanity, but without stooping himself in the process.

Another phase of this contrast which now appeared to me in a new light was the matter of equipment. Volumes have been written and spoken about the vast sums spent by industries on their mechanical equipment, and the consequent subordination of the individual to the machine. But, as I was considering my decision, this fact was paralleled in my mind by the tremendous material growth of the universities. Millions and millions of dollars have been bequeathed to them in the past two decades. These enormous sums, instead of being devoted in large part to the development and improvement of the teaching staff, have been spent almost entirely on new buildings and equipment. The result has been an imposing collection of palatial dormitories, ornate laboratories, elaborate gymnasiums, magnificent stadiums and arenas, and decorative archways. Architectural grandeur and impressiveness seem to have been the key-note in the recent progress of universities. Only a pittance of their bequests has been set aside for the betterment of the human equipment, the endowment of scholarships and fellowships for promising but impecunious young students, the establishment of chairs for additional professors and instructors, and the improvement of methods of teaching and handling large bodies of students. No marked progress has been made in the teaching methods of universities in two decades, a fact which is not surprising when it is remembered that during the same time very little change has been made in the salaries which college teachers are paid. Indeed, the proportion of money spent on material equipment and human equipment by most great universities offers a contrast in the light of which industry appears as an institution of charity. This contrast and many others to which I had formerly been oblivious now forced themselves vividly upon me, and I found that my idealistic or humanistic ideas had been undergoing a radical displacement in favor of the industrial world.

In determining a decision, however,

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

trivial facts often weigh more heavily than matters of grave importance. Witness the fact that I had become most slavishly attached to my stenographer. Now my stenographer was anything but a paragon of beauty, but the speed and finish with which she could turn out my work were a source of daily satisfaction. As an instructor my days had been full of the drudgery of correcting papers and painfully preparing lectures. I had very little time left for the original and creative work upon which the instructor's future almost entirely depends. Now, however, my hack work was done by a stenographer or by subordinate clerks. I could devote almost my entire time to more important problems, to the really constructive work of my position. If a promising idea occurred to me, either during the day or in the quiet of my office after hours, I did not have to lose it through lack of time or inability to write it down before forgetting. I had simply to pick up the dictaphone mouthpiece at the left of my desk, and reel off my ideas while they were still fresh. The next day they would be lying on my desk, neatly typewritten. If instructorships and assistant professorships were equipped with a dictaphone and a stenographer, what a difference there would be in the attractiveness of these positions!

So far, the advantages of an industrial career seemed to outweigh those of an academic career. There was one consideration, though, which, because of its importance, I left till last. I have in mind the matter of intellectual freedom. The one privilege which I crave above all others is freedom of speech and action. In this I am, if anything, a fanatic. No matter what the financial reward, I could not bear to be stifled in an atmosphere of intellectual censorship. But here again the traditional contrast forced itself upon my attention. The business man is notoriously narrow-minded. He is often uneducated. His mental habits are frequently crude. The university, on the other hand, is just as notoriously the home of culture and breadth. It has long been heralded as the center for the free exchange of speech and ideas. It is regarded as the fountain of truth and light. This is the picture as it has so often been painted.

In weighing the relative merits of the academic and industrial world in these reports, one of my first thoughts was of a certain incident during the last year of my course. Among the students in economics who were up for a doctor's degree was one considered by all of us as the most brilliant and promising man in the group. What was our surprise to find no mention of his name on the list of those who were announced as having received their degrees. All we could learn was that his thesis had been rejected. Not until I became an instructor in the department did I learn the truth. This particular candidate had submitted a thesis containing statistics concerning labor conditions in Pennsylvania and from these he had drawn some conclusions which were considered by the economics faculty—reputedly one of the most liberal and open-minded in the country—as ultra-radical. The authenticity of the statistics was also questioned by them. As a matter of fact, the statistics and conclusions contained in the rejected thesis have since become common property through the work of a well-known economist in another university. The student whose thesis had been rejected was guilty only of being a few years ahead of his time and of his intellectual mentors.

Another case was that of a friend of mine, a student in the department of philosophy. This student had one of the most uncompromising passions for truth I have ever witnessed in any one. It often led him into heated discussions and made him unpopular with less disinterested seekers after truth. Now, philosophy is traditionally considered the broadest of all studies, and therefore it was fortunate for this youth that he had chosen it as his field. Before he had finished his thesis he came to my room one

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

night and, without any preliminary conversation, blurted out, "Well, I'm going to do it!" "Do what?" I asked, in surprise. "Prostitute myself to the intellectual demagogues of this —— university." He then explained to me that in several discussions with his professors regarding the preliminary draft of his thesis, he had found such fixed opposition that he was sure the thesis would never pass as it stood. This meant the loss of his doctor's degree. But he had already accepted the offer of an instructorship in another university, an offer which was contingent on his receiving his degree. His entire future was at stake, and so he decided that, for the first and last time, he would temper the truth to suit the intellectual hardness of his professors. He rewrote his thesis accordingly and won his degree. The professor at the head of his department, shortly before Commencement, congratulated him upon his success with the remark, "Mr. ——, I am glad to tell you that your thesis showed greater breadth of intellect than most of us had given you credit for." To which my friend replied, cynically, "Professor, anybody can be broad-minded when he can't afford to tell the truth."

Incidents like these, together with many recent events centering on the question of freedom of speech and action in universities throughout the country, now crowded themselves into my mind. After all, was the university so much the home of culture and broad-mindedness as was commonly believed? Or was this reputation merely an outworn relic of former days—a tradition which, though empty of life, still clung to its ancient seat?

The industrial world makes no pretensions to culture and no profession of intellectual breadth. And yet, so far as my experience went, I found the majority of business men extremely broad and tolerant in their views. This seemed strange to me at first, but I now consider it a natural state of affairs. The inevitable tendency in teaching is to lay down the law to youths who either cannot or do not dare to contradict. The professor is an authority, and the older he gets, the more authoritative he becomes. Theoretically, he is an authority in his special field alone, but his position and his profession of *giving* the truth to his pupils encourage him to assume an air of authority in many other fields as well. In the industrial world, quite contrariwise, men are always pitting their ideas against those of their equals, as well as those of their inferiors and superiors. An idea which has to be forced upon others is considered a failure from the outset. The big thing in industry is to "sell" one's proposition. In other words, ideas, instead of being confined to text-books and class-room lectures, are in a constant state of flux and competition with one another. The result is a certain mental alertness, a readiness to credit the other man's viewpoint, and an openness to new plans and ideas, no matter how unusual, which are unknown in academic life.

One of the most interesting forms which the open-mindedness of business men has taken is the introduction of successful university professors and instructors into important technical positions in their commercial enterprises. Among the men who have been thus transferred from the academic to the commercial world is a goodly number of doctors of philosophy. I know several who have charge of extensive educational departments in large corporations. One man, formerly a professor in a large technical university, is now the manager of what is called the industrial research department of a corporation which extends all over the world. His task is to make a scientific survey of labor and employment problems. He has over thirty specialists under him. Another doctor of philosophy is chief industrial psychologist in a large manufacturing concern employing over twenty-one thousand people. Several former instructors in economics of whom I know are engaged in special research work in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

large banking institutions. These men are called upon for special service in special fields. No one attempts to dictate to them what their views or ideas shall be. They are simply shown the problem and told to go ahead. Their own imagination and creative abilities are appealed to, and they are judged solely by the results which they produce.

I once thought that the title of Ph.D. was an honor only in scholastic life. As a matter of fact, greater respect and deference have been paid to my title by my business associates than by my university colleagues. A doctor of philosophy who can make good beyond academic walls and who can descend from his high horse to the level of the ordinary man, finds a gratifying reception. My friends and acquaintances call me "Doc," a title which at first annoyed me extremely. Now it gives me keen pleasure, because I have come to learn that it contains much more genuine respect and affection than the formal "Doctor" by which I was once designated.

The other day the manager of my department, who had been serving on a public committee composed largely of university professors, and who had just come from a committee meeting, exclaimed to me: "I say, Doc, professors are certainly a dogmatic crowd! Whenever they talk, they talk as authorities, never as fallible human beings." From the manner in which he said it, I knew that he was not thinking of me, and I was delighted at the thought of having barely escaped the epithet "an *authority*."

To be in a position that calls for all my creative powers; that brings me into continual contact with alert, generous, and broad-minded men; that holds forth bright promises for the future; that pays me a salary sufficient to support my family in comfort; and, above all, to be called "Doc" and regarded as an equal among equals—these are the conditions which finally decided me to give up my university career and remain in industry.

LOVE SONG

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

AS at dawn the lovely trees
Motionless in flooding light
See a vision no man sees,
Half of day and half of night,

So your mood is still and strange
While joy dawns within your breast,
Craving light where colors change,
Wondering if the dark be best?

Trees that wear the ruffled dew
Soon will waken, soon will know;
You will face the morning, too,
When the wind begins to blow!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MILORAD

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

THE rain fell in Mitrovitza and thinned the streets of women and little girls, and it was as though it washed the color from the world, for the women of Mitrovitza wear trousers of orange and vests of green, while their head-dresses are saffron and pale yellow. No women in all Serbia are as brilliantly dressed as the Jewish women of Mitrovitza. They look equivocally at the men from their long eyes, for the town is a sink where the races and tribes of the Balkans meet. Here they eddy and swirl about one another; then they stream out over the roads through Albania to Montenegro. They go south to Uskub and north over the mountainous paths of the Great Retreat. Here come the Albanians from the hills in their white homespun clothes, braided boldly in black with the slash of their red sashes around their waists, while the soldiers of France and England meet those of Serbia in all the streets. Some come to Mitrovitza and see in it a great and wicked city and drink of its wickedness; and some see in it a lost and vicious little hole, a town part Turkish, part Albanian, and part Serb. For here begins the welter of the irreconcilable hates of Macedonia.

I walked past the shop where the Albanians were weaving rugs; past the bazaars, outside of which hung kerchiefs of scarlet and green and white and lemon and orange; and over the bridge, looking for bread for my journey. Turkish women, black even to their veils, hurried past me in hasty stealth. A cart drawn by water-buffalo waggled by. I stopped at the bread-shop, where the old Turk, in a well-wound turban, white stockings on his feet, sat cross-legged beside his piles of round, flat loaves.

A coal-black "madagash"—a French Colonial—his red fez on his black head, asked, in Serbian, "How much the bread, Turko?"

At a little distance a little boy stood watching me. He was dressed in rags, but so is half of Serbia. His gaze, uninsistent, speculative, and suffering, did not leave me, so I went to him and asked him if he were hungry, at which he shook his head, settled himself closer within his rags, and slopped off, the mud clinging to his big *opankas*.

I passed him again as I turned my back on the town, its strolling soldiers, its swarming boys, its tortuous byways ankle-deep in mud, and its white minarets.

The station, like all those of Turkish towns, was distant from the city and isolated as a pest-house, for the Turk feared and mistrusted the railway and kept the abomination as far away as he could.

No train was ready; no engine was in sight; nothing indicated the departure of the Uskub train but the groups of soldiers standing patiently in the rain by the track, which stopped with finality near some ruins. Some were in ragged overcoats laden with equipment-packs holding out their overcoats like bustles. Some were in mustard khaki—cloth bought from the English. Some in horizon blue, bought from the French—a nondescript, rag-tag army, bronzed, lean, formidable, and composed of gentle, innocent men.

Time passed; the slate-colored rain fell as the little engine puffed up noisily, as though to look at us, and puffed away.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Groups of people laden with bundles and boxes came down the hill. They were wet and forlorn, and gradually they filled up the station-agent's room. I sat on my duffle-bag; the woman from Madnavo sat on her valise, her head in her hands, and the Turk from Mitrovitza huddled in the doorway.

The soldiers began to talk to pass the time.

"Where do you come from?"

"From Belgrade."

"On foot?"

"How else?"

"I go to Nish—"

"I have not seen my family for eight years—"

"I go to Salonique—"

A light feeling of friendship moved among us—a fresh breeze that cleansed the air, stagnant with waiting. They began to laugh. A soldier in horizon blue came up to me.

"Have you any one to carry your bags, *sestra?* No? Then I charge myself with them."

The Turk from Mitrovitza sat on his bundle and sang. The air smelled of wet clothes, of garlic, of packages of food.

The engine puffed up again; some of the soldiers climbed into the wagons. We still waited. The ragged boy I had seen in town stood on the platform. Presently he began to cry. He cried without violence, but as though the hopelessness of life had made his tears well over. The soldiers gathered around him, kind in their curiosity. "Why do you cry, *mali?*" they asked. He cried on disconsolately, without answering.

Then his story dripped out slowly, like rain falling. He raised his head and looked at the soldiers and talked without emphasis, with the manner of recounting the inevitable. There was no protest and no hope in his voice.

"He is an orphan. He has no one—he has no one at all," they reported.

The women clucked sympathetically: "Poor *mali*, poor boy!"

"He was going to Uskub to look for work, and now he has not money enough, he finds. He can get nothing to do, no place to stay in Mitrovitza."

The women rested kind eyes on him, hands went to pockets, soldiers brought out money.

"Here, *mali*—"

The boy stood looking out over the railway. He was twelve or thirteen; his grotesque rags once had been men's clothes. On his head was a battered cap. His face was brown and sharpened with hunger. His eyes were like a dog's, wistful and frightened and set far apart. The rags of his homespun coat dripped about him—his torn socks were pulled over his trousers, Serbian fashion—and on his feet were *opankas*, a sort of moccasin tied on with thongs, these, too, man's size.

He seemed so lost and so forlorn that a chill crept over us. He stood there unconscious, his gaze lost in the distance, isolated by his dirt, unattached, humble, standing a little bent, as though the weight of life were too heavy for him to bear. All at once the day was more cheerless, the station seemed the remotest place in the world. We shivered a little and moved restlessly about. We could not forget him, though he made no demands on us, did not even notice us. He did not ask our friendship or our attention, but stood there in the fading light, waiting humbly. He seemed not like a child, but a symbol of the lost children, crawling miserably over the roadways of the world, sleeping, as he had recently done, in the mud of ditches.

Our chatter flared up and died, for always our eyes went back to him and to his somber significance. I went up to him with a soldier in horizon blue who spoke French with me.

"Ask him where he comes from?"

"He come from Stenia," the soldier translated. "His father fell in the first offensive. His mother died of typhus. Then he worked for a farmer for nearly three years. He was a poor man. When his son came back he could keep the boy no longer. He paid him and told him to find work in some other place. That was

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

soon after New-Year's. He has been looking for work for nearly two and a half months—they do not want such little boys."

He told his story monotonously, without emphasis, without protest, with very faint gestures of his grimy hands. He told it with a deadly air of indifferent matter-of-factness. A common tale.

I could not bear his isolation. I suffered from his loneliness.

"Please ask his name." I said for I felt if I knew that it would save me from his seeming to be a symbol of the desolate company of children disinherited by war.

At the soldier's question, the boy turned to me.

"Milorad Bachinin," he told me.

We straggled slowly to the train. The troops entrained in the carriage. We got into a box-car—the little group of soldiers and civilians who had made of one another the friends of an hour. We disposed ourselves on the floor; we pulled our blankets over us.

"*Sestra*, sit here. So you shall be out of the draft."

"*Sestra*, let me arrange your things. Are you comfortable so?"

"Gospodja Draga, draw up, draw up. Do not leave us for strangers!"

Laughter and talk. The bleak box-car became an encampment and its cold walls were warmed by friendship. The boy sat down on a bale of goods; delicacy made him withdraw himself. He was so dirty that in any other country he would be a pariah, but here no one made him feel this.

The conductor came among us encamped on the floor, perched on bales, done up in Pirot rugs, or sitting on our bags.

"Who are you traveling with?" he asked Milorad.

"With the American *sestra*," he answered, without hesitation, pointing at me.

The conductor nodded. The soldier in horizon blue smiled.

"A quick lad—children are not supposed to travel alone," he explained.

We undid valises; we opened musettes and packages and began to eat our supper. Every one remembered Milorad.

"An egg, *mali?*"

"Bread, *mali?*"

"A bit of meat, *mali?*"

He ate hungrily, smiling at me across the others, searching my eyes at each gift of food, as though to say, "I have an egg, *sestra*—bread." He must share these happinesses with me.

The night wore on. We had long since lighted our candles, and they made long shadows.

Milorad sat always on the bale of goods, isolated by misfortune. He sat relaxed, his dark eyes fixed on nothing, a forlorn picture of the fatherless. I turned away my head, and then I was conscious that he was looking at me, and we smiled across the others' heads.

"What will become of him?" asked Gospodja Draga. She asked it impersonally of the world of Serbia, of America. "What will become of Milorad Bachinin? If he were a little older—but twelve and not strong—there is little enough work now." He sat disturbingly quiet and mutely asked all of us, "What will become of Milorad Bachinin?" Will he go on from town to town, asking for work at doorways, cold, hungry, more and more beaten, more and more despairing? The train rattled on in its slow progress.

"What—will—become—of—Milorad Bachinin?"

"If I had him in Mladnova," said the soldier in horizon blue, "I would give him a home." He was dark and swift of motion, eager toward life, eager to help, eager to talk. Love of life and of laughter shone from him. "I have a little commerce in Mladnova. A store—that boy would help."

"A great help—a good thing for you." they answered.

"But how to get him back from Uskub?"

"Yes, how?" they agreed, with resignation.

"I may have to walk from Metrovitza

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

—two hundred kilometers. He could never walk so far, poor boy!"

The night wore on. Some slept in abandoned attitudes at the other end of the car. Some soldiers drank too much and sang monotonously and noisily.

Milorad sat there, a hunched, grotesque figure, bobbing with fatigue; his shadow waggled about with monstrous levity in the candle-light. Suddenly I had to know what would become of Milorad Bachinin.

"Is it true?" I asked the soldier, softly, for Gospodja Draga slept. "Will you really take him?"

"If I could bring him back," he assured me. From Mitrovitza there is no railway. The back of Serbia is broken and no railway joins the north and south, so those going to Belgrade must walk or get taken by chance camions.

"I'll see you get taken by camion, the Red Cross or the English," I promised.

"Then it's settled. I take the lad." He smiled at him.

"Will you go with him?" I asked Milorad. He looked at the soldier gravely.

"I will go," he answered, but without a smile, his eyes on me.

The floor of the car became littered with people lying in the awkward abandon of sleep, as though slain on the battle-field of fatigue. The hoarse shouting of the guards brought us startled to our feet. We had arrived. We reeled out under our burdens on our unsteady feet, walking along like people hypnotized, sleep-walkers. My soldier in horizon blue carried my things.

"How shall the boy find you?" I asked.

"We'll find each other," he said, with his easy assurance. "We'll meet on the streets. Every one goes up and down the main street in Uskub."

"And does he understand where to find me?" I asked him.

He turned to Milorad. The boy looked at me very earnestly, a long look, as though he were trying to make up for his lack of words, and made his reply with his grave eyes always fixed on me. And then the station which had sucked us into its dim interior spewed us forth onto the dark streets.

I expected that he would be there waiting for me the next morning, but the street was empty of him. I thought somehow that he would find me and that he would be anxious about himself, about his clothes, for I had promised him new ones, and as to whether I had gotten transportation for him. Then I went out, down through the main street of Uskub.

There were shops where Albanians sold curded milk; shops with round Turkish bread, Greeks selling sweets that looked like poison—candy of bright green, candy of cerise. Yet the Turkish children eat them without dying. And farther, threading the crowd, are the closely veiled Turkish women, swathed in black robes; red-fezed bootblacks clamored impudently; donkeys and buffalo-carts, and the Jugo-Slav soldiers—volunteers from America—in their neat-blue uniforms. Through the shifting pattern of Turk and Christian, of Serb and Albanian, through all the multicolored rags that clad them, I searched for Milorad.

He had disappeared, and so had all the company of the night before. The soldier had gone and the woman from Mladnavo; they had gone, nor could I find one of them, although all day my eyes sought through the shifting tide of people which eddies and breaks perpetually over the bridge.

The town was empty to me and full of fear. What would become of Milorad Bachinin was my business, nor would the thought of him leave me as I went about my work in storehouse and hospital. Always my eyes sought through the crowds for his dumpy figure clad in unclean rags, and vague fears hunted through my mind. I looked for him perpetually in that little shuffling group of misery that waited, wanly hopeful, before the Red Cross headquarters.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Next morning my eyes sought for the thousandth time the group of faithful little boys perpetually waiting against the high yellow wall opposite. He was standing there, drawn apart from them, leaning against the wall, which was something adversity had taught him when it taught him that boys are cruel to misfortune. His somber eyes were fixed on the door.

I saw him before he saw me, as he stood there in an attitude of terrible patience; his arms were crossed on his breast. One could see how weary he was. He had perhaps slept all night outside the station gate and got up to wait when the first ox-cart creaked up with its load Then he saw me and came flashing toward me; his clumsy coverings could not hide his swift beauty. The joy he felt, the darting swiftness of his lithe young body triumphed. His flight to me was like a leaping, happy animal.

"*Sestra!*"

"Where did you sleep, Milorad?"

"In a *cafana*."

"Have you eaten?"

He nodded, his eyes still on me.

"Your soldier—have you found him?"

He shook his head and spread out his hands. He had never trusted this promise; now he relinquished it with the fatality of the abandoned. My Serbian had run its short course. I called to one of our English-speaking soldiers.

"Explain this paper to him," I said. "There is a letter to the English military at Mitrovitza and one to the Americans. He is to go in the first camion of ours that comes through with his *voynik*."

Milorad nodded, folded the paper, and hid it carefully among his rags.

"He is to watch continually for his soldier." He nodded again. "This afternoon he is to come here and go with me for fresh clothes, to the Red Cross storehouse, and he is to go with me now to town."

I was leaving before light next day for Salonika, and I wished him to have something for the journey.

"*Sestra*, he says he would like to know your name," the soldier told me. Milorad repeated it carefully, as though committing to memory something precious.

He looked up at me. "My sister—*moya sestra!*" he said, and then my name. What love there was in that voice! Then we went along, Milorad repeating to himself, over and over, my first name, which was all he could remember, and then, "*Sestra—sestra—sestra*," like a song, the most caressing song in the world. It came from the center of the heart of love. He was singing it to me, so unconscious that he didn't even know that his happy lips were busy with this song of his. Some time I listened to him, while the spectacle of Uskub—its soldiers, its beggars, its Albanians, and Turks—flowed before my eyes, as though hastening to some incredible masquerade.

I changed my French money in the shop of an old Jew who had in his window gold from every land; rubles and sovereigns, Turkish coins I didn't know, and golden louis. And when I would have given Milorad this money, he held his hand up in a gesture faint, imploring, deprecating.

"Not money—not from you, my sister—only love—forget I am a beggar," the little gesture said; it was faint, protesting, lovely. He who needed all things could bear to take from me only the things of the spirit. He wished me not to think that he was a beggar.

We had a wordless battle of coaxings, of smiles, and since he could not say no to something I wished, he took it, still with his deprecating protest, and then gently, almost as with reverence, he took my hand in his and pressed it to his brown cheek.

He looked up at me and love streamed from his eyes, and the radiance of it transfigured him. He was so happy that he walked along in a sort of quiet ecstasy. He was so happy that it hurt me to look at him.

He had never wanted, he had never suffered, he had never hungered, he had

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

never been unhappy. We exchanged swift looks full of mutual understanding. We laughed together over the droll things in the street, and wondered over the width of the river and the vastness of the town, the height of the minarets pointing their white fingers to heaven, for Milorad had never been in a big town before. He had never been happy before.

What had happened? Why were we so happy in walking down together through the harlequin crowd in Uskub streets?

I had not the answer; it came to me only with tears. Now I was happy, and my happiness had no name and no reason. I was happy with a deep content; drinking in the warmth and loveliness of the moment, not looking forward with the fear of to-morrow, with even knowledge of to-morrow cast out.

I record this as the high moment, higher even than when we got his clothes at the Red Cross store-room, walking proudly ahead of the crowd waiting for distribution.

I was so happy that I forgot during all that afternoon that I must say good-by to him that night. And then, as I called a soldier to interpret for me, it came to me as a frightful and unbelievable fact.

"Tell him that I am to go to-morrow to Salonika," I said, "and he must look for his soldier. If his soldier doesn't come, he shall stay here with the American mission."

In answer to this he had something to say. Putting his hand upon the soldier's arm, he talked to him with eager confidence. I saw pity growing in the soldier's face.

"He says it is better that he shall go with you. He says he is sure his *voynik* will not come. He says he wishes to go with his *sestra*."

A numbness came over me. What could I say to him? How could I explain? What use to tell him that I was reporting at Salonika for orders, that I might be sent to Rumania or Greece, that all this was out of my hands. I knew he would not understand, for all places were equally near and equally distant to him. He knew nothing about orders, or passports, or the thousand restrictions. He was talking again eagerly.

"He says many boys like himself have been sent to foreign countries. He says let him go with you. He will work for you. He says it is better for *you* that he goes with you!"

And I—I could do nothing but take him by the shoulders and speak to him in English and kiss him and explain again through my soldier that he must try to find the man who might take him to his home, and that the people in the Red Cross would look out for him if he did not go.

I was still stupefied with sleep when I left my home next morning. The city wore the livid face of dawn, when coming life and the approach of death have so close a resemblance. The same damp wind cut our faces that had greeted us when we arrived. The weary men and women who trickled down the street walked like somnambulists. Some drove animals which staggered as though laden with fatigue. Rain fell in a light drizzle.

We drew up to the station, and from the dusk came Milorad's swift figure. Had he waited all night? I do not know. I only know that my heart expected him. He ran to me smiling, and yet tense with anxiety. I knew what was in his mind. I knew that he thought I could not leave him since he could not leave me.

"Ask him if he has looked for his *voynik*," I asked the officer with me.

Again Milorad made that faint gesture of his—of relinquishment, of negation. He had never expected his *voynik*. He had always known that this home was illusion. He began helping the soldiers with my bags and bundles, plodding ahead, the drizzle of rain crusting his new coat in minute drops.

He clasped my hand and put it to his cheek with that lovely gesture of his as

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

he said to me, "*Sestra, sestra!*" but I knew that my name meant, "Take me with you; I cannot leave you." He turned to the officer with me and spoke in a low voice rapidly, insistently.

"He says to let him go. He says it is better so. Do not go without him."

"Explain to him—make him understand how it is. Make him see that I'm not deserting him."

The officer talked to him earnestly, but Milorad looked only at me. Then, as our eyes held each other's, suddenly I understood both our joy and our pain. Suddenly I knew what miracle had happened to us.

I knew when he had looked at me first he had accepted me for his mother. He did not know this. He had no name for it. He had loved me when he first met me. All his being had gone out to me. Now I knew why I was so happy when we walked down Uskub streets together. We had recognized each other in the wide spaces of the world.

"Mother!" his heart had cried.

"Son!" mine had answered.

"Mother! Mother! Mother!" he had sung.

I had listened with the silent shining happiness that can never come from the song of a lover.

"I have needed you so, mother."

"I have loved you so, son."

"Mother, I looked for you in every face."

"Son, disguised in your rags, I knew you, and my heart leaped at sight of you."

We were strangers, and we did not speak each other's language, but the spiritual bond of mother and son was ours. Not a very good mother—not watchful enough, not patient enough; Milorad a boy on whom adversity had put its cramping hand, with no high courage, nor with the promise of much high endeavor—but to him the love of my heart flowed out, and in my heart were the things Milorad had found in none of the compassionate women of his own land. I loved him not for his goodness, but for his need of me, and because I must.

Now there came to him slowly the bitter knowledge that I, his mother, was leaving him to loneliness and misery. His pain welled over in tears, his sobs racked him and left him gasping. I have never seen a child feel such grief as that which bankrupted Milorad of hope. He had not believed I could go. He came to me and pleaded with me, his words rushing out in the torrent of his tears.

I did not need to know what he said; he was emptying his heart. He threw the treasure of his love before me, and his belief and his pain. People came up to comfort him. Then among the crowd came the woman from Mladnavo.

"Has his soldier not come?" she asked. "Then as I come up next week from Salonika he may come with me. Will you come with me, *mali?*"

He did not hear her; his eyes sought mine in the agony of his loss which shut out all other things. Slow tears came to the woman's eyes.

"I will be kind to him, *sestra*," she promised.

"Listen, Milorad," I said. "Gospodya Draga will come for you next week."

He only knew I spoke to him. He only answered: "Take me with you."

The train moved. I could no longer see his face for my own tears.

He is safe; he does not walk the highways of the earth, nor sleep in ditches. He is not chased, hungry, from door to door. The woman from Mladnavo is good to him—but she is not his mother. Once by chance he encountered her; he knew her, he loved her; and for a happy moment our love flowed together. But when I look out over the implacable silence that divides us, I wonder if it would not have been better if we had not met. At night when I tuck my children in—my children, so safe, so secure—my children who have never had to weep for me, I wonder where you are, Milorad. I bless you, and I imagine you saying "*Sestra*" in your sleep.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EXIT THE GENTLEMAN

BY W. L. GEORGE

WHAT is a gentleman? Many have striven in argument to find a reply to this question, but it has never aroused interest in a house of gentlefolk; this probably defines the gentleman. He exists in all countries, but more particularly in England. He is entirely self-assured; he is as little aware of his class as a healthy man is aware of his digestion. He merely is. Very often, as Mr. Henry James said (unfortunately, of a butler), "He beautifully is." He never doubts. He never questions. Often he does not care. Revolutions happen—he does not believe it. Steam comes—he rides in a coach. Women are faithless—he continues to trust them—or he beats them. He drinks—he carries his liquor well. He says that the country is going to the dogs, but he does not emigrate. He feels poor, but seeks not to make money. By temperament he cleaves to his acres as a limpet to its rock, and, like the limpet, when some social convulsion knocks him off, he generally lies on his back, making feeble movements with a gelatinous body. This does not mean that he lacks courage or energy; he takes a lot of knocking off, and if he realizes that attack impends, you may bang and batter at his shell endlessly—he will not let go. You may smash his shell, you may grind him to pulp, but even so he will not let go. You can beat him only by crushing him or by doing something unexpected that he does not understand.

The gentleman is kindly in a brutal way. That is to say, he will protect those who confess themselves his inferiors; he will deal fairly with those whom he considers his equals; and he will serve as a perfect domestic those whom he looks upon as set by tradition in authority over him. As a rule, he will tell no lies, and that because he seldom feels shame. He believes with the old duchess that if you are all right it doesn't matter what you do (because he who is all right is above the law), and that if you are not all right, it doesn't matter, either (because if a man be not all right, no perfection of conduct can raise him). He is honorable according to his code of manners, but cares little for morals. That is to say, he will think it right to commit perjury to save a woman's reputation, and will go to church next day to confess a faith which he does not hold, but which he has inherited. He is seldom a member of the Church of England—the Church of England belongs to him. He does not easily evolve, but he tends to revert to older traditions. Thus, many think that he is in decay because, nowadays, he often marries outside his own class. That is a misunderstanding, for an ancient tradition decrees that the gentleman may marry beneath him, while the lady may not. The English gentleman, throughout the centuries, has married women for their good looks, or for their money, or because he found seduction impossible. Misalliance is an evidence of his self-complacency; unconsciously he feels that his rare stock must prevail over any plebeian strain with which he chooses to ally.

So much for the type, and, of course, one does not meet it very often, but the English gentleman, who does not arrive at maturity in much less than five or six generations, generally approximates to this type. He is easily recognized, by his voice, which is rather high, as a rule curt, half-courteous, half-domineering;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

by his clothes, which are good of their kind, not too smart, and worn with an air of: "Damn you! Keep your opinion to yourself"; by the fact that he asks few questions, not caring to know what you feel or want; that he comments little on your conduct, because you can go to the devil for all he cares; by his tact, which consists in saying nothing of importance.

Some gentlemen are buoyant, some taciturn, some courtly, some rude, but all show marks of the species. They tend to be selfish and animal; in recognized circumstances, such as war, loyalty to friends, respect of women, they are easily selfless and heroic. They are magnificent, they are full of grit, and they will put as much grit as they can between the wheels of social evolution. From nation to nation they vary a good deal; thus your Russian gentleman is admirably pictured by Serge Aksakoff as brutal, sentimental, and proud; the French gentleman tends more often to frigid pride; deprive the French type of a little of its humour, and you have the grandee of Spain. Of the Italian and the Austrian I have no experience, but I have met the type in Germany, very poor, half-licentious, half pietistic, inclined to brutality and to bad manners, redeemed only by the suggestion that its manners are the right manners and that there are no others. As for the American type, which, I gather, the United States is slaying even more quickly than we are doing here, it seems to have lost some of the brutality of the English type and to retain only its fine discriminations in conduct and its aversion to productive labor.

Once upon a time the English gentleman dominated his country, but he was not the traditional governor that our best-sellers make out. He was an accident. In England, up to the seventeenth century, government was fairly democratic; that is, any man of education, however low his origin, could attain power through the church and through war. The highest positions belonged, of course, to the dukes and historic earls, but the councils of the Tudors, and even of the Stuarts, were crowded with divines born sons of bricklayers and cobblers, who somehow had joined the assembly of rogues, ragamuffins, and beggarly scholars that was old Oxford University. These men alone secured education; the rare public schools taught the young English aristocrats only to ride and shoot and tell the truth.

Then with the Dutch kings, Queen Anne, and the German royal family came a sort of mystic royalty. The Georges and their German advisers looked upon the world as divided into two classes—the *thronfähig* and the rest. If you were "capable of ascending a throne" you were of separate essence; if you belonged to the nobility and might approach the throne, then you were designated as leader of the rest. With a few exceptions, due to the fact that even the Georges were compelled to use people who understood commerce, banking, and suchlike vulgarities, power fell entirely into the hands of the hereditary aristocrats, and of a still prouder class, the English country commoner families, who, for five hundred years, had lived on the same estate and never soiled their hands with earth except when they went hunting. A blazing contrast between that state of things and the present is found in the personnel of Lord North's administration (1770–1782). It is not a criticism that Lord North's Ministers managed to lose us America; they had to deal with a king who was born an idiot and died a lunatic. What is interesting from our point of view is the composition of the Cabinet of the day.

In the whole ministry there was only one man without a hereditary title. Every minister was a peer of more or less ancient creation, or the son of a peer. It is interesting to compare this ministry with the one that Mr. Lloyd George set up not long ago, which offers extraordinary contrast. Out of twenty-four high

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

offices, only four fall to the gentlemen of England; of those four only Lord Curzon is a hereditary peer. And even he was made a peer only in 1898.

How has this happened? The answer can be given in a single sentence—the gentleman has allowed himself to be separated from his period. A hundred and fifty years ago, the English gentleman was his period. The laboring masses did not count at all; there were no trade-unions; manufacturing industry did not know steam, therefore neither railways nor electricity; the carding-machine and the spinning-jenny were barely invented; Bessemer still had to do for steel what Perkin was to do for coal-tar colors. Commodities were made by hand, in small quantities, and at high prices. The planters of the West and East Indies, the cotton-growers of the Southern states were well-off, but could not rival the great landlords. As for political power, it is enough to recall that English members of Parliament stood for what were called rotten boroughs, or pocket boroughs. The boroughs were rotten because one could buy them, or they lay in the pocket of the landowner.

Thus the gentlemen, owning wealth and political power, were supreme, Times changed; reform acts came, made the franchise democratic and rather less corrupt; great labor organizations forced the legislature to recognize them, and grew capable of starving a nation; industry divided industrial processes, increased and cheapened production, introduced labor-saving devices, and created vast fortunes. The Jewish or Lombard usurer set up joint-stock banks. Meanwhile, the gentleman did nothing at all except draw his aristocratic coat-tails away from the possible contamination of productive work. Nor did productive work attempt to enlist him; commerce and industry had no use for him because he was old-fashioned, prejudiced, ignorant, and could offer only honesty, which was not greatly required in commercial circles. So the gentleman went on living as well as he could in the eighteenth century; even to-day there are many families in the English counties—perhaps in the backwoods of Maryland and Florida—who would feel quite comfortable if the time-machine were to transport them to the court of George III. One reason is that the English gentleman has always exhibited more than contempt for education; he has shown indifference. That is why the education given by the English public schools is so bad. Until a few years ago an English boy of gentle birth came out of his public school knowing a little Latin, hardly any Greek, the names of the English kings and the dates of a few battles; nothing whatever of world history, except when it affected the nations which England had fought, no geography of any kind, elementary arithmetic, and a touch of Euclid; nothing of his own language, not even grammar or spelling. He could play cricket and football, and believed in a God rather akin to the chairman of the Athenæum Club; he did not sneak much; he washed his neck.

These accomplishments proved inadequate, though now and then Oxford and Cambridge encountered a young man who was doggedly determined to acquire knowledge, even though the whole of the English educational system was leagued against him. As a rule the gentleman learned nothing at all. At best, he came out of the university *learned* in history, mathematics, or the classics, but he was never taught to think. It was not so bad at Harvard and at Yale, because the Americans of the early nineteenth century did not suffer the misfortune of being given a settled and fairly organized country; they were given a vast, untouched land, devoid of adequate communications,—the Americans were thus compelled to work and to learn. Not only was it the only way to keep alive, but it was the only way to grow prosperous. American earth was rich, but somebody had to make it yield. There was no going concern to

Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

carry on. But the Englishmen of the nineteenth century found a country neatly hedged, provided with local government. They had no incentive to work. Then the class which so long had been oppressed raised its head; manufacture poured money not only into the pockets of the manufacturers, but into those of managers, agents, shopkeepers, small professional men and artisans. The *Kulturkampf* was not invented by Virchow; it had already arisen in the 'thirties in the shape of national schools; in the middle of the nineteenth century it invaded the whole of the thinking world, and even England. By degrees the old grammar-schools grew ambitious; new universities were created in London, Glasgow, Manchester, and sprouted in many little towns in the American states. By their side rose workmen's institutes, polytechnics; they were fed by the product of compulsory education. These also grew ambitious. They had been formed, not by medieval priests, but by business men and technicians. So they asserted themselves by creating English education, by offering their pupils a nasty, utilitarian mixture of science and history, which proved commercially useful. What became of the pupils we shall see a little farther on.

The gentleman therefore found himself in a period which corresponded in no wise with what he called his ideas. It was a period of intense commercial development; discoveries were coming one after another—acetylene, gas, fireproofing, aniline dyes. Strange drugs, such as phenacetin and salvarsan, replaced poppyhead stew and faith; man began to fly; argon and helium were dragged from the atmosphere, and radium from decayed minerals. The gentleman who wanted to light himself home with a torch was told to press the electric button of his pocket accumulator. He hated it. He hated this world of hustle, this spate of production. It terrified him. It produced devil's money. But still more he detested the means of production—the factory towns that spoiled the view and frightened the game, the rough men who didn't touch their hats. Also he hated organization. He was an individualist, practically an anarchist, and was accustomed to do what he liked by himself; he found himself in a world that was organizing itself in such a way as to use seven men to make a needle. A world of vertical filing and card-indexes. Incredible things happened—men began to show for industrial success a passion they had formerly reserved for politics and games. So the gentlemen drew away, went on as before in the professions, mainly army, navy, and clergy, while the brighter of the type took to politics.

They did well enough for a while in politics. They had qualities that the English people like—obstinacy disguised as courage, generosity disguised as justice. So, in the middle-nineteenth century, when Disraeli the Jew entered Parliament, the gentlemen were justifiably amazed. But their political end was already upon them, for even politics were changing and everybody was *thronfähig*. One sees this easily when one compares good-class newspapers of 1820 with those of to-day. I do not mean the light, popular newspapers, which omit politics in favor of political vendetta, and give most of their space to the theater, the cinema, the heart interest, and the sexual scandal. I mean the solid papers such as *The Times*. The difference is intense. A hundred years ago the solid newspapers contained mainly political articles and reports, speeches, columns of religious argument, short references to art and literature, and masses of fashionable news. To-day the same newspapers contain all these in a very abbreviated form; they give sometimes a fifth of their space to financial and commercial information; their political news relates to matters such as tariffs, local government, key industries, etc. Religion figures only when a bishop says something surprising. Social reform, as affecting housing, temperance, etc., takes up a great deal of space. As

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

for labor problems, there are days when they fill eight or ten columns. The English gentleman as a class is unfit for this sort of thing; it is not a question of disliking it; he simply fails to understand it; it is not the sort of world of which he thinks. The reader should not conclude that I hereby damn Taper, Tad pole, and Aristotle, for the gentleman still throws up fine men; the type, when it has ability, is a very fine type, and men such as the late Lord Salisbury, Lord Acton, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir William Harcourt, have combined intellect with their good breeding. But more and more the gentleman is failing at broad issues; when he scores, it is as a specialist. In the broad issues of industry and labor the gentleman figures as an antagonist of change. He dislikes industry and tolerates it only because he must. He is a countryman, not a citizen. It has always been so through history; it was mainly merchants and artisans fought under Cromwell against the gentlemen cavaliers and their retainers. Likewise, the War of Secession was not only for the North an affair of humanity, and for the South a defense of financial prosperity based on slavery; it arose also from the enmity that reigned between the *agricultural* South and the *industrial* North. That condition still prevails.

It is therefore not wonderful that in government the gentlemen should have been replaced by a new class. One cannot set up in a country enormous factory towns, control the railways which feed them, market goods, provide credit, without the help of able men. One cannot get coal with a coronet. The technical education of the nineteenth century produced the new class, which soon absorbed the professional class. Once upon a time the doctor was hardly more than the barber; the attorney was classed with the tradesman, while the clergyman sometimes proved useful to marry the discarded mistress of the lord of the manor. But professional men were by degrees produced by the new class; the sons of the new class became barristers, doctors, solicitors, clergymen, and began to invade the army and navy; that class produced the merchant, the factory-owner, the banker, the railway director. That class, intelligent, on the whole, clean-living, very healthy, has replaced the gentlemen of England. And it did this easily, thanks to its wealth.

Wealth is the root of this change, for only very primitive societies have preferred rank to wealth, and, indeed, with the help of men-at-arms, the nobleman has generally seen to it that he grew rich. The gentleman of England and of the Southern states was certainly a rich man at the end of the eighteenth century, because he owned more wealth than other people, which is all fortune means. But he did not grow any richer, and as the new class had to assert itself in the state by doing something, it grew rich. It grew extraordinarily rich. That dwarfed the gentleman; in 1800 he was a rich man if he spent twenty-five thousand dollars a year; in 1900 that salary was being paid to the assistant-manager of a medium-sized steel plant in Pennsylvania. About him had risen, not only the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers, but the great European millionaires—the Rothschilds, the Lebaudys, the Ballins. And in Japan the samurai were losing their status by the side of Baron Shibusawa. Naturally, society set up a new classification. Instead of dividing mankind into people who had great-grandfathers, and people whose possession of such relatives was merely probable, we moved toward a classification into people who earned ten thousand dollars a year, and people who earned ten thousand and one dollars a year, the latter being slightly more desirable.

Under this system the gentlemen did not at once go down, partly because their rank still helped them a great deal, partly because some possessed large fortunes. It was, of course, a matter of luck; if many of our peers are rich, it is because coal or iron has been discovered

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

on their estates, or because commerce and industry have erected on their land great towns which pay rent. That has saved them, even though their monopoly be now challenged, but it has not given them power; in the end power goes to activity, and there is in the land interest something fundamentally sleepy. We are told now and then that the land interest is decaying because our agriculture is unsupported by tariffs, but this change has happened all over the world, whether there are tariffs or not. The change is mental; a new governing class has sprung up. Meanwhile the gentlemen maintain a little of their position; they bid for popularity through their sincerity, and, though they often bid in vain, they sometimes find acceptance; they stand for an unchanging world, and the horror that fills mankind when a change is suggested to a certain extent enables them to maintain their position. They are still popular as Parliamentary candidates, and conserve a certain influence as officers, even though they often prove unfit to master the mechanical intricacies of flying and submarining, in which the common young men are so expert.

In politics itself, the gentleman is more and more an unhappy figure, because the modern politician has to appeal to the crowd. The gentleman is not used to that; his ancestors did not appeal to the crowd; they ruled it. They laid down their views, and no dog barked; they gave brief orders. That will not do nowadays, for we are governed by actors. Only actors can please the crowd and gain its votes.

Reactionaries like to say that human nature does not change. But it does; even the gentleman is subject to evolution; there is no doubt that the well-bred Englishman of the eighteenth century would think his descendants hurried, noisy, and full of newfangled notions. The gentleman is evolving, but the test of his position is that he does not evolve as fast as other men. He seems backward because he is less forward. We notice this in his universities, where at all times he has formed Whig groups as well as Tory groups; now there are labor and socialist aggregations, particularly at Cambridge. It is true that only a minority of the members belong to the gentleman class, and that most are recruited from among young men who come up to the university from grammar-schools and such institutions as are not preserved for the gentleman. But still, a certain number among the gentleman class take to these ideas, which would have been entirely repulsive to their fathers. At this moment I can think of a Socialist earl and two Socialist peeresses; beyond a doubt there are others. Other members of the class have also shown a less defined tendency. We had a trace of this some years ago in the Agenda Club, which strove to unite the gentlemen of England for leadership in social reform. The movement came to nothing, but the members were sincere. Likewise in clerical organizations such as the Guild of St. Matthew and the Christian Social Union, we find a number of priests such as the Rev. and Hon. James Adderley, who certainly spring from the gentleman class and yet harbor extreme views.

So much for politics. In business we find a slight parallel influence. Until recently the gentleman entirely drew away from business, and seldom went farther than to become a director in a bank or a railway company, where he did little practical work and in exchange for his fees brought mainly the luster of his name. Then the basis broadened a little; I know of two peers on the Stock Exchange; also many gentlefolk opened shops and agencies. But, on the whole, the gentleman class plays with business; it does not like to sit down in an office and for ten hours a day buy and sell, or discuss contracts. It prefers the trade of intermediary, such as that of the motor-car tout, or the half-commission man; there are many such on the Stock Exchange, and, when soliciting orders,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

they are not unaware of the value of their names. The times are changing a little, though the gentleman class still dislikes business and prefers smaller profits in more congenial occupations. Fundamentally his is a slack class, cowardly before ideas and excessively fond of pleasure, but even so it is waking up, and many young men who have been through the public schools and the universities are now entering ordinary offices.

The gentleman class will probably rescue itself by extinguishing itself and by merging into the classes that rise about it. This is happening already through the new peers, of which in ten years we have created a great many. The older peers obtained their distinction through fighting, through lying abroad for the benefit of their sovereign, by losing money to him at cards, or bringing him scented notes from a complacent lady. They were a dashing crowd, soldiers of fortune, gossips, and procurers. The new peers are quite different; the king hardly ever makes a peer himself; he distinguishes only on the advice of his Cabinet. As all governments need money, nearly all the peers are designated by political parties, and it is at least a strange coincidence that most of our peers should be men who abundantly support the funds of their party. Very few of our new peers are gentlemen; they are newspaper-owners, big distillers, spinners of cotton and of wool, soap-boilers, bankers, merchants, etc. Roughly, they are the people who have managed to collect an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year upward. They arrive in the House of Lords, rather ill-barbered and clumsily clad, with an air of conquest and suspicion. They seldom merge into their new class; their wives never do. But their sons go to the right schools, provide a new coat of gilding for coronets that have grown rather worn. And their grandsons are gentlemen. Not *fine fleur*, of course, but good enough. Anyhow, another generation does it, and one generation more or less matters little in a country as leisurely as England.

That is how the gentleman is extricating himself; he is being absorbed; his fine discriminations of conduct are blending with the sharp intellect of the coarser strain. It is good for both of them, and I believe that the immediate product will be a new kind of gentleman. The process will go on because the gentleman is still a social ideal; he has that which money cannot buy, and therefore that which money most desires. The new type that will arise from him will be less averse from business than is the older type, because it will be smirched with trade. It will take business more naturally because it will have realized that money matters, and so, wanting money, it will probably work. There is a counter-drift, of course, which is exemplified by the gilded youth of New York, which sometimes is kept in luxury by a hard-working father, much as is kept a race-horse. But if the gilded youth turns away from work he does so because he does not like work, and not because he despises work. That is a distinction.

I think that this class will follow such a course as long as capitalism endures. It will grow fairly well educated, more benevolent toward new ideas, a little more curious in matters of culture and art. It may lose some of its qualities of leadership, and with them some of its taste for tyranny; it may shed some of its exclusiveness, and with it a little of its self-respect. It will certainly shed its arrogant good manners and develop a crude habit. It will be a finer type and a worse type, illustrating, I suppose, the fate of nearly all mankind—namely, that it must lose on the swings of vulgarity some of the profits which it makes on the roundabouts of education.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE LION'S MOUTH

ALSO MOTHERS

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

THERE is a kind of atavistic fear that keeps us from criticizing mothers. A fear inculcated in the childhood of the race and handed down from generation to generation. It endures with particular force in men. Here, for instance, is a case in point: Originally I began this paper with what seemed to me a perfectly truthful, if somewhat caustic, statement concerning mothers as a class. I did it, really, for fun; any woman would have understood. But I showed it to a man—a man well known for his caustic wit, his bored and cynical views upon life; a man who would rather be thought a thief than a sentimentalist. I had never seen him shocked by anything. And yet, when he read that opening statement concerning mothers, he looked up at me with such an expression of shocked incredulity that I wondered what on earth I could have done. "Surely," he said, "you can't mean to let it go like that!" "Why not?" I asked. "Why, it's a direct attack upon mothers—and, after all, you know . . ." I said it was true, wasn't it? and he said, evading the question, that however true a thing like that might be, we couldn't really *say* it, because it was sure to "give offense to a great many people." (The old fear complex, you see.) When I accused him of sentimentality, he denied vehemently that he personally had any such feeling about it, but that it was "other people," my readers, whom it would offend. (The fear complex denial, plain.) And so, for the sake of my gentler masculine readers, I crossed out that opening statement, which I, a woman, had written without the least thought of offense.

For women might sometimes speak out in criticism of mothers, except for two things. They are either dissuaded from it by the superior caution of men, or they marry and become mothers themselves, and at once perceive the value of an unassailable position, and join in the propaganda with the rest. I have been present at mothers' meetings, where I have listened in astonishment to ladies otherwise modest and unassuming who spoke of "good women like ourselves," or "we good women of the community." I have heard them read papers and make speeches so laudatory to themselves that I could scarcely credit my ears. And they are not, strictly speaking, to blame. The world has encouraged them in it, you see, for so long. Poems have been written and songs sung in praise of mothers since poems and songs have been. Famous personages have always attributed their success to them. There seems finally to have grown up a belief that merely to be a mother is to be perfect and infallible.

But all praise and no blame is a course that has spoiled more than children in its day, and I trust all mothers to understand me when I say that what I am about to do hurts me much more than it does them, and I am only doing it because it is necessary for their good. . . .

Now the truth is that some of the wickedest women in the world have been mothers. And it is also true that even among the class accepted as good mothers there has always been an appalling amount of incompetence. And mothers cannot be discharged. They hold their positions, like kings, by right of birth. And, like kings, good or bad, foolish or wise, their word is law; their children must put up with them. Yet, mothers, take heed; you have seen what hap-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pened to the kings who went on usurping rights and ruling with an autocratic hand. For autocracy may teach a people to think, but never the autocrat. It is not a good thing to have one's word the final word, since one who is never contradicted is given to easy statement without proof. It has always been *lèse-majesté* to contradict mothers, and that is why a mother's word comes so often in later years to have so little weight. Her statements are dismissed with an indulgent smile (as courtiers smile behind the august back of the king), and "It's only mother, you know, the poor dear." Exactly as if they were infants, or harmless lunatics.

I recall a case of a mother rescued, at the eleventh hour, from this sad fate. She had come up from the South to live with her daughter in New York. Daughter's friends were what we may call modern—modern, that is, to the point of saying what they thought about things, and of thinking a great deal about all sorts of things. And they had a habit of dropping in every few nights to gather round the open fire for long discussions and arguments upon whatever facet of life had caught their interest. On the first night, mother was introduced, welcomed, and invited into the conversation. And her first statement was one of those sweet platitudinous statements which sound well, but are based upon nothing at all—the kind of statement she had been in the habit of making all her life. She had never permitted her children to contradict, and since the children had grown up and gone away she had been president of the Mothers' Club and the Literary Friday at home, and was accustomed to being deferred to as the final word. And to-night her statement was hardly out of her mouth before she was assailed by a chorus of voices: "Oh no, you're wrong!" "You're surely wrong there!" And a volley of proof, argument, evidence, was launched at her defenseless head. The horrified look upon her face warned no one, they were so intent upon proving their point. And she was wrong; they proved that easily; but she hardly listened to their argument in her chagrin and astonishment. She merely assumed a very dignified attitude, and tried to smile for her daughter's sake. By the time it had happened for the third time that evening, the poor lady was quite tragically crushed. And when the friends had gone, she turned upon her daughter with the announcement that they were the rudest people she had ever met; they had showed her no respect; and if coming to New York made young people forget the deference due their elders, she thought it far better that they be kept at home.

"But, mother," the daughter protested, "you were a great success! They took you in and treated you exactly as if you were one of them. It was the greatest possible compliment."

"Compliment!" cried the mother. "Since when has it become a compliment for a woman of my years to be contradicted flatly by a lot of ill-mannered youngsters like that?"

"But, mother, you were wrong in what you said; you'll have to admit they proved that."

"That," said the mother, now on the verge of tears, "has nothing to do with it!"

And the daughter, knowing that it was now or never to save her mother's soul, gathered her courage and replied, quite heartlessly:

"Well, I'm afraid, mother, you'll have to get used to it, or else think twice before you speak after this."

It proved to be one of those cures by shock. The mother is still here, a tremendous favorite with her daughter's friends, and able to hold her own in their fiercest arguments. And she might be sitting pathetically in a corner, with everybody very carefully paying her the deference due her age.

And there are mothers who would prefer it, strange to say. For mothers have a weakness for the pathetic rôle. They cannot resist self-sacrifice. It is their

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

besetting sin. Now there is only one class of mothers who have a legitimate right to talk of self-sacrifice—the unwilling mothers, mothers who did not want us at all, those upon whom we forced ourselves. They have fed us and mended our clothes and taught us to walk and to talk, and answered our innumerable questions, and borne our unwelcome society unwillingly all these years, unless, to be sure, they have become reconciled, grown fond of us in spite of themselves; or unless we have been able to win them over by our entertaining ways or the hope of future reward. For, as a matter of fact, children are just as amusing pets as any other animals, and, from a purely practical point of view, better investments in the end. Just at the age when most pets die of old age or develop fits and have to be shot, children grow up and are ready to support their parents, which often mitigates the sacrifice.

But the mothers who hailed our advent as blessings and gifts of God, who called us the "sunshine of the home," they must no longer demand the martyr's crown. To be fair, they must look to their logic and say less of duty and gratitude. If they like us as much as they say they do, and admire us, and are proud of us, it should be a pleasure and a privilege to take care of us. It is even a little ungrateful of them to complain. It does seem that this question ought to be cleared up for all time. Do they do what they do for us because they want to, or because it is merely a duty they must perform? Is it a pleasure or is it a sacrifice? For they really do a great deal for us, there is no denying that. They keep our rubbers on our feet, restrain us from eating food that is not good for us, and from going places we shouldn't go. They give up a great deal of time to us—a great deal of labor and worry, and thought. . . . And yet, the most successful mother I ever knew neglected her children. I've even heard her say, seeing her young daughter with her rubbers on, "Oh, Peggy dear, I don't think you'll need your rubbers to-day—they do look so clumsy!" She never sat up for her children at night, or, if she did, she kept it decently to herself and didn't boast about it or expect them to be grateful to her for doing it. She let them eat pretty well what they liked, which was not, I suppose, the best thing for their digestions, but bred in them at least no deep-seated hatred of wholesome foods. And then, we don't like people because they make us eat what's good for us. And that, after all, is the important thing for a mother to achieve. She was always tremendously busy, doing such a number of fascinating things herself, that her children's interest in her was never satisfied, their curiosity never quite appeased. They begged to be with her, sought her, preferred her, asked her advice. . . .

But, then, such genius is rare. And it is too much to ask all mothers to neglect their children. They cannot give up their martyrdom all at once. And if I have merely persuaded them to practise at least a little wholesome selfishness now and then, my purpose will have been satisfied.

IMPORTRY AND EXPORTRY

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT is a genuine pleasure to discover a new volume of poetry exploiting an individual technique. The book I speak of bears the stamp, strangely enough, of the Government Printing Office, and from its simple, flat shape and almost acidulous black-and-white exterior one would hardly guess its daring contents.

It is marred, to be sure, by perfectly extraneous and infinitely meticulous tabulations of figures under the terms "value" and "quantity," or under whimsical abbreviations for the months, such as Jan., Feb., Mar., etc. Yet from every left-hand margin shine, snicker, and exult lyrics and longer poems more than merely emulous of the very latest thing in free verse. Nay! Their pithy pronouncement, coruscating implication, and restrained cynicism surpass any such

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

qualities I have yet found in the great unshackled.

Take this appealing passage, dedicated, I am sure, to all human frailty:

Nuts—
Almonds—
Not shelled
Shelled
Cocoanuts in the shell
Cocoanut meat, broken, or copra—
Not shredded, desiccated, or prepared
Shredded, desiccated, or prepared
Cream and Brazil
Filberts—

Note the broad-minded tone—"Not shelled," "Shelled," "Not shredded," "Shredded"—the sad sibilance of "desiccated," the epitomizing of modern civilization, especially in the masterly "Filberts." Beside such oracular utterance even our most advanced and Pythian poetess shrinks to a mere purveyor of infantile prattle—it puts the eternal gertrude on Gertrude Stein.

I will admit that the volume's title is a trifle ponderous, however. It is *Monthly Summary of Foreign Commerce of the United States.*

But the magnificent barbarism of such a lyric as this compensates:

Glue
Gold and silver, manufactures of
Jewelry
Grease:
Lubricating
Soap stock and other
Hair, animal:
Unmanufactured
Manufactures of

"Hair, animal, manufactures of." Here surely the inversions, rebuking the anathema of modernists, paint an unforgetable picture, transport us to the happy islands, among them possibly the island of Doctor Moreau. And consider the masterly juxtaposition of Glue and Gold, Jewelry and Grease. In such contrasts real life is captured.

Then there is the pathetic passage quite evidently dealing with the servant problem:

Domestic:
Gold—
Ore and base bullion
Bullion refined
Coin.

What extraordinary aptness of phrase. Base bullion, indeed—and coin! Why, I remember our seventeenth domestic, Clytemnestra—but I will not wring your hearts!

Enough of grim realism! Here is a shimmering fancy:

Ivory
Animal (ivory tusks in their natural state)
Vegetable (tagua nuts).

I don't know what "tagua nuts" are, but I am going to look them up.

Perhaps a more dazzling bit of genre is, however, the sonant "Plumbago."

Plumbago, or graphite
Precious and semi-precious stones, and imitations of:
Diamonds—
Uncut
Cut but not set
Pearls, and parts of, not strung or set
Other precious stones, uncut, and bort.

The influence of Whitman? Perhaps. Is the final "bort" possibly a misprint—or merely the superabundant technicality of a Kipling?

"Oleo Stearin" is perhaps one of the saddest (in any sense) love-songs in the language.

Oleo stearin
Paints, pigments, colors, and varnishes
Paper stock, crude (except wood pulp):
Rags (other than woolen)
All other (including grasses, fibers, waste, etc., used chiefly in paper-making).

Who could Oleo have been? Perhaps Miss Harriet Monroe can tell us whether she lived in Chicago. I suspect it—strongly. Note the Heine-like bitterness of the phrase, "Rags (other than woolen)." Evidently the disillusioned lover. Yet there is a bouquet, an aroma to the name. Fragrantly it endures.

Our author must also have been a linguist. He inserts this little fragment from the ancient Chinese:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Balata
Guayule gum
Gutta jelutong
Gutta percha.

Untranslatable, perhaps! One wonders whether written by Li Po—or what Li it was. Has Mr. Ezra Pound solved the question? It ogles him roguishly to do so.

Spiritual? Was ever the flickering light of a pale toper—excuse me—taper more spirited, not to say positively spirituous, than this:

Spirits, distilled—
Alcohol, including pure, neutral, or cologne spirits . . . pf. galls.

But, no! The tears fall too fast in these prohibitive days. The onomatopoiea of ingurgitation so poignantly inserted in the repetitive "pf. galls" forbids further quotation of "Rum, whisky, bourbon, rye. . . ."

There is the great stave on machinery beginning:

Meter, gas and water,
Mining machinery—,

the unguent-bearing couplet

Oils: Olive, edible
Seeds: Flaxseed or linseed.

These give our author's range.

"There is the famous ode to The Panama Canal, which starts sonorously, "Receipts—Tolls, etc.," and then come a number of poems upon the theme "Dollars," surely significant of our age. Here is perhaps the most noble:

DOLLARS
3,770,513.71
3,284,383.58
252,945.21

Here the writer has, I feel, broken new ground. He has dared greatly—and who shall say that even greater efforts along this line will not eventually repay him?

The volume closes with "Index," an overlong epic, the end of which is rather weakened by the refrain

Zaffer
Zinc
Oxide of . . .

This is surely obscurity carried to a point—well, carried to a point. As a whole, though, the volume augurs well, and—not to put too fine a point upon the augur—it *shows promise*—provided, of course, that the author is reasonably and customarily *young*.

THE PLEASURES OF BEING CONTRARY

BY V. W.

WITHOUT, was the soft beauty of a Tuscan winter and the view from the terrace which, to the initiate, is perhaps the most satisfying view in all the world. Within, the snowy head of the humorist-philosopher rose above the table as the white cap of Monte Morello rose above the city below. I can still hear the drawling voice:

"I'm a most contrair-ry person. If any one says white's white too long, I'll de-clare it's black!" And then he chuckled as he told us how he had silenced the too ardent dog-lover who had so bored him with her enthusiasm: "I made her think I'd kick a yaller cur."

I know that in that respect, if no other, I could not emulate Mark Twain. I might bring myself, if I had sufficient grievance, to kick a cat; but I have too many dog friends to even imagine treating them in such a fashion. Yet I hold with him in general—too much enthusiasm induces cynicism, and too much cynicism makes one equally "contrairy." It is as natural a process as that of nature's when filling a vacuum—one must let in the air to fill the space exhausted by the enthusiast.

I cannot say whether it is the slight Celtic strain in me which is responsible for my frequent antagonism to the opinions of others. I do not always voice my opposition, and therefore I still retain a fair number of friends. I prefer, however, to think that my contrariness is caused by an inborn love of fair play and the ability to see both sides of a question. I feel at all times the urge to help the pendulum to swing back to the other side. Also, it is a protest against being

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

circumscribed and neatly labeled for immediate classification.

When I am south of Mason and Dixon's Line, I become more conscious of the inheritance of those ancestors who landed on "a stern and rock-bound coast"; while in the North I am more apt to recall America's indebtedness to the Cavaliers and their principles of personal liberty, and the pleasure in soft-voiced friends whose *a*'s are flat and whose "gyurl" is a never-ending source of delight. Often in America I am taken for a European, and in Europe I could not, if I would, escape from the spiritual stars and stripes that float above me, even in those days when the Stars and Stripes were not loved in Europe. When I hear Socialists and amateur Bolsheviks argue for a new order of things I become as reactionary as a Bourbon; but I flee for the road to Utopia—any Utopia—when the Conservatives begin to pull up the drawbridge. I am still too young a voter—by reason of sex, not age—to feel the claim of party affiliations; but I warn the Republican who yearns for my vote that the best way to get it is to send a Democrat to persuade me to the contrary. A sermon on the beauty of holiness has the effect of making me want to slip down toward Avernus, provided other travelers in that direction did not praise the easy grade too much; in which case I should start to climb. In the same way, too long a sojourn in the halls of luxury sets me dreaming of a cabin. I am naturally independent and can even discover by myself the mysterious workings of a railway time-table; but if any one praises me for my independence I make as good an imitation of a clinging vine as I can in these days when the clinging vine seems to have gone out of fashion.

I am a classicist in literature and music while the radicals are waving their flags and shouting; but when the classicists rally to the charge I stand with the romanticists. I adore the strict limits of the sonnet, so like a formal garden in which tumultuous red roses bloom, when the Vers Librists argue heatedly that form is easy of attainment and of no use, anyhow; but as soon as they are silent again I can feel my heart beat to Walt Whitman's measure—and sometimes to Amy Lowell's. I experience a rejuvenating effect in the company of old people, and have all the sensations of Methuselah when listening to the chatter of a group of sophisticated débutantes.

Fashion's is probably the one rule I do not dare rebel against — being a woman, yet I grumble at her decrees at times and manage to defy them to the extent of an extra inch in the width of a skirt or a quarter-inch off a heel.

This semi-detached position has its advantages and disadvantages, like a semi-detached house. There is an objective point of view, a horizon which those who live in one dimension cannot obtain. Yet there is a loss in that one misses at times the absorption and the unconsciousness of those who have never wandered, even mentally, along other roads.

I know that I am not the only person who finds pleasure in being contrary. We feel this attitude to be, if nothing else, a reaction against the democratic unification of principles and tastes. So I speak, not as an egotist, but in behalf of all of us whose contrariness may have been misunderstood and put down to mere caprice or hypocrisy. We insist upon being many-sided and upon seeing seven colors in a single ray of light. Most of us love all the tints from violet to red. Only when the Greens, as in old Byzantium, are getting the better of the Blues, we spring forth to take the part of the minority until—the wheel revolves and the Greens need a champion.

"THE GENTLEMAN'S REVIEW"

BY F. M. COLBY

I WISH I could do justice to a certain sort of British literary journalism which I shall have to typify under the imaginary title of *The Gentleman's Re-*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

view, because to pick out a single one of the several competitors would be invidious. The essential point of *The Gentleman's Review* is that it is written by persons of the better sort for persons of the better sort. And not only must the writer be a better sort of person; he must constantly say that he is a better sort of person, and for pages at a time he must say nothing else. I have read long articles which when boiled down told the reader nothing else. I have read articles on socialism, patriotism, labor programs, poetry, the vulgarity of America and of the Antipodes, and on divers other subjects which did literally tell nothing else to the socialist, laborer, poet, or American or Antipodean outcast who read them. The gentility of the writers is never merely suggested; it is announced, and usually in terms of severity. A coal-heaver reading *The Gentleman's Review* would be informed in words of unsparing cruelty that he is low. Indeed, it seems the main purpose—at times the only purpose—for which *The Review* exists—to tell coal-heavers and other outside creatures that they are low. And by outside creatures I mean almost everybody. I mean not only all Americans, all Canadians, and other inhabitants of a hemisphere which, to say the least, is in the worst possible taste as a hemisphere, besides being notoriously external to the British Isles. I mean almost everybody in the right kind of hemisphere. I mean almost everybody in the British Isles, or even on the better streets of London. Only a handful of people can read the typical article of *The Gentleman's Review* without feeling that they are at the bottom of a social precipice.

The ideal of the true-born Gentleman's Reviewer is not only social exclusiveness, but mental exclusiveness. He does not argue against an idea of which he disapproves; he shows that idea to the door. In a long paper on socialism he will say at the start that he must really refuse to speak of socialism. The right sort of people do not speak of socialism. They have dismissed it from their minds. And he devotes his paper to developing the single point that the only way to deal with socialists is to expunge them from your list of acquaintances the moment you find out that they are socialists, and thereafter not to say a single word to them beyond conveying the bare information that they have been expunged. I recall just such a paper as this, and I recall the impression it made on seven extremely dignified persons whose successive letters to the editor, all dated from respectable London clubs, declared that in the opinion of the writers the danger of socialism could not be averted in any other way: Gentlemen must dismiss socialists from their company just as they had dismissed socialism from their minds. That done, socialism would perish.

A writer on a Labor-party program in *The Gentleman's Review* would no more think of meeting the arguments for the Labor-party program than he would think of meeting the laboring-man himself. Why bother to prove a Labor-party program unsound in face of the towering absurdity that there should be such a thing as a Labor party and that it should have such a thing as a program? There are social certitudes that gentlemen do not discuss. When Labor raises a question, the Gentleman's Reviewer, if he is true to type, will simply raise an eyebrow. When woman's progress was blackening the sky, I read dozens of articles in *The Gentleman's Review* on woman's suffrage from which I am sure no reader could make out anything whatever except that a shudder was running through some gentlemanly frames. At the threat of a revolt of the working-class some time ago, *The Gentleman's Review* became speechless almost immediately as to the nature of the revolt. It could only say that some labor leader had been impolite to a duke, and that it feared the lower classes might, if they kept on in their present courses, become impolite to dukes. The thought of other perils more horrible than that shocked

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

it to silence. But perhaps it could not think of other things more horrible than that. There are things in this world that minds of this gentlemanly quality really must decline to meet. They are most of the things in this world.

It is at its best in rebuking other people's manners while unconsciously displaying its own. Take American manners, for instance. Forty years ago it was saying we were rude because we were young. It is still saying so. "Centuries of polite international tradition"—we are to understand that it took at least that much to make a Gentleman's Reviewer—are not behind us Americans. "Instinctive delicacy and sympathy with the feelings of others"—such as is displayed in the pages of *The Review*—"are not commonly possessed by the very young"—meaning, of course, possessed by Americans. Why, then, aspire to the courtesy and tact of ripe old world-wise Europe?

As a rude young thing I should not think of aspiring to it, if I did not read on the very next page, perhaps, that the whole share of the United States in the war, from the very beginning of it to the very end of it, was merely a "military parade." Then the "delicacy" and the "sympathy" and the "polite international tradition" of this fine old world-wise representative are suddenly brought not only within my reach, but within easy reach of almost any one. The cook and the bootblack and the garbage-man and I, and every sort of low American, including colored people, may now burst out spontaneously and joyously and unashamed with all the crudities inherent in our natures, knowing that we can go no farther in bad manners than the writers quoted have already gone—for the simple reason that there is no farther to go. If that is the degree of "traditional international politeness" required by the rich and mellow culture of an older world, why need a Ute or a Yahoo despair of it? Raw man from Oklahoma though I am, utterly unfinished, confined almost exclusively to the companionship of cows, backgroundless, uncouth, in social experience a tadpole, even I can be as delicately urbane as these exponents of an Old World culture.

Now I confess I have idealized the situation in representing this element of snobbery as the sole constituent of any single periodical. It may constitute only a part of a magazine or newspaper, and it may appear only sporadically. Several magazines which it pervaded largely at one time have since died of it, and others seem about to die. But it is still to be found in reassuring quantities, though scattered, and one could at any time, by judicious selection, make up a *Gentleman's Review*. I believe it is not only harmless, but desirable. It is not representative of the English people or of any English class. It is the unconscious burlesque—often a very good one—of insularity and pretension, and the world is the better for a good burlesque. It is no more like the courteous and witty Englishman one meets in life or in books or in the newspapers than is James Yellowplush. If Major Pendennis or the elder Osborne or Podsnap or Turveydrop came to life again and turned into literary persons, they would write like *The Gentleman's Review*. And it is pleasant to meet again the Pendennises, Podsnaps, and Turveydrops. Finally it has supplied many objects of entertaining satire to the best English writers of plays and fiction during our own generation. There is only one bad thing about it and that is entirely the fault of my fellow-countrymen. Owing to the unfortunate colonialism of the American literary class, there are quarters in which this sort of thing is taken seriously. I believe when that happens it is a surprise, even to the Gentleman's Reviewer himself. I believe even he is secretly aware that, whatever nature's reason for presenting him to a patient world may be, it cannot be for any such purpose as that.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IF you live out of one impressive epoch into another, you have the advantage of a comparison which lives passed in the space between epochs can never know; and it has been one of the most interesting experiences of an aged friend of ours to learn that there is far less difference in the quality than in the quantity between, say, the conditions of 1865 and 1919.

When this friend returned from a stay in Europe which covered nearly the whole time of the Civil War, he found himself in a world full of surprises and anomalies such as confront him now at the end of the World War, and people went about with preposterous rents in their hands, seeking roofs to cover their heads. The old-fashioned houses of the time were let in apartments, and it might well happen that a floor of some New York brownstone dwelling, once the home of a single family, had become the refuge of a graceful tenant at a rent of five thousand dollars a year. An overcoat, as a lively essayist of the time worded the fact, might cost "a hundred of our ridiculous dollars," just as it would now. The dollars were ridiculous then because they were inflated from a gold dollar which was worth nearly three dollars in the paper currency. All kinds of provisions were atrociously dear, though it will hardly surprise the housekeeper of our day to learn that the beefsteak of that day was forty cents a pound, and that eggs were sometimes sixty cents a dozen; but the high cost of living will best appear from the fact that steak afterward fell to twenty cents and eggs to eighteen cents on the resumption of specie payment. The housekeeper thought a general-housework girl dear at three dollars and a half a week, and so she was when she used to be paid two dollars. To be sure, a like girl now gets ten or eleven dollars, and a cook, then dear at fifteen a month, would now get sixty or seventy.

The paper which composed the currency went to the composition of many other things. The twine that wrapped the bundles at the grocer's or the mercer's was paper, and the collars that encircled their own and the purchasers' necks were often of paper. Such collars continued the wear of people sometimes long after the resumption of specie payment. The buttonholes back and front were punched in them without hemming or stitching, and the granddaughters of the wearers vainly implored them to replace them with linen collars. Such paper collars had the virtue of cheapness, and frugality was the prime virtue of the day, and some grandfathers continued to wear them, foul or fair, but mostly foul, till they quite wore them out. Perhaps the paper collars were never quite worn out, any more than the women's hoop-skirts, which, when they could be worn no longer, were hung up in closets and finally carried away in the household litter and used in helping to form the foundations of houses, especially those of the made-land of the Back Bay in Boston. When worn in walking, the hoop-skirt sometimes tilted abashingly behind; when worn in sitting, say in the horse-cars, they were subject to accidents of flaringly confronting the *vis-à-vis*, and putting him to shame. Their vast expanse implied an expense for material out of keeping with the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

frugal spirit of the time, but when they classically devolved into the peplum, which was their first change, or eventuated in the tie-back, woman's worst fashionableness had still the virtue of cheapness. She wore a black silk for her best dress, and the lady of moderate means never wore any other till, not suddenly and not inclusively, she put on the infamous sheath skirt and then the hobble skirt, with such ultimations in the ankle-high, knee-high uncertainties of fringe and lace as we blush to suggest. With these came, and continued, the sharp-toed, high-heeled shoes involving the effects of Chinese foot-binding. The mild misbehavior of the hoop-skirt, at worst occasional and oftenest accidental, was never morally akin to the audacities and indecencies of the sheath-skirt and its ultimatums.

The national development which followed the Civil War was ennobling and elevating in every direction; and we began, above all, to have a literature which was truly native and national. There had already been what we boasted —an American literature in the poetry and romance and history of Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Prescott, Irving, Bayard Taylor, Aldrich, Stoddard, Stedman, and transcendently Edgar Allan Poe, and we had reputations of European recognition, if not always celebrity, constituting an unquestionable body of American authorship. But if we came to scan these names, we realized that in eight of them we had only a body of New England authorship. In Philadelphia there was so faintly a claim to local literature that it must be relinquished as soon as made. In New York, Irving remained the only memorable name of the Knickerbocker school, though in more modern New York there had begun to exist an imported Bohemianism of no native promise. What we had was a great New England literature and we had nothing else before the Civil War, but after the Civil War there began to be a real American literature of native origin animated by a consciousness of not only American, but also of European, vitality. In the work of Francis Parkman our history was made aware of its relation to the world's history; in the consciousness of this vital fact he evinced himself our greatest historian, and one of the greatest European historians. Equally, in the region of scientific philosophy the name of John Fiske must be valued. He evolved from the agnosticism of the whole contemporary thinking world a deistic belief, and established our civilization in the comfort of a credence unknown outside of his following. Henry James, working in the atmosphere of European fiction, became a type of American novelist different from the New England romancer of the past. In that wonderful Californian development Bret Harte and Mark Twain expressed an America in fiction mute before. In their respective time and order Mr. Cable and the creator of Uncle Remus made good the claim of the South to a part in the creation of a New American fiction; in Philadelphia Weir Mitchell in his various sort stood for the Middle States; Bayard Taylor, Stedman, and the Stoddards, with Aldrich, represented American literature in New York; in New England arose that incomparable sisterhood of Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Wilkins, and Alice Brown, expressing the country life in the newest terms of American literature.

An artistic impulse throughout the country became the longing and endeavor of a whole generation, and the mastery of St. Gaudens, half French and half Irish, gave us an American sculpture equal with our New American fiction and history and with the criticism which now began to characterize the literary comment not only of our reviews and magazines, but of our daily press. Our journalism showed a dignity and sincerity and a self-respect unknown to it before. It had been scurrilously personal, but Whitelaw Reid, coming from the Middle West to the control of *The New York Tribune*, declared that scur-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

rilous personality should cease in that journal, and it ceased in the leading journals throughout the country.

The unparalleled evolution of the American magazine took place at the same time, and something in the illustrated periodical surprised the world and surpassed anything known to Europe. *The Atlantic Monthly* had always held its own, and now under the new influence it became the first literary magazine of the time, and of a quality and scope never since equaled, but it was in the development of the illustrated magazine, in *Harper's*, in *The Century*, and in *Scribner's*, to name no others, that the prime fact of the New American impulse affirmed itself.

It would be impossible to indicate all the phases of the noble and generous impulse of the country's development during the epoch following the Civil War, and it would be in vain to attempt contrasting these with the nature of our expansion in the epoch following the World War which we are now in the midst of. We have grown, and are growing a mightier and mightier people in material wealth and material force, but for frugality we have substituted boundless prodigality, if not profligacy; we cannot spend more than we earn, for there is no end to our earning capacity. Our ingenuity is boundless; our invention is nowhere paralleled; we are still the first of the world's material creators, but we are not becoming great authors, great artists, great moralists. Instead of these our men have become the greatest of the world's money-winners, and our women the greatest of the world's money-wasters.

IF I FORGET THEE

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

IN a long valley of the hemlock ranges,
Ere yet they open to the winding water,
Beyond a street of elms and homesteads,
I remember

The clover billows and the bending barley—
The sugar-bush beyond the upland pasture—
The snowy birches blown and waving
In the west wind!

Hedged with old towering locusts stood the dwelling.
Oh, sweet, through starry windows, in the June night,
The honey scent of locust flowers
Floated, falling!

Foursquare, unpainted, with its one vast chimney
Cheering the whole, the house its low walls lifted.
The garden-viewing long veranda
Gave on the sunset;

And sunsetward, from out the shuttered windows,
(The many-paned and morning-gloried windows)
Eyes looked, ears listened for a footstep
That turned not homeward.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THESE EVERLASTING ARMENIANS

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

ONE of the curious points about the nature of man is that we do not respond to the same stimulus in the same way each time. Repeatedly apply any stimulus and we respond less and less. This is not always true of an irritation that gets on our nerves. But with calls on our sympathies, the law of diminishing returns always works. If your fiancée bumps her head, you feel sorry indeed —the first time. If she bumps it again the next morning, you may again be compassionate. But if she is constantly bumping her head, you get so you don't mind at all; and, in order to arouse as much tenderness in you as the first time it happened, she might have to go so far—with some men—as to break both her legs.

This is true of much more serious shocks. In the old frontier days, for example, suppose I had heard that one of my relatives in Nebraska had been scalped by an Indian. I should have felt upset and sorry and should have helped his poor family. But suppose the next week another relative had met the same fate, and so on until half my second cousins and aunts had been scalped. I couldn't have kept on shuddering and weeping. It would have soon ceased to move me. Instead of exclaiming, "Oh, horror!" I should probably have muttered, "Oh, pshaw! I wish those tiresome cousins of mine would move away from Nebraska."

The great modern instance of this is that of the Armenians. We were horrified by the first massacres. But as time has gone on, and as the calls of these people for sympathy and funds have continued, a secret annoyance with them has begun to appear. It's an awful thing to say, but they have asked for help so much they are boring us.

When I was a boy and used to be taken to summer hotels in vacation, there was usually an Armenian prowling around the piazza. He would pick out some fellow's mother as she sat taking a much-needed rest, and invite her to look at his perfumes and silks. "Not buy, madam! Just look!" She would say no, but he would tell her they were so beautiful, and offer to give her some perfume, until finally, if it were a dull afternoon, she would roll up her knitting and saunter down to the end of the hall, where his dark little room was. My own mother, who had a kind heart as well as a weakness for rugs, would occasionally be snared in this fashion and be shown some bargain, some rug that was intrinsically priceless and could never be duplicated, but which could be had for a few hundred dollars, as it happened, that morning. The crisis that made such a price possible would to-morrow be gone, but to-day it was here and a wise and clever woman would



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



seize it. Whoever did would be helping a most grateful young man get through college. He was no dealer; he was just a poor student with a few priceless rugs, and if the lady would only make him an offer she could buy at her own figure. She could, make him an offer, surely, *some* offer; let it be what it might.

It began to seem unreasonable to my mother not to make him some offer, especially as he was trying to get through college and it might be a bargain. So she silently tried to figure how much she'd have had to pay on Fifth Avenue; and then she took a lot off; and then she felt a little ashamed at taking so much off—she didn't wish to cheat the young man. He seemed to mean well, poor creature. So she worked her price up a little, in her mind, and then got a bit frightened because, after all, it was a good deal of money—though it did seem perfectly safe to pay that much, since a Fifth Avenue dealer would have charged more. Still, you never could tell about a rug, because it might not be genuine, and she wished the young man had let her alone and could get through college without her, though he didn't much look as though he would manage it; he could hardly speak English—and how could the poor thing talk to the professors, or the professors to him, when even on the subject of rugs he had to use a sort of sign language which consisted of hunching his shoulders till she feared he would dislocate them, and picking out sums on his fingers in the most confusing manner. However, she had better make him an offer, she felt, and then perhaps he'd stop smiling, which no doubt he intended as pleasant, but his breath was so bad.

So she finally said, fingering the rug in a dissatisfied way, that she supposed she could give him a hundred for it. The Armenian's smile at once disappeared, of course. He walked off in gloom. Then he rushed back, most excited and jerky, and began a long, rapid expostulation that threatened to deafen us. My mother then reluctantly raised her bid to a hundred and twenty, whereupon it suddenly appeared that he had misunderstood her first offer. He had supposed it to be two hundred, not one. She meant *two* hundred and twenty? My mother said, No, one hundred and twenty was all she had offered. The Armenian then tottered around, sank into a chair, and sort of hissed through his teeth, which made my mother so nervous she felt she had probably killed him. It began to seem advisable to her to do anything she could to get out of it, and then never buy anything again for the rest of her life. So she miserably and angrily said she would make it one-fifty. She had to say it several times, however, before he seemed to hear her, and even then he received it only with low shrieks and groans in Armenian, and said that now he would have to give up college, because he could not bear such losses. All he had ever hoped of America, he said, was that he wouldn't lose too much money here, but he had found that no one cared how badly he ruined himself, nor did they understand rugs. My dear mother, half dismayed, half indignant, said she did not want the rug; she had only made him as offer because he asked it, and she would now like to go. This brought on a frightful collapse, so full of despair it seemed mortal. He was heard, however, to murmur what she took to be a dying request that she would take the rug with her and split the difference and leave him alone in his agony.

The next chapter consisted of her interview with my father, to whom the news had to be broken that he was now the owner of a rare Eastern rug. Nervous attempts to convey this to him with smiles and gay congratulations were never received in this spirit, or anything like it. He began by not believing his ears till it had been loudly repeated: "Rug? Rug? You say you've bought a rug? Nonsense! Pooh! Don't be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ridiculous!" And when he found that the story seemed true and that he couldn't shout it away, he would end by turning black and giving vent to a terrific explosion. He would roar that he had only just arrived from hard toil in the city, in search of "a little damned peace," that was all that he asked, instead of which, before he had had time to smoke one cigar, he was harried and tortured and victimized by a pack of low swindlers, with whom his own family had leagued themselves, to render him penniless. He urgently demanded to see the rug so that he could throw it out of the window, and the Armenian after it. He swore he'd break every bone in his body. All reports as to the rarity and value of the rug he discredited, declaring he could buy better for fifty cents a barrel on Front Street. He then marched to the Armenian's parlor, with vague but violent intentions, only to find that that astute sufferer had closed his place up. The door was shut and locked and a sign was on it:

BAK
NEKS
WEK

"What's this gibberish?" my father demanded. "You said his name was Dourbabian." And we had to explain to him that the sign wasn't meant as a name, but as the Armenian's way of indicating that he would return in a few days.

Poor old downtrodden, fawning Dourbabian—or whatever his name was. (I don't mean "old" literally, because he was young—a boy almost.) Blue-black hair, dark skin, gleaming eyes, a hooked nose, perfect teeth. I suppose the missionaries had helped him and other promising youths of Armenia to come over here to be educated, and he had to try to earn his expenses selling the goods he knew most about. I dare say his things were good value, too. They at least have become so. The rugs and the sofa-cushion covers and great squares of silk that my mother bought in the eighteen-eighties would cost her a lot more to-day. But, in spite of all the rightness which these transactions may have had back of them, they had this other element, this snaring of an unwary buyer, this half-disguised plunder of an unwilling and inexperienced lady, this warfare of prices and shrieks, in which young Dourbabian was a Ludendorff outmaneuvering corporals.

Years afterward, when we first began to hear of Armenian massacres, I thought of how my father had wished to massacre Dourbabian often, and I reminded him of it. Though older and calmer on most subjects, he was still resentful on this. He said that everybody was too ready to sympathize with those fellows, without even asking first what they might have done to the Turks. He seemed to think they might have been selling the Turks too many rugs.

"Here's a book of Claude Farrère's," he said. "Read it. Turks and Armenians in it. These simple-minded Turkish peasants get so deep in debt to Armenian peddlers that it's probably massacre or nothing; that's my theory about it. They tell me the Armenians are Christians and I ought to help them. I tell you I strongly suspect they are Christians for profit. They are a greedy, quarrelsome lot, and I see that even the Kurds can't get on with them; and it's my opinion they are getting themselves massacred too often entirely. And I don't like the way they use every massacre as a scheme to get money out of me. Other peoples all over the world kill one another without coming to me about it, but the Armenians imagine they have a special claim on my pocket, and that whenever any one hits them I ought to mail them some biscuits and bandages."

You may not look at this like my father, yet is he wholly wrong? There is a saying in the East that it takes two Jews to get the



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

best of a Syrian, and four Syrians to get the best of an Armenian; they are an acquisitive people. According to Professor Breasted and others, they have a lot of the Hittite in them, and the Hittites were an extraordinary race. It was from the Hittites that our friends the Jews got their prominent aquiline noses, which are not a Semitic feature at all. Other Semitic races, like the Arabs, haven't them; they did not intermarry with Hittites, but the Armenians did. Perhaps William the Conqueror, too, and the Normans, had some Hittite blood in them! At all events, any ordinary race needs to look out for those Hittites, and I wish I had had one for a grandfather, that's all I can say.

The Armenians have other strong qualities. They are obstinate fighters. When I think of that side of their nature, I admit I admire them. I suppose we don't half realize what determination they have shown in their wars. Instead of submitting to Turkish misrule, they have boldly resisted it. They could have kept out of trouble and led peaceful lives by submitting. But no, they have risked everything to free themselves; and after each slaughter the survivors have fled to the mountains and sturdily recovered from discouragement and planned new resistance. I wonder why, when we are called on to help them, we are asked to give just from pity, instead of from admiration of their indomitable spirit and pluck. When I get those awful circulars of corpses strewn over the desert, and starved living skeletons glaring at me, it is too much; I feel stunned. But it would stir us if we were reminded that those who remained wanted help, not simply as wreckage, but as warriors, ready to keep right on fighting. And with the hope, too, of winning, and thus at last ending these massacres. The Armenians aren't a slumpy lot of invalids; with all their faults, they're brave men.

Not to Be Beaten

AN Alabama darky, who prided himself on being able to play any tune on the banjo after he had heard it once, perched himself on the side of a hill one Sunday morning and began to pick the strings in a workman-like manner.

It chanced that the minister came along. Going up to Moses, he demanded, harshly, "Moses, do you know the Ten Commandments?"

Moses scratched his chin for a moment, and then, in an equally harsh voice, said:

"Parson, yo' don't think yo' kin beat me, do yo'? Jest yo' whistle the first three or four bars, and I'll have a try at it."

The Wisdom of Walter

FATHER had sent Walter to the trunk-maker's to ascertain whether he had finished the repair job intrusted to him.

"Well," asked father, when Walter returned, "what did he say?"

"He said he'd send the trunk up in half an hour."

"But how about the strap?" demanded father, testily. "Didn't you tell him I wanted a strap, too?"

"No, father," said Walter, "I did not. I told him I thought you had better not have a strap."

Cadwallader

WHEN old Cadwallader was here
We had indeed a weather prophet,
For he knew what the weather'd be
And every wrinkle of it.
He had a hundred ancient saws
And knew by heart kind nature's laws;
Rain on the flood, nothing but scud,
Rain on the ebb, as well go to bed.
His rhymes, indeed, were not all there,
But then, his assurance was fair.
The fortunate philosopher,
Our weather-wise Cadwallader!

Rainbow at night, sailors' delight,
But in the morning, sailors take warning.
He'd hum as on his way he went
While we on picnics were intent;
Confident of all winds that blew,
The garden-party's fate he knew,
And if the boating should begin
With an *easterly glim', wet to the skin.*
Nothing now's certain as all things were
In the day of good old Cadwallader.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Starting Something

THE parents of little Tommy were struggling nobly to induce the youngster to repeat the letter "A." Now Tommy steadfastly refused to pronounce the first letter of the alphabet, and, after many vain efforts, the father retired from the fight discouraged. Mother, however, continued, and took the little one on her lap and pleaded with him very earnestly.

"Tommy, why won't you learn to say 'A'?" she asked.

"Because, mother," explained Tommy, "just as soon as I say 'A' daddy will want me to say 'B.'"

The Scale

DURING a medical convention a distinguished physician touched upon the extremely important matter of the maximum fee.

"The best rewards," he observed, "come, of course, to the established specialist. For instance, I charge twenty-five dollars for a call at the residence, ten dollars for an office consultation, and five dollars for a telephone consultation."

There followed an appreciative and perhaps envious silence; and then from the back of the amphitheater came a voice:

"Doctor, would it be indiscreet to inquire how much you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"

A Good Thing

MRS. BOTTS, a Mobile darky, was calling upon a neighbor, Mrs. Shepherd.

"Ah notices yo' is housecleanin'," observed Mrs. Botts.

"Yes, I is," replied Mrs. Shepherd. "Dey ain't nothin' like movin' things 'round oncet in a while. Why, Mrs. Botts, ah jes' come across a pair of slippers under de baid dat ah 'ain't seen fo' a couple of yeahs."



LITTLE GIRL: "*Will ye please tell Tommy to move along? He won't come home*"

A Case of Identity

JUST south of Port Royal, South Carolina, the "inland" route presents great difficulties to the Florida-seeking yacht-owner from the North. Sticky mud-flats and shifting sand-bars, raising their tops to within a few inches of the surface of the water, restrict navigation to narrow, winding channels, known only to the initiated.

One yacht skipper hired an old negro boatman to "take him through," after having been earnestly assured by the old man that he "knew ebery bank in de crick." For a few minutes all went well; then the little yacht slid gently up the slope of a submerged bar—and stayed there.

"You're a devil of a pilot!" stormed the skipper. "I thought you knew every bank in the creek."

"So I does, boss, so I does," was the complacent reply. "Dis is one ob dem now."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



SHE: "*But I thought this place was always crowded*"
HE: "*It usually is between seven and eight, but I believe in coming late to avoid the rush that comes early to avoid the rush*"

A Different Standard

"A LAD of my acquaintance," a Philadelphian observed, "does not place languages, mathematics, and history very high in his scale of important things. One day I said to him:

"'I am delighted to hear of your success on the school baseball team, Clarence, but you must remember that there are other things in life besides baseball.'

"'Yes, I know,' replied the boy, solemnly, 'but, hang it all! I'm afraid I'm too light for football or rowing.'"

Not His Class

A CLERK in the employ of a Chicago business man, while a fair worker, is yet an individual of pronounced eccentricity.

One day a wire basket fell off the top of the clerk's desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court-plaster at hand, he slapped on three two-cent postage-stamps and continued his work.

A few minutes later he had occasion to take some papers to his employer's private office. When he entered, the "old man," observing the postage-stamps on the clerk's cheek, fixed him with an astonished stare.

"Look here, Tom!" he exclaimed. "You are carrying too mueh postage for second-class matter!"

That Old Port

"IN a seaport town in the north of England," says one of our naval officers, "there dwells a wealthy but illiterate man who owns many vessels and follows their course over the seas by the aid of a large atlas and a big magnifying-glass.

"'I have just had a letter,' he once said to a neighbor, 'from one of my captains, and he tells me that he's been in a fearful storm. I'll read you from this letter something that puzzles me. He says:

"'"The waves rose like mountains. We were driven before the wind to the danger of our lives and put into great jeopardy."

"'What I want to know,' said the shipowner, 'is, where is Great Jeopardy? It's somewhere in the Mediterranean, but I can't find it on this map anywhere.'"

He Passed

"AT one of our examinations," says a member of the faculty of a Western university, "a nervous student had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, subjunctive, potential, and exclamatory moods. His efforts resulted as follows:

"'I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions, I shall pass. If I answer twelve, I may pass. God help me!'"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A Dusky Diplomatist

AS Mr. Moses Jenkins looked down at his waistcoat he discovered that it lacked a button.

"An' I ast dat wife of mine to sew it on fast last night," he said to a friend in the shop. "I doan' see how she forgot it."

"Doan' ever ast yo' wife to mend nothin'," said the friend. "I learnt a better way befo' I'd been married a yeah. When I wants anythin' mended, like a shirt, fo' instance, I takes it under my arm, all mussed up like, an' opens de closet door and sings out to mah wife, 'Where's de rag-bag, honey?'

"'What yo' wants of de rag-bag?' she asts me.

"'Oh, I kinder thought I'd throw dis away?' I tells her, an' squeezes it tighter under mah arm.

"'Let me see what yo' got dere,' she says, an' den I mutters somethin' 'bout de 'worn-out ole thing,' while I hands it over to her.

"'Why, Clarence Barker!' she'll say, when she's spread it out an' looked it over in a hurry. 'I's surprised at yo'! Dis is *puffeckly* good. It doan't need a single thing 'cept—' An' den and dere she sets down to mend it, lookin' like I done made her a present."

No Use

THE colored preacher was engaged in the somewhat unprofitable occupation of offering advice to a woman who had just been giving him a most unsatisfactory account of her husband's conduct.

"Now, Mis' Jenkins," suggested the minister, "s'pose yo' was to try heapin' coals of fire on his head?"

"That wouldn't do no good," responded the woman, decisively. "I's thrown a lighted lamp at him more 'n once an' he was jest as bad de next day."

An Appreciative Audience

A CONGRESSMAN tells of an occasion when, one very rainy night in the Northwest, he was addressing an audience which, without taxing the capacity of the hall, might have been larger. Naturally, he was willing to curtail his speech, and, having reached what he considered the proper point, said:

"I am afraid I have kept you too long."

Whereupon there came to him a voice from the audience:

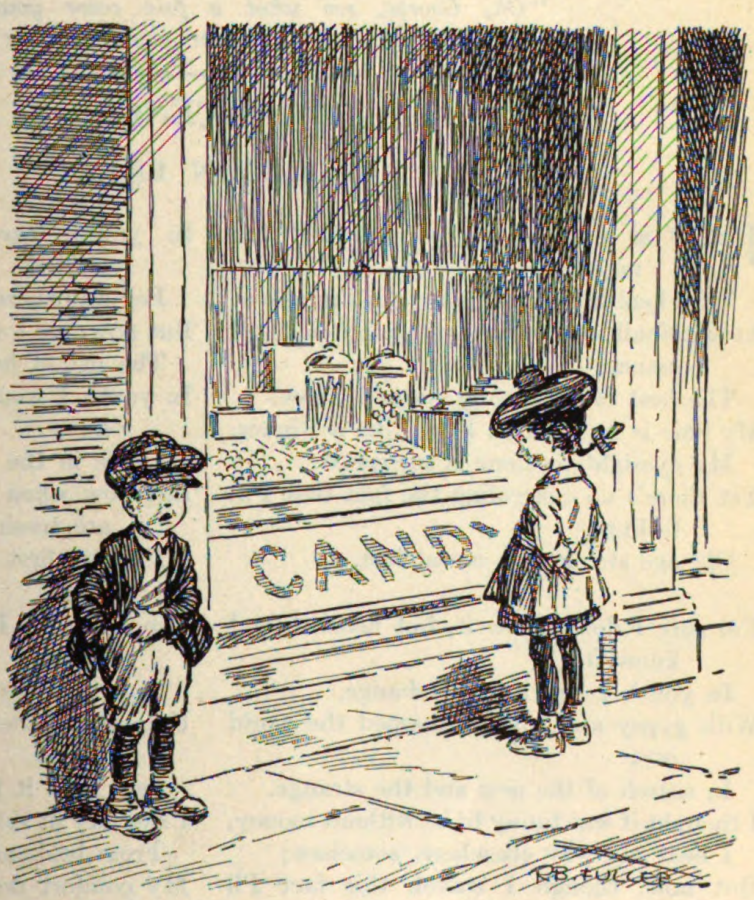
"Go on, please; it is still raining."

Hit Hard

A VILLAGE minister in New England was called upon to go several miles into the country to officiate at the funeral of a farmer's wife. Arrived at the house of grief, the minister spoke the usual words of sympathy and condolence to the bereft husband:

"You have met with a great loss, brother."

"Yaas," was the reply, "an' it makes good the old sayin' that misfortunes never come singly. I lost my best hoss four days ago an' now *she's* gone. I tell ye I'm gittin' hit hard."



JIMMY: "*Women don't realize how things cost. I've spent three cents on her already to-day*"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



The Relics of War

"Oh, George, see what a fine cover your tin hat makes for this pot. I never could get one to fit it"

SENESCENCE

BY BERTON BRALEY

I'M fit as a fiddle, I'm slim through the middle;
With health and with strength I'm aglow.
At handball and tennis my game can still menace
The best of the young chaps I know.
My hair is no thinner, I feel like a winner,
My eyesight by none is surpassed,
Yet there's no concealing the fact that I'm feeling
Old age stealing on me at last.

I'm sure I don't show it, but here's how I know it:
In youth I was avid of change,
With gypsy and rover I roamed the world over
In search of the new and the strange.
I thought it was funny to be without money,
I beat my way elsewhere, somehow;
But now, though I travel, this fact I'll unravel—
I don't care for gypsying now!

In youth, careless-hearted, I cheerfully started
For anywhere, purseless and gay,
But now, ere I wander I carefully ponder
The list of hotels on my way.
In youth I would go away often and stow away
Down in the hold of a ship,
But now when I'm crossing the seas that are tossing
I travel first cabin each trip.

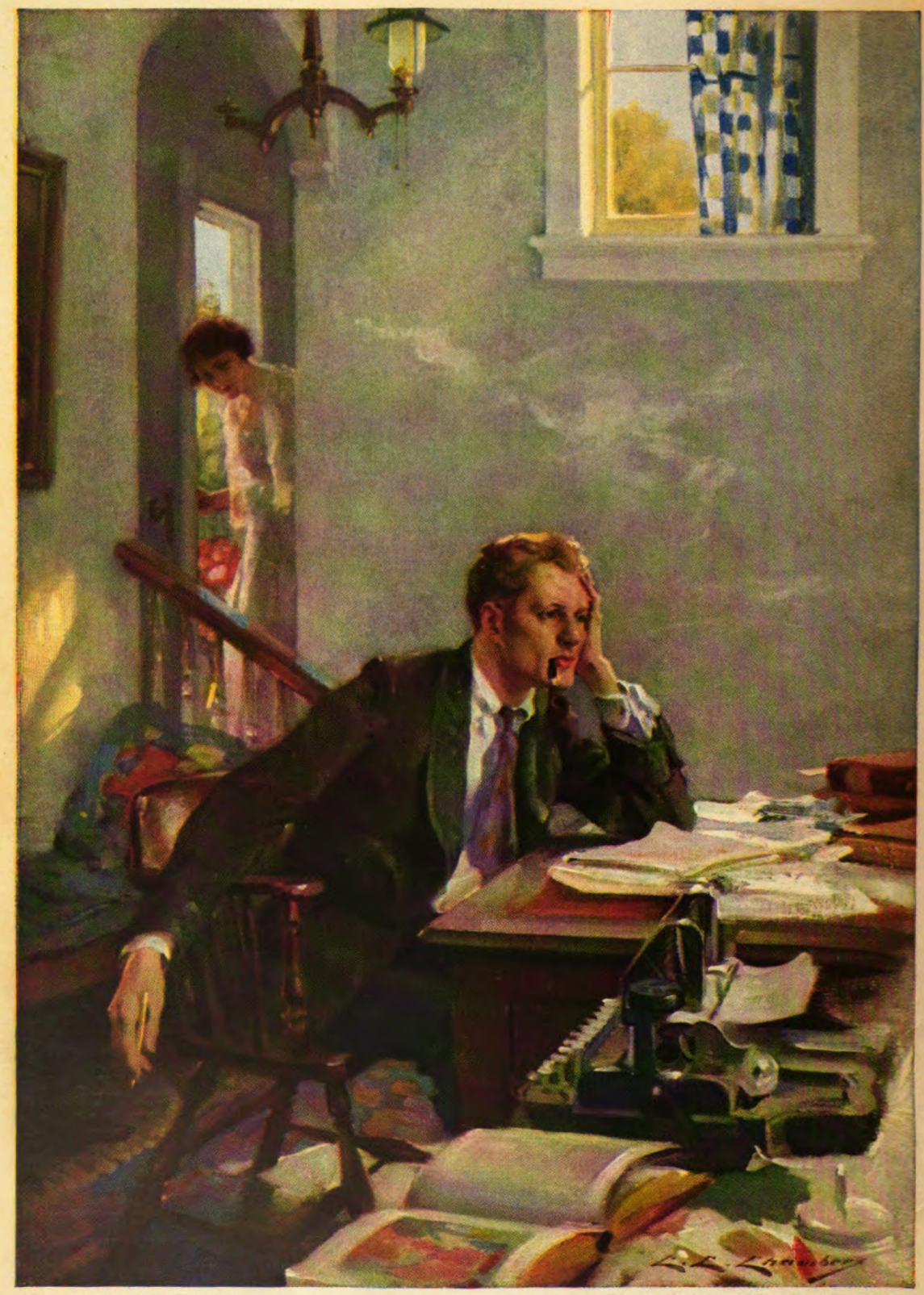
The gist of Romance is the taking of chance
And that's where I'm aging, I know.
Unless I am there with all manner of where-withal
Just take it from me, I don't go!
I shudder at riding blind baggage, or hiding
From brakemen with vigilant eye;
My comfort deters me when go-fever stirs me,
Which proves that my youth has gone by!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by C. E. Chambers Illustration for "The Gay Cockade"

DAY AFTER DAY, HE SAT ALONE—AS AN ARTIST MUST IF HE IS TO ACHIEVE

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXL FEBRUARY, 1920 NO. DCCCXXXVII

THE GAY COCKADE

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

FROM the moment that Jimmie Harding came into the office, he created an atmosphere. We were a tired lot. Most of us had been in the government service for years, and had been ground fine in the mills of departmental monotony.

But Jimmie was young, and he wore his youth like a gay cockade. He flaunted it in our faces, and because we were so tired of our dull and desiccated selves, we borrowed of him, remorselessly, color and brightness until, gradually, in the light of his reflected glory, we seemed a little younger, a little less tired, a little less petrified.

In his gay and gallant youth there was, however, a quality which partook of earlier times. He should, we felt, have worn a feather in his cap—and a cloak instead of his Norfolk coat. He walked with a little swagger, and stood with his hand on his hip, as if his palm pressed the hilt of his sword. If he ever fell in love, we told one another, he would, without a doubt, sing serenades and apostrophize the moon.

He did fall in love before he had been with us a year. His love-affair was a romance for the whole office. He came among us every morning glorified; he left us in the afternoon as a knight enters upon a quest.

He told us about the girl. We pictured her perfectly before we saw her, as a little thing, with a mop of curled brown hair; an oval face, pearl-tinted; wide, blue eyes. He dwelt on all her small perfections—the brows that swept across her forehead in a thin black line, the transparency of her slender hands, the straight set of her head on her shoulders, the slight halt in her speech like that of an enchanting child.

Yet she was not in the least a child. "She holds me up to my best, Miss Standish," Jimmie told me; "she says I can write."

We knew that Jimmie had written a few things, gay little poems that he showed us now and then in the magazines. But we had not taken them at all seriously. Indeed, Jimmie had not taken them seriously himself.

But now he took them seriously. "Elise says that I can do great things. That I must get out of the Department."

To the rest of us, getting out of the government service would have seemed a mad adventure. None of us would have had the courage to consider it. But it seemed a natural thing that Jimmie should fare forth on the broad highway—a modern D'Artagnan, a youthful Quixote, an Alan Breck—!

We hated to have him leave. But he had consolation. "Of course you'll

Copyright, 1920, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

come and see us. We're going back to my old house in Albemarle. It's a rotten shack, but Elise says it will be a corking place for me to write. And you'll all come down for week-ends."

We felt, I am sure, that it was good of him to ask us, but none of us expected that we should ever go. We had a permonition that Elise wouldn't want the deadwood of Jimmie's former Division. I know that for myself, I was content to think of Jimmie happy in his old house. But I never really expected to see it. I had reached the point of expecting nothing except the day's work, my dinner at the end, a night's sleep, and the same thing over again in the morning.

Yet Jimmie got all of us down, not long after he was married, to what he called a housewarming. He had inherited a few pleasant acres in Virginia, and the house was two hundred years old. He had never lived in it until he came with Elise. It was in rather shocking condition, but Elise had managed to make it habitable by getting it scrubbed very clean, and by taking out everything that was not in keeping with the oldness and quaintness. The resulting effect was bare but beautiful. There were a great many books, a few oil-portraits, mahogany sideboards and tables and four-poster beds, candles in sconces and in branched candlesticks. They were married in April, and when we went down in June poppies were blowing in the wide grass spaces, and honeysuckle rioting over the low stone walls. I think we all felt as if we had passed through purgatory and had entered heaven. I know I did, because this was the kind of thing of which I had dreamed, and there had been a time when I, too, had wanted to write.

The room in which Jimmie wrote was in a little detached house, which had once been the office of his doctor grandfather. He had his typewriter out there, and a big desk, and from the window in front of his desk he could look out on green slopes and the distant blue of mountain ridges.

We envied him and told him so.

"Well, I don't know," Jimmie said. "Of course I'll get a lot of work done. But I'll miss your darling old heads bending over the other desks."

"You couldn't work, Jimmie," Elise reminded him, "with other people in the room."

"Perhaps not. Did I tell you old dears that I am going to write a play?"

That was, it seems, what Elise had had in mind for him from the beginning—a great play!

"She wouldn't even have a honeymoon"—Jimmie's arm was around her; "she brought me here, and got this room ready the first thing."

"Well, he mustn't be wasting time," said Elise, "must he? Jimmie's rather wonderful, isn't he?"

They seemed a pair of babies as they stood there together. Elise had on a childish one-piece pink frock, with sleeves above the elbow, and an organdie sash. Yet, intuitively, the truth came to me—she was ages older than Jimmie in spite of her twenty years to his twenty-four. Here was no Juliet, flaming to the moon—no mistress whose steed would gallop by wind-swept roads to midnight trysts. Here was, rather, the cool blood that had sacrificed a honeymoon—*and, oh, to honeymoon with Jimmie Harding!*—for the sake of an ambitious future.

She was telling us about it. "We can always have a honeymoon, Jimmie and I. Some day, when he is famous, we'll have it. But now we must not."

"I picked out the place"—Jimmie was eager—"a dip in the hills, and big pines— And then Elise wouldn't."

We went in to lunch after that. The table was lovely and the food delicious. There was batterbread, I remember, and an omelette, and peas from the garden.

Duncan Street and I talked all the way home of Jimmie and his wife. He didn't agree with me in the least about Elise. "She'll be the making of him. Such wives always are."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

But I held that he would lose something,—that he would not be the same Jimmie.

Jimmie wrote plays and plays. In between he wrote pot-boiling books. The pot-boilers were needed, because none of his plays were accepted. He used to stop in our office and joke about it.

"If it wasn't for Elise's faith in me, Miss Standish, I should think myself a poor stick. Of course, I can make money enough with my books and short stuff to keep things going, but it isn't just money that either of us is after."

Except when Jimmie came into the office we saw very little of him. Elise gathered about her the men and women who would count in Jimmie's future. The week-ends in the still old house drew not a few famous folk who loathed the commonplaceness of convivial atmospheres. Elise had old-fashioned flowers in her garden, delectable food, a library of old books. It was a heavenly change for those who were tired of cocktail parties, bridge-madness, illicit love-making. I could never be quite sure whether Elise really loved dignified living for its own sake, or whether she was sufficiently discriminating to recognize the kind of bait which would lure the fine souls whose presence gave to her hospitality the stamp of exclusiveness.

They had a small car, and it was when Jimmie motored up to Washington that we saw him. He had a fashion of taking us out to lunch, two at a time. When he asked me, he usually asked Duncan Street. Duncan and I have worked side by side for twenty-five years. There is nothing in the least romantic about our friendship, but I should miss him if he were to die or to resign from office. I have little fear of the latter contingency. Only death, I feel, will part us.

In our moments of reunion Jimmie always talked a great deal about himself. The big play was, he said, in the back of his mind. "Elise says that I can do it," he told us one day over our oysters, "and I am beginning to think that I can. I say, why can't you old dears in the office come down for Christmas, and I'll read you what I've written."

We were glad to go. There were to be no other guests, and I found out afterward that Elise rarely invited any of their fashionable friends down in winter. The place showed off better in summer with the garden, and the vines hiding all deficiencies.

We arrived in a snow-storm on Christmas Eve, and when we entered the house there was a roaring fire on the hearth. I hadn't seen a fire like that for thirty years. You may know how I felt when I knelt down in front of it and warmed my hands.

The candles in sconces furnished the only other illumination. Elise, moving about the shadowy room, seemed to draw light to herself. She wore a flame-colored velvet frock and her curly hair was tucked into a golden net. I think that she had planned the medieval effect deliberately, and it was a great success. As she flitted about like a brilliant bird, our eyes followed her. My eyes, indeed, drank of her, like new wine. I have always loved color, and my life has been drab.

I spoke of her frock when she showed me my room.

"Oh, do you like it?" she asked. "Jimmie hates to see me in dark things. He says that when I wear this he can see his heroine."

"Is she like you?"

"Not a bit. She is rather untamed. Jimmie does her very well. She positively gallops through the play."

"And do you never gallop?"

She shook her head. "It's a good thing that I don't. If I did, Jimmie would never write. He says that I keep his nose to the grindstone. It isn't that, but I love him too much to let him squander his talent. If he had no talent, I should love him without it. But, having it, I must hold him up to it."

She was very sure of herself, very sure of the rightness of her attitude toward

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Jimmie. "I know how great he is," she said, as we went down, "and other people don't. So I've got to prove it."

It was at dinner that I first noticed a change in Jimmie. It was a change which was hard to define. Yet I missed something in him—the enthusiasm, the buoyancy, the almost breathless radiance with which he had rekindled our dying fires. Yet he looked young enough and happy enough as he sat at the table in his velvet studio coat, with his crisp, burnt-gold hair catching the light of the candles. He and his wife were a handsome pair. His manner to her was perfect. There could be no question of his adoration.

After dinner we had the tree. It was a young pine set up at one end of the long dining-room, and lighted in the old fashion by red wax candles. There were presents on it for all of us. Jimmie gave me an adorably illustrated *Mother Goose*.

"You are the only other child here, Miss Standish," he said, as he handed it to me. "I saw this in a book-shop, and couldn't resist it."

We looked over the pictures together. They were enchanting. All the bells of old London rang out for a wistful Whittington in a ragged jacket; Bo-Peep in panniers and pink ribbons wailed for her historic sheep; Mother Hubbard, quaint in a mammoth cap, pursued her fruitless search for bones. There was, too, an entrancing Boy Blue who wound his horn, a sturdy darling with his legs planted far apart and distended rosy cheeks.

"That picture is worth the price of the whole book," said Jimmie, and hung over it. Then suddenly he straightened up. "There should be children in this old house."

I knew then what I had missed from the tree. Elise had a great many gifts—exquisite trifles sent to her by sophisticated friends—a wine-jug of seventeenth-century Venetian glass, a bag of Chinese brocade with handles of carved ivory, a pair of ancient silver buckles, a box of rare lacquer filled with Oriental sweets, a jade pendant, a crystal ball on a bronze base—all of them lovely, all to be exclaimed over; but the things I wanted were drums and horns and candy canes, and tarletan bags, and popcorn chains, and things that had to be wound up, and things that whistled, and things that squawked, and things that sparkled. And Jimmie wanted these things, but Elise didn't. She was perfectly content with her elegant trifles.

It was late when we went out finally to the studio. There was snow everywhere, but it was a clear night with a moon above the pines. A great log burned in the fireplace, a shaded lamp threw a circle of gold on shining mahogany. It seemed to me that Jimmie's writing quarters were even more attractive in December than in June.

Yet, looking back, I can see that to Jimmie the little house was a sort of prison. He loved men and women, contact with his own kind. He had even liked our dingy old office and our dreary, dried-up selves. And here, day after day, he sat alone—as an artist must sit if he is to achieve—*es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille*.

We sat around the fire in deep leather chairs, all except Elise, who had a cushion on the floor at Jimmie's feet.

He read with complete absorption, and when he finished he looked at me. "What do you think of it?"

I had to tell the truth. "It isn't your masterpiece."

He ran his fingers through his hair with a nervous gesture. "I told Elise that it wasn't."

"But the girl"—Elise's gaze held hot resentment—"is wonderful. Surely you can see that."

"She doesn't seem quite real."

"Then Jimmie shall make her real." Elise laid her hand lightly on her husband's shoulder. Her gown and golden net were all flame and sparkle, but her voice was cold. "He shall make her real."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"No"—it seemed to me that as he spoke Jimmie drew away from her hand—"I am not going to rewrite it, Elise. I'm tired of it."

"Jimmie!"

"I'm tired of it—"

"Finish it, and then you'll be free—"

"Shall I ever be free?" He stood up and turned his head from side to side, as if he sought some way of escape. "Shall I ever be free? I sometimes think that you and I will stick to this old house until we grow as dry as dust. I want to live, Elise! I want to live—!"

But Elise was not ready to let Jimmie live. To her, Jimmie the artist was more than Jimmie the lover. I may have been unjust, but she seemed to me a sort of mental vampire, who was sucking Jimmie's youth. Duncan Street snorted when I told him what I thought. Elise was a pretty woman, and a pretty woman in the eyes of men can do no wrong.

"You'll see," I said, "what she'll do to him."

The situation was to me astounding. Here was Life holding out its hands to Elise, glory of youth demanding glorious response, and she, incredibly, holding back. In spite of my gray hair and stiff figure, I am of the galloping kind, and my soul followed Jimmie Harding's in its quest for freedom.

But there was one thing that Elise could not do. She could not make Jimmie rewrite his play. "I'll come to it some day," he said, "but not yet. In the mean time I'll see what I can do with books."

He did a great deal with books, so that he wrote several best-sellers. This eased the financial situation and they might have had more time for things. But Elise still kept him at it. She wanted to be the wife of a great man.

Yet as the years went on, Duncan and I began to wonder if her hopes would be realized. Jimmie wrote and wrote. He was successful in a commercial sense, but fame did not come to him. There was gray in his burnt-gold hair; his shoulders acquired a scholarly droop, and he wore glasses on a black ribbon. It was when he put on glasses that I began to feel a thousand years old. Yet always when he was away from me I thought of him as the Jimmie whose youth had shone with blinding radiance.

His constancy to Duncan and to me began to take on a rather pathetic quality. The others in the office drifted gradually out of his life. Some of them died, some of them resigned, some of them worked on, plump or wizened parodies of their former selves. I was stouter than ever, and stiffer, and the top of Duncan's head was a shining cone. And the one interesting thing in our otherwise dreary days was Jimmie.

"You're such darling old dears," was his pleasant way of putting it.

But Duncan dug up the truth for me. "We knew him before he wrote. He gets back to that when he is with us."

I had grown to hate Elise. It was not a pleasant emotion, and I am not sure that she really deserved it. But Duncan hated her, too. "You're right," he said one day when we had lunched with Jimmie; "she's sucked him dry." Jimmie had been unusually silent. He had laughed little. He had tapped the table with his finger, and had kept his eyes on his finger. He had been absent-minded. "She has sucked him dry," said Duncan, with great heat.

But she hadn't. That was the surprising thing. Just as we were all giving up hope of Jimmie's proving himself something more than a hack, he did the great thing and the wonderful thing that years ago Elise had prophesied. His play, "The Gay Cockade," was accepted by a New York manager, and after the first night the world went wild about it.

I had helped Jimmie with the name. I had spoken once of youth as a gay cockade. "That's a corking title," Jimmie had said, and had written it in his note-book.

When his play was put in rehearsal, Duncan and I were there to see. We

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

took our month's leave, traveled to New York, and stayed at an old-fashioned boarding-house in Washington Square. Every day we went to the theater. Elise was always there, looking younger than ever in the sables bought with Jimmie's advance royalty, and with various gowns and hats which were the by-products of his best-sellers.

The part of the heroine of "The Gay Cockade" was taken by Ursula Simms. She was, as those of you who have seen her know, a Rosalind come to life. With an almost boyish frankness she combined feminine witchery. She had glowing red hair, a voice that was gay and fresh, a temper that was hot. She galloped through the play as Jimmie had meant that she should gallop in that first poor draft which he had read to us in Albemarle, and it was when I saw Ursula in rehearsal that I realized what Jimmie had done—he had embodied in his heroine all the youth that he had lost—she stood for everything that Elise had stolen from him—for the wildness, the impetuosity, the passion which swept away prudence and went neck to nothing to fulfilment.

Indeed, the whole play partook of the madness of youth. It bubbled over. Everybody galloped to a rollicking measure. We laughed until we cried. But there was more than laughter in it. There was the melancholy which belongs to tender years set in exquisite contrast to the prevailing mirth.

Jimmie had a great deal to do with the rehearsals. Several times he challenged Ursula's reading of the part.

"You must not give your kisses with such ease," he told her upon one occasion; "the girl in the play has never been kissed."

She shrugged her shoulders and ignored him. Again he remonstrated. "She's frank and free," he said. "Make her that. Make her that. Men must fight for her favors."

She came to it at last, helped by that Rosalind-like quality in herself. She was young, as he had wanted Elise to be, clean-hearted, joyous—girlhood at its best.

Gradually Jimmie ceased to suggest. He would sit beside us in the dimness of the empty auditorium, and watch her as if he drank her in. Now and then he would laugh a little, and say, under his breath: "How did I ever write it? How did it ever happen?"

Elise, on the other side of him, said, at last, "I knew you could do it, Jimmie."

"You thought I could do great things. You never knew I could do—this—"

It was toward the end of the month that Duncan said to me one night as we rode home on the top of a 'bus, "You don't suppose that he—"

'Elise thinks it," I said. "It's waking her up."

Elise and Jimmie had been married fifteen years, and had never had a honeymoon, not in the sense that Jimmie wanted it—an adventure in romance, to some spot where they could forget the world of work, the world of sordid things, the world that was making Jimmie old. Every summer Jimmie had asked for it, and always Elise had said, "Wait."

But now it was Elise who began to plan. "When your play is produced, we'll run away somewhere. Do you remember the place you always talked about—up in the hills?"

He looked at her through his round glasses. "I can't get away from this"—he waved his hand toward the stage.

"If it's a success you can, Jimmie."

"It will be a success. Ursula Simms is a wonder. Look at her, Elise. Look at her!"

Duncan and I could look at nothing else. As many times as I had seen her in the part, I came to it always eagerly. It was her great scene—where the girl, breaking free from all that has bound her, takes the hand of her vagabond lover and goes forth, leaving behind wealth and a marriage of distinction, that she may wander across the moors and down on the sands, with the wild

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

wind in her face, the stars for a canopy!

It tugged at our hearts. It would tug, we knew, at the heart of any audience. It was the human nature in us all which responded. Not one of us but would have broken bonds. Oh, youth, youth! Is there anything like it in the whole wide world?

I do not think that it tugged at the heart of Elise. Her heart was not like that. It was a stay-at-home heart. A workaday-world heart. Elise would never under any circumstance have gone forth with a vagabond on a wild night.

But here was Ursula doing it every day. On the evening of the first dress-rehearsal she wore clothes that showed her sense of fitness. As if in casting off conventional restraints, she renounced conventional attire; she came down to her lover wrapped in a cloak of the deep-purple bloom of the heather of the moor, and there was a pheasant's feather in her cap.

"*May you never regret it, my dear, my dear,*" said the lover on the stage.

"*I shall love you for a million years,*" said Ursula, and we felt that she would, and that love was eternal, and that any woman might have it if she would put her hand in her lover's and run away with him on a wild night!

And it was the genius of Jimmie Harding that made us feel that the thing could be done. He sat forward in his chair, his arms on the back of the seat in front of him. "Jove!" he kept saying under his breath. "It's the real thing. It's the real thing—"

When the scene was over, he went on the stage and stood by Ursula. Elise from her seat watched them. Ursula had taken off the cap with the pheasant's feather. Her glorious hair shone like copper, her hand was on her hip, her little swagger matched the swagger that we remembered in the old Jimmie. I wondered if Elise remembered.

I am not sure what made Ursula care for Jimmie Harding. He was no longer a figure for romance. But she did care. It was, perhaps, that she saw in him the fundamental things which belonged to both of them, and which did not belong to Elise.

As the days went on I was sorry for Elise. I should never have believed that I could be sorry, but I was. Jimmie was always punctiliously polite to her. But he was only that.

"She's getting what she deserves," Duncan said, but I felt that she was, perhaps, getting more than she deserved. For, after all, it was she who had kept Jimmie at it, and it was her keeping him at it which had brought success.

Neither Duncan nor I could tell how Jimmie felt about Ursula. But the thought of her troubled my sleep. Stripped of her art, she was not in the least the heroine of Jimmie's play. She was of coarser clay, commoner. And Jimmie was fine. The fear I had was that he might clothe her with the virtues which he had created, and the thought, as I have said, troubled me.

At last Duncan and I had to go home, although we promised to return for the opening night. Ursula gave a farewell supper for us. She lived alone with a housekeeper and maid. Her apartment was furnished in good taste, with, perhaps, a touch of over-emphasis. The table had unshaded purple candles and heather in glass dishes. Ursula wore woodland green, with a chaplet of heather about her glorious hair. Elise was in white with pearls. She was thirty-five, but she did not look it. Ursula was older, but she would always be in a sense ageless, as such women are—one would thrill to Sara Bernhardt were she seventeen or seventy.

Jimmie seemed to have dropped the years from him. He was very confident of the success of his play. "It can't fail," he said, "with Ursula to make it sure—"

I wondered whether it was Ursula or Elise who had made it sure. Could he ever have written it if Elise had not

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

kept him at it? Yet she had stolen his youth!

And now Ursula was giving his youth back to him! As I saw the cock of his head, heard the ring of his gay laughter, I felt that it might be so. And suddenly I knew that I didn't want Jimmie to be young again. Not if he had to take his youth from the hands of Ursula Simms!

There were many toasts before the supper ended—and the last one Jimmie drank "To Ursula"! As he stood up to propose it, his glasses dangled from their ribbon, his shoulders were squared. In the soft and shaded light we were spared the gray in his hair—it was the old Jimmie, gay and gallant!

"To Ursula!" he said, and the words sparkled. "To Ursula!"

I looked at Elise. She might have been the ghost of the woman who had flamed in the old house in Albemarle. In her white and pearls she was shadowy, unsubstantial, almost spectral, but she raised her glass. "To Ursula!" she said.

All the way home on the train Duncan and I talked about it. We were scared to death. "Oh, he mustn't, he must not," I kept saying, and Duncan snorted.

"He's a young fool. She's not the woman for him—"

"Neither of them is the woman," I said, "but Elise has made him—"

"No man was ever held by gratitude."

"He'd hate Ursula in a year."

"He thinks he'd live—"

"And lose his soul—"

Jimmie's play opened to a crowded house. There had been extensive advertising, and Ursula had a great following.

Elise and Duncan and I had seats in an upper box. Elise sat where she was hidden by the curtains. Jimmie came and went unseen by the audience. Between acts he was behind the scenes. Elise had little to say. Once she reached over and laid her hand on mine.

"I—I think I'm frightened," she said, with a catch of her breath.

"It can't fail, my dear—"

"No, of course. But it's very different from what I expected."

"What is different?"

"Success."

As the great scene came closer, I seemed to hold my breath. I was so afraid that the audience might not see it as we had seen it at rehearsal. But they did see it, and it was a stupendous thing to sit there and watch the crowd, and know that Jimmie's genius was making its heart beat fast and faster. When Ursula in her purple cloak and pheasant's feather spoke her lines at the end of the third act, "*I shall love you for a million years,*" the house went wild. Men and women who had never loved for a moment roared for this woman who had made them think they could love until eternity. They wanted her back and they got her. They wanted Jimmie and they got him. Ursula made a speech; Jimmie made a speech. They came out for uncounted curtain-calls, hand-in-hand. The play was a success!

The last act was, of course, an anti-climax. Before it was finished, Elise said to me, in a stifled voice, "I've got to get back to Jimmie."

It seemed significant that Jimmie had not come to her. Surely he had not forgotten the part she had played. For fifteen years she had worked for this.

We found ourselves presently behind the scenes. The curtain was down, the audience was still shouting, everybody was excited, everybody was shaking hands. The stage-people caught at Elise as she passed, and held her to offer congratulations. I was not held and went on until I came to where Jimmie and Ursula stood, a little separate from the rest. Although I went near enough to touch them, they were so absorbed in each other that they did not see me. Ursula was looking up at Jimmie and his head was bent to her.

"Jimmie," she said, and her rich voice above the tumult was clear as a bell, "do you know how great you are?"

"Yes," he said. "I—I feel a little drunk with it, Ursula."

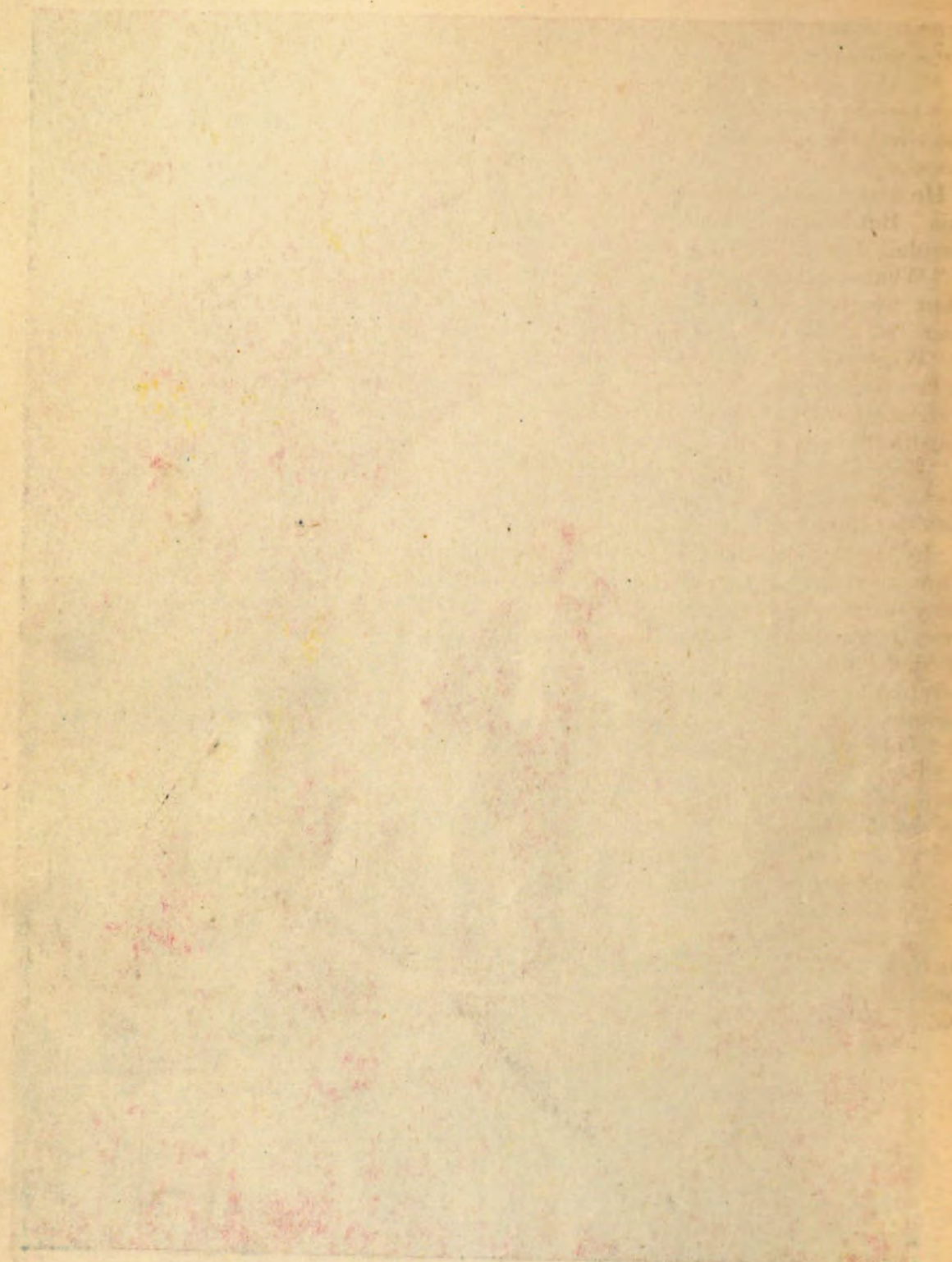
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by C. E. Chambers

THEY CAME OUT FOR UNCOUNTED CURTAIN-CALLS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Oh," she said, and now her words stumbled, "I—I love you for it. Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie, let's run away and love for a million years—"

All that he had wanted was in her words—the urge of youth, the beat of the wind, the song of the sea. My heart stood still.

He drew back a little. He had wanted this. But he did not want it now—with Ursula. I saw it and she saw it.

"What a joke it would be," he said, "but we have other things to do, my dear."

"What things?"

The roar of the crowd came louder to their ears. "Harding, Harding! Jimmie Harding!"

"Listen," he said, and the light in his eyes was not for her. "Listen, Ursula, they're calling me."

She stood alone after he had left her. I am sure that even then she did not quite believe it was the end. She did not know how, in all the years, his wife had molded him.

When he had satisfied the crowd, Jimmie fought his way to where Elise and Duncan and I stood together.

Elise was wrapped in a great cloak of silver brocade. There was a touch of silver, too, in her hair. But she had never seemed to me so small, so childish.

"Oh, Jimmie," she said, as he came up, "you've done it!"

"Yes"—he was flushed and laughing, his head held high—"you always said I could do it. And I shall do it again. Did you hear them shout, Elise?"

"Yes."

"Jove! I feel like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, 'Alack-a-daisy, do this be I?'" He was excited, eager, but it was not the old eagerness. There was an avidity, a greediness.

She laid her hand on his arm. "You've earned a rest, dearest. Let's go up in the hills."

"In the hills? Oh, we're too old, Elise."

"We'll grow young."

"To-night I've given youth to the world. That's enough for me"—the light in his eyes was not for her—"that's enough for me. We'll hang around New York for a week or two, and then we'll go back to Albemarle. I want to get to work on another play. It's a great game, Elise. It's a great game!"

She knew then what she had done. Here was a monster of her own making. She had sacrificed her lover on the altar of success. Jimmie needed her no longer.

I would not have you think this an unhappy ending. Elise has all that she had asked, and Jimmie, with fame for a mistress, is no longer an unwilling captive in the old house. The prisoner loves his prison, welcomes his chains.

But Duncan and I talk at times of the young Jimmie who came years ago into our office. The Jimmie Harding who works down in Albemarle, and who struts a little in New York when he makes his speeches, is the ghost of the boy we knew. But he loves us still.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

SPECIOUS INTERNATIONALISM

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

MEN cannot live without vision; but wise men distinguish between those visions which are based on reality and those which are pure moonshine. If we survey human progress as a flight, in which man passes from the attainment of one ideal to another, as a bird flits from perch to perch, we shall see that the later ideal always got its impetus from the *best* in the preceding one. In so far as it was practical, in so far it was realizable. Somebody has recently amended Emerson's stimulating saying to read, "It is better to hitch your wagon to a star than to a machine-gun."

The tragedy of ideals is that the false take just as strong a hold on many minds as do the true. From this come frantic sacrifices, collisions, wars, and the pursuit to the bitter end of wrong causes. Many good and some religious persons held that slavery was an institution ordained by God, and therefore deserving defense and preservation. Other persons, who saw the real moral aspect of things, rejected slavery as a horrible survival of a barbarous standard in mankind's development. Does any one question now which was right?

To-day, more than ever before in history, it behooves sober, sane, and righteous minds to search thoroughly the visions and ideals which shoot up into the dark of our ignorance and doubts like rockets into the sky of a starless night. We must never lose our reverence for the ideal, never wrap round our brain and heart an asbestos non-conductor of indifference or selfishness, to prevent us from burning with the fires of the ideal. We must be worthy to join that immortal band, of whom O'Shaughnessy sang in lines that deserve to be immortal:

> We are the music-makers,
> And we are the dreamers of dreams,
> Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
> And sitting by desolate streams;
> World-losers and world-forsakers,
> On whom the pale moon gleams:
> Yet we are the movers and shakers
> Of the world for ever, it seems.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> One man with a dream, at pleasure,
> Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
> And three with a new song's measure
> Can trample a kingdom down.
>
> We, in the ages lying
> In the buried past of the earth,
> Built Nineveh with our sighing,
> And Babel itself in our mirth;
> And o'erthrew them with prophesying
> To the old of the new world's worth;
> For each age is a dream that is dying,
> Or one that is coming to birth.

We must take care that our visions build up, and that we destroy the old, not by an angry and barren destruction, but by the substitution of something new which is better than the old. Our song—that is, our concrete social policy—must not alone shake down Nineveh and Babel into ruins, but must use them as the foundations for nobler communities.

The song which some men have been singing or raucously shouting for sixty years past is Internationalism, which has been a siren's song to many, luring them onto the rocks, and to others a succession of wild shrieks which a passer-by might hear from the open windows of an insane-asylum. Men came very early

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to understand that, if they were to live together at all, they must agree to curb those individual and selfish passions which prevented them from living peaceably with their neighbors. The checks and prohibitions were usually embodied in their religion. By a very natural process, the conception grew that all men are brothers, and that just as many individuals make up a community, and as communities make up a state, and states or provinces expand into a nation, so all nations may, in vision at least, be regarded as forming a still larger unity, which shall be governed by certain common principles and be drawn together in a common harmony which shall swallow up local or selfish discords. This "federation of the world," this "parliament of man," has been a dream which for generations has possessed poets and prophets, and even "practical men." It has lately reappeared in a new form to bring inspiration and hope to a world deluged in blood. Long before this, however, one group of society set about putting Internationalism into practice.

This was a group from the labor class. In 1862 some French workmen went over to visit the Exhibition at London, with the thought of learning what their English neighbors were doing in mechanical inventions, and of profiting thereby. They had many talks with English working-men and the suggestion followed that it would be advantageous for each if they should form a union to confer from time to time on conditions of labor in several countries. Accordingly, two years later the International Working-men's Association was organized at London with members not only from France and England, but from other European countries, and with the purpose of discussing the social, rather than the political, side of the question. But, inevitably, the political aspect began to take the lead. Working-men could not long discuss the conditions in which they lived without going on to discuss improvements. And these could come about through political action only. From the start, most of the members were Socialists, and, as always happens, the more vehement and radical among them swayed the organization.

The International accepted two conclusions which theorists had been preaching for a long time past. First, that in the industrial system which inventions and increased efficiency in manufacturing had created the volume of wealth had enormously increased, but the share of it which went to the working-man had not increased proportionately. Secondly, that the remedy must lie with the working-men themselves, because they could not expect that the capitalistic class which exploited them would voluntarily give them a larger share of the profits. The more moderate planned to force the capitalists to do them justice through political action; but the slow and gradual process which this would require did not suit the extremists, who preferred the swift and violent method of revolution.

The International held annual congresses at Geneva, Lausanne, Brussels, and Bâle, and by 1870 it had a large number of members from the United States as well as from eastern Europe. But dissensions between the party of Revolution and the Moderates were by this time so furious that the association began to split into irreconcilable factions. In March, 1871, after the Prussians had defeated the French, and Paris was left almost unguarded, the Commune seized the city and ruled it during two months. The Commune was composed of the most violent wing of the International, together with anarchists and just downright cutthroats who did not take the trouble to disguise their purpose under the pretense of trying to establish a political Utopia. They committed atrocities which recalled the Reign of Terror of 1793. The Paris Commune of 1871, however, was not identical with the International, which did not, as a body, join or direct it, although many Internationalists took part in it on their individual motion and engaged

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in its ferocious orgies. But the general council of the association in London shortly after put forth a manifesto approving the Commune and its acts and applauding the "glorious vanquished." The majority of the working-men were still sensitive to human issues, and they turned away from the policy of blood and crime. The International lost its hold over them and speedily declined. Although Karl Marx had signed the manifesto at London in praise of the extremists, he fell back into the position of leader of the orthodox Socialists, and the Russian, Bakunine, had undisputed ascendancy over the party of violence.

The movement of the International Working-men's Association, which lasted less than ten years, but set up while it lasted a menace to the established governments and to the industrial system then prevailing, taught several lessons, of which I shall lay stress on one only here. This was the power exercised by the word "International." The idea went on, although the association itself broke up. Labor-unions increased in number in the several countries, and they conducted strikes and campaigns for their local interests, but they never quite lost the belief that if they could form International affiliations they would immensely strengthen themselves and at last effect that conquest of the world by the proletariat which they were beginning to regard as a dream that might be realized. The clumsy word "proletariat," which originally was used almost contemptuously and was applied to the very lowest social classes, came, more and more, to embrace the working-men's class also, and now is often applied, though not correctly, to labor in general.

Before 1914, when the Great War broke out, the proletariat and labor class in each country had again developed strong international attachments. We were told that the working-men of Germany, or of France, or of Italy, or of Russia, or of the United States set international considerations above national. When the war came, and during its progress, it certainly seemed suspicious that these national organizations had a strange preference for Germany, and that this preference was so strong that whenever the test came, most of them favored the Germans. Trotzky and Lenine, the Russian leaders, actually sold out to Kaiser William's intriguers, and by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk consented to terms which would have made Russia the permanent vassal of Germany if the German Imperial tyranny had not been itself shattered by the Allies. As it is, no clear-seeing observer can fail to note that the present Bolshevist Russia is likely to be strangled by reorganized Germany.

Whether they were consistent in their action or not, the chief propagandists shouted more and more vehemently for the International ideal, and one is not surprised to find that a good many pacifists and other persons, who are more benevolent than clear in thought or in moral principles, took up the cry that we must have done with the narrow barriers of nations, and establish an International world, in which there are no divisions of nation or race, tribe or creed. Their callow enthusiasm is a common symptom of our time. Everybody is so convinced that much is wrong with the world that he is ready to hug any unbalanced Utopian scheme which the first addle-brained fanatic may propose; and he exultantly votes to throw over all the good which the experience of mankind during the last three or four thousand years has proved to be good. If you confront these rainbow-chasers with certain hard facts—by the fact, for instance, that there is no rainbow—they turn upon you like a lioness on the hunter who threatens her cubs and denounce you for being too narrow and selfish to be able to understand the glorious prospect which Internationalism opens before you. They heap odium upon you as one who would block the coming of universal peace, brotherhood, and hap-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

piness. This propensity for throwing over immemorial good at the suggestion of the first sentimentalist is one of the most ominous signs of our crisis, because it indicates that among great masses of people there exists hardly an understanding of the foundations on which men can live together in communities. Hence it follows that, having no standard, they are ready to accept the whim of any agitator as the law which all mankind should obey. Some fanatic, ignorant of past history, ignorant of present needs and customs, never having had the experience of governing a village, much less a great city or a state, presumes to tell his fellows and the rest of us how to reform society.

This is the age of the expert, when the man at the top, whether he be a locomotive engineer, or the engineer on a steamship, or the artisan in a factory, or the driver of even an automobile, must be trained. In government alone, including under that word the direction of the affairs of labor, is the ignoramus, the inexperienced, the unskilled allowed to lead. Here is a paradox! In every field, except the most important, the expert cannot be dispensed with. I do not believe that the masses wilfully prefer the man of ignorance to the expert and knower. Government, as the masses see it, is not an affair of exact knowledge, nor are the relations of labor and capital. Passions determine these. So the agitator who can rouse and sway passions holds the masses in his control, and to do this he need not to be an expert in machinery. Now passions usually fix on what the individual or the class wants, and not on what is right, and this has applied as much to the capitalist class as to the labor class. Accordingly, the war between capital and labor has been a conflict between antagonistic desires or greeds, until now the agitator does not hesitate to urge the masses of labor whom he controls to demand everything, and he tells them that, by destroying capital and the capitalistic class, they can absorb society and be themselves—to use the expressive slang which all classes use and understand—"the whole thing." Since the agitator has nothing himself, it costs him nothing to give everything away. He can dispose of the sun and solar system as easily as of the earth.

If he sincerely believes what he preaches the agitator is mentally not above the masses whom he instigates; if he does not believe it he is a scoundrel and a knave. What shall we say of the college professors who incite mobs, and, while living as luxuriously as professors are expected to live in the bourgeois class to which they belong, pretend to be ready to throw in their lot with the most pinched proletarians. The time has come when all parties should insist that leaders, and especially the leaders who advocate the destruction of society, should be sincere and consistent. We have had enough of the rich propagandists who toy with Bolshevism and revolution while they continue to enjoy dividends drawn from the very industrial operations which they denounce. Society ladies who open their drawing-rooms to "parlor Bolshevists" and sit at their feet are particularly nauseating. In a sane community they and the deceitful college professors could not exist. Under sterner conditions they would be handcuffed together and bundled off to a desert to talk one another to death. Before the French Revolution there were many such creatures, and the grand ladies in their damask dresses and high, powdered hair not only patronized them, but made believe that they themselves were peasants and preferred the idyllic life of what corresponded then to the proletariat.

That engaging person, Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the venerable leader of the Marxian orthodox Socialists in England, a man who has made a large fortune himself, parries the criticism that the rich ought not to go on teaching Socialism while they cling to their wealth by replying that it would do no good for a few rich Socialists to give away their

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

money and reduce themselves to the level of comparative paupers. Only when society as a whole adopts Socialism would such deprivation be justified by reason and common sense. Common sense! Why do not Mr. Hyndman and his fellow-doctrinaires allow it to stray more often into their meditations? Why do they listen to it only when it counsels them to cling to their fortunes and privileges and comforts? The early Christians did not wait until all society in their time should become Christian before making every sacrifice, including their own lives, for their Christian belief. The Pilgrims and Puritans who came to the Massachusetts wilderness preferred hardship and deprivation rather than to submit to tyranny at home. The Quakers, who founded Pennsylvania, were sincere people, "acting the law they lived by without fear, in scorn of consequence." I have heard that "philosophical" revolutionists and ladies who pet parlor Bolshevists shield themselves behind Emerson's famous dictum, "Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." Little indeed do they, or any of the other subverters of morals and of social integrity, understand Emerson when they appeal to him for justification. In this case they misquote him. Emerson said, "A *foolish* consistency," but they always take care to omit the word *foolish*, the very word which describes and overthrows them.

Now consider Internationalism, the universal cure-all which idealists, pious and political alike, press upon us as the remedy for human ills and the infallible preventer of public and private crimes. The Internationalist insists that Nationalism—that is, love of your own country before all others—has been outgrown; that at best it was a selfish ideal, the evident cause of much injustice toward other nations, and a constant provocative of war. You would not think now in terms of your native village, or even of your state—to do so would be too flagrantly narrow; and, if your soul and mind are attuned to the new key to which the world should move, you will be satisfied with nothing else than Internationalism, which merges in a single harmony all the separate elements and discords.

If the Internationalist vision fails to captivate you, they say, be sure that the fault is in yourself. You are weighted down and blinded by the dross of Nationalism. You must throw that over, abandon your cherished narrownesses, have faith, open your heart without reserve, and the beauty of the vision will be revealed to you. You must stop singing "My country, 'tis of *Thee*," and substitute "All countries, 'tis of *Ye*." You must cease to have any preference for your native land, and must regard it as ignoble to care more for the United States than for Celebes or for Yap. Only when you reach this stage of ideal impartiality in affection shall you be worthy to make the League of Nations function successfully.

To give up your country will, if you have any proper patriotic fibers, cause you many a painful wrench, and it will take you some time to convince yourself that your duty and your rational affection require you to care more for the concerns of the naked savages of Polynesia than for those of your fellow-citizens in the American town in which you dwell. The thoroughgoing Internationalist, however, has it so arranged that you will drop away from patriotism as painlessly as the ripe apple drops from its bough. For he plans to begin at the beginning and to destroy the family. The family is too obviously a center of selfishness. It encourages the parents to love their own children more than they do any other children. The mother and father carry parental depravity so far that they spend their whole lives toiling to make their children comfortable and happy, to ward off misery from them, and to deprive themselves of many things in order that they may be able to leave their young better provided with the real goods of life than

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

they were themselves. To the Internationalist such aims and sacrifices must seem depraved indeed. Amid such a system where does Internationalism come in which preaches that we must care frantically, though vaguely, for everybody more than we care for anybody? So the destruction of the idea of the family logically follows the adoption of Internationalism.

The family necessarily depends upon marriage. Naturally, therefore, marriage must be abolished, and this the most consistent of the Internationalists up to the present—to wit, the Bolshevists—have planned to do. According to their revelation, which they would substitute for the wisdom and virtue of the ages, they would declare that there should be no more husbands and wives, but that women should be nationalized —that is, treated as public property, as mere breeders, as creatures whom nature, strangely callous to the ideals of Internationalism, has made necessary to the perpetuation of the race.

Ideals? Is it ideal to degrade men and women to the level of the animals? The word has lost its meaning and, as used by the Internationalists, stands for all that is abominable. In this world of strange overturns, of tragic dissolutions and reformations, of the recurrent attack of the forces of Satan on the forces of God—in this world where the solid earth on which we walked seems in a flash to be molten into the crater of a volcano, where the truths which we thought eternal and immutable are suddenly hidden from us by clouds swirling up from the pit, where religions, politics, social customs and beliefs are swept as into a fiery caldron and melt like leaden images—there is one institution which shall endure—the family. Whatever civilization is not built on that cornerstone shall crumble away and totter, and fall, and great shall be the ruin thereof.

Nevertheless, Internationalism is set up as the goal alike of the Bolshevists and of those who yearn to establish conditions of perpetual peace. Both extremists, we assume, are sincere, and we have another shocking example that extremes meet, similar to that which we had during the recent war, when the pacifists did their utmost in behalf of the Germans, the most thoroughgoing advocates of war and most outrageous practisers of war in history. What causes the fatal flaw in Internationalism—the flaw which converts what should be a beneficent ideal into a terrible curse? Is it not the failure of the Internationalists to look reality in the face? Is it not their wilful disregard of nature? Internationalism is an abstraction which they arrive at by suppressing the concrete. Nature, however, is always concrete. Affection, passions, love, devotion, mean nothing unless they be concrete. Whoever heard of love for an abstract lover? Whoever heard of abstract self-sacrifice? The hold which Christianity has had over untold millions of worshipers has been owing to the fact that the religion was embodied in a Person — the Christ — whom each Christian could approach and worship as a Person. No abstraction, no list of ethical formulas can have such a hold on human individuals. The Jewish God of the Old Testament, also, whether called Jehovah or by another name, was a Person; His anger, His punishments, His vengeance, His loving-kindness and mercy were not abstractions.

But the Internationalists, blinding themselves to this fundamental truth in human nature, hope to attain an ideal through abstract means. The human individual is naturally self-centered and selfish. He begins by finding certain things indispensable to his life, and he makes an uproar until he gets them. But, according to nature's wise and simple plan, life, under normal conditions, draws him out of himself. Even as a little child, instinct causes him to love his father and mother, and then his sisters and brothers and his friends. So, before he grows up, he perceives that he is not an isolated individual, not the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pivot on which the world revolves, but a member of a family from which he receives and to which he gives unmeasured affection, and he feels obligations. His life expands. Neither his family nor his little circle of playmates is all-inclusive. He does not lose his affection for them, but he adds new interests and becomes a conscious member of a larger group. He has duties toward this group, which may be his profession, or trade, or the community in which they all flourish. I assume that he is normally right-minded, and that he will therefore wish to do his share in promoting the prosperity of the group, and that, as he comes to understand the principles which underlie the existence of his community, and state, and country, he will acknowledge his responsibility for keeping those principles unsullied and unshorn.

So, by a perfectly natural progress, the individual has learned unselfishness and patriotism, and he is ready to give his own life, if need be, in order to defend the country which embodies his ideals and contains his home, his family, his friends, and all else that is dear to him. The Internationalist, on the contrary, tries to persuade us that all these indispensable steps and methods which nature provides are useless. He rebukes us for being patriots; he tells us that patriotism is a deceptive and unworthy form of selfishness. He bids us escape from the swamps of Nationalism to the mountain-peak of Internationalism, where the air is pure and vision unobstructed and far. He even places a ladder for us to mount by, but when we approach it we find that it is an abstract ladder without rungs. But why should it have any, since it was intended to lead up to an equally abstract mountain-peak?

The idea that a person who has not passed through the preliminary stages of patriotism, implied in love of one's native town and state, and then in one's country, can swiftly develop out of nothing an overpowering passion for all nations seems a considerable feat, even for altruism which is unrestrained by the ordinary checks of time, place, and fact. What effete ancient was it who discovered that nothing can come from nothing? He thought with a fresh, clear mind unclouded by abstractions. A well-known gentleman who did very important service at the head of one of the great departments in Washington during the war said to me the other day: "I can't go their Internationalism. When I bit off the United States, I bit off more than I could swallow in the way the Internationalists do." Personally, I do not believe that the American Internationalist, who regards it as shameful selfishness to care more for the United States than for Paraguay or for Formosa, is a normal human being. The statesmen at the Capital who wring our hearts over reports of the starving natives of Spitzbergen do not on that account forego their own solid, and even luxurious, dinners. Let us be honest. Let us show reverence for facts. Let us refuse to stretch altruism to the breaking-point and to make of it a joke.

I would not deny that there may be persons who sincerely believe that they are Internationalists, but probably if you knew the life-history of each of them you would find that they had experienced previous patriotic loyalty; and that they earnestly desire to do good to all mankind, although they have abandoned their interest in local or national concerns.

When we come to the Bolshevists, however, the other class which professes Internationalism and springs directly from it, there is no hint of altruism. The Bolshevist leaders, from the moment they got control in Russia, have been actuated by the most frightful, selfish motives only. They are, indeed, the final embodiment of selfishness. They proclaim as an ideal that they alone and the class which they rule shall exist in the world, and that, therefore, all other classes shall be exterminated. They have not only preached this doctrine, but they have practised it, murdering without mercy tens of thousands of in-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

nocent persons, whose only crime it was that they were not proletarians. On the outskirts of the Russian cities and towns, when the snow melted last spring, the open spaces were loaded with long rows of corpses, men, women, and children, shot down during the autumn and left there by the Bolshevist murderers to be buried by the snow. The ferocity of the French Revolutionists during the Reign of Terror was mild compared with that of these Russian fiends, and the total number of French who were guillotined, or otherwise massacred under Robespierre or Saint-Just, was not a hundredth part of the victims of the Russian Terror.

The Bolshevists, like the ultra-virtuous Internationalists, disclaim having any country. But their Internationalism consists not in abandoning the love of their own country in order to love all countries, but in destroying all nations in order to establish the ascendancy of their working-class everywhere. They would throw over what men in many lands throughout the ages have regarded as ideals, because they have no ideal except their own material gratification. At one of the first places where they seized control the newspapers reported that they held a great mass-meeting, at which, unanimously and amid immense enthusiasm, a resolution was adopted to abolish God. Now God, however He be specially defined in different creeds, everywhere stands for the sum of men's conceptions of Good; quite logically, therefore, the Bolshevists, having no conception of Good, thought it a proof of their power to abolish God—that is, human aspiration toward, and belief in, Good. Had they known history, had they observed individuals on fire with the passion for the Good, they would have recognized that the votes of all the evil persons in the world could never abolish it. For the Bolshevists this act was mere bravado, which surely gave the measure of their insanity.

The Internationalists who, in 1862, came together in London in order to talk over their various trades and occupations, and to discuss how they could improve the efficiency of their work, and, incidentally, the condition of their workers, little thought that by organizing they would create the most monstrous and unsocial body which, under the form of Bolshevism, has blighted the world.

Why was it that from such a good intention such a horrible result has come? It was owing to the fact that the International Working-men's Association developed wholly for selfish aims. In a society which included all classes, rich and poor, high and low, industrialists and artists, capitalists and proletarians, it proposed to set apart the working-men's class and to subordinate all others to that. It preached that nothing should be tolerated which did not promote the welfare of that class, and, as its extremists pushed it further and further away from common sense and the ideal of equality, it lost its human compass. The welfare of the state was nothing in comparison with the interest of the association. Religion was nothing, and laws. The extremists taught that religion and laws had been devised by the dominant classes in order to keep the proletariat down. The priest was a more effectual policeman in disguise.

The man who fixes his attention wholly on his personal profit becomes, by an inexorable law which he cannot escape or abolish, selfish. The miser typifies him, whether he be a millionaire or a pauper. Not uncommonly the rich miser is persecuted in his old age by the hallucination that he will become penniless. The International Working-men's unions planned that government and society in each country should serve their private ends. So that, to-day, when many of the unions are really International, they can, by forcing a strike in several countries, greatly increase the suffering and the harm which it may do in one. Unions which carry on transportation and the distribution of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

food, or miners who produce fuel indispensable to heating the population in cold countries, and to industries, strike regardless of the effect they may have on the life and health of the people. This is absolute and hideous selfishness, and society cannot long be preserved when any section of it acts in such flagrant disregard of the good of all the rest.

Selfishness, carried to its logical conclusion, results either in Prussian autocratic tyranny or in Russian Bolshevism. Prussian tyranny, however, which was built up to benefit a comparatively small ring of militarist Junkers who used the monarch as their screen, so co-ordinated the other classes—the small nobles, the professors, the industrialists, the peasants, the boot-blacks—that each imagined it received a special benefit from the system. Bolshevist tyranny, on the other hand, considers only one class, the proletarian working-class, and if it could attain its ideal it would exterminate all other classes. It has done this, so far as it could, during its two years' strangling of parts of Russia. How many millions they have killed we do not know now, and probably never shall know. We read that in Riga alone twenty-three thousand persons were casually sniped in the streets, and that women vied with the men in the sport of sniping. In Petrograd, during accesses of murderous frenzy, throngs were shot, and the incompetence of the government to look after even the primitive sanitary needs of the city led to the death of eighty thousand of the population in a month. Starvation had, of course, its share in this frightful destruction of lives, but starvation was the direct result of Bolshevist misrule. And those of the bourgeoisie whom the Bolshevists spared they virtually enslaved, reducing them to penury and forcing them to the lowest forms of work.

But the climax of Bolshevist theory was the nationalization of women. I will not discuss this on its moral side, because it has no moral side, and anybody who thinks it is discussable as a system fit for any civilized society is either a moral pervert or a moral cretin. It is the final depravity to which selfishness leads. It proves that the insanity which is the tap-root of Bolshevism corrodes the intellect as well as the morals.

The truth which should sink into every American heart is that fanatics who think that the world can go on without marriage, without parental care, without filial love, announce themselves as the framers of a new and perfect government. If they should declare that they could make water run uphill or abolish the Rule of Three, or cause the sun to revolve round the earth, everybody would take them at their proper value and the genteelly intellectual ladies would not invite them to lecture in their drawing-rooms. The Bolshevist plan to bring up the next generation without any of the means which nature provides for developing the affection of parents for their children, and of children for their parents, and for constituting the family as the basis and pattern of all healthy social life. He expects to get from the young thus reared results which will serve his selfish purpose just as if the children grew up under normal, human conditions. As if incubator chickens could feel toward the kerosene lamp which caused them to hatch the rudimentary affection they would feel for their mother-hen!

Any such scheme for human breeding would be, of course, the ultimate exhibition of selfishness. Having made their class-interest supreme, the Bolshevists naturally sacrifice even the normal affections of their women and children to it. The worshipers of Moloch made great brass or bronze statues which they heated red-hot and threw victims into them to burn alive. Wherever Bolshevism prevails, Moloch worship prevails also among Bolshevists.

Such are the fruits of Internationalism. The mirage which flighty idealists mistook for vision led them to ignore or repudiate patriotism in order that they

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

might throb with the unselfish palpitation of Internationalism. They must not love their own country at all, in order that they might love all countries vehemently. In like manner, those victims of mirage who reject patriotism, local and national, because they think it narrows them and unfits them for superpatriotism, which they call Internationalism, do not seem to have intelligent understanding of either. So the Internationalism which culminates in Bolshevism and abolishes God, patriotism, and the family, and embodies the lowest forms of class greed and personal lust, condemns itself.

This condemnation, we may be sure, will extend to any form of society and to any political experiment in which the greed of a clique wishes to usurp the whole. The fatal defect in the labor-unions is that they merely propose to replace the selfishness of other classes by the selfishness of their own, and their selfishness, as we see in the case of the Bolshevists, is more abominable than any other, because they do not intend to allow any other class even to exist. The capitalistic class, on the contrary, whatever may be its iniquities, not only tolerates other classes, but recognizes the need of sharing its profit with them. The point in dispute is, what shall be the share of each. Class partitions are not so rigid or so impassable as the discontented suppose. Somebody lately computed that there are over thirty thousand millionaires in the United States. Of these it is a safe guess that twenty-five thousand were not born millionaires, but among them a few started as proletarians and the great majority without any capital. Twenty thousand of the whole became millionaires by virtue of the high wages and excessive profits which the government fostered during the recent war. In other words, the passage from the very poor to the very rich is still open. The late Andrew Carnegie started as a poor messenger-boy, and rose to be, at one time, the richest man in the world. John D. Rockefeller served as clerk for a wholesale commission firm, and is actually the richest person of whom there is any record; with his monthly revenue alone he could buy out Midas, and with his yearly income he could have financed any king or emperor in history. Every workman doubtless believes that if he had had Carnegie's chances he could have become a multimillionaire, too! But the truth is, that if every proletarian were given fifty thousand dollars as a starter, not one in a hundred thousand would make a fortune. A fortune comes from the ability of the man, not from the inanimate coin.

I am not concerned to defend or excuse capitalists or bourgeois in any of their practices which harm equity or equality. The much-talked-of industrial peace for which society is groping will never be found so long as the selfishness of any class predominates. Equalization, so far as justice demands, must be brought about before peace can ensue. But justice will certainly never mean that the loafer and drone shall receive the same share of the general product which the industrious receives, or that the dull and incompetent shall be paid an equal wage with the quick and able. Whether they intended this or not, the effect of the labor-unions has been to make no distinction in the quality of laborers, but to require that all should be paid alike, and thus they have made the standard of the worst the standard of all. By this means they have protected the incompetent, the unwilling, and the unworthy. In the long run, however, no society can prosper in which a large part of its members aims at doing as little and as badly as it can, and at receiving exorbitant pay for what it does.

The canker at the root of Internationalism, as preached by the partizans of labor, is incurable. The Internationalism they would set up would result in a world organized for the benefit of trades. What reason have we to imagine that in a world so organized the various trades would not compete among them-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

selves for supremacy? The plumbers, for instance, might get control, and then we should have the world run for the immediate purpose of enriching plumbers. Would the non-plumbing masses have any feeling of patriotism for such a community? Or perhaps the plumbers, like the Bolshevists to-day, would attempt to destroy all the other unions.

The disease which spreads over Europe and America at this time is selfishness. Can we possibly cure it by substituting the voracious selfishness of labor for that of capital? Selfishness resides in the heart, and its only cure must be a change of heart. Equally evident is it that the proposal of the Labor party to seize, take over, and manage all industries is absurd. The men who have made modern industry so extraordinarily productive are men of very unusual ability, who far outclass the walking delegates and leaders of the labor-unions. These latter excel in controlling the ignorant proletariat by filling them with demagogic formulas, and by exciting in them fabulous desires. But you cannot run a factory or a railroad by talk; and if the management of the railroads and mines and telegraphs and telephones and mills of the country were suddenly to be handed over to the walking delegates and the labor leaders an immense catastrophe, due to their ignorance, would follow. The intelligence of Mr. Gompers suffices for the American Federation of Labor, but I doubt whether it would secure him a position as superintendent of a cotton-mill.

Having such fatal defects in both heart and head, the control of the world by labor, national or international, does not seem to me to promise the attainment and perpetuation of industrial peace.

Not by cutting off or extirpating those organs by which men and nations in the past have risen highest toward perfection can the ideals of perfection be attained in the future. Human incubators can never develop in children unselfishness and affection, which come to them naturally in the family. The Internationalist who neglects or despises his native country can never feel toward other countries as can the man whom patriotism, by revealing to him the excellences and dearness of his home-land, causes to sympathize with the virtues of foreign lands. By patriotism I do not mean chauvinism. The chauvinist who brags and blusters and pours out jingo ravings over *his* country is not a patriot. As well suppose that the model father of a family must be a bully. New conditions, we commonly hear, call for new methods and machinery. But let us not forget that the human heart is the organ from which all governments and social orders proceed. Whatever contrivances for political, social, or industrial adjustments may be devised can only be makeshifts, temporary and incomplete, unless they issue from the Good, which lies at the bottom of the human heart.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE NERVOUS PIG

BY SUSAN GLASPELL

IF you were writing a book on the comparative civilizations of ancient and modern India, how would you like to have a young woman come bounding up to your window to tell you that the neighbor's pig had eight little pigs?

Horace Caldwell was displeased by the information; not so much by the information as by the method and time of acquiring it. He suspended his pen over the half-written word "indigent" (he had taken great pleasure in writing it, as it was so precisely the word) and looked at the head of Vivian Truce, which vibrated there above the window-box as though it were a flower above the flowers. He did not want to think of the comparative beauties of Vivian's face and nasturtiums; he wanted to think of the comparative attitudes toward women of ancient and modern Hindus. That was the trouble with Vivian. She took you from the thing you wanted to be thinking.

"*Eight!*" she squealed.

"Eight?" he repeated, helplessly, for the wind played lightly with her hair and through the nasturtium leaves—she made the Hindus remote. *That* was the trouble with her. She made things remote.

"*Eight,*" she said again, and her hands came up and fluttered with the leaves—fluttering Sanskrit back into obscurity!

"Eight," he announced after her, as if to let her know he was quite aware of the number of pigs the neighbor's pig had had. She continued to stand there, letting the breeze try this and that with her hair. "Well," he added, severely pushing back his own hair, as if in rebuke to all hair, "isn't that all right?"

Her nose went down into a nasturtium; and while her nose smelled the flower her eyes regarded him. "Why, yes," she finally assured him, "it's *quite* all right." She again regarded him—laughed as if there were something to laugh *at*—was gone.

Mr. Caldwell did not enjoy finishing the word "indigent." The neighbor's pig had eight little pigs. Naturally, she would have eight little pigs—or thereabouts. Why need this stand between him and an old and beautiful civilization? He kept looking at the window-box. Nasturtiums were not much, after all.

And then he heard Vivian within the house, telling his sister what she had told him—a little less exuberantly, excitement having lost its flush in the first telling. Still, there was enough left; Vivian could lose a good deal of exuberance and still have enough left. "Gertrude," she was saying, "what do you *think?* Mr. Moon's pig has eight *little* pigs?"

"No! Not *really?*" rejoined Gertrude—why in the world did they act as though it were something so *extraordinary?*

Though with Gertrude nothing was extraordinary for long. "Vivian," he heard her say, "I'm thinking of having this room done over. Do you think a lavender—" Then they moved into the room, thank Heaven, and he no longer heard them.

Poor Vivian—no one was properly excited. The neighbor's pig might have eighty little pigs, and if Gertrude was thinking of turning a green bedspread lavender, eighty little pigs would be nothing to her. All the wonders of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

world would never take Gertrude out of that house. At least Vivian wasn't *that* way.

But thinking of the way Vivian wasn't made him think of the way Vivian was. He moved impatiently and ran his hand back through his hair with indignation. So far no word had followed "indigent." And the word that finally came did not follow "indigent." It was written at the side. It was "volatile." He waited a little while and then he wrote down "emotional." This made him feel better, as if to assure himself his interest in Vivian was a purely scientific one, and, having pigeonholed her, he could now keep her out of the way. He would get the book he wanted from the library, then settle *down*. But as he passed through the hall:

"Horace," called Gertrude, as one who imparts a pleasant bit of news, "Mr. Moon's pig has eight little pigs."

"I *know* it," snapped Horace. He heard a laugh—Vivian's!

He went back and wrote some very severe things about the women who had once lived in India. Women never *had* been—what they should be!

But by evening it pleased him to be satiric. When his brother-in-law, getting home from the city, drove up to the door, Horace rose from his place on the veranda and called, excitedly: "Ben! *Ben!* What do you *think?* Mr. Moon's pig has eight *little* pigs!"

Ben appeared rather astonished at such a greeting from this source, but, being a business man, he was prepared to adjust himself to anything. "Eight little pigs?" he replied. "Well, it's always nice to see things moving on!" Then he spoke of the price of pork.

But the news they gave Ben that night was as nothing to the news they had for him the next night.

In the afternoon Horace went with Vivian to see the little pigs. That is, they started for a walk, and Vivian proposed they stop and visit the pigs. She said the little pigs were just too darling. "Just too darling" was for Horace a new attitude toward pigs, but he smiled tolerantly upon Vivian, who in her bright sweater and gay woolly skirt was enough to make even a student of India smile. Mr. Caldwell was feeling in the best of spirits. He had had a good morning's work and he quite approved of giving himself this pleasure of a tramp over the hills with Vivian. It was a part of his program to take walks. One worked the better for them.

But when they got to the back of Mr. Moon's house they found something going on which was not part of any one's program—one of those mad things which knock programs over.

Mr. Moon was running round and round the pigsty with a pitchfork. He jabbed the air wildly with the pitchfork; he jabbed it also with wild words, "Gol-darn fool!" and words yet wilder.

"Why, Mr. *Moon!*" cried Vivian, running up, "what are you doing to the pigs?"

"What am *I* doin' to the pigs?" retorted the outraged Moon. "What's *she* doin' to the pigs!" And he stabbed his pitchfork toward the mother pig as if to run her through. "*Ask* her!" he went on in fury. "Ask her *where's her eighth little pig!*"

"Well," asked Vivian, "where is it?"

"In her belly," replied Mr. Moon, terse if not elegant.

Vivian's mind seemed unequal to grasping the extraordinary sequence of events required to bring the eighth little pig to the place where Mr. Moon said it was. To tell the truth, this was likewise true of Mr. Caldwell's mind, so when Vivian gasped, "She *ate* it?" it came to him with a shock that *that* was what had happened.

"She ate it," asserted Mr. Moon. "Ate the pig she bore! That's the kind of a sow *she* is."

"I didn't know they ate them," said Mr. Caldwell, speaking of it as a phenomenon.

"And so they don't," said the raiser

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"ASK HER!" HE WENT ON IN A FURY, "WHERE'S HER EIGHTH LITTLE PIG!"

of pigs, with less scientific detachment; "not them that has *sense*. But *her*. *That* pig." He waved his pitchfork around her—violent and ineffectual.

All this while the seven uneaten pigs were squealing. When seven little pigs squeal at once there is a large volume of discordant sound.

"Shut up!" cried Mr. Moon, turning the pitchfork on the air above the little pigs. "You want to be *in*side? Keep your mouths shut—or go back to the belly you came from!"

Vivian stepped back, shocked, but Horace was pleased by the phrase. It had violence; there was blood in it; it was of the earth—somehow of the race. "Back to the belly you came from!" He didn't know whether it was bitter or largely soothing.

But Vivian was thinking of the pig. "But, Mr. Moon," she asked, "*why* did she eat her own little pig?"

"Ask *her*," replied Mr. Moon. As Vivian did not do this, "She's nervous," he said for the pig.

The pig stirred—so did the pitchfork. "I think that pitchfork makes her nervous," ventured Vivian.

"That pitchfork is here to make her *quit* such foolishness," and he was as menacing as if addressing all females with nerves.

One little pig began squealing anew; six other little pigs took it up.

"Listen to them!" he cried, transferring his wrath and his pitchfork. "Wouldn't they make *you* nervous?" and here with swift unreasonableness his ire shifted to Vivian. "Squealin' for food from the minute they strike the air!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Strike the air" also had scope—and gave Horace things to ponder. But Vivian kept thinking of the pigs. While Mr. Moon was barricading the little pigs from their mother, Vivian turned upon her companion eyes live with feeling. "But how *terrible!*" she breathed.

It was not terrible at that moment to look at Vivian. This was one of her moments which had made Horace write on the margin, "emotional." In such moments her eyes were darker and deeper and, in fact, rather wonderful.

She took it for granted that he, too, would think it terrible, so he disclosed no other feeling, though his own reaction to this defeat of mother-love by mother-nerves was not in truth an emotional one. For that matter, he did not think highly of emotional reactions—even though he did think highly of what those reactions made of Vivian's eyes.

He now followed those eyes to the faithless mother pig. She was still fretted by the squealing of her seven little pigs, but she had the look of one who is not, after all, unsustained. In her rolling eye was a light which seemed to say there was one perfect little pig. There was one little pig who was still; she knew just where he was.

That night, instead of going to sleep or instead of reading Sanskrit, Mr. Caldwell kept saying, "This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed home; this little pig—" What *was* it he had? Whatever it was, of it the next little pig had *none*.

Even Gertrude had been wrought up about the pig. She was strongly of the opinion that such things shouldn't be allowed. It was no way for a mother to act. No, not even a nervous mother—though she admitted mothers had enough to make them nervous. Ben said it was fortunate most sows weren't so highly strung—for pigs were too valuable to be eaten by other pigs. Vivian—Vivian said little. Sometimes she said, "It's so *terrible!*" and her eyes—well, Vivian was emotional—not a doubt of that.

The pig who ate her little pig turned Mr. Caldwell to reflections on life. As a matter of fact, he hadn't reflected much on life, for he had always been studying some particular thing. Of course, he was studying the particular thing in order to—well, in order to deepen his knowledge of life and therefore his understanding of it, but he had always been too engrossed in that particular thing to—to get out of it *to* life. He was terribly wary of life as a thing that would take him away from the thing he was studying. This fear made him nervous. He admitted now that he was nervous. And the pig was nervous. That he and the pig should be the same thing somehow interfered with Mr. Caldwell's segregation, drawing him into that main body of life from which he was holding away in order to pursue the studies that would—well, that would deepen his understanding of life. He thumped his pillow. He told himself to go to sleep. If there was anything more ridiculous than a nervous pig, it was a nervous man! He was determined to stop thinking, for there was something *there* he'd think if he went on thinking. He *knew* it was there; he could fairly smell it—as a cat a mouse. Only he didn't know just what it was—and he didn't want to know! With great persistency he turned his thoughts to his sister Gertrude. Confound that pig! What did she mean by making him turn and look at people's lives like this? It was Vivian had brought this down upon him—bringing pigs into the house, so to speak. She was an interfering person—Vivian. But he didn't want to think of Vivian, either. He made another determined lunge at Gertrude. It was rather entertaining—what the pig made him think about Gertrude. He'd tell her!

But he didn't want to say anything to Gertrude until after he had done his day's work, for it might start a discussion that would not be good for the day's work. He decided he wouldn't say anything to her, and yet he somehow knew he would—vaguely knew that his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HE ROSE WITHOUT HIS SECOND CUP OF COFFEE

decision had nothing to do with it. What was the *matter* with him—he who had always been so perfectly controlled in his thinking!

At the very instant that he was telling himself to get right into work, "Gertrude," said he, "why do you have this house?"

Gertrude stared, finished fixing her egg, then said, "What a silly question!"

"Can you answer it?"

"I certainly can."

"Then do."

Again she stared at him. "What's the matter with you, Horace?"

"Nothing. Answer."

"Well, I have the house to live in, of course."

He leaned forward. "Then why—"

But Vivian was there, too—having the manner of leaning forward, whether doing so or not. He would *not* get into a discussion. A discussion that might—Heavens!—get emotional. He had *work* to . . . Quite indignant at whatever power it was that seemed expecting him to sit there and discuss life with two women, he rose and without his second cup of coffee shut himself up with the ancient Hindus.

He was harassed by a fear that things not ancient would come in at the window—as yesterday; harassed by a fear that she would, and beset by the fear that she wouldn't. Over by the roses he could hear a voice—not ancient. He would raise his eyes from time to time to the box of nasturtiums—but only nastur-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tiums fluttered there. But he had a well-disciplined mind—how did men exist who *hadn't?*—and so, despite it all (he didn't stop to classify "all"), he had a good day's work, and of this he was proud—as of something achieved against odds.

It was then, of course, quite reasonable to go walking with Vivian that afternoon. And when she said, in a laughing voice brushed with tenderness, "Don't you think we should stop and see the little pigs?" he responded, gaily, "I wonder how many will be there?" She said, softly, "Oh *don't!*" and he had the pleasantly indulgent feeling of the male for the emotional female.

Seven were there—and playing tag. "Oh, you happy little things!" cried Vivian. Solicitously she addressed the mother pig, "And you feel lots better, don't you?"

"Guess she's done all she's a-goin' to do," answered Mr. Moon, for the pig.

"Oh yes, I think so, too," agreed Vivian, in an all's-well-with-the-world voice.

"Probably it didn't agree with her, anyhow," added Moon.

"*Oh!*" shuddered Vivian. She turned to Horace. "Shall we go?"—turned to him as to one who would take her from unpleasant things.

It was to pleasant things they turned—soft little hills not too hard to climb, pleasant valleys and a broad river not far off. At last they sat down by a little river that was playing along to the big river. And there Vivian asked, "What was it you stopped saying at breakfast?"

"Gertrude is a nervous pig," he answered, promptly.

Vivian stared; apparently she thought of saying various things—things indignant and loyal, but instead she dimpled and played the game.

"And what does she eat up?"

"Living beautifully."

"*Living* beautifully?"

He nodded. "Living beautifully is the pig that is eaten."

After enjoying her bewilderment, he explained himself. Gertrude had a beautiful house. Why would one have a beautiful house? Why, that living might be beautiful, of course. But she stopped short at having the beautiful house. She got so nervous having the beautiful house in which one might live beautifully that she quelled the thing in her that could live beautifully, for fear it would squeal, or something of the sort. He lay on the grass and brandished his stick and elaborated on the case of Gertrude, the case of Gertrude which stood between him and himself. He supposed there were lots of Gertrudes. There should be some ugly things in every house—a law about it, if necessary. Then the house beautiful would be an unattainable ideal—and many little pigs would be spared.

"It isn't only Gertrude," he went on, as one who plays with fire, for if he went on long enough there'd be only himself left. "Take Ben," said he, daringly. "'When I make my pile,' says Ben. Then he's going to *live.* But he's got a pretty good pile already. Is he living? Not unless it's living to make a pile! Why, Ben would run a mile at the idea of living. Ben eats the pigs up as fast as they squeal. Every one does—'most every one. That's why there's so much indigestion."

Beset by the idea that he himself had indigestion, he got up and started briskly for home—as if walking away from something—indeed, quite rudely walking away from Vivian, who followed.

To get away from individual cases—they having a dangerous proximity to a certain individual, he generalized. "And then there are the countries that get so rasped having democracy that they eat up the squealing pigs to which democracy has given birth!"

He turned upon Vivian with suddenly inexplicable anger. "Think of eating up your *own* thing—the thing it's all *for,* because you get so rasped getting up to the point where you can *have,* what it's all for. Isn't it funny?" he demanded of Vivian, who failed to laugh. "It's the great joke on the human race! Getting

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

so worn out getting ready as to exterminate the thing they've been getting ready *for*. Oh, well," he went on, swinging his stick in a sort of "I should worry" fashion.

Suddenly he turned round, as if to take by surprise. "You thinking about it?" he demanded of Vivian.

"I'm thinking of you," said Vivian.

This infuriated him. "Well, I'm thinking of *you*," he said, viciously, and stalked on.

"How's your indigestion, Ben?" he inquired, jauntily, of his brother-in-law as he and Vivian came up the steps.

"Never had indigestion in my life," said Ben.

"Don't you believe it!" called Horace from the hall.

"What's the *matter* with Horace?" he heard Gertrude ask Vivian.

She asked it again after dinner, for as he ate his roast pork Horace mused: "Perhaps eight is too many to have. Six might be better."

"What are you talking about, Horace?" asked Ben.



"WHAT WAS IT YOU STOPPED SAYING AT BREAKFAST?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"He's talking about the pig," said Gertrude.

"No," said Horace, "I'm talking about civilization."

There was a pause. "I think you work too hard, Horace," suggested Gertrude.

"Civilization works too hard," replied Horace. Suddenly he announced, brightly, "War is civilization eating her own little pigs."

"I do wish you'd rest while you're here," said Gertrude, soothingly.

"I'm here to *work*," he declared with vigor.

And so he was!—and work he would! Just to show what he was there for, he'd work that evening—pigs or no pigs! All right—what if Gertrude and Ben *were* going over to the Logan's? Vivian could sit alone on the veranda. Did he exist in order to sit on a porch with Vivian Truce? If he thought of women at all that night, it would be Hindu women.

But it was queer; a woman would start out to be a Hindu and then turn into Vivian. Very well, then! He would banish Vivian by going out and telling her what he thought of her.

This apparently was just what she wanted him to do, for, picking herself up where he had left her that afternoon, she asked, "When you think about me, what is it you think?"

She had asked it quite simply and directly, but as he stood looking at her she seemed to grow confused. "I mean," she laughed, "what do *I* eat?"

"It's hard to say," he said, and they sat down, as before an undertaking.

At that he did not at once undertake it. "Nice night," he said.

"It is a nice night," agreed Vivian.

Then they just sat there, and the night went on being nice.

Presently he said, with a dissatisfaction staringly intense, "Feeling itself isn't enough."

"Enough—for what?" asked Vivian, with perhaps righteous exasperation.

"There is feeling that—gets somewhere, and then there is feeling that—goes round and round and takes it out in—being feeling."

"And you think I have the latter?" asked Vivian, after a wait.

He had at least enough gallantry to keep silent.

"I'd like to know how you're so sure of that," she came at him with spirit.

"Oh, it's what all emotional women are like," he told her.

"Is that *so?*" she challenged.

"I think so," he replied.

"I suppose," said Vivian, witheringly, "that you have had a large experience with emotional women."

He disregarded this. "You see," he said, "first we were apes."

She did not reply, so he looked at her, as if to make sure she was following—not sticking there in a morass of peevishness. "First we were apes," he repeated, giving her another chance.

"So I have been told," said Vivian, icily.

"And you were told right. And it's hard on us. Hard to have that groundwork of the apes we once were and yet to be that—that—"

"That *what?*" she pinned him down.

"That—what we might be." As he tried to formulate it he was swept into wonder at its beauty. "That thing we might be that has never *been*. The furthest edge of experience. The furthest reach of consciousness—further than it has ever reached before. The other—that's *old* stuff. Falling in love—living together, and all that—that's been lived and lived and relived. Well, all right. Suppose it has. That's what living is—reliving what has been lived. That is, in the main it is. But there's the new thing—the ever-extending edge—where we push realizing on a little further than it has ever been before. *There's* the thing that makes the eternal reliving worth while. To get up to that point where we—go further. What feeling might be is a road, and a road that makes itself as it goes. But is that what most people let it be? No—it's a swamp. A place

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

where you *stick*. Emotion is a place to hide one's head. You just stay *there*. A personal experience—a passionate personal experience—it's a limiting thing. It's just something to engage you so you won't try to—realize."

He had been speaking with intensity. "So the poor super-ape," he finished, lightly, "eats that little pig which is the furthest reach of consciousness, and just feels and feels and *feels*—much too taken up with feeling to do any—realizing."

Vivian got up. She was angry—and quite splendid. "You have certainly made it plain to me," said she, "that you think me vulgar."

It was rather ridiculous not to kiss her. That would be the way of it. Just because he wanted to kiss her, and was determined not to, he told himself it would be the right thing to do—for that, of course, was the easiest way to keep himself from doing it. Oh yes, he speculated, probably a great many men had kissed women just in order not to appear ridiculous. Of course—there might be other reasons. True—there might be. He stood beside Vivian—and it was still a very nice night, and—to tell the truth, he wanted a limiting personal experience so fearfully that—apes must have laughed!

Why didn't Vivian go away? As she was so angry—why didn't she leave, instead of staying there to show how beautiful anger made her? He would have to kiss this beautiful woman who was very angry, this—emotional woman. Make her still more angry and then have all that feeling turn to passion for him, as he had a feeling it was ready to do—as he was so tantalized by suspecting it was ready to do.

A sound broke the night—or Mr. Caldwell's distance from the apes might have been shortened then and there—the sound of the returning motor.

Horace and Vivian continued to stand there. "Well," said Ben, "I suppose you two have been talking about pigs?"

"Apes," said Vivian, in an emotional voice.

"Apes?" repeated Gertrude. "Apes make me nervous. They look too much like us."

"But did you ever think, Gertrude," inquired Horace, "how much we look like them?"

She sighed. So he escaped before she could say he worked too hard.

When he got to his room he looked in the glass—perhaps to see what resemblance he could find. When Mr. Caldwell looked in the glass what regarded him was pleasing. Perhaps the reason most scholars aren't good-looking is that the good-looking ones aren't permitted to be scholars. If you are very good-looking and determined to be a scholar—there is struggle in your life. There was struggle to-night in the life of Horace Caldwell. The reason he had spoken these harsh words about being emotional was, not so much that Vivian was emotional, as that Vivian made him emotional. And he wanted the decks cleared for study and reflection. Marrying Vivian would be eating his eighth little pig. He'd be *damned* if he would!

He sat down to his books. But he couldn't study—he couldn't study because he was thinking—usually he didn't have that interference. And his thoughts crystallized to this, "Where *is* your eighth little pig?"

So there he was—right up against himself! He had put Gertrude in between, and Ben, and Vivian—now his pigs had come home to roost—he didn't attempt to keep zoölogy straight. He had been in a rage because Vivian threatened the eighth little pig, but what was *he* doing to that unfortunate animal?

And after a while he was ready to admit that perhaps no one was as cannibalistic as the men who gave their lives to study. For they dealt with the very stuff out of which the life-sense must be born—and what did they do? They just stuck in a little pocket of learning—put their heads deeper and deeper and deeper in scholarship that there might not be anything of themselves left for—for moments of wonder out of which vision

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

comes—for that greater sensitiveness to life which was man's one chance to justify man. Heads buried in learning as other heads were buried in emotion, or in money-making, or in the house beautiful. And they had the *goods*, as it were. Here was he studying India—*India*, of all things!—and instead of this helping him to know what was in his own soul he—why, he just studied India! He was a nice one to talk to any one else! Could frustration of purpose be more ignoble than his?

He went to the window and looked out into the beautiful night. "Well, *realize*," he said to himself, savagely. He got into a rage—that horrible rage of the thwarted. "*Realize*—you fool!" He could laugh a little at this—but it wasn't a laugh that helped much. What did he *want?* This was what he wanted. It was not speaking too highly of himself to say there was in him something of aspiration. He aspired to beauty. To the beauty that might flower from understanding. But, somehow, understanding was sterile. He was very much like the pig—very much indeed. He got so nervous in *having* it that he wasn't equal to it when it came. And he and the pig weren't alone in this—more was the pity of it. People got so frazzled by living that they didn't really have life. When they came up to the moments it was all *for*—they could do nothing but revert to the things which existed in order to bring them up to those moments. In other words, the mechanics of living ate life up. In still other words, stomachs were full of eighth little pigs.

He slept as badly as if his stomach were full of some such thing. He dreamed that Vivian was the queen of a zoo.

She acted a good deal like a queen next day—a displeased queen. She and he and Gertrude had lunch together. Fortunately Gertrude talked a good deal about how to make woodwork look like old ivory. He didn't know why it should look like old ivory, but he was glad some one was talking. Finally Gertrude stopped talking. Vivian did not talk. So he had to. As he couldn't think of any extraneous thing to say, he had to say what he was thinking. He frequently did this—and got blamed for it. Apparently most people didn't do it.

"I suppose," he said, "that we never should have left the trees. It—it's too much for us."

There was a long silence. Silence is really a peculiarly articulate thing. It can make you feel—as words never can—how you are being disapproved of.

"Horace," said Gertrude, at last, "I don't know whether you really *are* ill, or whether you are merely trying to rouse apprehensions."

"I'm not trying to *rouse* apprehensions," he hastened to assure her. "I'm trying to quell them."

He looked at Vivian. Certainly he had quelled nothing—least of all, rage.

About four o'clock he saw her starting alone for the walk they usually had together. She came to the crest of the hill and hesitated. Her hesitation was long. She didn't know whether to visit the pigs or to cut them!

This decision became of tremendous moment to the man who watched. So rapidly did it go on increasing in importance that it was as if his whole life hung upon it. Vivian was beautiful standing there before the poplars—the wind blowing her skirt out to one side as if she were poised to fly. She herself was slim and straight and strong—but lithe—oh, much lither than a tree. And—she was going to visit the little pigs!

He snatched his hat and followed.

He found her at the pigsty. And he found there a scene of contentment good for a spirit fagged by aspiration. The little pigs were sucking. *All* of them were sucking. They did enjoy it! Some could sit down, but others had to stand up—those which had to reach the upper tier. So they stood on their hind legs, front paws kneading their mother—going it for all they were worth.

He and Vivian looked from the pig family to each other—laughed. No two

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"YOU HAVE CERTAINLY MADE IT PLAIN THAT YOU THINK ME VULGAR"

people could stay cross at each other when seven little pigs were nursing!

Mr. Moon came along. "Well, she's made up her mind to it," said he.

And so she had made up her mind to it. It was a contented mother pig who gave suck to the little pigs. One of them finished his meal and came and played with her snout. She pawed him playfully. She *liked* her little pigs. There she lay, doing just what she should do, and happier than she could be doing any-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

thing else. Perhaps she didn't go quite so far as to make one feel God was in His heaven—but she made one feel that the good old earth was very good indeed.

He and Vivian walked slowly away.

"Vivian," he said, "I've fought a good fight and lost. I'm sorry to say I love you. Will you—*you* know—marry me—and all that?"

He stopped; his hands were on her shoulders, he looking into her eyes. It wasn't going to matter much what she said. For looking into her eyes—"she had made up her mind to it."

Though with words she resisted. "Marry you?" she choked, "and drag you down into my *swamp*?"

Feeling took him, then, with great mercifulness—so overwhelmingly that he had nothing to say about it. Vivian in his arms, he kissed her again and again and again—and knew nothing save that he was kissing her. "Yes—*drag* me there. I— Anything else is too *lonely*, Vivian. I— It's all right," he assured her, and incoherent things like that.

And it was all right. As they came back over the fields at sunset he had a moment of beauty such as had never been his before—a lift of the spirit—a widening. If he was going to be, for the most part, in a pocket, let it be a pocket of feeling rather than a pocket of learning! It wasn't so ridiculous. And nicer.

Of course, he was probably fooling himself. He wasn't so lost that he couldn't see he was probably fooling himself. But perhaps that was what we *had* to do!

Anyway, the sun went down and the sky was purple and gold and Vivian moved in a magical light. Things smelled good. A bird was singing.

And the neighbor's pig had eight little pigs. No—seven.

TWILIGHT

BY L. BLACKLEDGE LIPPMANN

THERE by her window, with half-dreaming eyes
She saw the slow procession of the years
Creep up the little street: her hopes and fears
Became vague shadowings in Time's disguise
And passed as well—her bosom's fall and rise
Was all untroubled by Youth's long arrears,
And if at dusk she knew the sting of tears
There was a solace in the evening skies.

Long since her harp had rusted and she seemed
All but unheeding, yet her ears would fill
With fragment melodies that slowly crept
Out of the darkness: so she sat and dreamed
Away her life, her slender fingers still
Touching the broken strings where Love once slept.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A MEMORY OF SAN REMO

BY W. D. HOWELLS

AN Englishman who had been living at San Remo, but was about going to live at Monte Carlo, urged me to go, too, because of the pleasure, if not always profit, of the gaming-tables, and the prevailing gaiety of the place. "And then," he added, "there's a very nice little church." I suppose he meant an English church, but I did not think it necessary to note that there was a very nice little church of that communion at San Remo, and that we had just opened a casino where you could enjoy the risk of as much as five francs at a roulette-table, where I saw, among other people, mothers with babes in their arms the first night, lending the risk a domestic charm. Many nights after that, when the manager came into his flat over ours in the same villa, at twelve or one o'clock, he broke my sleep by rolling a wooden ball for his dog to play with on the bare floor. I conjectured from this that the gaming kept on at the Casino, and I thought the manager might have had a bad conscience from it which he was trying to ease, but I have no proof of the fact; he may have been merely trying to relieve a nervous strain.

We had opera as well as gaming at the Casino, and I went the first night; but I much preferred going to the Teatro Principe Umberto, a vast, kind, old barn, which I had almost to myself in one of some rather Spartan *fauteuils*, which I paid two francs for and was shown to by what seemed the whole force of ushers. I never would put these to shame by looking round to see how nearly I was the whole house; and in fact the playing was so good that I did not wish to take my eyes from the stage. I saw several of the best modern plays and the very last of Ibsen's plays, which was not one of his best. It was a sort of psychological allegory, if I remember, with a thrilling moment when a bolt of conscience which was visibly shot from the breast of the protagonist, but as realized by the mechanician of the theater had the effect of a squib such as I have seen fired through the air of a Fourth-of-July night.

Well toward midnight I used to enact the part of crowding my way out of the theater, and I walked home a mile or so in clean, wide, empty streets, past many of the little foot-and-hoof-ways of the Old Town, climbing the mountain-side from the sea and staying its house walls against the earthquakes with duplicate and triplicate arches. These alleys were all as silent as the modern street, though not noticeably lonelier; but I preferred the modern street, where I had no company except my thoughts of the plays I had seen, yet I left it gladly enough when I reached the lane winding up to our villa, which I knew in any dark by the pepper-tree in white bloom, waving me a fragrant good night from the villa wall adjoining ours.

I will not say how many centuries I traversed in crossing those foot-and-hoof-ways, but I will let the reader think as many before the Christian era as he likes. It once took a town many years to grow a population of twenty or thirty thousand, though towns do it very quickly now, when they begin far enough west. By day, I could have got as far down as one of the early eighteen-sixties, by help of the electioneering cry of "*Votate Mombello*," inscribed upon the sidewalk in behalf of the Socialist candidate who had just been chosen our

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

mayor, fifteen hundred years after a Genoese bishop had notedly died in San Remo soon after the Saracens had destroyed the town. His election might attest our extreme modernity, though I do not suppose it expressed more than a mood of the native population, from whom the large contingent of consumptives from England and Germany was separated by a wide neutral zone. The English invalids lived at the western end of the great range of hotels and the Germans at the eastern end; and between the last neighborhood and the first the Old Town held itself against the earthquakes by those arches binding their walls together.

The election of a Socialist syndic might have been supposed to attest extreme civic opinions in the people, but I do not know that it did. I had the pleasure of making Signor Mombello's acquaintance, and I found him a very matter-of-fact citizen, a banker by business, and disposed to regard himself as not at all phenomenal. When I spoke of my friend Bellamy and his book, *Looking Backward* (which I liked less than him, though it was noble-minded, too), he said, dryly, though kindly, "*Bei sogni, bei sogni,*" and passed from the question of those fair visions to more practical phases of socialism. He did not approve of the universal strikes then occurring in Italy; they alienated the "little bourgeoisie," and Signor Mombello otherwise evinced himself a true politician.

But the citizens of the Old Town scarcely form a majority of the population of San Remo in the winter, now, though they prevailed to their sorrow in the past, through those miserable centuries which the Pirate State of Algiers rose to power and held the Christian world of the Mediterranean in terror, ravaging all its shores, Italian, Spanish, French, and once, so late as 1631, landing two corsair crews as far off as Ireland, where they sacked a town, and carried off many of its people into slavery. The unwarlike little city was the frequent prey of these sea-vultures; and it is not impossible that these continued their ravages well toward that early decade of the century when the bold Stephen Decatur of our own navy attacked the pirate capital and destroyed its fleet under the defenses of its harbor. The state itself was not destroyed till 1830, when the French took the city and ended its long tale of atrocity. Up to that time the great European powers continued to pay tribute to save their people from captivity, but our doughty young Republic refused to do so after Decatur's victory. It is a shameful passage of history, and perhaps one of the cruelest, for we know from the witness of the great Cervantes, who was five years a slave in Algiers, how the Mohammedan masters of the Christian captives made them suffer every cruel punishment of chains and stripes, with impalement and crucifixion as frequent forms of the death inflicted.

The winter sojourner at San Remo will not think of such things, in his villa or hotel in either of the beautiful suburbs at the west or eastern borders of the little town which climbs the Alpine foothills, with its narrow ways, but he may easily fancy the innumerable forays of the Algerian corsairs, robbing and killing, and carrying off to their abominable metropolis the miserable men, women, and children of the ravaged homes. The present invaders who have brought the world's affliction to San Remo have not swept overseas from African coasts, but have descended from every northern land with the infection of their white plague by every luxurious means of travel to the beautiful villas and stately hotels of the New Town. The purest air of their own winters, or of winters colder and purer than theirs, is the more modern refuge of such sufferers, but the soft climates of the South are still the consumptives' insidious hope, and one saw them in the pleasances and palm-sheltered paths beside the drives and public gardens and heard them feebly coughing their lives away. Others fought for their lives on as much the terms of the fight

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in the pure northern cold as they could make with their southern conditioning. I met, on every day that seemed to find him victor, our brilliant young American novelist, Harry Harland, who had escaped from the winter of his beloved England, and always found him full of the American gaiety, which is unknown to all the other world, and of the temperamental humor of his fiction. The condition of his convalescing, which preluded his final relapse, was that each of his bright, brief days must end before sunset, when the cold of the Alps, which stores the winter away from the Riviera, began to steal down upon San Remo. Then he kindled the fire laid ready upon his hearth, and began his long night in bed. As the time passed, this condition was lifted, and he began to go into the pleasant society of the place, almost wholly English, but mixed with Americans Italianate by intermarriage with Genoese families as old as the land itself.

Apart from society, you were quite dependent upon nature for the pleasure which the arts so richly supply elsewhere in Italy. It was strange to be in Italy, and have no painting or sculpture and little architecture of note. There was one sixteenth-century palace in the Old Town, which the handbooks justly invite the traveler to view, and there is a church which I must have visited, but I cannot make so sure of this as of the votive chapel on the heights far to the eastward which had a very touching appeal in the waxen symbols covering its walls to commemorate the afflictions alleviated by its patron saint. There were not only the waxen arms and legs, hands, and hearts which incrust the walls of other votive chapels, but the images of shipwreck, modeled or painted, which commemorated the peril and rescue of the seafaring worshipers. Some of the saint's miracles must have been wrought in sight of the chapel, and all were of the experience of the mariners whose homes looked out upon the perilous rocks and waves he had saved them from.

The attractions of San Remo were its climate and its society, and the society was the better for being almost entirely English, as the climate was the better for not being at all so. Once, indeed, the weather, if not the climate, was worse than the worst English weather I have known. On the afternoon before New-Year's, while I was still going about in my summer gear, the soft wind that blew so lullingly from the southeast was preparing an act of stiletto treachery worthy of the Italian tradition of melodrama. The cold fell with the dark, and when the sun rose it shone upon our world of flowers frozen stiff. The icicles hung a foot long from the spouts of a neighbor's drain, and the borders of heliotrope blackened in the cold blaze; the bananas shrank in the wilted blades that clung about their stalks in rags and tatters, and the fans of the palms along the promenades clashed dryly against one another. It was a fortnight before Nature began to trick her beams, and to smile on the visitors from the north in the advertised promise of the region. Then the climate sometimes proved everything that the weather of our first months promised. There was a sky of a blue so liquid that it seemed as if you might dip it in your hand; and at the horizon the sky melted into the sea, where the fishermen's boats hung like things in a dream.

I will not characterize the fisheries of San Remo as one of its industries, but I suppose they were as much so as the culture of the pinks and roses or of the fruits which we knew only in the oranges. Perhaps the fish caught were mostly sent to distant markets. I only know that the hotels exhausted the supply of our own so early in the morning that nothing was left for private householders but sardines, which are better for having been canned in olive-oil and eaten far from their native sea at American picnics. The fishermen's craft were not so numerous in their picturesqueness as to be in the way of the Hamburg-American steamers which seemed always sailing to Genoa and probably began

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

their voyage from Marseilles. There was every day a sunset in the east, and a sunset in the west whose coloring defies my ink. It was a French sunset, and only French art could impart a sense of it. In the retrospect it seems to me that we had one of those sunsets every evening, but I suppose that there was now and then a clouded evening.

What plainer or simpler industries, such as other places practise for a living, remain to San Remo from her tragical past the encyclopedias and handbooks do not now remind me of, if I ever knew them; but there are sources of livelihood, a gentler and gracefuller sort, peculiar to her present. Oranges and olives abound everywhere in the softer Italian climates, and one does not count them, but if it comes to those fields of pinks and roses, harvested throughout the winter months and sent to the capitals of the north, one has something native, if not exclusively characteristic. I have never seen fields of pinks and roses elsewhere, though they may be grown in Florida or California, and the sight of them is a little incredible, though they are matter-of-fact enough, I suppose, in having their markets like other agricultural products. I cannot say they are very impressive; they do not seem quite in earnest, like wheat and corn, and not even like grapes, where these are grown for wine. To be quite frank, I will own to a greater surprise in the excavation of an olive-tree than in the sight of the largest fields of pinks or roses. Excavation, I say, for when they cut down an olive-tree in San Remo they also dig it up, going to the bottommost roots of it, which they burn, as well as the uppermost boughs, in the hungry little porcelain stoves of the furnished lodgings. The olive roots burn very well, in a soft, persevering sort, something like turf, or something more like coke, till nothing remains of them.

The climate, it must be owned, is open to specific criticism, not only for its fifteenth-yearly excess of frost, but for its far more frequent droughts. We arrived in a dash of rain, the first in eighteen months of drought, and this shower broke the drought, which began again and lasted through our winter. From first to last the dry beds of the torrents which in other seasons must roar down the steeps of the Old Town under the picturesque culverts, were without a dream of moisture. But the drought seemed not to matter to the rustic year of the region. When I went to Taggia to revere the home of the patriot Ruffini (who wrote *Doctor Antonio*, one of the most delightful novels ever written in English, and who was chief of those wonderful Italians who wrote at will in his native or adoptive tongue) I found the peasants planting potatoes. The fields were dry clods that looked like lumps of iron-ore; but the potatoes seemed not to mind that. They had come duly up from earlier planting, and would no doubt come from that I saw; but I suppose agriculture was not so much the strong point of the region as horticulture.

When I began taking my walks on the Berigo Road in the autumn, I looked down on many peach-orchards still in the crimson foliage of the season and as many orchards of persimmons. The guide-books assure one that the great crop of the region is olives, but my memory perversely refuses a sense of their profusion. Perhaps the illimitable olive-forests of Andalusia, seen later, now blot the infinitely scantier olive-groves of the Riviera, or perhaps I recall from personal knowledge only the scattered instances of olive-trees growing near San Remo, where they seemed to be fertilized by felt hats and old boots, as if these formed their favorite nurture. They may have been wild olives, but wild violets, when the spring began to open, were inexpressibly more abundant. Flowers abounded in the open air all the winter through, and overhung the villa walls on the Berigo Road in bloom unbroken by any relapse after the savage frost of New-Year's. For the most part the weather was often charming after the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

return to its constitutional mildness, though the coughing continued from the walks and benches of the public gardens and the approaches of those hotels which the invalids were supposed never to reach.

The hotels seemed to me all very uncommonly good, whether cheap or dear; but they were all bad in their want of public warmth. If they had central heating, as it was called, their fires fell with the closing day, when they were most needed; and then people had to make the best of the hearth-fires, or the oil-stoves in their rooms. There was no household warmth of the American quality that I knew of, and I do not believe there was one hot-air furnace in the whole place. In all this am I giving the impression of rather frequent cold in San Remo? If so, I cannot help it. The truth is it was oftener cold than warm there, and for mildness the climate was not comparable to that of Florida, from St. Augustine down; it was not as soft as that of Savannah, or even Charleston. There was one amiable American family very generous of their hearth-fires; but I must not invade their privacy so far as to quote their opinion of the climate. No scruple, however, need withhold me from the impression of a public character who visited us in a professional character. He was an adoptive citizen from Chicago, and he made a brief stay in a tent on one of the quays where he was advertised to appear in the full uniform of an American major-general. It was long before the time of the khaki which has reduced all military ranks to one effect of simplicity, but I was struck by the extreme modesty of an American major-general's uniform as it appeared on the vast person of this citizen. He was eight feet high, and the insignia of his rank were quite lost on his vast bulk—three epaulets on each shoulder would not have been sufficient for the effect of one on the person of a major-general of the normal size, and his sword-belt, which the head of the average spectator scarcely topped, was of almost unnoticeable splendor. For a giant he was by no means forbidding in his manner; he talked freely, and even amiably, on the topics usual among strangers, such as their respective healths and personal impressions and experiences, but when asked how he liked the climate, he said, "Well, I don't think much of ut!'

I did not always think much of it myself. Sometimes I blamed it for being too cold, and very often for being too dusty, but I never had to criticize it for being too rainy. There were moments when I thought I preferred Bordighera, or some other point on the Riviera, but upon serious reflection I am very content to have passed my winter in San Remo. At least I never had once to complain of its excessive warmth, indoors or out. I was often seeing interesting people among the residents or sojourners, but quite the most interesting and important Englishman I met was the great physiologist, Sir Michael Foster, whose judgments of life I found so sane and clear, so frank and just. He came to San Remo twice during the winter, and once I walked up the hills back of the Berigo Road by one of those paths which climb the lower Alps. It was in the lovely weather before Christmas, and we had the joyous company of his two little grandsons, who ran before us barefoot. A month or so later we trudged in the snow up through a lonely village which struck me as one of the gloomiest abodes of men I had ever seen. It was so secret, so mute, so remote, there within rifle-shot of those smiling hotels and villas, that if one had some black regret, some unpardonable sin on his soul, he could not hide it better than in one of those bleak stone huts, where his own conscience could hardly find him. The great brooding Alpine horror never oppressed me more than in this bleak solitude. I do not remember the name of it, but if I should sometime meet a miserable man who needed such a refuge, I think I could recall it for his sake. Probably it thawed out from time to time, but it had an effect of perpetuity, of "aged

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

snow" like that of the "silent pinnacles" in *The Lotus Eaters*, and of a grim derision of the mock-summer of the sea below.

Society in San Remo was distinctly English, as it always is where the English stay long enough to implant their national manners and customs in the alien circumstance. They had their lunches and teas in their friendly villas and hotels; I suppose they chiefly sustained the tennis and golf of the Sports Club; and, above all, they had an admirable lending library which the ladies daily managed in turn, and kept supplied with the best books which were not necessarily the newest. It was open to the subscription of any respectable stranger, and he might go to the shelves himself, and take his choice among the books to the desk where the managing lady for the day recorded its title with his address. It was in the enjoyment of this hospitality that I made the acquaintance of the Austrian princess, who was not less simply useful in her turn than the others. She was by race one of the princely families whom Napoleon had mediatized in his rearrangement of his conquests, depriving them of their sovereign rule, but leaving them in the enjoyment of their sovereign revenue. One saw her at the teas and lunches of others, where she was quietly equal with the rest, and she gave lunches of her own at her hotel, where no form but that of democratic society was observed, and the talk was of literature and the other real human interests. Sometimes one met her unaccompanied on the paths climbing to the Berigo Road, when she stopped for a moment's chat and then passed on her way, not sovereignly staying or urging the parting except as any lady may or must. She had lost nothing of her lost state that was worth keeping, in the society where she surpassed only in the qualities of mind spirit which distinguished her.

She was a very memorable presence on the sort of grand stand in the little piazza reviewing the procession of the carnival, which was better at San Remo than I ever saw it elsewhere in Italy. It went by in all the terms of grotesque and burlesque, and people from their different vantages threw little bunches of violets into the floats and out of them. Poverty was there as well as jollity, and I recall one poor man with a tray of flowers which he vainly challenged the imaginably prosperous to buy, or offer to buy. At last some one offered him, perhaps in joke, two francs, and he gave a wild cry of, "Oh, my God!" and plunged through the procession to the bidder where he stood on the other side, and thrust the flowers on him with the effect of escape from the direst need. It might have been drama, but it was very good tragedy, as the behavior of one of the masks was an effect of the wildest carnival comedy. He wore a Mother Hubbard wrapper and sun-bonnet, and as he passed a very dignified young lady among the onlookers, he leaned over and drew his hand under her chin, with the salutation, "*Ah, bella piccola!*" ("Ah, pretty little one!") and kept serenely on his way, as if it were a natural incident of daily life.

Most of the masks seemed to be in carriages, and I have the impression that the affair was largely under English management, as most other social events were in San Remo. There was no mingling of the English society at the west end of San Remo with the German society of the east end, though it was ten years before the war that sealed their natural enmity in blood. Outwardly the German quarter was as handsome as the English in its hotels and villas; it was of even greater beauty in the many pergolas of the gardens overlooking the highway, and the region was then still pathetic from the beginning of the long death-agony of the good Emperor Frederick, which ended on the throne at Berlin.

The street is the highway to Bussana, a village destroyed by the earthquake of 1887, when the arches staying the house-walls of San Remo hardly saved the Old Town. Bussana was a rustic

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

mountain town, stone-built like all Italian towns, and before the earthquake it could have had nothing but the appeal of its simplicity and poverty for the stranger from the world outside, but disaster had lent it tragic dignity. The humble houses stood roofless, with empty windows staring like sightless eyes, and with walls broken where yet standing, or fallen and choking the impassable streets. One found one's way as through the rubble of an abandoned quarry to what was left of the structure which had been the heart of the place and which stood least harmed among the dwellings that had made it home to the vanished people. The comparative preservation of their church might well have seemed miraculous to these for beauty and solemnity. The roof was quite gone, but the cornice hanging unsupported by much of the wall rested on the summit of the high altar and contributed to the effect of refuge which the shrine seemed to offer in its immunity from the common disaster. It seemed as if the worshipers escaping there from the ruin around them might have come for a solemn thanksgiving at that altar; but not a soul haunted the solitude except some chance traveler; if any of its people ever afterwards returned they made no sign during our stay. They had built nearer the sea a New Bussana, where they had gathered in not imaginably greater safety from future earthquakes, but at least not within sight of the desolation the last had left. I wish I could have talked with one of the citizens of Bussana Nuova, but the traveler is always deceived by that expectation of another day which his convenient sojourn promises. It was such a little way from San Remo that I could easily have gone any other day to hear the story of Bussana Vecchia. But I let all the other days go by till one came when I left San Remo itself, and then, of course, I could not go to Bussana Nuova.

"YOU THINK ME COLD"

BY DOROTHY LEONARD

YOU think me cold, my lintels low,
My life ungraced by lovely things.
I have a fiery poppy-row,
A winter chickadee that sings.
I have the scarlet-fruited thorns,
The barberries that Autumn brings.
I have all flutes, all oboes, horns,
I have the music of all Springs.
I know the very place of Joy—
I know a little hand that clings.
I have a little laughing boy,
The loveliest of lovely things!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

RENDEZVOUS

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

"THE Girl in the Window."

It was the title of the verses that caught not only Alison Vane's eye, but her interest. If it had been the girl in the airplane or the yacht or the motor-car, she would probably have read no farther than the title, for these were all places outside her lonely, narrow ambit. But—the window? Anybody who was a girl at all might be the girl in *the window!* And so it was on a wave of rather envious curiosity, of wistful, potential kinship, that she passed from the title to the verses themselves. What lucky girl in what window had a poet to write verses to her about it? She read them through.

As she put down the evening paper in which she had—by such pure chance—found them, a feeling with which she had been familiar from childhood invaded her. Something—something vague and incredibly remote—was trying to surge up from the past and into her reach. She sat waiting, eager, ready to grasp it. But all the same she knew it would never really arrive; she had had too much experience of its ways to hope for that. It would come up and up from the depths of some long oblivion, some ancient (was it, perhaps, prenatal?) memory, until her mind all but seized it; and then it would sink again—shadowy, troubling, not only irrecoverable, but indefinable.

Broadberry's. The name was a knife cutting across her trancelike musings, and she stirred. For what in the world had a London tea-shop to do with shadowy, troubling, prenatal memories?

Her breath caught. *Nothing!*—that was the explanation. She had made a mistake. This particular memory was troubling enough, but it was not—oh, not by a very long way!—prenatal. Nor was it, now she had tracked it to its source, in the least vague. For all that the incident was over two months old, that it had never led to anything, that it had not even, strictly speaking, *been* anything, she remembered it now with a vividness that overwhelmed her; for *she* was the girl in the window.

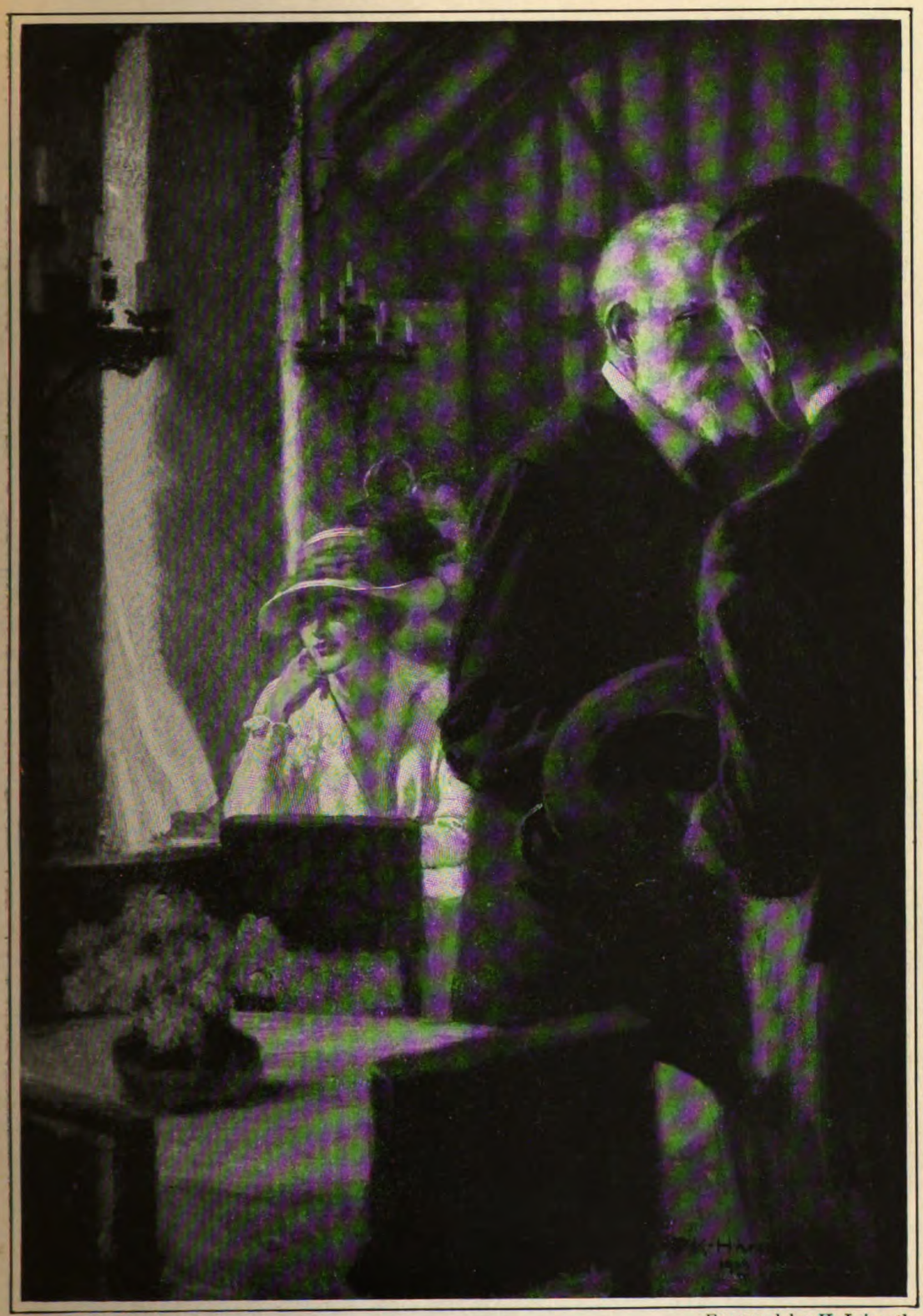
But the very fact of stating it thus boldly to herself wakened new doubts. She seized the paper again and read the verses more carefully. Yes—yes; here a detail, there a hint; everything tallied. There could not be two such tea-shops, two such moments, two such girls. And so—*it was she.*

Yet how amazing—how thrillingly sweet! Had any girl had anything so lovely happen to her ever before? Impossible. It altered the face of the world; it altered even (crucial test!) the face of these "furnished apartments" that confined her youth and her prettiness in a frame of such desperate dullness, such monotony, unrelieved by anything but work.

Prettiness. Yes, she was pretty; though not—oh, not nearly so pretty as the verses said! or—oh, well, then—implied. Even in the suburban solitude of the furnished apartments she blushed over that charming, that extravagant implication of a gallant, spirited prettiness in her, and felt that she ought to deny it. It was the circumstances—the sun, the wind, her clothes—a happy combination of flattering trifles that had been responsible for her looking so pretty that day, if she really had . . . Shyness, as at some audible, overbold compliment, engulfed her.

Yes; but, all the same, she *had!*—she

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by T. K. Hanna Engraved by H. Leinroth

HE HAD LOOKED AT HER WITH EYES GROWN SUDDENLY ARDENT

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

remembered. There had been a long, narrow mirror opposite her—far away, but the intervening tea-tables had been empty—and more than once her eyes had traveled to it. She had known, then, that she was really looking pretty; but, after all, what was that? Thousands of girls were looking pretty in London at that same moment, but they had not had *poems* written to them about it. And it was only the poem—the way it gathered together the details and transmuted them and made not prettiness, but beauty of them—that gave that moment of hers life.

Tremulously she recalled the moment. She had been a slim, dark girl sitting alone on a September afternoon at a window of an "Elizabethan" tea-shop. Her hat had suited her—a cheap, imitation Panama hat, but Liberty-scarved. She had caught it up closely behind, she remembered, with a hat-pin, and the pleasant result had been to curve deeply the wide, rather sunburnt brim in front, so that her eyes looked out of its shadows with a touch of mystery, and, by contrast, the lines of her nose, mouth, and chin emerged with a chiseled delicacy, an enchanting clearness. The sun had poured in at the open window, so that she had let her tussore coat slip from her shoulders, and had sat revealed in a short white skirt and a white woolen sweater, open at the throat—unconventional garments for a London tea-shop, but there had been a sufficient reason for that. And the sweater, too, had suited her in the way it clung to her slim, supple figure, as though it said, "See, what a child, for all its grown-up airs!"

That had been all — unless you counted the pink-silk window-curtain, turned to flame by the sun, and billowing inward against her whenever there was a gust of wind. And of course you *had* to count that, for it must have been of that chiefly that the writer had created his magical image of her, his invocation of "Sailor, sailing alone," the haunting cadences of his inquiry as to whether she was making with her "sunrise sail" (oh, blessed pink curtain!) for the port of any heart, or was really bound, in unapproachable solitude, for the poet's perilous seas in fairy-lands forlorn.

She knew, of course, why he had thought *that!* It was because, in her desire to appear unaware of his too fervent regard, she had taken from her bag the only scrap of reading-matter it happened to contain, and he had recognized it (was he not a poet?) for the proof of a poem.

He? Granted that she was the girl of the poem, how could she possibly know who was the poet? Broadberry's had been more than half full that afternoon; it might have been anybody in the room. . . .

Hypocrite!—she did know, and that was an end of it. It was *he*—the young man who had come in some minutes after her, and who, at sight of her, had broken off short in the middle of a sentence to the older man who was his companion, and had looked at her with eyes grown suddenly ardent and yet awed, as though she were something—yes, something *unbelievable.* In her confusion over the sweetness, the involuntary flattery of that she had not really read a word of the proof; she had needed all her self-control to sustain with apparent serenity those long looks of sheer bewitchment from the young man. Moreover, she had had to collect her forces for the ordeal of departure from the tea-shop under the fire of his eyes.

She had managed it creditably. Without a single look she had passed him at his table and gone her way. But all the same she had felt that rapt gaze burning into her as she went; she had known that a dozen impossible plans for detaining her had rushed headlong through his mind as he saw her about to vanish, and that he had had to abandon them all for two reasons: because of his companion, and because of her. He could not speak to her, because she was not *that* kind of girl, and he knew and gloried in it; he could not even follow

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

her unobtrusively on the chance of discovering where she lived, because of his companion—because it would lay her open to the possible construction of being that sort of girl, or, at any rate, of his thinking her that sort of girl.

So it had ended. That evening she had suffered a natural reaction of disappointment and loneliness; for a few days she had had a foolish dream of meeting him again; then, in the cold light of recovered common sense, she had laid the dream by.

And now here, in December, was the whole thing again—only far, far more vivid than ever. How often and with what delight he must have remembered her, to create at last this chiming loveliness about her out of—of just nothing at all! The thought surrounded her with happiness, made a warm glow into which her heart nestled. Incredible that she should not have known he was writing the poem, thinking of her. Incredible, monstrously dreary that even now *he* would never know how she loved his poem—how, though she lived to a shriveled, lonely old age, it would comfort her forever because of this lasting beauty that it made of one moment of her youth.

Carefully she cut the poem out, and sat looking at it. "N. R."—those were the initials with which it was signed. And she would never know what they stood for—whether his name were Nathaniel (horrors!) or—or Nero. Oh, she was being silly; but what other N's were there? And what did it matter? She would never know his name; he would never, never know that she had seen his poem and was passionately grateful for it.

Wouldn't he? Couldn't he? Like a snake the thought glided among the antimacassared proprieties of the cheerless furnished apartments. She thrust it out, but it returned; it caused her at last to stretch forth a hand, like a thief, for her own writing materials, to place upon a sheet of paper the two words, "Thank you," and to sign herself beneath them, "The Girl in the Window."

For a long time after that she looked at her guilty handiwork, seeking for grace to destroy it. And she couldn't. It charmed and excited her. She had only to put it into an envelop, to address it, "N. R., care of Editor, *The Evening Gazette*," and life would cease to be a stagnant pool, and become (for a few days, at any rate) a place of adventure.

And how she longed for adventure!—she who had made a poet think of her as a "sailor, sailing alone."

That decided her. She addressed and stamped the envelop; she went out to the pillar-box with it.

And there, with her hand still on the letter, she tasted the first sweets of adventure. Never before had she had this thrilling sense that a pillar-box was an awful thing—like the laws of the Medes and Persians—like the Juggernaut—like Fate. One moment and her letter was still hers; the next, and no power on earth would be able to retrieve it.

With a faint swish her envelop joined the pile in the box. The sound scared her; it was like the voice of Fate made audible; she turned and sped back to the stagnant securities of the furnished apartments.

She had given no address, and even if he deciphered the postmark he could not search a whole suburb for her. Nor, if he did, would he find her, she reflected. She was too insignificant, too solitary; she was nothing to anybody except "Mrs. Stringer's lodger."

No, it would not, it could not be that way. It would be (the serpent supplied the information) in one way alone that he could answer her letter—if he wanted to; she bought *The Gazette* every evening.

And on the third evening his answer was there. As it met her eyes her heart appeared to turn a somersault.

To the Girl in the Window. Same place four o'clock, Saturday. Please. N. R.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It seemed to her that the otherwise small print of the Personal Column suddenly rushed into flaming head-lines when it reached her message; everybody would notice it; she would be a marked character—marked for universal reprobation. Her cheeks blazed.

But gradually the sense of flaring publicity faded, and another agitation took its place. *Was she going?*

"Of course not!" said Prudence and Precept and Pride, bullying her.

"Sailor, sailing alone!" sang Youth and Romance and Adventure, tempting her.

She read the message again very carefully, weighing each word. "Saturday." He had really thought about it, then?—had cared enough to reflect that Saturday might be her only free day? *Was* it care, though?—or was it because he was—*experienced* in this sort of thing? But—"Please." Somehow that last word disarmed her of suspicion. There was something young and frank about it, something almost of reverence, something of the poet in it. "Please. . . ."

She went.

No Panama hat in December; no white sweater to say, excusingly, "See, what a child"; no "sunrise sail" at an open window to furnish similes and enchantments. Instead, hard electric lights, fires none too big, winter clothes. Would he be disappointed? Could he fail to be disappointed?

A blindness came upon her as she entered the room and made for the table in the window. For a new panic had treacherously awaited this moment and now sprang tigerishly at her. Perhaps she was the wrong girl, after all!—or the poet the wrong man! Oh, she would never be able to bear *that!*—the stinging self-ridicule, the sickening ignominy and cheapness.

She was sitting down and that first blindness was passing; it was only mist now. And out of the mist loomed two figures—one the waitress's, the other *his.*

His became the foremost; his hand was on her table. "May I?" He was bending toward her; he was smiling, shy, ardent. Then to the waitress, with admirable presence of mind, he threw over his shoulder, "Yes; tea for two, please"—and they were seated at one table, facing each other.

She was not the wrong girl; it was not ignominious; it was not cheap. The light in his poet's eyes assured her of that; and her heart, that had been a bird fluttering at her throat, wild for escape, was appeased.

"Isn't it—rather wonderful?" he was saying, with those shining, worshipful eyes on her.

She was smiling, too, now; for a long time there seemed nothing, really, to add to their charmed, joint sense of how wonderful it was. But at last he added, on a note of exaltation, "The *courage* of you—to trust me like this!"

"It was—the poem," she stammered then. "I knew—it must be all right."

"Oh—*that.*" He was suddenly disparaging; he had almost a look of dislike for the poem. "It's rotten," he said, shortly.

"No—no!" She defended her treasure, but at the same time she thrilled to her understanding of him. How splendidly self-critical was the artist soul! His own poem—and so new—yet already he was dissatisfied with it.

"But it is," he insisted. He appeared to debate something with himself. "Father says so," he added, reluctantly.

"Your father?" Her eyes widened in surprise and indignation. "But, surely—!" Her tone innocently voiced the conviction, native to youth, of how negligible are the opinions of fathers.

"Yes, I know." He answered the tone. "Only—" he broke off. "My name's Roden—Nicholas Roden."

At first she took that for an abrupt change of subject, but then something of awkwardness about the manner of his communication flashed another theory before her.

"Oh!—but you don't mean your father is Christo—is *the* Mr. Roden?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

He nodded. "Christopher Roden—yes. So you see—"

Oh yes, she saw. It was not for poetry that Christopher Roden was *the* Mr. Roden; nevertheless it would be impious for any one to suggest that, father or no father, *his* opinion on any branch of literature was negligible.

At the same time she was not going to let even Christopher Roden take her poem away from her. "I love it," she said, in a small but defiant voice, "and always shall."

But he was not to be comforted for his father's adverse judgment. "Don't," he said. "It's not worth it. And as you're a poet yourself, you must know it."

She flushed. "You mean—that proof? But—"

"Yes." He shook off depression concerning his own beautiful poetry, and was all eagerness and fire again—for *hers*. "When I saw you reading it, I *knew* why I—why I felt as I did about you! It was because you were a poet."

"Was it?"

At the sudden flatness of her tone he had a quick, solicitous look for her. "I say—you're not feeling well? It's too close in here?" He was almost on his feet to open the window.

She stopped him. "No. It's nothing. Only"—she laughed rather unsteadily—"you mustn't count on *my* being much of a poet! It—it was a first effort."

"And yet had got into print? Splendid!" He regarded her with a kind of wistful earnestness. "You love poetry?"

"Better than anything!" It was her turn for eagerness and fire. "So you can imagine—how I felt—when I read—"

"Yes—yes."

(He positively hated, it seemed, to have his lovely poem referred to!) To change the subject, she said: "Your father— It wasn't *he* with you that afternoon?"

"Yes, it was. Why are you surprised?"

She tried to think why. "Somehow—he didn't look like a writer." She smiled. "Do you know, I believe I put *him* down as a sailor!—something like that, anyhow. He had a look—the sort of steady, long-distance look—"

"Bravo! He'll like that." She perceived that he loved his father. "Tell him yourself, to-morrow."

"Te-tell him? To-morrow?"

His eyes danced with a knowledge of miracles up his sleeve—and then were grave with something else. "Did you think," they demanded of her, with that look of idealizing softness that sent a tremor of delight through her, "that I would wrong you—would soil all this loveliness by having it *clandestine* for a single minute longer than necessary?" But aloud what he said was: "Please—if you have no other engagement? Will you come to tea with us—just him, and my sister who keeps house for us, and me? St. John's Wood. He told me to ask you."

He had told him to ask her! She hardly knew what to make of it. Relief was tempered by doubt.

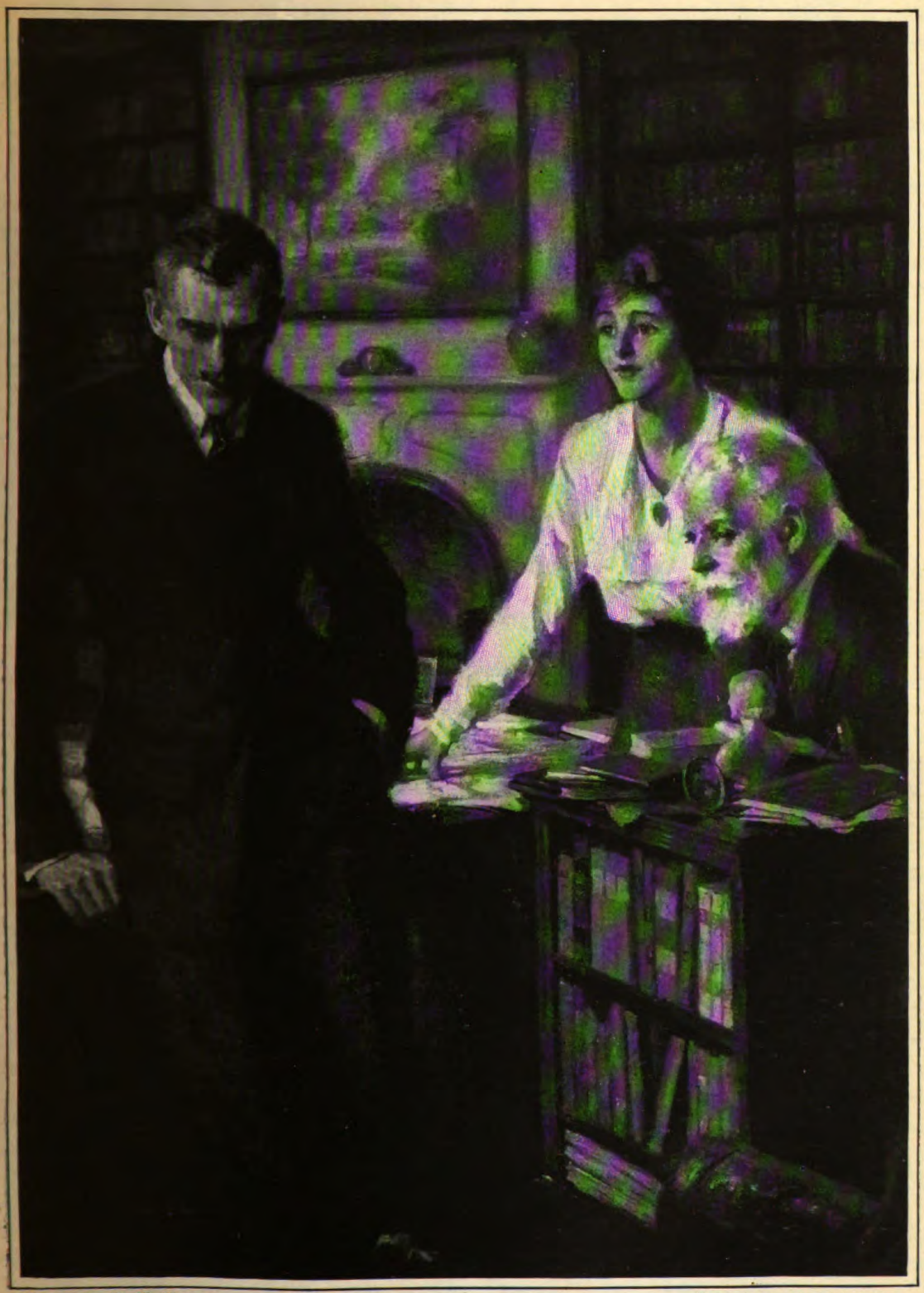
"Then he doesn't know—? He thinks you've met me in—the ordinary way?"

"No, no! He knows. You see—" But he did not tell her what she saw. "And, anyhow," he amended, "you don't tell him things; they soak into him from the—the surrounding atmosphere. You can't keep them *from* him, I mean. Only somehow you don't mind his knowing, either. Oh, don't be frightened! You'll see."

She saw and she was not frightened. For what she saw was that Christopher Roden teased her and laughed at her because he liked her, because he didn't even mind Nick liking her. All was well—oh, gloriously well! Or, rather, it would have been, but for conscience.

She had hoped and expected to live conscience down; but, to her dismay, on the day that supplied her with the longed-for verbal evidence that Nick more than liked her, conscience suddenly got out of hand altogether. It snatched her in a panic from Nick's imminent arms and whirled her by blind instinct

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by T. K. Hanna Engraved by S. G. Putnam

HIS FLARE OF DEFIANCE OVER, HE TURNED ASIDE A SHAMED FACE

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to his father's study. She had just time to fling herself into that usually inviolate room and to shut and lock the door before Nick was hammering at it from the outside.

Then she turned to the desk in the window. "Oh—you're writing," she said, breathless and blank.

"I was," Christopher Roden corrected, dryly, and laid down his pen. There was renewed thunder at the door, and he raised his voice. "Go away, Nick," he ordered.

"But you've got *Alison*," Nick protested.

"Well, what of it?"

"I want her!"

"So do I. Go away."

There were sounds of reluctant, adjectival retreat; then silence.

The girl holding her breath let it go on a sob.

Christopher Roden swung round on his chair and raised kind, cajoling eyes to hers. "What! Tears? From our gallant sailor, sailing alone?"

"I'm not!" she gasped, desperately. "I never was. It's all a mistake."

His eyes grew kinder still, and he held out a hand invitingly. "Plucky sailor," he said, with quiet approval. "Much, much pluckier than Nick. I thought so."

"What do you mean?" Startled, she was coming toward him, and when she was near enough he drew her inside his arm, holding her against his knee, like a child.

"Shall I tell you?" he asked. "Shall I tell you what I think you came to tell *me?*"

"You—know?"

"I think so. Isn't it that Nick has asked you to marry him? And that you feel there's something you must clear up first?"

"Yes—yes," she murmured, relieved and grateful.

"And is it, perhaps, that you didn't write that poem of which he saw you reading a proof?—that you don't write poetry at all—but only feel it and look it?"

"It was written by a school friend," she faltered. "Her first—in print. So she sent me one of the proofs to read. I—I've never written a *line*. I'm just ordinary. I teach dancing and gym. at different schools all day, as you know; and that was why I was wearing those clothes at Broadberry's; it was between two classes. And I don't do anything else *at all*."

"Terrible," he sympathized.

"You're laughing at me! You don't understand." Her lips quivered. "I don't mind for myself. It's that Nick—*Nick*—"

"It's that Nick"—he took up her tale vigorously—"has been telling you he fell in love with you because of the proof of that poem! Isn't it?"

"Well, *wouldn't* he?" she protested, piteously. "What else—considering he's a writer and poet himself?"

"Writer and fiddlestick!" Nick's father interrupted, with the careless ease of the initiate. "And, anyhow, what's that got to do with it?" He tightened his arm about her comfortingly. "*Pretty sweeting!*" he rallied her.

"Oh!" She shrank away, uncomforted. "You—you're just putting me off with sugar-plums!"

"I'm not." Suddenly serious, he swung her round till she was facing him. "I'm quoting Shakespeare—to the effect that Nature doesn't care a button for the means; she is concerned for the end!"

"I—I don't think I understand."

"I don't think you do!" His seriousness vanished; he mimicked her gaily. "If you did—well, Nature's game would be up, sweet-and-twenty!" He rose, brushing her hair with a kiss as he passed it. "So now we'll have Nick in and tell him about it. Shall we? And then we shall see—well, what we shall see." He unlocked the door. "Nick!"

"Coming!"

Alison hid her face from him. "*You*, please," she begged his father.

"All right. Nick, Alison has something she wants you to know. She didn't write that poem you saw her reading. She doesn't write at all."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Between her fingers the girl looked anxiously for the effect of this bombshell.

It was violent, but unexpected. After a brief struggle, "Thank God!" said the young man, fervently.

Alison forgot to hide her face; Christopher Roden's lips twitched faintly.

"So now, perhaps, Nick," he sug gested, with a touch of irony, "you've something to say on your own account?"

His son nodded, reddening. "Alison, I've been a beastly rotter. I don't suppose you can ever forgive me. I never meant to do it; I meant to tell you all about it that day you met me at Broadberry's. But somehow I couldn't. When I found it was not me, but the *poem* you cared about—that 'Girl-in-the-Window' thing—" He brought out the title with a vicious jab, glancing at his father.

"Yes?" the girl urged.

"Oh, I can't. You tell her, please." The young man, his flare of defiance over, turned aside a shamed face.

"I'm in it, too, you see, Alison," Christopher Roden explained. "In fact," he added, reflectively, "I'm not sure that my part of it doesn't amount to forgery. However—in a nut-shell. On that first afternoon at Broadberry's I saw, of course, what had happened to Nick; but I also saw something on my own account. And what I saw resulted in verse—of a sort. Not the sort to risk my reputation for, however; a bagatelle. And, in any case, it would never have done; verse is off my recognized beat. So I signed it with initials, and not my own initials, either. I borrowed—though in all innocence—Nick's. Then, when your letter came, I knew it was not for *me*, and I reflected that, after all, the verses were—well, morally Nick's. I had read them—that is to say, in his eyes; he had felt them; he had done everything but write them. And I knew he hadn't forgotten you. So I passed your letter on to him, to do what he liked about. But I confess it didn't occur to me that what he would like to do about it would be to lie to you."

His son winced.

"He *didn't!*" The girl flew to his defense. "He only did just what I did myself—put off telling—and you weren't so hard on *me*."

"You told first," Christopher Roden remarked. "That was courage."

"And he *didn't* tell," the girl cried, "because—only because he was afraid of losing me. And that's *love!*"

The young man dared to look at her. "But, Alison—have you thought? I'm not what you took me for—"

"And I'm not what you took *me* for. But—as if it matters!"

"Didn't I say so?" murmured Christopher Roden, mildly.

But they were not attending to him. Nick was grasping Alison's hands fiercely, possessed by the lover's eternal craving for self-torment. "But, darling, are you sure—*sure* you won't be disappointed—ever—that I can't write poetry?"

"Sure," she returned, on a note of steady serenity. And then she proved that she had in her what Christopher Roden, beneath her youth, her prettiness, and her longing for adventure, had divined—the stuff of womanhood. For now, in this supreme adventure of love, she had suddenly a moment of passion, of vision. "There's more poetry than the sort that's written!" she challenged, with her eyes on Christopher Roden.

"Bravo," he assented, quietly.

She turned to her lover, and her voice thrilled with her vision. "We'll live it, Nick!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

DEER IN THE BERKSHIRES

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE stag which at eve had drunk his fill where danced the moon on Monan's rill awoke to find himself pursued by dogs and men. Deer-hunting was a noble sport in those romantic days. It is a sport still, but the man who uses a dog is inviting trouble in my state, and he can hunt only during the first week in December, kill but one deer, and he must do that with a shot-gun, not a rifle. The result is that the most beautiful and appealing of all our larger forest animals, the Virginia or white-tailed deer (*Odocoileus Virginianus*), has returned in great numbers. In Thoreau's day, before conservation was dreamed of, the deer were so rare in Massachusetts that one was seldom seen even by so confirmed a woodland wanderer as the sage of Walden. To-day, after some years of absolute protection, followed by our present limited annual hunting season, even though we permit the killing of does, the deer have returned in such numbers that even the slaughter of two thousand or more a season does not appear to diminish the herds, at least in my locality. On my farm, in the Berkshire Hills, and in the surrounding country, the deer or their tracks are to be seen almost daily; they come into the orchard, into the garden, even upon the lawn before the house, their sharp hoofs cutting the turf when it is soft. Does lead their gawky little fawns across the fields in plain sight; a big buck nibbles frozen apples beside the roadside fence and scarcely deigns to lope away at the approach of a carriage; a whole herd, standing like cattle in the twilight under a pasture oak, merely lift their beautiful heads when the motor passes. That is what conservation can do. I am afraid, in this case, the conservation has come about rather because the hunters didn't want to see all the game disappear than because those who love the wilderness and its beautiful inhabitants wanted to preserve the gentle aristocrats of the woods. Yet the result is the same, and shows us what can be accomplished, how needless has been the extermination of our game, the devastation of our forests. Some day our forests, too, will be restored, and on beautiful, wild trails through aisles of pine we, the people of the commonwealth, the owners, shall tramp to our evening camping site, and see the brown eyes of a startled deer gazing at us from a sunny glade or lifted from the brown water of an evergreen-encircled pond—the very soul of the forests in their depths, no less than in the song of the hermit-thrush.

Did you ever watch a deer feed? I do not mean a deer in a wire pen, but in the wild state. It is at once a picture of eternal vigilance and a lesson in daintiness. It constantly lifts its head and its eyes search around. Its nostrils work to catch any suspicious scent on the wind. Though it is standing quietly, restfully, the strong, beautiful muscles of its flanks seem to be ready for an instant spring, as, indeed, they are. Last summer a deer came into my garden. With three carpenters, I was on the roof, shingling. This, however, did not disturb the buck, which stepped daintily over sixteen rows of potatoes, making directly for a row of string-beans which he knew well were there, having eaten nearly half of them a night or two before. It was such a pretty picture that he made, there amid the lines of vegetables and the tassled corn, and so thrilling,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

also, to have a deer in one's very garden, that I let him eat a bit more, watching his firm but dainty nibblings, and his alert watchfulness, which, to be sure, must have been here largely a matter of instinct, for he could hardly have been afraid. He took the tips of the bean-vines and the pods, leaving the lower stems and foliage.

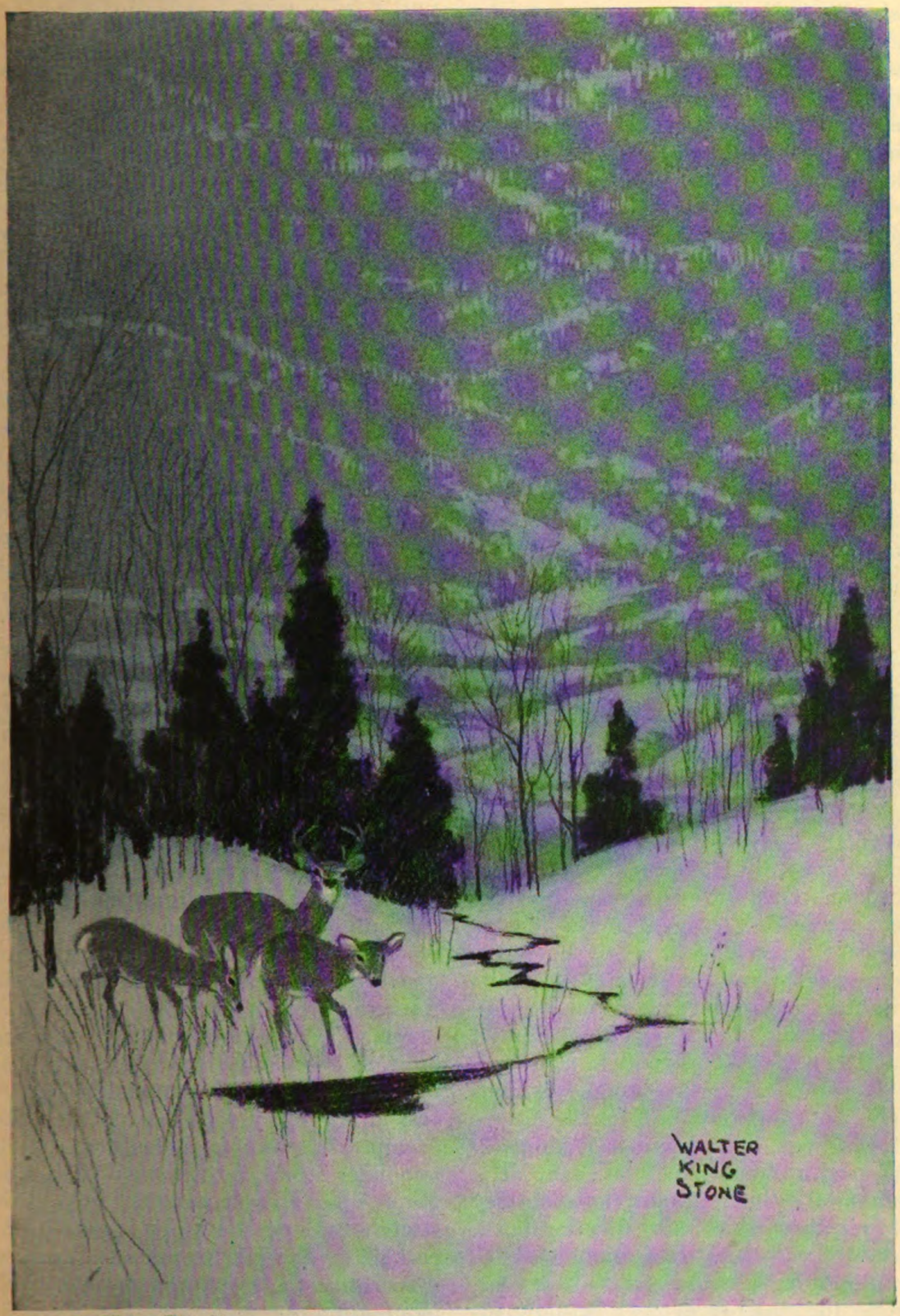
At length, with a shout, one of us threw a hammer at him. He did not even look up toward the sound, which he evidently recognized as of quite a different character from our previous conversation and hammering. He made a long bound, from an easy standing position, so rapidly that I could hardly see his hip muscles flex for the jump. Barely landing, he was off the ground again and over a snake-fence, almost as a rubber ball would bounce. Once over the fence into a field, he seemed to be bounding easily, almost carelessly, though with great speed. He took a stone wall by the sugar-bush with the grace of a hurdler coming down the stretch, and disappeared. The game warden says I can claim damages of the state for my beans, but I have not done so. Instead, I am planning an extra row this summer!

It is much more common, however, to see deer feeding at twilight or in the early morning hours than in full day. In our country are many old apple-trees beside the roads or in neglected fields, and beneath such trees in late autumn or in winter, after food is less easily obtainable, the deer come for frozen fruit, often pawing up the snow to get it. In my orchard last March, when dusk was fast being swallowed by night, I heard a rustle as I drove past the fence, on the road outside, and, looking up, saw the shadowy form of a big buck—perhaps the lover of beans—not twenty-five feet away. He looked at me with head erect, hesitated a full minute before turning, and then I saw the white glimmer of his tail as he vanished into the darkness. The next morning I examined his tracks, and found he had walked within fifty feet of the house, across the soft lawn, and investigated the ground under all the apple-trees. More than once I have found apples bitten neatly in half by the deer, the uneaten portion still lying in the little hole it made when the fruit fell. Once, too, I saw a basket of apples upset by a deer and nozzled over without a single fruit being injured save the one or two he had eaten. A cow would have spoiled at least a quart.

Tracking a deer through the woods, not to shoot him, but to see what he has eaten, what he has been about, how he has lived, is a fascinating sport, and may take you far afield and into steep or difficult places, especially as it can best be done over snow. A deer is a good traveler and apparently rather restless. He will go for miles through the fields and forest, snatching at a bough of cedar or hemlock here, nibbling a shoot or two of American yew (ground hemlock) down to snow-line there, climbing with his forefeet up a sumac-bush to get the downy bloom stalk in another place, yet never, so far as you can detect, exhausting the food possibilities anywhere. Even beneath the apple-trees, he leaves apples half eaten and wanders to another tree or another orchard. Only in countries or seasons of extremely deep snow, where the deer have to yard in, do they appear to remain in one place to pick it clean. They often remind me of a small boy picking berries in a big field, wandering from bush to bush, while his older sister, stripping each bush clean as she moves along, has her pail full before he has covered the bottom of his. I am certain she does not have half so good a time, and I think the deer enjoy their ambulatory browsing. Also, no doubt, it helps to keep them in proper condition, since their safety has always depended, and often still depends, on speed and endurance and a knowledge of the country.

The deer is a creature of spirit, too, in spite of his gentle eyes and his literary reputation. That he is a creature of strength, you have only to witness his leaps to believe, or only to try to catch

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by Walter King Stone

THE DEER GIVE MYSTERY TO THE WINTER PICTURE

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

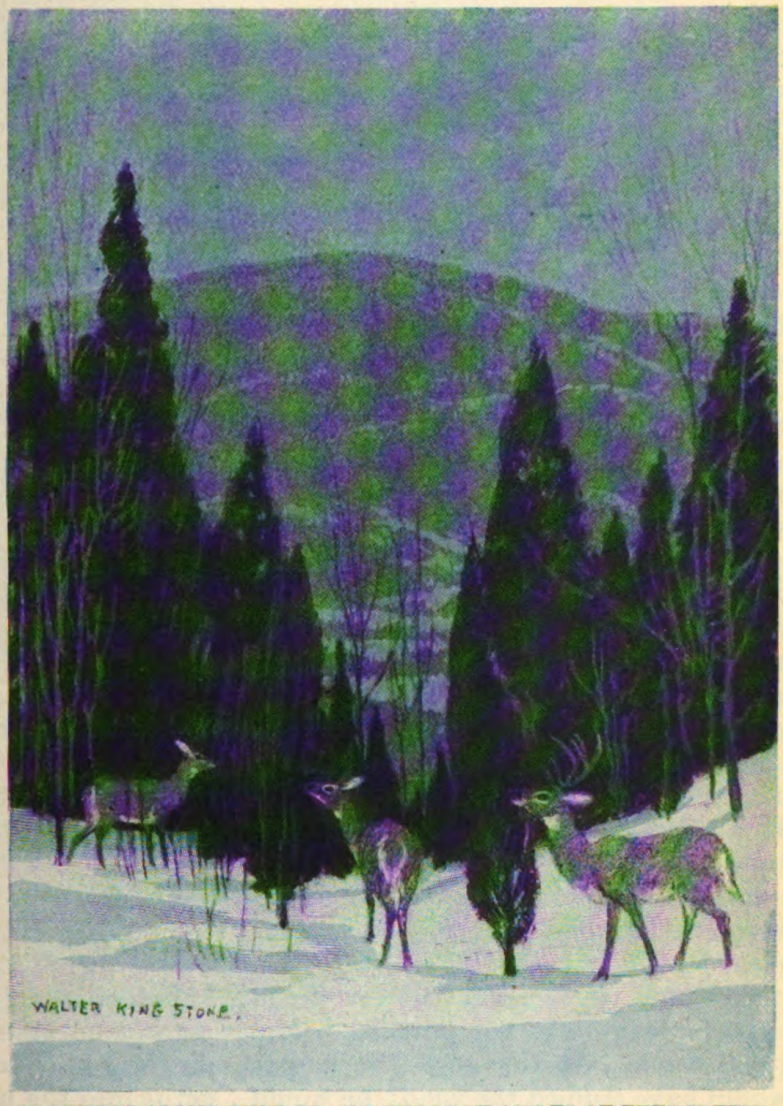
one in a canoe when he is swimming a lake. Actually, however, a deer remains a wild thing, even in captivity, and a little fawn, seemingly playful and adored by all who see it, develops an aggressiveness when his horns begin to sprout that may well become dangerous. A doe will defend her fawn from a dog or a wolf with great bravery and cunning, using her sharp hoofs as a formidable weapon, and a full-grown buck has been known to tree a boy right here in western Massachusetts. The boy was sent for the cows, and on his failure to return his father went out to find him. He found him—clinging in an apple-tree, with a three-hundred-pound buck pawing the ground beneath. This was probably in the rutting season, when the bucks fight among themselves. The deer is a gentle, beautiful, soft-eyed, fawn-colored vegetarian. Yet he fights for a mate, or, we had better say, several mates, since he is polygamous, and his domestic motto is that of the Tank Corps—"Treat 'em rough." Knit up in his splendid muscles beneath that sleek, fawn-colored coat, and in the brain behind those big, soft, gentle eyes, is an unquenchable vitality that battles for its fulfilment. To watch the deer in beautiful action, especially when taking a high fence, and to know something of its active wanderings through woods and swamps and up steep mountain-sides, and of its unquenchable passion to woo and win when the season comes, is to respect it no less for its vitality than its softer and more traditional charms. It is a splendid, free, wild animal, not an adornment in a park.

The fact that the deer is a polygamous animal of course accounts for the success of the buck law, where it is properly enforced. Since one buck can, at a minimum estimate, insure the maternity of four does (which, after the first fawn, usually bear more than one a season), hunting can proceed year after year, while the number of deer actually increase. In Vermont, for example, more and more deer are killed each year, yet they continue to grow more numerous. If, on the other hand, it is permitted to kill does, only an extremely restricted season, such as we have in Massachusetts, can save the breed from extermination. New York State now contains, it is estimated, about fifty thousand deer—and thirty-seven thousand hunters annually go after them! Only a rigid buck law, rigidly enforced, can save the deer from speedy extermination in New York, and, incidentally, only such a law can save a good many of the hunters! If you have to make sure before you fire that your deer is a male, with horns, the chances are considerably reduced of your mistaking your guide or a fellow-hunter for potential venison. The reduction in the number of hunting accidents in all states which have introduced a law prohibiting the shooting of any but grown bucks is extraordinary, and forms rather a melancholy commentary on the decadent woodsmanship of our latter-day hunters.

There are certain hunters—not many, I fear, of the thousands who go forth on December 1st in our state to bag a deer, some of them glad to return with a chipmunk!—who realize the real charm and nobility of the deer, the full flavor of his natural setting. For the pot-hunters, the lawbreakers who sink to the ultimate and criminal degradation of using a search-light from an automobile to blind the game, for all the men and boys who regard the open season as a chance merely to kill something and show their prowess, often regardless of law and decency, I have no sympathy, and for most of them only contempt not unmixed at times with amusement. Between my farm and the village, for example, is a swampy woodland region two miles across and traversed by a single road. The deer come into this stretch in large numbers in autumn, perhaps for the feeding, perhaps because it is close to their winter quarters on the mountain. At any rate, the fact is known, and at daybreak of the first Monday in December last year not less than fifty men, they say, were all along

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

this road and in the woods beside it. Almost exactly at six I was awakened by the first shot. Yet not a deer was killed there all day! Toward evening one hunter was discovered gazing down into a small hole between two rocks. When asked if a deer had fallen in there, he replied that he was looking for a chipmunk to take home. From hunters like these the deer are comparatively safe after the first morning, for the animals take alarm at once and make for deep cover. There is a well-patrolled game-preserve of seven thousand acres not far from my home, and the keeper tells me that on the first day of hunting last December the deer began to jump the fence into the inclosure till a considerable herd was inside, where they remained all the week.



BROWSING ALONG WILD TRAILS THROUGH AISLES OF EVERGREENS

The hunters who get the deer, of course (unless they are the unspeakable creatures who use search-light), are either the skilled pot-hunters or the true sportsmen whose joy in the chase is compounded of a perhaps inexpressive love of the wilds, the swamps, the mountainsides, the bare December woods, and a love of pitting their skill against that of the deer, their endurance against his.

I went up the mountain one day in mid-April by the air-line route, over the precipitous shoulder. From my house to the summit of the shoulder is less than a mile, but the ascent is more than one thousand feet, without any trail, at first through a heavy hardwood forest about seventy-five years old, with entangling laurel thick on the floor, and for the last third of the way over sheer ledges calling for hand-over-hand climbing, and great, fallen rock fragments. No ax has ever been in here, and the hemlocks, though stunted in height, are huge in girth till they begin to shrink and finally disappear as you reach the wind-swept summit, crowned only with dwarfed and storm-tortured jack-pines. If I had

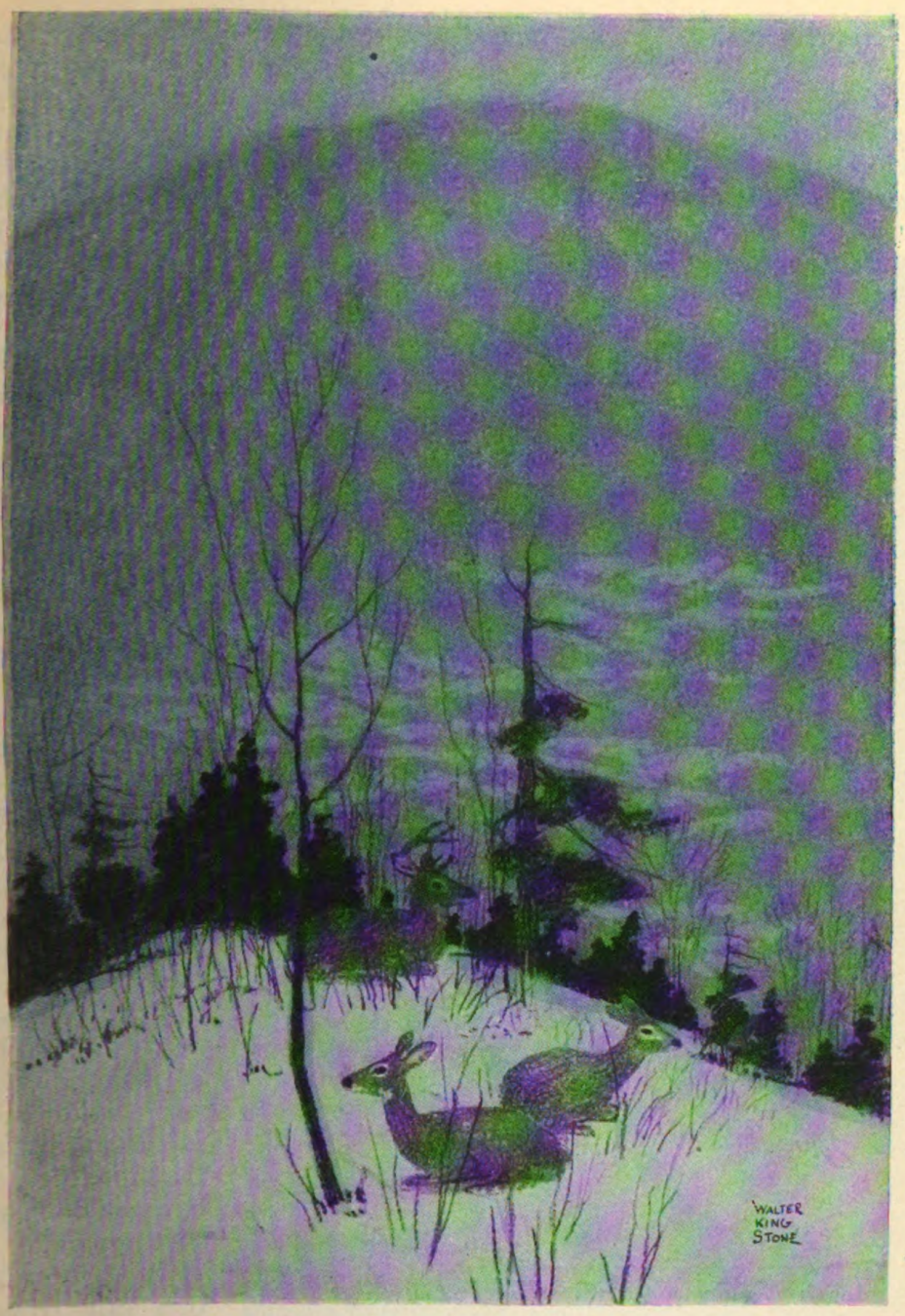
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

been tracking a deer below, he would in all probability have come up this way. It took me, moving steadily, one hour and a half to make the ascent of less than a mile. He, I suppose, could make it, if he knew he were pursued, in fifteen minutes! On this April day not one, but several, deer had been up, and everywhere were signs that they had frequented the steep slope perhaps all winter. In two or three places were dim game trails which, if followed, turned out to lead up the easiest ascents; once I passed a young tree which was newly scarred by a buck whose freshly sprouting horns itched so that he had rubbed his forehead till the bark was bruised and a fine gray fuzz deposited as well. Here and there were signs of feeding, some fresh, some old. The food here was striped maple (we call it moose-wood—the *Acer Pennsylvanicum*), and the young shoots, two or three feet high, were bitten off clean. When the bites were at uniform height on a group of shoots, it showed, probably, where last winter's snow-line lay. At the top of the ridge I came upon an open space amid the jack-pines, carpeted thickly with a stiff gray moss and grass, and newly pressed down as if by sleepers. Here, no doubt, two or three deer had reposed for a noontide nap in the warm April sun. If a wise hunter had been following them, he would have begun to note especially signs of freshness in the tracks before he reached this spot, or perhaps picked up two more tracks, one going, one coming, where a deer had doubled to make sure he was not pursued before lying down. At that sign the hunter would have studied the wind; he would have exercised every precaution he knew, and crept forward alert—and been lucky if he saw more than a whisk of white tail through the opposite foliage as he came in sight of the clearing! Working without dogs, by his eye and wits alone and armed only with a shot-gun, the hunter who bags a deer by fair chase over such going as this at least earns his venison; and if he does it for love of adventure and the joy of the wilderness, I think I can understand the deep satisfaction which seems to be his. But the mind of any other deer-slayer is to me a book sealed sevenfold.

There is one type of "hunter" which particularly riles me, because he is so often a hypocrite. He is the farmer, whom the law permits to kill a deer at any time if found damaging his crops. Naturally, the farmers had something to do with the passage of this law, and they use it as an excuse to get venison at seasons when the deer are otherwise protected and unsuspicious. If the strict truth were told, not all the salt put out in pastures is for the cattle. I have made many investigations of alleged damage to the crops by deer, and I have had scores of opportunities to observe their destructiveness on my own farm. In spite of the fact that I lost last summer a row of string-beans, and in spite of the fact that a deer last winter walked through one of my snow-covered cold-frames, breaking a dozen panes of glass, it is my firm conviction that the annual damage the deer are said to do could be divided by ten, and still be overestimated. In the first place, they are light feeders as well as dainty steppers; their diet is rather limited, and they will not, unless starving, eat dry food, such as ripe grain. If the enraged farmer would take the trouble to examine his field behind them, instead of running for his gun, his rage would evaporate—if it were real.

For example, a farmer complained to me last autumn that the deer were destroying his buckwheat before he could get it into the barn. Never having seen a case where deer would eat dried buckwheat when they were well fed, as our wild deer are, I didn't believe him, and went at once to the field. It lay between my house and the village, beside the one road I have spoken of, and beside the swampy woods where the deer are thick. I have often seen herds of eight or nine deer along this road in the dusk of an autumn evening, gazing at me, as I

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



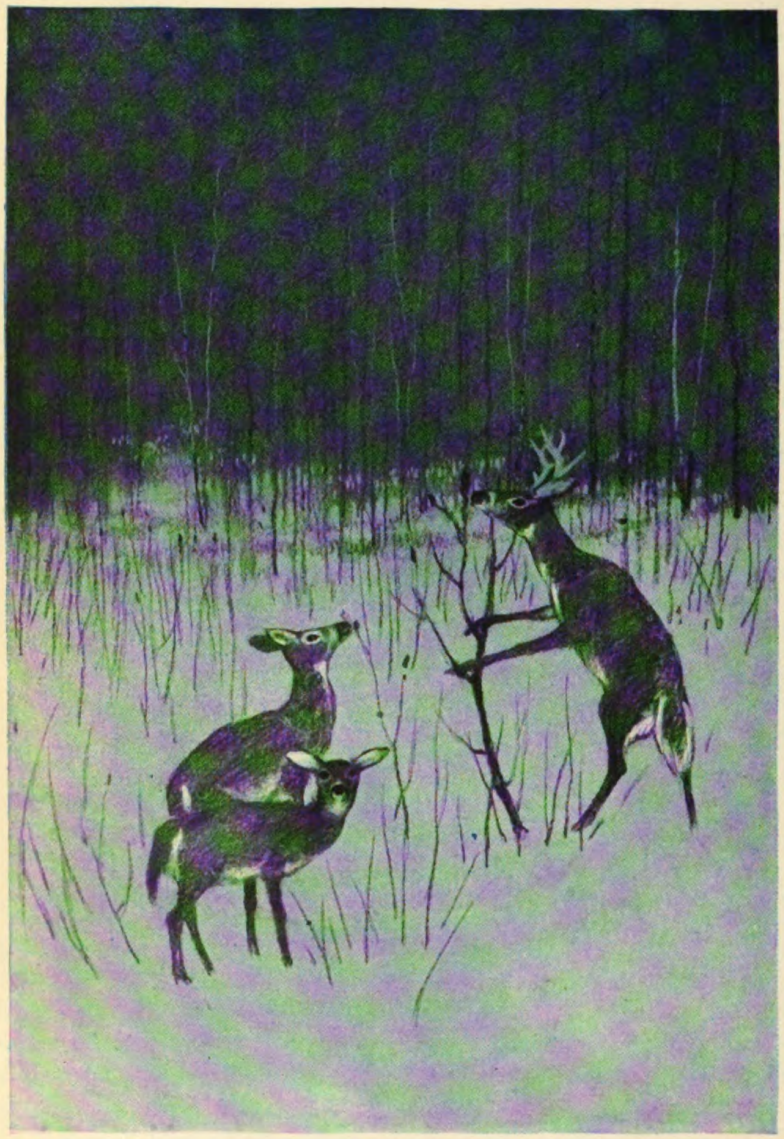
A NOONDAY SIESTA

passed, from a sumac thicket, or the shadow of a great protecting tree, or even from the open. I now found that the deer had indeed come into the field where the buckwheat was stacked in sheaves, till the soft ground was full of their tracks. I spent two hours in this field, following each track so far as I could, and carefully examining each sheaf to which a deer had walked. I kneeled down to the task, creeping around the stacks on my knees. In those two hours I was unable to detect a single stalk bitten off, a single scrap of evidence that the farmer had lost so much as one grain of buckwheat! Yet this farmer, if he had caught a deer in the field, would undoubtedly have shot

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

it, and considered that he had good excuse.

When winter comes, with deep snow, the deer are better off to-day than they were two hundred or even one hundred years ago. Then they were at the mercy of wolves, bear, and other hunters, on four legs or two. Now they have practically no enemies except self-hunting dogs, which are, relatively, not numerous. Wildcats may get a few fawns, and a very young fawn might fall prey to a fox, but that is highly unlikely, as it would be with its mother, who could easily stand a fox off. Wolves and panthers, however, are exterminated hereabouts (though on December 2, 1918, what appears to have been a timber wolf was shot in New Marlborough, Massachusetts, the first one shot in the state, so far as I can learn, in several generations, and wolves were said the same winter to have reappeared in the upper Green Mountains); the human hunters are called off by law, and the deer have a comparatively easy time of it with plenty of food. If the snow is very deep they "yard in." A deer yard is simply a system of paths trodden in the snow. In regions where the snow is many feet deep, such as in the Rocky Mountains, the purpose of these paths is to pack the snow and so bring up the level of firm footing to a point where the deer can always reach the foliage above. Elsewhere, the object is rather to maintain contact with the ground cover and shrubs. By keeping in motion along these paths, the deer can tread and shoulder the new snow pretty well out, achieving snow ditches, as it were, where they remain till the food-supply is exhausted. As far south as Massachusetts, however, they seldom or never have to resort to these methods.



TO WATCH A DEER FEED IS A LESSON IN DAINTINESS

When I came to my present home, at the base of the abrupt mountain, I used to wonder, that first severe winter, what had become of all the deer which had

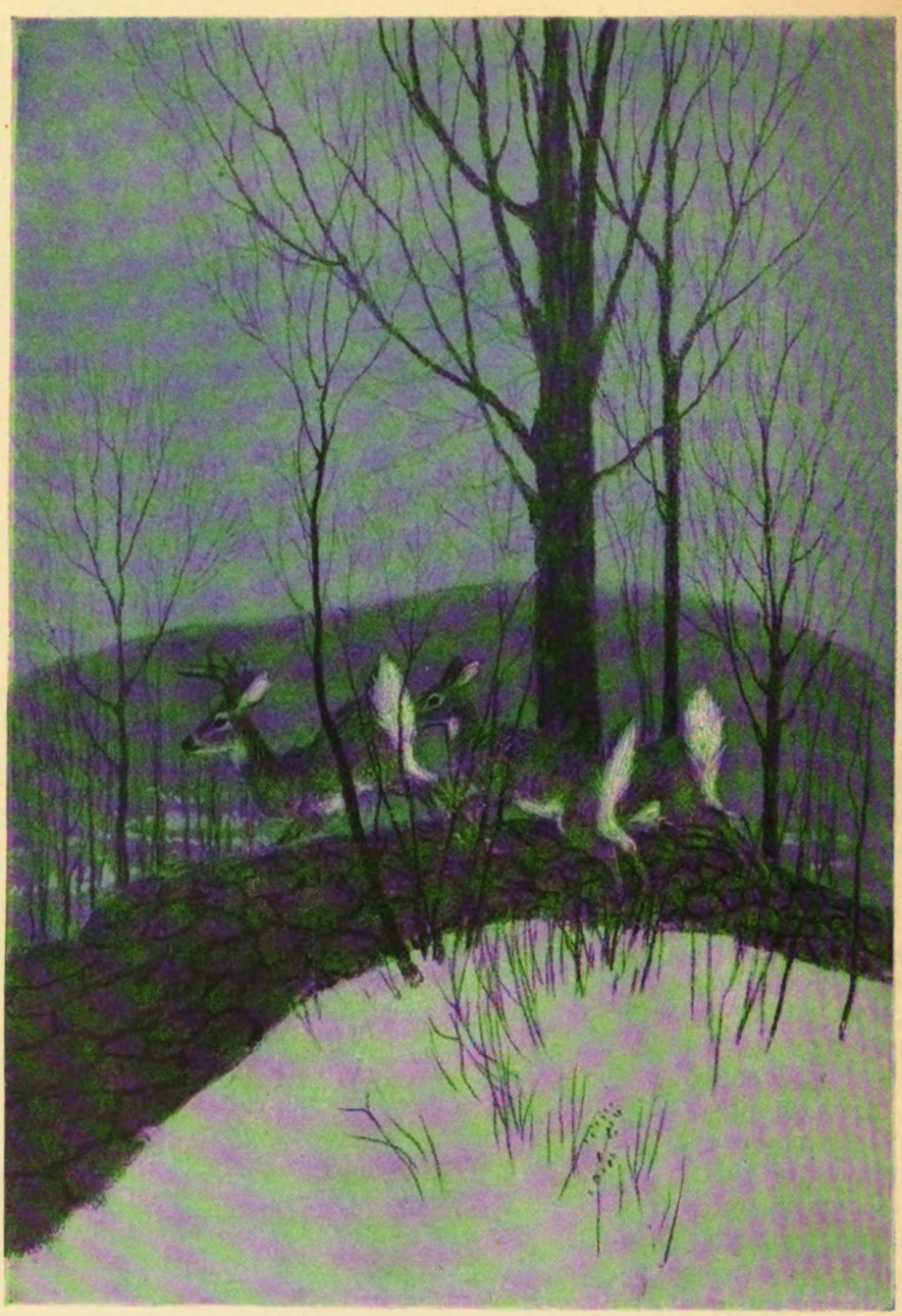
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

been visible in such numbers during the autumn, in the woods and swamps at the foot of the slope. Then I began to observe their tracks coming down to a spring which did not freeze. Following up over the ledges and through the "laurel hells," I found that the top of the great, abrupt shoulder of the mountain, which extends for ten miles north and south, covered only with low shrubs and stunted jack-pine, was almost bare. The snow here was blown thin by the incessant winds, the gales which had sheared and twisted the pines, exposing the shrubs, moss, and especially the young tree twigs which are always struggling up under the pines, yet never making trees. Here the deer did not need to maintain a yard; the wind did it for them; and here was such plentiful evidence of deer that I felt sure a large herd, or perhaps more than one herd, wintered on this wild, secluded upland. One of our wildcat-hunters later told me that he estimated the number at thirty-five. To come upon several of them lying, perhaps, at noon on the snow, near the drop of the ledges, with the blue tremendousness of the next mountain headland rising out of the hole beyond, or to meet them on one of their excursions to the lower levels, to browse on the rich young cedars which stand like grave, black-coated sentinels on the snow, or to drink from some open spring, and always with the sense of deep woodland and leaping mountain and hushed winter world to give spaciousness and mystery to the picture—this is to see the deer at their best, creatures beautiful to look upon, gentle yet wild and free, hardy yet harmless, shy yet, when unmolested, gravely curious. Other large creatures of the winter woods—foxes, wildcats, and the like—are prowling for prey; destruction of other and perhaps more attractive creatures follows in their wake. But the deer drink water from a spring, nibble the fruit from a sumac,



PAWING UP THE SNOW FOR FROZEN APPLES

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE DEER ADDS A TOUCH OF GRACE AND SPIRIT TO THE LANDSCAPE

bite a few twigs from a cedar, paw up some frozen apples from beneath the snow, and ask no further toll. They are the fauns and dryads of our woods. For every one that escapes the blood-lust of man, I breathe a little prayer of thanksgiving, and think of the woods and rugged mountain-sides as just so much more beautiful and unspoiled.

A few years ago I was driving along the highway where it follows the bank of the Housatonic River, and came upon a curious scene. A dog had driven a young deer into the stream, but could not follow it across because the current was too swift as it foamed over rocky rapids. In fact, it was all the deer could do to cross. On the other side were two track-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

repairers on the railroad, also with a dog. These men had a rope, and, when they saw the deer coming, rushed down to the bank to lasso it. The poor creature turned and started back. But here the first dog still awaited it (ignoring all verbal and other persuasion on my part). So the deer turned once more. He crossed that stream through the rapids five times, the dogs dashing in as far as they could after him, until they lost their footing and began to be carried down-stream. After the fifth crossing he began to be so exhausted that you could hear his painful breathing above the hiss of the rapids and the baying of the dogs, and he decided he would have to trust to the land. He made a spring at the bank where it was almost precipitous, while the dog was in the water, and got to the top before the dog could touch him. Then, with one sideways bound he avoided the men with the rope, and cleared the railroad tracks and a wire fence. The men, of course, could not follow, but the dog did, baying his silly head half off. The deer, in spite of his exhaustion, took a hundred-foot-high rock ledge like a rabbit, well knowing that the steeper the ascent the better his chances over the dog. On top of this ledge, a rough pine forest began, and soon after that the actual side of the mountain. We heard the dog baying up this mountain-side for a time, in full cry, but presently his bark developed a plaintive, aggrieved note, and in fifteen minutes he was back, tongue hanging out and looking extremely sheepish. The deer, like a fox, took to the steep slopes and had kept steadily up, so that the dog had no chance.

When you have once seen an animal put up a struggle like that, winning out by sheer pluck and endurance and instinctive skill, and especially when it is a beautiful animal, a harmless animal, full of grace and poetic suggestiveness, your sympathies are on its side, even if they were not before. For my part, I could no more go out on the mountain and shoot a deer for sport than I could go out in the pasture for sport and shoot a big-eyed Jersey yearling. I can as ill spare the beautiful deer from the wild landscape as I could spare the quiet, browsing cattle from the rolling pastures. And I hope the time will come when I shall not meet on the first of December a host of men with guns, who seem to me, on that day, especially, the archaic survivals of an ancient cruelty.

THE TREES

BY ALICE BROWN

THE bare white birch, like a bather, bends over the river,
As still as a dream.
Not a twig of the tree in air is astir, not a quiver
O'er-ripples the stream.

The roots of the tree in the air and the tree in the water
Are met, and entwine.
One stem is a scion of the earth and one is the daughter
Of that stillness divine.

Yet when the dusk falls or ever a wanton wind bloweth,
One sighs and is gone.
And which was the tree and which was the image none knoweth,
For both were as one.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

LOVE IS FREE

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

AS he raised the latch of the slightly squeaking iron gate, the Reverend James Compton Chichester Butts received the premonition. It came, a delicious slap in the face, of brier-rose. The Reverend James lifted his nostrils like a race-horse and an expression of exhilaration nested in his eyes. He was perfectly sure that it was going to be this time. He was subject to these influxes of revelation; indeed, wafts from the future happened to him on an average of several times a week. But the fact of their recurrence never interfered with the authoritative quality of their appeal.

When he caught a glimpse under the edge of the porch screen of a white appearance which could be nothing on earth except a flounce, and heard the not uncertain sound which announced that his landlady (the Pineforest word was hostess), Miss Letty Waller, was entertaining a guest, he was convinced of the authenticity of his message. Miss Letty belonged to that school of the hard of hearing who consider it more merciful to err on the side of too robust an enunciation than to put the hearer to the continued necessity of desiring the repetition of observations which in most cases did not justify it. When in doubt she bellowed. At the present moment she seemed to be in doubt.

The Reverend James paused for a second of delicious hesitation. Should he rush upon his fate, or should he put it off a bit, drinking in that first apprehension of the dawn of feeling which he understood never came again, holding its opal tones to the light as an amateur of porcelains studies the iridescent skin of a precious specimen? He decided on the latter course. With the exquisite perversity of the lover he would choose the final second of doing without. He turned down the narrow side-path which led in a desultory fashion to the round seat that hugged the willow-tree. It was especially quaint to sit at this moment under a willow. Its long garlands of leaves hung around him like the fringes of a satrap's canopy slung over a tent. Through the tassels pink and white phlox made brilliant splashes in the careless grass; not common phlox, but those tall, thick minarets of blossoms that last resolutely through the heats of a Southern summer.

As the Reverend James sits under the willow dallying with the innocence of love, it may be as well to tell the worst of him and get it over. He was very young.

Considering his age and his experience, he was unpardonably young. After leaving the theological school at Sewanee he had been assistant for several years at a hard-working, very ritualistic church in the poorer section of Baltimore. What time could be spared from work among the poor had been devoted to a multiplication of services. He had literally not had time to think. When the war became America's business he had offered himself as naturally as a man answers to his name. That had been more hard work, and, besides, a series of new impressions that took all the nerve and the reserve strength and the manliness of a man to meet. He had been commended. And the men had liked him, there had been no doubt of that. He had glimpsed in France things that he had wanted to remain and help with, reconstruction work, the salvage of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

old values or the beginning of patient new things. But, principally at his mother's beseeching, he had come home and discovered that the women of his family had arranged for him, warm and waiting, this snug, restful little job in Pineforest.

"Just for the summer, dear," his mother had cajoled. "Old Mr. Elliott really needs a vacation, and I promised Emmie Compton to send you down. 'We don't need anything very brilliant, you know,' she said. Of course that was before you were mentioned at all, while we were speaking generally. 'The ritual is so beautiful that as long as a man is a clear reader and a gentleman, nothing more is necessary.' And, 'I am sure that James can qualify,' I told her. So you must go."

So for the first time in several years James Butts had leisure to sit down in a Southern garden and watch the world flower about him. Being a healthy and normal creature, he envisaged it with an Adam-like freshness of apprehension as a strangely agreeable place. Then as a corollary of this discovery came the conviction that man, in a garden, was not made to live alone.

He had always meant to marry, but there had seemed no hurry about it. He had no intention of taking the step without that incandescence of feeling which, the best English literature had assured him, was the crown and the reason of life. Nothing was farther from his intention than a marriage of comfort or convenience. Only, in his case, so temperate a proceeding would be quite impossible. Any union of convenience on which he might embark would become automatically a love-match long before the altar had been half-way reached.

He had found the larger part of his parish a disconcertment and a bafflement. It consisted so lavishly of women, many of them young. These seemed to him exceptionally nice girls, with pretty voices and well-bred, slightly old-fashioned ways, as his broader knowledge of the world assured him. But attractive, attractive in mass. There were the devout ones whom he associated with guilds and early services, and the dimpling ones who smiled. Not a come-hither smile, merely an endearing smile. He had taken lately to avoiding girls and devoting himself to his boys' football club and his young men's languishing Bible classes. On one point he was obdurate with himself. His mating, when it came, was to be ordered by his own intelligent soul and not by any imperative universal impulse. He was going to choose for himself.

And here was this bound of the pulses, like the warning of the hour again. The white appearance on Miss Letty's piazza —was it at last the not impossible she? A half-swing of his body around the circular green seat and the question would be decided.

It was not. In the reaction he made up his mind that she was the ugliest woman he had ever seen.

She laid her glass of iced tea on the broad railing and leaned for Miss Letty's ear-trumpet with an alert, almost predatory, gesture. She suggested a somewhat world-worn bird who might be off again in a second; a diminutive body, beady eyes in the center of sallow rings, and tiny hands which she held in deliberate little attitudes. Her plumage was of the parrakeet selection, although any self-respecting parrakeet would have turned gray long before. She was at least sixty.

When she spoke the listener realized that he was assisting at a post-mortem.

"And Celia Barrinel? What became of her?"

"Dead!" boomed Miss Letty.

"Uh-huh," sighed the returned native, resignedly. "Where's Florence Coles?"

"Dead," gurgled Miss Letty, hastily finishing her tea.

"Uh-huh. And your cousin Annie Waller?" The manner of both ladies was a curious blend of resignation and gusto.

"Dead. A great sufferer."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Uh-huh. What did she die of?" queried the parrakeet, ghoulishly. She attempted to hitch her chair an inch nearer, but, finding this to be impracticable because of the solid substance of Miss Letty with which it came in contact, she slid to the edge and adhered there precariously.

"Flesh. Near the end, she used to sit with two little tables to hold her up, one under each arm. And they buried her in two coffins, one on top of the other, like one of these baking-dishes."

The Reverend James reproved the corners of his mouth. It was his misfortune that he could not check in time the instant vision of the obese Annie, already prepared for who knows what sinister ceremonies in the next world. He never could help these flashes.

"And old Major Sebastian Chamberlain?"

"Dead this long time. He had the most impressive funeral, everything in it from a glass coach to an ox-cart. Everybody respected him. I remember my brother Stephen said that acting as pall-bearer was the most melancholy pleasure he ever had. Poor as church mice he left those girls. We've been wondering ever since—in a perfectly nice way, of course—how they managed to pay the expenses. But they felt it due to him, no doubt."

"You wrote me about it." The parrakeet hitched her heels over the rung of her chair and edged still nearer. Her feet looked prehensile.

"That was the last funeral I remember where biscuits and sherry were served to the mourners; the ladies in a separate room, of course. And the pall-bearers were given gloves and those two-yard scarfs of handsome black silk. As my brother Stephen said, the ladies sorrowed not without hope because they knew they'd get those two good yards of black silk to make into an apron. He would have his joke."

"Where's Mirabel Frazer?"

"Dead. I always did think Mirabel was such a silly-looking name on a tombstone. People ought to consider that. Some simple, old-time name like Malvina or Araminta looks so much more appropriate. And the baby—"

It occurred to James that perhaps he ought to make his presence more conspicuous. He was in full view, had they thought of looking his way, and he was also, humanly speaking, out of earshot. Miss Letty's trumpet could hardly be called human and was not his responsibility.

"And Emmie Compton,—Laverne, she was. Surely she can't be dead. She was just a little girl when I moved to St. Louis."

"Worse than dead," surged Miss Letty, portentously.

Miss Ainsworth—James remembered that she had been expected that day—teetered on the edge of her chair. Her mouth became a round, dark cavern to match her eyes. "Not—"

"On the verge of damnation," uttered Miss Letty, with awful solemnity. "Social as well as spiritual. At least—"

James strode across the lawn, making the tufts of phlox jump out of his way. With a hasty bow to the gaping visitor, he pre-empted the trumpet and placed his voice to carry for about fifty feet.

"Miss Letty," he intoned. "I insist upon the details. I have heard nothing whatever about this, and it seems to be within my province."

Miss Ainsworth turned a horrified gaze upon him, as though he had announced himself to be Mephistopheles. The sight of his clerical waistcoat seemed to reassure her.

"It isn't Emmie exactly," Miss Letty explained. "It's little Emmeline; it's her daughter. And butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, I'd have said. One of these sweet, gentle girls, without an idea of her own, just as you'd want her to be. It all comes of sending a girl to college, and a co-educational college at that, and at the North. They get such peculiar notions. And this young woman—it appears that she's a writer or something—got her claws on the child. I suppose

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

not having her mother to think for her, she had to substitute what she could. She seems to be the head devil, even more than the young man, from what Emmie says. It's just like a masterful woman like Emmie to turn out a daughter like a dish-rag, influenced by everybody. Never known it to fail."

"But what has she *done?*" shrieked the parrakeet. James interpreted.

"She hasn't done anything yet but announce her intention. But Emmie has lost her influence over her completely. That strange young woman has superseded her. What's worse, she's coming down to talk it over with Emmie. So is the young man. I hope they won't travel together, but you never can tell, these days. And—"

A ring sounded at the gate. To the end of his life James assured himself that some gong inside his heart sounded an overtone. After an interval both rang again.

"Oh, dear," groaned Miss Letty, in her conception of a whisper. "I suppose Malista has stepped out. She often does if she thinks me fully occupied."

"Let me go," said the Reverend James with the pleasant naturalness which had endeared him to his flock. As he passed successively the three steps of the piazza, the lawn, and the gravel path, he received the certainty, amounting to a slight shock, that the afternoon's premonition had been not deceptive, but merely premature. He had time for several other impressions.

A memory of sharply silver sky, little tables on the sidewalk, flower-sellers, crowds passing, many of the men in khaki. A group near him. Women with a foreign allure—dark, narrow eyelids, movements more suave, more reposeful than the women of our newer civilization had learned; not of the crowd, but watching it, interested, a little mockingly. Paris.

She was not French, but that was what she brought back to him. She gave him the same aloof, intelligent glance, the look of a woman who has moved about in the world, wary of its contacts, amused by its crudenesses, and satisfied of her ability to get from it what she chose. Something undoubtedly acquisitive about it.

She managed to convey all this while she uttered the singularly conventional question, "Does Miss Waller live here?"

"Yes. Will you come in?"

"I hear she takes paying guests. I wonder if she would take me? My name is Elsa Wynne. I am a friend of Miss Compton."

"I hope so—I mean, you might ask her. . . . So you are the head devil," mused James, but not aloud.

The girl's long eyes opened enormously. She was perhaps twenty-five, but they were as old as Eden. They observed, as plain as day, "I understand that it's the business of clergymen to be pleasant to everybody."

As James walked up the path behind her he absorbed the undulation in the air caused by her sure, light movement. He pondered over something very interesting in her clothes. Did they fit or did they not? They seemed to assimilate rather than to adhere. The result was highly agreeable.

"Oh, you!" said James, profoundly, like a tribute.

"You see," said Emmeline, placidly, "that Elsa and I have made up our minds."

She sat in the bay-window, backed by a breadth of chintz, all tropical wings and peony petals, a breadth of dotted muslin, a splotch of poplar green and a segment of blue sky. The sky looked heavy beside the airy blue shadows in the muslin. She was running white ribbon through an amorphous garment of lace. The line from the nape of her neck to the ankle on which she was sitting was the most guileless and liquid curve on earth.

"Do you call all that your—trousseau?" asked her mother, bitterly. She knew that her tone was wrong, but her nerves were giving out. Emmie Comp-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ton had aged perceptibly in the few weeks since her daughter's home-coming. The tart edge of her voice was matched by the sharp line of her cheek-bones, whence the wrinkles sagged down to her once complacent chin. In her eyes was the look of a woman hurt immeasurably. If the death of her husband, a year ago, accounted for the rough-hewing, the finishing touches were being given by Emmeline.

"Why not?" murmured the girl. "You have to dress, you know, even if you are an outcast."

"As for your mind," her mother went on, dryly, "you have no mind of your own. I have always done your thinking for you, and now this Wynne woman is doing it." Her dominant good sense stopped her. This was no way to conciliate the child. She was making Emmeline harder than nails. Young girls were. They had no conception of the misery their kitten claws could make until life had in their turn mauled them.

"You ought not to have let me go away if you didn't want me to get a few ideas," observed Emmeline, reasonably.

"I wish I had not. I wish to heaven that I'd picked out some sensible young man and married you to him as they do abroad."

"Jemmy, for instance?"

"Well, why not Jemmy? A well-born, well-bred—"

"Well-off, well-principled, eligible—young—man," chanted the girl. "I know all that."

"And you could have had him with a little encouragement."

"Any girl could have. He was just waiting to be picked." The young back sprang upright. "I prefer a man who wants me—*me—moi qui vous parle*, and not just any girl. And that's Amory."

"Do you always call him by his surname?"

"Always. His other name is impossible. It's Ezra. Fancy!" The voice rippled into a little scale of amusement. "You are so funny. The idea of your stopping to disapprove of that with all the other things you have to disapprove of."

"I can't believe it, I can't bring it home to myself," said Emmie, heavily.

Emmeline's soft features puckered not into temper, but a patient weariness. "Oh, don't begin again; don't let's begin that all over again. You could understand it if you didn't harden your heart and stiffen your neck against it. You won't see that it's a matter of principle with us. You pretend that it's a horrid, flippant sort of a freak, instead of the most serious and—and sacred step in our lives. Mumsey dear, won't you let Elsa talk to you? I haven't the words. She's so clever."

"Apparently the only way in which I can get at the mental processes of my own child is to talk to her. All I get from you is a reflection of her opinions."

"You promise you'll be nice to her?"

"I shall behave like a civilized creature, I hope. I am only too anxious to learn what justification you think you have."

With hard eyes she watched Emmeline put away the pile of mysteries and fetch a wide straw hat from the closet. And this stranger was her little daughter. This was what they had sent back to her. She fiercely forbade herself to put her arms around the child and cry to her like any sentimental fool, not to break her mother's heart. Emmeline wouldn't like it. They had never been on exactly the terms that would have made such an appeal inevitable. Theirs had always been a quiet affection without words. She had treated the girl like a plastic thing, sure to respond to her shaping touch. Well, others had learned the trick.

She turned away, staring stupidly into the boughs of the poplar. The wind ruffled them now and then, setting the white linings vibrating like a run of clear high notes. What was she to do? What was she to do? Dick would have stopped it somehow. He was so unyielding and so resourceful in his silent way. Her own influence went blunt

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

against a shield of calm resolution. Or was it merely a plating of stupidity—Emmeline had never been clever—over a substratum of somebody else's conviction? It was to find this out that she had consented to meet this abhorrent young woman.

"It's a sort of poetic justice," she told herself, sardonically. "For twenty years I have managed the women of this town, and now I can't manage my own daughter. At least, thank Heaven, no one knows it yet."

"Mumsey," Emmeline's trill came from the hall, "Cousin Letty is rolling up the drive. Just give her my blessing and say I'm out—by the back door. It 'll be true by the time you say it."

Emmie dragged herself down-stairs. She would have followed Emmeline gladly, but Cousin Letty Waller was one of her oldest friends, inherited from her mother, and thus to be treated with reverence. She was one of the old people whom Emmie was always mindful to kiss, not because she enjoyed it, but because their feelings would have been shattered had they suspected that any one found them undesirable for kissing. She embraced the old lady now with a spasm of real affection. Cousin Letty was a part of the blessedly conventional old life which seemed to be disintegrating so thoroughly.

Cousin Letty had been hoisted from her rolling-chair to the drawing-room sofa. Before Emmie straightened up from her compassionate arms she realized that the visitor knew.

"My poor dear child," she condoled. The *vox humana* of her organ-like tones pealed through the room. "What a tragedy! Can we be overheard? Where are your maids? I told Malista to come back for me. And have you any tea convenient?"

Emmie, ordering the tea, ascertained that the kitchen windows were down according to the cook's fervent belief that the fire would not burn properly if the sunlight shone on it. Old Ben, the butler, was at home with "de mis'ry." Sallie, the maid, she despatched on a complicated errand. Emmeline had taken the car and the chauffeur. Having learned this, she returned to what was bound to be an agonizing interview. It began well:

"And now, dear child, tell me the worst."

Emmie stiffened. Bad as the situation might be, she was not prepared to admit that there was as yet any worst. For a moment the mother's protective instinct drove her toward a denial. But what was the use?

"I hope that I may dissuade her," she found herself saying.

"Did you say suède? You don't mean that you are giving her a trousseau for *that?* But of course she has her own money."

"Dissuade."

"Oh, persuade." Though directly opposite in meaning, this conveyed the identical idea, and Emmie let it pass. "Well, I hope you may. Of course I have told nobody—nobody whom you would mind. As I always say, as long as the Atterburys don't know there is hope. Really, let us pray that it may blow over before you have to announce—or do you announce arrangements of that kind? On my word," gasped the old lady, raising her hands as though to ward off some threatening apparition—"on my word, the more I think of it the more monstrous it becomes. Unbelievable. I *don't* believe it. Is the child crazy?"

It is difficult to lay one's hands on the words with which to defend one's daughter's sanity as well as her fair fame, through an ear-trumpet.

"That reminds me. She's staying at my house—Emmeline's friend, Miss Wynne. That is what I came to tell you. At first I was for repelling her with indignation, but, as James said, it was so much better to keep it in the family—"

"James? Does Jemmy know?"

"Entirely by accident, my love. He overheard, through no fault on either side. And who," defended Miss Letty,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

waving her palm-leaf fan majestically, "in a misfortune of this kind, is so fit to know as your spiritual pastor and master? Though I must say that it always seems to me that he can't be anything in the sight of God but little Jemmy Butts who used to run around here on visits. But what I meant to say was that Miss Wynne tells me that the—the young man"—she actually lowered her voice to a hiss, as who should say, despoiler of homes, and basilisk—"is coming to-morrow. Now do you want me to take him—I have one more room—or do you not?"

"If you don't mind," faltered Emmie. "What is she like?"

"My dear, as Mittie Ainsworth says, you look for the cloven hoof in vain. Sweet manners and quite exceptional ankles. Her face looks like a—a séance, somehow. Mittie is back, after forty years, as you've no doubt heard; she's to help me with the housekeeping."

"Does—does Miss Ainsworth know?" asked Emmie, a cold feeling invading her hands.

"Now, you mustn't mind that. Being in the house, it would have been heartless to keep it from her. And she has had such a sad life. They have always been such uncomfortably old-fashioned people. When her brother was ill she implored her father to have a specialist, and do you know what he said? 'Child, I should rather risk the bereavement than offend the feelings of my family physician.' Now don't you think that was almost too delicate?"

The tea, arriving at this moment, prevented Emmie's views on professional etiquette. She rose to clear the little claw-footed table at the old lady's elbow. As she turned to lay a book on the window-seat she stood for an instant, stricken. Other women when startled might drop things. Emmie's clutch tightened into permanent half-moons in the limp leather. At the gate stood a young woman, an assured and arresting figure. Behind her clumped the solid pink masses of the Rosny's crêpe myrtle in bloom, and behind that the roof of their piazza, which had faded into a harmonizing tone. Had she stood with the red flames of hell for a background, she could hardly have affected Emmeline's mother differently.

One glance at her settled Emmie's policy. She laid the book down gently and clutched her self-control instead. There was no question of a refusal to see the intruder, no question of disconcerting her by the veiled contempt of the social superior. Emmie had too much at stake. She did not dare to risk losing her child more than she had already lost her.

"The worst will be," she groaned, "repeating everything down that trumpet. Heaven help us all!"

"You want my grown-up impression of Pineforest," James had written to his mother. "In a nut-shell, Pineforest is the absolute antithesis of the Front."

But that was before the advent of Elsa Wynne.

Having recognized James as the enemy, bent on snatching the young lamb of his flock from her progressive jaws, Elsa had no objection to fraternizing. She had assured herself that he had no influence whatever over Emmeline. She was managing that sweet child as thoroughly as ever. He was biding his time, sparring for position, but she considered his attitude negligible. What she could not understand was that Amory's manner toward him was becoming more and more on the defensive.

Amory had accepted a clergyman on the premises just as he had accepted the peacock-feather fly-brush with which Malista protected Miss Letty's excellent okra soup and shrimp pie from the onslaught of insects. It was part of the archaic atmosphere. He was not one of the people who go out of their way to attack organized religion. He considered that vain repetition. For the crowd that mattered, that is, the crowd with whom he came in contact, either personally or through his magazine—one of that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

argosy of militant young craft whose prows were turned toward that point of the compass where the new sunrise might at least be gambled on—the church had long ago retired into a condition of ex-championship. It would always have a picturesque value, it was part of the historic background, and a curious witness to the exorbitant claims of the human spirit, but it no longer hypnotized the thinking person. The live young man who chose it as a profession was in the same class with the poet. That sort of thing appealed to his type.

In a word, James was a harmless survival who liked to play with visions and had taken a vow to do no more thinking for himself.

It would have surprised Amory had he realized that he was to James a more understandable complex than James was to him. It would have outraged him beyond measure had he known that James figured the religious mind as the keeper of a sort of light-house tower, every window open to the infinite winds, while he regarded the man to whom these were nothing as a narrow-minded individual who had barred up all the openings except one myopic squint-hole. It is impossible to deny that each young man took a view *de haut en bas* of the other.

The girl got a good deal of gentle amusement out of the pair. But she was becoming tired of the silence. Her impulse was to talk out a situation. The words clarified her ideas, gave her new slants on her own motives. Also, it was stupid to sit day after day with the same people, at table, on the piazza, under the willow—that round, cozy-corner aching for confidences—meshed together by a fascinating subject for discussion, yet wasting time on the merest commonplaces. Of course she could take Amory aside, but Amory was not the person with whom she wanted to talk. Their decisions were too much the same.

One afternoon while the light, sunless but persistent, was dying interminably out of the air, she tracked James to his favorite den under the green fringes. He half rose, then in answer to the impatient sweep of her hand, subsided.

"I hate that nonsense," she declared. "I prefer being treated like a man in every way."

"Even your smallest mannerisms match your greatest ideas," observed James, admiringly. "Like the passementerie—isn't it?—on a dolman, Elsa Ivanovna."

"Eh?" said Elsa.

"You always make me feel as though I were in a Russian novel," he explained, placidly. "Did you come to announce that the samovar was ready?"

"I did not. May I be Slavic enough to smoke? Nobody can see through the hedge, so your reputation won't be ruined."

James gamely offered a match. If she had intended to startle him, the attempt was wasted. "I suppose you think I look horrid," she challenged.

"You look like a lovely Eastern incense-burner before a tree god," he accepted it. They smoked companionably for a bit.

"What do you really think about?" asked the girl abruptly.

"Really?"

"Very really."

James clasped his hands over the uppermost of his crossed knees and leaned back luxuriously where the trunk accommodated his back most congenially. "I was wondering whether I should ruthlessly mow the lawn or whether I should trim agonizingly around all those flowers."

"No, you weren't; no, you weren't. You were wondering when you should begin the attack, and which of the tongues of men or of angels would hit our language nearest."

"There, that clears the air," murmured James.

The girl threw her cigarette into the grass, where it glowed curiously blossom-like. Her voice took on a level, expressionless tone as if she were talking to herself. "You're getting the real

Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

priest's face in the last few days, that watchful fisherman's face. You know the look that comes into their eyes, especially when they're fishing in live salt water with a tide in it . . . as though occult messages were coming up the line . . . spiritual undercurrents. You know."

James flushed, but his lean, straight Southern features remained serenely unmoved.

"Listening for—souls, I suppose you'd call it." She laughed, shifting the plane of her approach, relegating him again into that limbo of simpler human beings which she chose to pretend was his native habitat. "Leave my little eel-soul alone, please. It won't give you much sport in comparison with the tarpon and drum soul fishing you must have had in France."

"What about Emmeline?" inquired James, with perfect naturalness.

"Emmeline? She never had a soul until we took her in hand. She was a myth, a pretty appearance. She's acquiring reality. I suppose, of course, that you understand women."

"Not at all," defended James; "but one thing I am convinced of—neither do they."

"If you did you would know that most of them don't exist at all except in relation—"

"To the general life," completed James, calmly. "Wait a moment. I see that we are launched. I want to get at your position. Do you mind if I take a few notes?" From his coat pocket he drew a serviceable little book with a viciously pointed pencil braceleted against it. "Cosmic urge. Life force. We know all about that. Now the next point."

The girl remained open-mouthed for a second, the wind out of her disconcerted sails. "Oh, if you take it that way. The point about Emmeline's case is that normally she would be of no use in the world except—"

"'Suckling fools and chronicling small beer,'" wrote, and read, James.

"Whereas by her association with Amory she can be of very significant use. It will be a higher education for her, a much more enlightening process than she has any right to expect. Amory is going to be an important person one of these days. He has ideas."

"Do you consider," asked James, with politely detached irony, "that she is the kind of a soul-mate—I think you call it—"

"We don't. Comrade comes nearest."

"Comrade, then, who would help him to work out his highest development? Isn't he doing himself an injustice?"

"Frankly, I think he is. But then," explained Elsa, as one makes allowance for an aberration, "he is in love. A man really in love can get an amount of refreshment and inspiration out of a woman that isn't there at all. You know, of course, that what you get out of emotion comes from yourself and not from the other person. And you can't pick a man's mate for him."

"That is absolutely true." James stopped his frantic scribbling and regarded her with the air of a discoverer on Darien.

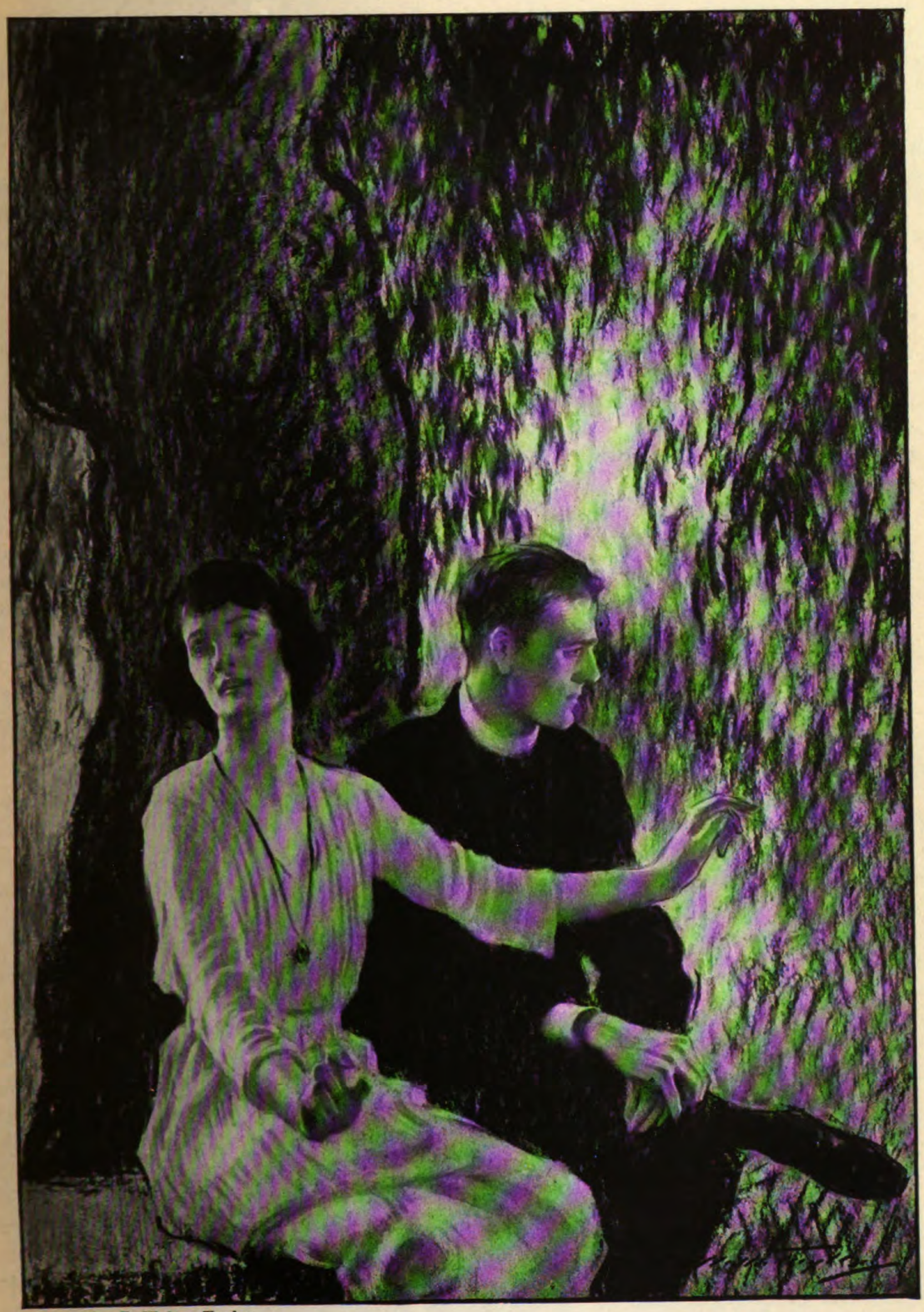
There was a pause. The matronly willow shook the fringes of its crinoline and sighed indulgently.

"I gather, then," observed James, judicially, "that Emmeline's destiny is to serve as a private stock of refreshment and inspiration for her—comrade, when he comes home wearied from the battle of hurling progressive propaganda at the world. Rather the harem idea, isn't it?"

"That is utterly unfair," cried the girl, hotly. "She can help him in all sorts of ways. This very partnership they are to enter into is immensely valuable as a protest. Her position— Her father was not only one of the public men everybody respected, he was even distinguished in a way. They are related to the best people in the South, aren't they?"

"And a few in Burke. She also has a large fortune of her own," said James, quietly.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THE GIRL'S LONG HANDS FLEW UP IN EXPOSTULATION

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Nobody can call it a libertine freak of second-rate people. It will be a solemn step that must be treated seriously. It will be the beginning and the encouragement of a beautiful series of free unions."

"If you want it to be heard of you have certainly chosen the environment wisely," reflected James. "But what I do not understand is this: If the contracting parties take it as seriously as that, why not risk a life partnership—a marriage?"

The girl's long hands flew up in expostulation. "Marriage is what we want to get away from. It's a relic of barbarism."

"Now there we enter a new field." James made a note in the twilight. "Marriage is the most feasible plan ever thought of for protecting women and young children. Personally I consider it much more than that, but it is that at the very least. In most cases it is not the woman who wants to end a union, free or otherwise; it's the man who gets tired first."

"You got that out of Nordau."

"I got it out of my work. However, we needn't debate that question. We both know the stock arguments."

There was a silence. The willow shook its green wings like a sleepy hen quieting a pair of quarrelsome chicks.

"It is part of a much bigger question," Elsa broke the deadlock. "Part of a new readjustment of the world. Everybody knows we can't go on much longer as we are going. Either there has to be a new co-ordination or there has to be chaos. You do think reconstruction is necessary, don't you?"

"Rather." The word was of all words the one that went straightest to his heart.

"Well, the relations between men and women have to be reconstructed with the rest. There is no particular use in stopping half-way. Either you are free or you are not. What, for instance, does political freedom mean to a woman who isn't personally free? And decent people aren't going to abuse liberty. Those who are virtuous will be virtuous still. They will love the beauty of living exactly as they love the beauty of that sky with the new little stars in it."

She pushed the sentimental, encumbering trails of leaves apart with both hands as though impatient of their caress, and stepped out into the open.

"And can't you . . . can't you get it through your head how a woman feels? She doesn't want a man to cling to her and forsake all others merely because he promised to do so in a mood that he outgrew afterward. She wants to be chosen by him fresh every day, because she is still the one woman in the world whom he must have. Can't you understand that?"

They stood confronting each other through the dusk. The girl's shape, vibrant against the waving purple-washed spray, tipped forward on her feet as though she had paused a moment before running past. His voice went to meet hers like two waves closing together.

"I understand that absolutely. There is nothing on God's green earth that I understand with more intensity and—immediateness. But marriage doesn't inhibit that."

She spread her hands in a desolate gesture of remembrance. "Oh," she cried, "you don't know what a hideous thing it can be!" She turned and moved swiftly to the house.

James remained quite still, leaning against the tree. Over him the boughs sighed like everlasting farewells. He looked up helplessly to the compassionate sky.

"Oh, no!" he said, softly. "Oh, no, no, no!"

It was not only a denial; it was a prayer.

In the good old days there had been precedents.

Emmie lay sleepless, gazing into the soft dreaminess of the happier poplar. The poplar seemed to have no difficulty

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in slipping off, whereas the night was her field of defeat. Strong-willed woman that she had always been, she found herself turning with limp abandonment to the traditional masculine protection. The men of the family had had certain direct, primitive ways of meeting danger. But there were practically no men to turn to now. Dick was gone. . . . She held back the surge of overwhelming loss and schooled herself sternly to be quiet and think this horror out. The hard-living, adventurous Comptons had been at last subdued by the ironical freak of nature. Prolific enough, they had run to an unsatisfactory profusion of girls.

James was really the head of the family. There was more irony. The tradition of the pistol pointed directly to the hand of James. There seemed a lack of co-ordination about the circumstance. It was impossible to associate the pistol with his genial, clerical conventionality, either in the dueling form of the Retort Courteous, or in the shoot-at-sight form of the Countercheck Quarrelsome. The idea was grotesque. In daylight, she knew that it could never have occurred to her.

The morning after the unforgetable interview with Elsa Wynne she had sent for James. The meeting had been almost clandestine, with one eye on the door through which Emmeline might flutter at any moment. Her very hurry had urged Emmie into a more shameless frankness than she had intended.

"What can we do?" she asked, desperately.

James assumed an air of inspiration. "We sha'n't have to do anything," he declared, boldly. "It's one of those impossible things—"

She regarded him almost angrily. "Remember I count on you," she admonished. If she knew her James, that was the best way to set him to work. Then, almost with a wail: "Tell me the truth. Is he a gentleman?"

"Why—yes."

"Jemmy," she charged him, solemnly, "before you went to France and became so democratic, would you have called him one?"

"Certainly," said James, after an infinitesimal pause.

"Oh, I see!" she groaned. "A person of no traditions." It was her ultimate term of damnation.

So James was more or less on the case, sworn to do his best. But, as the poplar, soughing sympathetically in its sleep, murmured, what was his best? There were hours like this, when the night, drawing away a little of her reason as well as her vitality, made strange and sinister things appear as natural as bread. The night laid a dark finger on the stripped Emmie, the crude residue of the civilized woman that was little more than mother instinct. She found herself arguing that really intelligent men — Machiavelli, for instance — had accepted assassination under certain circumstances as a justifiable course. Some perfectly nice, discreet putting-away, something that would never be suspected, at least outside of the family. Then she would drag herself back, shuddering. She must force herself to wait.

What kept her from utter sickness at life was her conviction that the situation was not real. It could not be. It was too unnatural, it was too—absurd. Something would save them. Her hold on reality slipped away when she tried to imagine Emmeline's life—afterward.

When the morning came she went about her business as usual, smiling on the wheel.

In the dual light of the late afternoon, James sat, as usual, under the willow. There seemed no perversity in doing so these days; rather, a deeply congruous naturalness. When he had taken his first fancy to this mysterious and symbolic tree, lightly and thoughtlessly, the willow had known better and had opened to him pitying arms. Its ancestors may have grown, he reflected, beside disconsolate streams of the Orient, where they had trailed innumerable scrolls of love

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

idiographs from their twigs, prayers of plaintive yellow Orlandos.

The affair of Emmeline rested more and more heavily on his conscience. Time was passing and he had as yet found no wedge which promised an entrance. To try, and fail, would be fatal once for all. It might precipitate a crisis and it would certainly knit together the three segments of the enemy line. As far as he could make out, Amory was becoming less confident. He looked worried, and his firm, blond, viking features showed up the feeling as though it were something new to them. Emmeline, he gathered, was holding back, ostensibly, he fancied, from her reluctance to give the final blow. When he saw them together the girl's manner toward her mother betrayed a new deference, a covert fondness, a—loneliness. That was it. If the situation could be stretched out a little longer, if Emmie could only manage to grow a bit more haggard and driven, the child might come crawling to her lap again.

As for the third segment— There James broke through the surface of other people's troubles and commenced to wallow in his own. The depth and power of the undercurrent had begun to startle him. Over the perturbed and sometimes acute suffering of his mind Elsa's mocking friendliness flicked like a relieving but unrelated wave of light. He hadn't counted on exactly this. He couldn't keep away from the thought of her. Her phrase, "the beauty of that sky with the little new stars in it," came along every time. Life could be like that. But when he tried to get a hold on the vision it was like scooping a star out of a brook. You got your palms full of light, the edge of ripples that passed continually threatening to take it away with them each time, eluding while it remained.

It was not altogether fantastic to compare her to light, he considered, as he saw her come through the gateway and waver for an instant in answer to his gesture of invitation. She wore a thin frock of pale yellow with lustrous reflections down its narrow folds. As she came across the grass she stopped to kick aside, delicately, like Agag, one of the solid flowers that intruded like a pattern in a prehistoric Brussels carpet.

James began fanning her earnestly with an arm that he braced from the elbow with the other hand. She tipped her chin toward the breeze with an indifference that was a trifle overdone.

"Awf'ly warm—no, hot," she began. "Did you know that in Pineforest 'hot' is really a tabooed and uncivilized word? It isn't done."

"The weather does it."

"The only bearable place is a machine. Emmeline drives me every afternoon."

"And you drive Emmeline?" murmured James.

"It seems to me you entered, too, some time ago." She slewed her ambushed gaze in his direction. "I hope you realize your responsibility." She put out her hand for the fan, and with the glancing touch of her finger-tips against his own something happened to the air. It became charged with a current that brought intimacy into the natural course of events.

"Will you tell me," James asked, then cleared his throat, which to his surprise had suddenly gone dry, "why you are so bitterly opposed to marriage? No, not the usual excuses. I want the bottom-of-your-heart objection."

Elsa leaned back against the coarse netting of the bark and turned her face to look straight into his eyes. Hers were tired and somber. This was not the time of day for the sun to flash through the garlands of leaves and throw greenish nixie reflections into them.

"Yes, I'll tell—you."

He braced himself. "You told me once that I knew nothing of—how hideous it could be. Do . . . you?"

She nodded. James turned on the sick, resentful jealousy in his heart and crushed it. If he had to face this, he had to face it, that was all there was to it. He was not going to spoil what under any conditions was the best thing in his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

life. It might mean clean, stark suffering, but it was not going to mean cowardly or unworthy suffering.

"It was—"

"My mother," whispered Elsa.

A flock of the sons of the morning burst into song in James's consciousness. Even after he had reproved them as selfish little brutes, they merely covered their mouths with joyous wings and continued to chirrup surreptitiously.

She told him, in short, disjointed phrases. "Think what you like of him, it can't be worse than he was. She forgave and forgave. . . . Oh, you'd have liked her," cried Elsa, bitterly. "She was your sort of woman. The sort that chooses to walk on burning plowshares every day of her life to prove that some precious thing in her own soul is true. Then she tried to hide the worst about him from me. Do you know, that by the time I understood what a network of loving deceit her life was, I had begun to hide what I found out about him from her?"

"We lived in fear and trembling. Sometimes he would leave us for months and I would be quite happy and optimistic. I did so hope that she might have a few good years with me . . . but of course she died first. It always happens that way."

She had begun her story leaning away from him. As she spoke they drew together until he was conscious of nothing but an exquisite pressure on his arm.

"I used to beg her to get rid of him once for all. She wouldn't have had the least trouble. But she never would. Do you know," said the girl, in a tone of wild incredulity, "that she seemed to feel responsible for him as she did for me? She worried about him as though he had been her son . . . wretched while he was away, as though she felt that she might restrain him as long as she could actually put her hands on him. I couldn't understand it—I couldn't. We were so peaceful without him. Then one day—he came back . . . and I told her she would have to choose between us. I wouldn't live in hell any longer. Of course I didn't mean it. . . . I wouldn't have left her. . . ."

"I know," said James.

"Then she showed me clear down to the depths. She looked at me with her eyes of a blessed martyr, hurt and indomitable, and she said, 'And if I desert him who will care for him?'

"There was no answer, you see. It was a cast-iron argument. The lower he went the stronger it would become.

"They are both dead now. She died first. She had no escape at all. . ." Her voice trailed off.

"You poor little thing," said James. "You— All this time I've been thinking you a self-sufficient person of the world, and you're only a poor little wounded child."

"So you see what marriage can be. It isn't a thing that you can make and break. It's a power that turns a woman against her own reason, it forces her acquiescence to her own undoing. It's like a demoniacal possession. Because that man was her husband she chose to live in torment. He was a part of herself that she couldn't cut away."

"Because she had loved him and he was your father," answered James. "You're blaming marriage unjustly. Blame the tyranny of nature if you choose; blame the Creator who made them male and female, if you must blame something. Who was it said that when the cup of passion came to you you could not refuse it, even though you knew that it was poisoned? Markham, wasn't it? You are magicked into drinking it. But . . . but there is good magic, too, Elsa." Abruptly he took her hands and curled them in his, palms upward. "When it came to me . . . I knew that it was divine." He stooped and put his lips to the soft cup.

The girl's laugh was half a sob. You would have said that she was trying to draw her hands away not by their own treacherous power, but by the stress of her voice.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"And I have waited for it," said James.

One of the disobedient hands reluctantly heeded the call, but stopped, faltered, and came to rest lightly on his head.

"I . . . I've always wanted to do this," sighed Elsa.

"I've always wanted to do this," asserted James, boldly.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she murmured. Her fingers went helplessly to his forehead again. "Oh, Galahad, why should I spoil you? I'm not your sort at all. Some day when I stroked your delightful hair I'd find myself patting a halo, and I warn you I should never get over it. Me . . . *me*, a minister's wife? And here? I'd be a parish-breaker."

"It wouldn't be here," announced James. "This is a parish for a peaceful old age. There's a job waiting for me in France, and that's where we are going. You'd fit in there."

"Oh, I should love that," she murmured. "But—"

He found the right words at last and uttered them like a vow. "And I shall choose you fresh every day like a flower, because I shall want you and you only out of all the women in the world."

"Now remember that," warned Elsa.

Those inhabitants of Pineforest who stoutly maintained that they possessed a delightful summer climate, until August, anyway, were at least borne out in their claim by the breeze from the river which every afternoon fumbled the leaves of Miss Letty's garden and those of her neighbors, and sent delectable vibrations of clove pinks and citreena to enliven the air. It was therefore natural enough that when the crucial encounter between the two young men arrived, the place should have been the green bench set against the hedge which was in its turn set against the side wall of her domain. The shade here fell exactly right, and the tangled scents, apparently following the plan of the overgrown beds, were unimpeded. What made this interview altogether crucial was the circumstance, unnoticed by the participants, that the living-room of Miss Caroline Laverne abutted on this wall and had large, open windows. Furthermore, she was entertaining a very few friends who had dropped in after vespers this Sunday "evening." The evening in Pineforest begins at about four o'clock and lasts until early candlelight.

When the Reverend James and Mr. Amory took possession of the bench the subdued hum of this gathering reached them no more insistently than the hum of a hive or the *zoom* of a distant airplane might have done. James especially was absent-minded. He had had a busy day. Besides his professional duties, he had sustained another semi-clandestine meeting with Emmie. Having made no progress that he could report, he had found the conference painful. After morning service he had been carried off forcibly to a heavy meal, with instructions to watch Emmeline and diagnosticate her state of mind. His denial of clairvoyant powers had been disregarded. The fact that he knew something which she did not know, and which might drastically affect the girl's destiny, gave him the sensation of a conscience divided against itself, guilty yet splendidly triumphant. He had been able merely to offer the opinion that Emmeline looked less complacent than he had ever seen her. Emmie, to his surprise, welcomed this impression with some excitement.

"Almost snappish, isn't she? I am so glad you noticed it, too. The child isn't satisfied any longer."

"She seems to me as though she would be glad to get out of it. What are they waiting for, anyway?"

"Oh, Jemmy, do you think that she is changing her mind?"

James hoped so. That was as far as he dared to commit himself. Elsa had made him promise that he would be very cautious. Her defection would strain the resources of diplomacy, and he had no

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

wish to undertake the negotiations with Emmeline.

"You'll go on doing what you can," her mother urged him.

"Oh, certainly," answered James, confidently. It was a temptation to hint that he had already done a good deal. In pursuance of his promise he had felt it safe to precipitate the conversation which was now breaking over his head. The rôle he had assumed was that of the open mind, shot with a suspicion of indulgent irony.

"Yes, your position certainly intrigues me," conceded James.

Amory gave him a sidelong glance of distrust. He had understood that the clerical guns were sooner or later to be turned on his position, and he had prepared the counter-offensive. What he had not anticipated was the sportingness of the enemy. Instead of being shocked and fulminating, he diffused a warm and debonaire interest. There were flashes when Amory would have sworn to a twinkle. If in the encounter with this representative of the Church and the Family anybody was to have been amused, Amory had confidently counted upon being that person himself.

"Why?" he asked, harshly.

"Well, I should like to know what you expect Emmeline to get out of it."

"She is the best judge of that."

"But is her knowledge of life sufficiently expert to realize the attitude of other people?"

"The people we shall live among will think all the better of her. No doubt there will be a few fools."

"Quite a few," interpolated James, gently.

"Who will continue to look upon us as outlaws. We shall not mind that. I admit"—Amory put up his hand to anticipate the objection. It was singularly delicate and rather given to febrile movements, contradicting the square-cut force of his personality— "I admit that with her training she may suffer at first. Well, I love her enough to let her suffer. Any pain that develops, that educates, is an admirable thing. It is only the pain that warps, the stunting process, say, of an outgrown marriage, from which I should care to save her."

"And you think this stunting process inevitable?"

"I think it is taking an unpardonable chance to risk it. To force a woman into an acceptance of unworthy adjustments and compromises is an abomination. No one has a freehold right on any other human being. It is a perversion of what was meant to be the most beautiful and comforting of human relations, the reward for the trouble of living."

"So if the arrangement turns out to be a mistake," inquired James, with polite curiosity, "you try your luck again?"

Amory shot around. "I dislike your tone," he said, with a sort of cold fury in his direct gray eyes. "You are taking the attitude that there is a flippancy—You are looking for the Lothario taint. Well, it isn't there. Can't you see that I am determined on this kind of a union for the purpose of *protecting* Emmeline? I have every intention of abiding by my choice. I should like to feel sure of her for life. But — and here I claim the higher unselfishness of my ideal over yours—I will not take advantage of her and in any way make her my property. She shall remain free—to leave me, if she wants to." The exalted vibration in his voice made James drop his eyes. "If she continues to love and honor me it will not be merely from habit."

As though a little embarrassed by his own vehemence he added, more quietly: "That ought to keep a man up to his best. Of course if you make a mess of an ordinary marriage, you can generally get out of it, but most often that sort of break is too much like the young tree in that historic graveyard of yours, growing through a tombstone. It may bend around or split it, but the result turns it queer and twisted. Better not put the tombstone over it at all." He laughed shortly.

James met his questioning glance gravely. "That ideal of yours is so exactly

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

like marriage," he said. "I don't see why you balk at the ceremony."

His voice was drowned in a sudden rush of sound above them, as though the bees had swarmed or the airplane were swooping down to land on the lawn. Some absorbing new topic had stirred the tepid atmosphere of Miss Laverne's tea-party. It might have been the arrival of refreshments, or it might have been something more adventurous. As a matter of fact, it was both. Miss Letty had just joined the company, and her tones soared:

"Yes, it is perfectly true, but I had hoped that you hadn't heard it yet. And what I always say is, that you may live down wickedness, but you can never live down a breach of good taste."

The two on the bench looked at each other paralyzed. "Good Lord! we're eavesdropping," muttered Amory, and James appreciated that this ethical young man who purposed to break the moral law as a matter of principle, had a severe code of his own. He respected him highly. His arm swooped to the other's sleeve.

"You can't go now. They'd see you—never get over it. Got to stick it out," he breathed.

Amory collapsed with a gesture of repudiation.

"Heard it? Everybody has heard it except the Atterburys. They'll say afterward that we never tell them anything." That was Carrie Laverne's drawly, lightly satirical voice. Carrie had a reputation for cleverness to sustain, and found that particular intonation a great help.

"Poor Emmie!" groaned James. Emmie, who was really clever, still held the simple faith that the truth was confined to the bosom of the family.

"Emmeline's sewing-club got it yesterday." James recognized the clear treble of young Mrs. Mimms, a widow with the sweet pathos of an old engraving and a startlingly outspoken mind. "Tactful of Emmeline to stay away so that they could talk her over, wasn't it? They have all been making pretties for her—some rumor of an engagement had reached them—and now the poor little creatures don't know whether to present them or not. As Anne Marsh said, 'Do you give showers when people are engaged *not* to be married?' Do you?"

Somebody sighed. It sent a ripple over James's face like a bird dipping into a pond. Everything that Miss Ainsworth did affected him in that manner. He had found her a real sunlight in a shady place during his troubled and uncertain days.

"It just shows how times have changed." This from Miss Letty. "Formerly there was no contingency for which a proper line of conduct had not been laid down, but now— Well, after all, whatever Emmeline does she remains a Compton."

"And in this state, you know," Carrie's sardonic tone completed the thought, "you always have been able to do practically anything you wanted to, as long as your family stood by you."

"My dear!" expostulated a new, gentle voice.

James's shoulders unconsciously assumed an attitude of deference. This was one of his most fascinating parishioners, a very old Mrs. Rosny. She dressed, never in the current style, but like an eternal picture, and in the rare movement of her hands was a charm that kept you watching for more.

"The Comptons certainly have stood together." Miss Letty gave her testimony. "Fancied themselves, rather. If they liked you they were sorry for you because you weren't a Compton, and if they disliked you they despised you because you weren't a Compton. It was just a trait, a touch of wild blood. A hard-riding, gambling, dueling crowd, and in politics everlastingly. Their native heath. But nobody ever said a word about one of the women. Quiet as mice."

"They must have tried to strike a balance," came sweetly from Carrie Laverne. "But imagine Emmeline's

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

picking out a man who doesn't know his mother's maiden name."

"Grandmother's. I asked him, just to say something friendly, and he said that he had forgotten." There was a pregnant hush, broken by a new scandalized utterance.

"Is *that* why Emmeline won't bring him into the family?" James recognized a plump and domesticated Mrs. Evanston, whose soul had given him no trouble whatever.

"Like those princesses of Loanga," suggested the flippant Caroline, "who are of too high rank to take husbands, so select—"

"Caroline, you should be ashamed. This is no laughing matter."

"But surely it isn't *true*, Cousin Letty? Not *really* true? *Why?*"

"It appears," began Miss Letty, scathingly, "because of the new ethics. Marriage is old-fashioned. Enlightened people are dropping it."

"But if you go farther back still, not to marry is even more old-fashioned," protested Mrs. Evanston, plaintively. "Look at savages. And we have always been forced to be charitable to a—a laxity among our more backward colored people. We're perfectly used to the new ethics there."

"I *do* believe that Emmeline is in earnest," announced Mrs. Mimms, decisively. "And I mean, at all events, to *play* that she is going to be married, and offer my little gift. We've been friends for generations."

"But what will she call herself?" demanded the worried Mrs. Evanston, struck with a new thought, "or her—"

The lull in the conversation somehow conveyed to the outsiders that the speech was felt to be a needlessly tactless one. Miss Letty and Caroline were, after all, cousins on the Laverne side.

"It shows how times have changed," Miss Letty repeated. "Formerly this would have been a question of mortal sin, and now we are discussing it as though what chiefly troubled us was the social embarrassment."

"Damn!" muttered Amory, under his breath. He had been turning more and more red and restive.

A new silence. Then old Mrs. Rosny's healing tones broke through like the serene moon through the clouds:

"My dear friends, there is no need to be troubled. The Comptons have done rash things and unconventional things, but no Compton has ever done anything dishonorable or stupid or—ridiculous."

It was like the relief that comes with acquittal. That is, it would have been without the sad, high creak of Miss Ainsworth's comment. Its wistfulness sent James's face into his hands.

"But—but, as Miss Wynne says, it must be nice to have your husband choose you every day all over again, instead of just putting up with you because he can't help it."

Quivers passed over James's shoulders. The vision of the parrakeet rose, vivid and colorful, before his eyes. The idea of any man in his right mind selecting her of his own free choice out of a universe of possible houris convulsed him. His conduct, he knew, was un-Christian, but a sense of humor is a blessed curse from the gods which will not be denied. He lifted his wet eyes to meet the defiant gaze of his companion. He at least had escaped the fatal gift.

"I see what you mean," Amory said, with a sort of suppressed fury. "I understand what you have been working for and leading up to. I can hardly accuse you of arranging this conversation, but you must know how it has played into your hands."

James regarded him in candid wonder.

"You must know that I can't put Emmeline in that sort of a position toward her own people," he went on, in the same tense, hard tone. "Well, you've won. If it merely made her a martyr we could stand it. But it makes her ridiculous. It makes me ridiculous. It makes our whole idea not a protest, but a—vulgarity."

He strode away across the lawn, through the gate, and down the street

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

AMORY STOOD ON THE THRESHOLD, LIKE A DRAMATIC CLIMAX

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.3121000535458 2
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in the direction of Emmeline's abode. James's mouth remained open until he was out of sight; then it shut on an ineffable smile.

"God moves in a mysterious way," he murmured. "I had forgotten that the one thing a reformer cannot endure is ridicule. But," added James, with entire reverence, "He never forgets a point."

It was a queer, basic honesty that prompted Elsa to decline the usual drive that Sunday afternoon. When Sallie brought in the big Sheffield tray she looked longingly at the ice in the tall tea-glasses, but refused one of these also. Neither Emmeline's machine nor her orange pekoe should be enjoyed under false pretenses. As she sat hunched in the basket-chair in her friend's sitting-room, she felt that her very existence in this place was under false pretenses. Casting about in her large but momentarily coagulated vocabulary for the words that would brand her a renegade and an imposter, she had the uncomfortable sensation that her throat was about to close. She had wanted that ice very badly indeed.

"It's funny how Sunday always feels just like Sunday," philosophized Emmeline. She lay flat on the window-seat, her silken toes pointing to the ceiling. She had pushed up the screen a few inches and was dabbling her hands in the leaves of a plant outside, as though they had been water. There were singularly endearing childish ways about her. "You'd know it was Sunday even if you didn't. Wouldn't you?"

Elsa colored violently. It was an entirely new idea that the mention of Sunday should bring a personal application. Of course, after this her interest in Sunday would be almost proprietary. Emmeline turned for an answer and surprised the color and the guilt.

"What are you blushing about?" she demanded.

Elsa parted the mute lips of a fish. By a violent effort she did something to the cords of her larynx that made them practicable again. After all, this was as good an opening as any.

"James—" she began—"James . . . and I . . ."

With a bound Emmeline was on her. "Not really? I never guessed it. You old dear! Jemmy! Oh, I am so glad! Oh, Elsa, you are wonderful! The last person on earth—Jemmy! How did you ever persuade him?"

Elsa held her off with stiff arms and a stiffer voice. "I—didn't. I'm afraid . . . he . . . persuaded me," she breathed.

"*What?*" Emmeline drew away and stood a young statue of judgment. "Just what do you mean by that?" she asked, tensely.

For a moment Elsa cowered. Then she draped the rags of her self-respect around her and reminded herself that, though she might be a traitor, she was not a coward. Her glance curved past Emmeline's relentless gaze, but she managed to look the violent phœnix on the chintz cushion behind her squarely in the eye, very creditably.

"Don't stand over me, please," she said, steadily. "I can't think. Let me explain."

Emmeline sank back on the window-seat. "Explain? If you mean— You can't explain. How can you?" She caught her heel in one hand and rocked agitatedly in emphasis. "*Do* you mean that you are going back on all your principles, all your ideals about the reconstruction of the world, and the dignity of woman, and—and all? Oh-h!"

She ended on a note of passionate disappointment that cut to the other's heart. Had Emmeline, she reflected, been of commoner stuff she might have drawn some consolation from the circumstance that their relation had been turned upside down, and that she was for once in the dominant position. But no true worshiper of a pedestaled fetish has ever liked it when the situations have been reversed.

"And for what?" she went on. Even now there was no suggestion of scolding in her voice, only poignant disillusion-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ment. "For a clergyman, for—Jemmy! The most, the very most conventional thing that you could possibly pick out. It's—it's suburban. It seems to me that you had a most glorious opportunity to live up to your doctrines, and what do you do with it? Oh—you ought to be ashamed."

This torrent had exactly the tonic effect on Elsa's muscles that they needed. She drew herself up straighter.

"They're not altogether—my doctrines any longer. Not — for everybody."

"Not for—"

"It's like everything else. It comes down to the individual—"

"Jemmy?" breathed Emmeline, as though unwilling to accept this young person as the measure of all things.

"He couldn't have stood it. And, besides," argued Elsa, desperately striving to convince the phœnix, "it would have ruined his career, and—"

"O Lord!" groaned Emmeline. "To hear you say such futile things—such things without any backbone—*you!*"

"And, besides"—Elsa's reasons drove her on—"it doesn't matter about me. I'm not a person of any importance."

"And, besides"—the avenging young angel swooped over her again—"and besides, you're in love, *abjectly* in love. Anybody can see that. You've sold out; you've gone back on us." The pitiless fingers closed around Elsa's face, forcing it upward. "You are willing to take him on his own terms."

"Yes," said Elsa.

They exchanged a long, comprehensive look. Emmeline turned away. She leaned her forehead against the pilaster of the window until only a rim of flushed cheek showed against her curve of dark hair. "And—what about me?" she said, almost in a whisper.

"That's what is worrying me."

The averted shoulder gave a hard, incredulous twitch.

"That's the only thing that is worrying me."

Silence settled down. The girl at the window dragged herself up and sat fallen together. Her whispers were dropped half over her shoulder and half into the cool leaves of the plant that leaned against the screen.

"You mean I'm to go on—all alone, by myself? You persuaded me, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Elsa, wretchedly.

"And I wasn't so easy to persuade. And now you desert me, you leave me high and dry to defy my world—the only world I've ever known."

"I'm—sorry," muttered Elsa.

"And—and poor mumsey. I've half killed her. She used to be so young and pretty . . . last year. And so sure nothing could ever touch her. And look at her now. And you desert me."

Elsa sprang tautly to her feet. "I don't," she cried, and the radiance of a new inspiration in her voice lifted the other's head. "I don't. I take you with me. Don't you see? I persuaded you before. Well, I'll persuade you now. I don't believe—not lately, anyway—that you are the type that could have been happy under—those circumstances."

Elsa's tone even achieved a certain astonishing primness, as though these regrettable possibilities had already retired into a remote and unfulfilled past.

Emmeline's face kindled with a soft, auroral speculation. "Oh-h!" she faltered. "But . . . but . . . Amory never will be willing." A questioning timbre ran through the words like a ray of hope.

The door suddenly opened with tremendous purpose. Amory stood on the threshold, like a dramatic climax. With a succession of movements which were all one movement he advanced upon Emmeline, and she melted into it.

"Oh, Amory, Amory," she wailed, indicating by a flung-back hand the superfluous onlooker, "do you know what she is going to do? Isn't it wonderful? She's going to be married!"

Amory gathered her in as a man does his own. "Well, you'll have to overlook that," he said, threateningly. "So are you!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE RUINS OF ANGKOR

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

IT was a geographical magazine that did it, and an old number at that. We got hold of it one night in Paris, and read it while sitting before an open fire, with a black cat sleeping on the hearth. The article, which was long, consisted mostly of pictures, and the reading-matter was chiefly limited to dimensions —so many meters this way and that, long and broad and high. But for all that it stirred us out of our arm-chairs, and we crossed two oceans, a continent, several hundred miles of China, and about eight hundred miles of China Sea, and then started up-country to see these ruins of Angkor, as described in that geographical magazine.

Pierre Loti's *Pèlerin d'Angkor* gives a marvelous and vivid description of these old monuments of an ancient civilization, of this abandoned city and the abandoned temples surrounding it, the history of which so little is known, and of which so little can be accurately surmised. The royal town, Angkor Thom, was built somewhere between the fifth and seventh centuries of this era, while the great temple, Angkor Wat, is supposed to have been finished somewhere about the eleventh or twelfth century. The architecture is Hindu, and the builders are supposed to have been the Khmers, a people dispersed and extinct these many hundreds of years, who have left no history behind them, nothing but the gigantic and superb remains of their ancient capital, with its adjacent temples.

The Angkor group is in the heart of Cambodia, one of the five provinces of French Indo-China. Cambodia itself formed part of the Kingdom of Siam until acquired by the French a few years ago. The Cambodians—in fact, all the Indo-Chinese of to-day—are a simple, primitive prople, with no art and no architecture, and it is impossible to suppose that their forerunners could have been responsible for Angkor. Whoever the builders were, whether Indians or a nation strongly under Indian influence, they have disappeared in the dimness of time and have left nothing behind them but the vaguest records. Angkor was abandoned about eight hundred years ago — conquered, perhaps, and the inhabitants dispersed. To-day all that is left of it are three crumbling ruins, overgrown and submerged by the jungle, but one of the most magnificent and impressive ruins in the world.

Saigon, one of the two French capitals of Indo-China, is a little European town planted on one of the outposts of Western civilization. In the best of times—that is, before the war—it was off the track of the big English liners, and only the French mail-boats called there. The day we arrived at Saigon we made our way down the little main street in truly tropical heat. Shops close and shutters are put up all over the town between the hours of eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon, when it is too hot for white people to stir abroad. So, with the first taking down of the shutters of the pharmacy across from the hotel, we wandered down to the quay to find the office of the steamboat company whose little river steamboats take one into the interior of Cambodia. Our arrangements were soon made—one arranges everything with the Messageries Fluviales, for it is the steamboat company which owns the bungalow where travelers stop at Angkor. We

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

arranged and paid for everything at one go—our steamboat tickets, sampans, buffalo-carts, elephants, guides, food. At the end of an hour's parley we came out of the office with everything done so far as we were concerned; all we had to do was go aboard the *Nam-Viam* at nine o'clock the next night, and we should be *en route* for the interior.

There is only one season of the year when one can visit Angkor, owing to a curious phenomenon known nowhere else in the world—the fact that the river, Ton-le-Sap, flows inland part of the year and then turns and flows outward, in the opposite direction, for the remainder of the year. At such times as it flows inland, during and following the rainy season, there is water enough to float steamboats. When it flows outward it completely drains a large lake that forms part of the river-bed, and leaves the lake dry except for a small trickle down the center. Therefore, except at the season of high water, it is impossible to get across this long lake except by sampans, or native rowboats, a slow and tedious procedure requiring two or three weeks. The months of high water, when the river and lake of Ton-le-Sap are navigable, are approximately October, November, and December. Sometimes, if the waters do not fall till later, the steamboats may go up through January, but it is not well to count on it. We discovered that the waters had turned early this year, and had begun to fall on the 20th of November, and here we were arranging for our visit on the 11th of December. They told us that ours was about the last trip of the season, as indeed it proved to be.

We left the hotel next evening with some sinking of the heart. We were cutting loose from civilization, as represented in the little French town. Having successfully reached Saigon, ten thousand miles from anywhere else, we had some qualms about venturing five hundred miles farther. But it had to be done. We felt, too, that we looked like real explorers, hardy souls, in our short khaki skirts and sun helmets, and with our few possessions packed in a bulging Japanese basket. We reached the little boat in a tropical deluge, and the rain came down in torrents and threatened to extinguish an inadequate lantern by which a half-naked coolie showed us up the slippery gang-plank and conducted us to our cabin. A few lanterns were hung up in various places about the deck, and as they swayed and bobbed in the wind, their flickering light showed us a boat full of deck passengers vainly seeking shelter from the driving rain that poured in from all sides. This was our first experience with deck passengers—fourth-class passengers who pay for deck space only, and bring aboard with them their sleeping-mats, or bedding rolls, and spread them on deck wherever they can find room. Several deck passengers were stretched out, outside our cabin, and we had to step over them to enter. All the tropics were represented—Chinese, Hindus, Annamites, Tonkinese, Cambodians, mostly naked, and totally picturesque.

Our small cabin was nice and clean, with mosquito-nets over the bunks, and lighted by a candle in a swinging rack. The candle seemed much too close to the netting, but as it had probably been too close for many years, we decided it would be all right in our time. So we deposited our luggage, and then went outside, splashing round on the dark, wet deck to see if there were any other "foreigners" on board. Only ourselves, apparently, except the ship's officers, who regarded us with curiosity. Women traveling alone always excite interest in the French mind. Well, we had come out to do this thing, to go into the interior of Cambodia, and it was too late to reconsider. We watched the coolies carrying wood down to the engine-room, and were conscious that a big, flaring torch was much too close to the woodpile—there was a general indifference to lights and fires aboard that boat. However, the woodpile was wet, so it didn't

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

matter. Then there came a great ringing of bells and shouting, and we were cast adrift into the darkness and the deluge, and the lights of Saigon twinkled through the rain and disappeared.

The tropics breakfast early. We were on deck by seven, in a morning glorious and cool after the night's storm. The boat was making its way up-stream against a strong, muddy current, and we kept close inshore, and such a wonderful shore! Flat, low country extending inland with never a hill on the horizon, and all along the banks dense groves of palms, bananas, cocoanuts, mangoes—all the rich, luxuriant vegetation of a country ten degrees north of the Equator. The upper deck presented a long stretch, unbroken save for the pilot's house forward. Our places were at the poop, where we found a table spread for breakfast, or such breakfast as consists of coffee and bread. The deck passengers were forward, separated from ourselves by a couple of benches which divided first from fourth class—there is nothing intermediate. Top-knots were being combed, queues braided, bright sarongs of all the primary colors were being wound and rewound about slim, dark-skinned bodies—the simple toilet of the tropics, unhampered by soap and water, proceeded apace on the other side of the dividing benches. As we stopped at various little towns along the river, first on one side and then on the other, more passengers came aboard, and as their number increased the dividing benches were pushed back a little toward the poop, to give more room. It was a gaily dressed, cheerful, betel-nut-chewing crowd, which regarded with curiosity the two foreigners who were so strangely clad.

At each stop a fleet of little sampans and pirogues surrounded the boat, laden with oranges, fresh cocoanuts, and bananas; there are some fifty-seven varieties of bananas in Cambodia, and before the day was over we had sampled them all. Some are only a couple of inches in length, some over a foot, and round and fat. The ripe cocoanuts were the best, however. The tops were hacked off with a sharp knife, and we drank the milk, then broke the shell and scooped out the velvet, creamy inside. Except for a watermelon eaten in the classic manner, there is nothing like a ripe cocoanut for spreading from ear to ear.

In the course of the morning some French missionary priests came aboard, four of them, on their way back to their posts in the interior. They had been down-river a little way, getting supplies and visiting some of their most distant parishes. When it comes to real missionaries, with motives untinged by romance, profit, or adventure, these priests compel deep admiration and respect. They are not out on a three years' or a seven years' contract; their mission is a life-work, and they can return home on leave only once in fifteen years. They are heroic, kindly, earnest men, living native fashion on fifteen dollars a month, buried for years in the jungle, seeing no one but the natives of the surrounding districts.

Dinner, like breakfast and lunch, was served on deck, and soon after the swift darkness of the tropics settled down on us. Four lanterns were suspended from the deck roof, so far distant from the table that we could hardly see our food, and as they swayed and flared in the soft, warm wind, myriads of insects swarmed about them in dense clouds. We got them, too, these myriad insects, and they fell all over the table in great shoals, so that soup had to be eaten with a rush, and the wine-glasses covered with saucers, but no one minded. The priests were used to it, and to us it was all part of the picture. And such fun they were, these dear old men, with their anecdotes and reminiscences which soon flowed freely under our volley of questions. Tigers, it seems, troubled them all, for they all lived in the jungle, in various parts of the interior, distant from all other white inhabitants. One little red-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

bearded man complained that within the past three weeks a man-eater had carried off three of his parishioners—he had just been down-river to get some strychnia to kill the beast. He usually kills his tigers with strychnia—oh yes, he admitted, just as you do a rat or a roach; he hadn't any gun, and could not hit anything if he had. Only he was very indignant with one of the provincial doctors, who on his last trip down, three months ago, had sold him flour instead of strychnia. As a joke, he supposed, but he considered it a poor one, since the tiger had survived and killed more of the villagers. This time, however, he was coming back with a good, serviceable supply of the real poison.

Little Father X. complained of the wild elephants. They had made a track through his plantation, breaking down the compound walls and trampling down his crops. He tried to grow European vegetables in his little garden, but since the elephants had decided to make a pathway of it, his crops had been ruined. So queer about elephants—if they decide to travel by a certain route, travel it they do, removing all obstacles, such, for example, as his compound hedge. But there was nothing to do about it, he added, philosophically. Just to wait until they changed their minds and selected another boulevard.

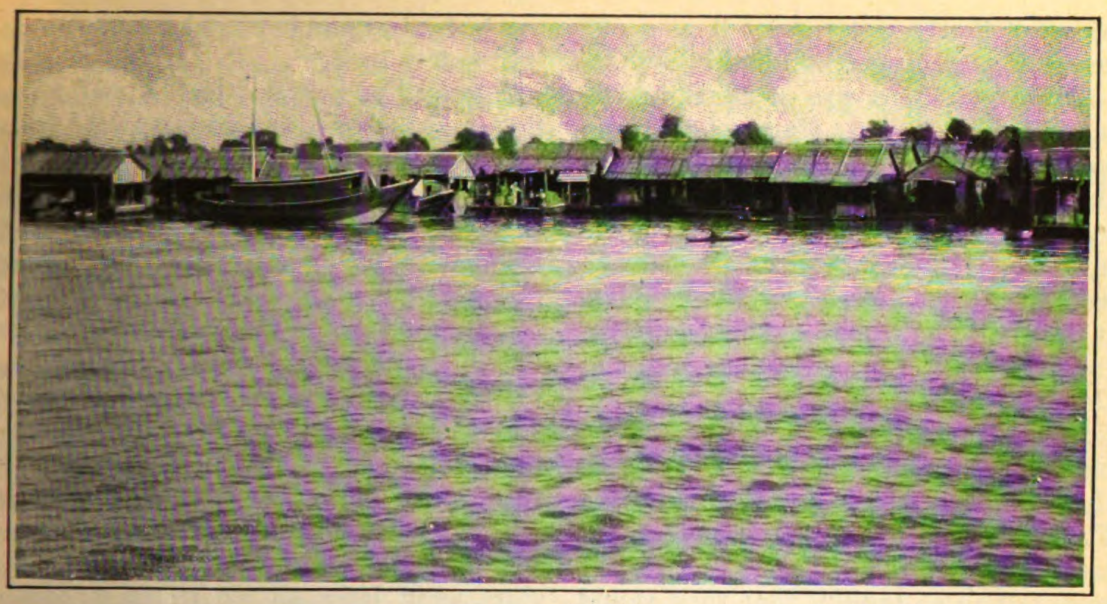
Another glorious day, with such a strong breeze coming down the river that the table-cloth had to be knotted firmly at the ends of the table to keep it in place. Still the same marvelous tropical vegetation along the river-banks, and gliding under the banks innumerable sampans, rowed gondola-fashion, as in Venice, by gentle savages clad in loin-cloths. The priests told us that no one owned the land. The native huts, mounted on stilts, were built all along the river edge, and when the banks crumbled away, as they were always doing, the huts were erected farther back, that was all. All along we saw the havoc wrought by these swiftly flowing waters, and banana-trees and cocoanuts were toppled over here and there, and great stretches of red bank were slipping down into the brown, foaming Mekong. Father V. said he had lost two churches in the last few years—the land they stood on had just washed away—and his third church would soon have to be moved.

By noon we reached Phnom Pehn, the capital of Cambodia, which lay sweltering under a broiling sun. Here we changed boats, and transferred ourselves and our luggage to the little steamer that lay waiting to take us up the other river, the Ton-le-Sap. This second boat was more modern than the one we had just quitted, but had far less charm. No candles here, no mosquito-nets over the bunks, but electric lights and electric fans at every turn, and the windows and doors protected by fine-meshed screens. When it came to the test, however, these let in night insects by the million, and at dinner in the tiny, inclosed dining-saloon we had as many in our soup as we had on the lantern-lit poop of the ancient *Nam-Viam*.

By eight in the evening we were off again, churning our way up against the swift current of this erratic river which was going dry within a few weeks. As we went along in the soft, enveloping darkness, first along one bank, then along the other, the shoals and windings of the river were indicated by big bon-fires built along the shore, in place of lighthouses. From time to time we halted in midstream to deliver the native mails. As we paused, drifting backward with the rapid current, a sampan would put out from the distant, dark shore, and as it came alongside a letter or two was tossed overboard without the formality of a mail-sack. Judging by our broken slumbers, we delivered the mails every half-hour all night.

Another bright, clear day, with less wind. This river is much wider than the Mekong, and our course lay in mid-channel, so that the banks with their

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE FLOATING VILLAGE OF SNOK-TROU

luxuriant foliage were no longer visible. At eight in the morning we stopped at the floating village of Snok-Trou, a unique sight. The village consists of some forty or fifty little huts, built on rafts, and lashed together with rattan ropes. The main street was a row of little shops, displaying fruits, fish, baskets, and countless articles for native use, and up and down along this shopping center sampans and pirogues were paddling—market-day in full swing. The rear of this floating village is lashed to half-submerged trees, and the whole town changes its location from time to time, according to the vagaries of the river or the whims of the inhabitants. Sometimes it moors itself a few miles farther up or down stream, or changes its anchorage entirely and ties up on the opposite bank. Our steamer calls at Snok-Trou on every trip, but its wanderings are such that the captain never knows where he'll find it.

From this point on, the river broadened out into an immense lake, called the Grand Lac, and the scenery on both sides disappeared. Every few moments we passed tree-tops that were projecting themselves above the falling waters, and which would emerge triumphant in a few weeks when the Grand Lac dried up. It was hard to realize that this wide lake, so wide that we could not see either bank, was at best but a few feet deep, and would entirely disappear except for a small stream down the center. Even now it was draining rapidly, and the rushing waters carried large tufts of weeds, and bunches of lily-pads, which dashed along with incredible speed.

As we proceeded great flocks of pelicans made their appearance, swimming together in groups, or else flapping in ungainly flight above the water. By afternoon we drew nearer shore, that is to say, about two miles from the nearest tree-tops, and with a loud rattle of anchor-chains we appeared to stop at nowhere in particular. Then, from nowhere in particular—from behind a flock of pelicans, apparently—a small sampan could be seen rowing in our direction. It reached us in an hour, and the captain told us to get off. It seemed rather reckless to get off into that bobbing sampan, which looked so irresponsible and detached. Then, as it continued to bump insistently against the side of our little steamboat, we saw our Japanese basket being handed into it, so there was nothing for us to do but follow. When the steamboat whistled and churned away, and we were left alone on that wide ex-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

panse of lonely water, we felt as if our last link with civilization had broken.

However, there was a guide in the sampan, a young Cambodian who spoke fairly good French, and explained that he had been sent to meet us. This was part of the arrangements we had made in Saigon, but Saigon seemed so remote we had almost forgotten it. The curving roof of the little boat protected us from the heat of a four-o'clock sun, and the six stalwart young rowers, clad in bright red and yellow skirts, finally brought us out of the lake and in among the tree-tops of the famous Drowned Forest. Up to their lower branches the trees were submerged, but the waters were falling so rapidly that they would reappear, in a few weeks. As we continued to row inland the tops of bushes appeared, then the tops of tall grasses, and finally, at the end of another hour, land itself came in sight —real land, and we discerned buffalo-carts waiting for us on the bank. As the water grew shallower, we saw all about us herds of water-buffaloes, great, ungainly cattle, wallowing in mud up to their eyes. They regarded us with hostility—and they are hostile, too, it appears, and foreigners are their chief aversion. As we passed, birds of all kinds flew up at our approach—tropical birds of gay plumage, egrets, marabouts, long-legged herons, and waders of all kinds—it was as if the bird-house of the best zoo in Europe had been turned loose in this remote and isolated land.

Then the sampan went aground. The shock shook off the rudder, the French flag at the stern dropped off, and with a shout all the rowers jumped overboard and splashed after them. Then, further rowing being useless, they surrounded the boat and attempted to drag it through the shallow water, over the thick clumps of weeds and grasses that insisted upon coming to the surface. However, it couldn't be done. We were stuck fast, ourselves, our luggage, and the five days' food-supply we were carrying being too much weight for the shallow waters to float.

A good five hundred feet of water intervened between us and land, and into this plunged the buffalo-carts that had been waiting on the bank. Carts of the most primitive type, two-wheeled wooden vehicles, each drawn by a pair of little yellow buffaloes, and guided by a native who sat somewhere on the pole to which they were yoked. Later on, at Angkor Wat, we saw friezes of these same carts, and the uncouth conveyances of to-day differ in no particular from those carved on the temple walls a thousand years ago. The wheels are enormously far apart, an advantage we discovered later as we traveled along with one wheel sunk in a rushing torrent while the other bounced along a bank about three feet higher, at a most perilous angle. We should have been upset a hundred times had it not been for this wide spread. The carts finally reached us after much difficulty, and we made a wide leap from the sampan and got into them, and then slowly splashed our way to the bank. From then on, for the next two miles, we alternated between dry land and rushing streams, plunging into the latter with a terrific jolt, for these conveyances are devoid of springs. Most of the time the floor was under water, and we expected to be, too, as it seemed but a question of time before we should be pitched out.

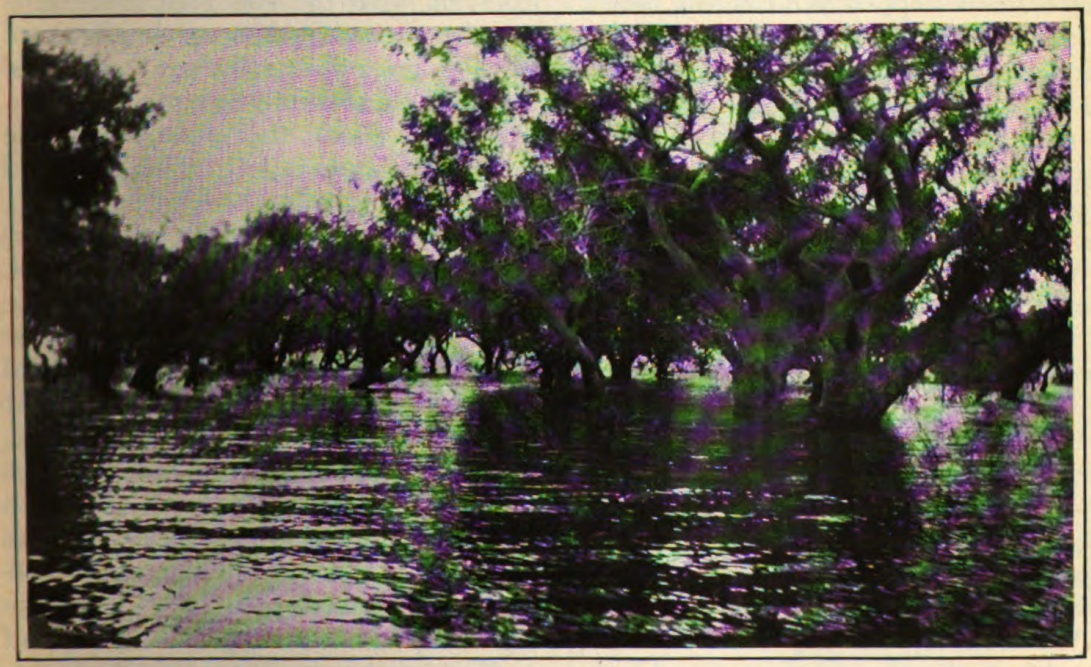
At the end of an hour, high land was finally reached at the place where the motor arranged for in Saigon should have met us. Unfortunately, the motor had just been commandeered by a French official, as the guide explained with many apologies. However, the road was excellent, and the bullocks were goaded to a fast trot, for we had many miles to cover. They are thin, fragile little creatures, with high shoulders and such a tendency to kick that one can never mount or descend from the cart until they have been unyoked and removed.

Such a drive as it was! We followed

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the winding course of a little river, the Siem Reap, and along the road and on both sides of the shallow stream were rows of native houses—little bamboo huts, grass-thatched, and, as usual, on stilts. They were ranged close together for safety, for a few feet behind pressed the jungle with all the dangers that prowl by night. The stilts afford safety from floods during high water, and a more or less precarious protection from tigers, panthers, serpents, and all the mysterious jungle life lying so close at hand. Darkness soon fell, the swift, sudden darkness of the tropics, and as we rode along we could look into the interiors of these little huts and see the primitive life, as revealed by flickering torchlight or by little lamps of castor-oil. In each compound or inclosure fires were burning, tended all night by relays of watchers—fires that were to keep away wild beasts.

By seven o'clock we reached the native village of Siem Reap, which also contained a few European houses, occupied by the French administrator of the region and his few colleagues. From that point we left all habitation behind and plunged into the real jungle. The darkness was intense, illumined by no moon, and both sides of the road were shut in by dense brush. From time to time we caught gleams of little animal eyes that peered at us for a second and disappeared. A peculiar fear seemed to possess our driver, a feeling which communicated itself to us vaguely, but we could not understand. He goaded the thin bullocks to a clumsy gallop, and our guide in the cart that followed pressed close behind us with a loaded gun across his knees. Without a light on any of the carts, we clattered along through the darkness at the top speed of our animals, and at a turn of the road nearly collided with four carts hurrying in the opposite direction. We all stopped, questions were put and answered, then we hurried off again in greater haste than before. I thought a tiger was abroad, that being the only danger I could think of. Not till the next day did we find out the cause of the fear that had possessed our guide and the drivers, as well as the natives in the carts we encountered. "Pirates," they explained—bandits or highwaymen, who roam the countryside



A SURMERGED FOREST AT THE END OF THE GRAND LAC

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A BUFFALO-CART CAME OUT TO MEET US

singly or in bands. Only a few months ago the French Director of Excavations at Angkor had been murdered at the spot in the road we were then passing.

A great sense of relief came over us when we reached the bungalow at eight o'clock, and stopped in a clearing before a low building with comfortable lights streaming through open windows and doors. The proprietor came running out to meet us, waving a lantern and shouting, "Arrived! Arrived!" as if our arrival was unexpected, or else took a weight off his mind.

We climbed stiffly down from the seat and entered the nice little bungalow, where a good dinner was soon prepared from the supplies we had brought with us. It was a clean, comfortable little place, built in the form of a square—the dining-room at the front, bedrooms along both sides, and the kitchen in the rear. Here we were at last—at Angkor! And too dark to see a thing!

We were up at daybreak—that is, six o'clock, for the sun rises as suddenly as it sets, and day really breaks here, with a burst, all at once. Bright sunlight was pouring into our room through the slats of our window-shutters, and through the slats of the door leading onto the veranda. We stepped out on the veranda, and there it was just across from us, with the sun gilding its long gray façade and lighting up the domes of its five great towers—the Temple of Angkor! All around was a sea of jungle, but rising above the green stood the majestic pile, in all its grandeur and loneliness.

At six-thirty we set off in our bullock-carts. We went first to the town, however, reserving the Wat for the afternoon. The royal town, Angkor Thom, is about a mile farther on, and we trotted briskly along an excellent red-earth road and passed under a huge, vine-clad archway, one of the old gates in the city wall. The jungle has been largely cleared away from many of the buildings of the ancient city, and a network of good roads is rapidly transforming the place into a park. Gangs of coolies were everywhere at work, building roads, felling trees, clearing up rub-

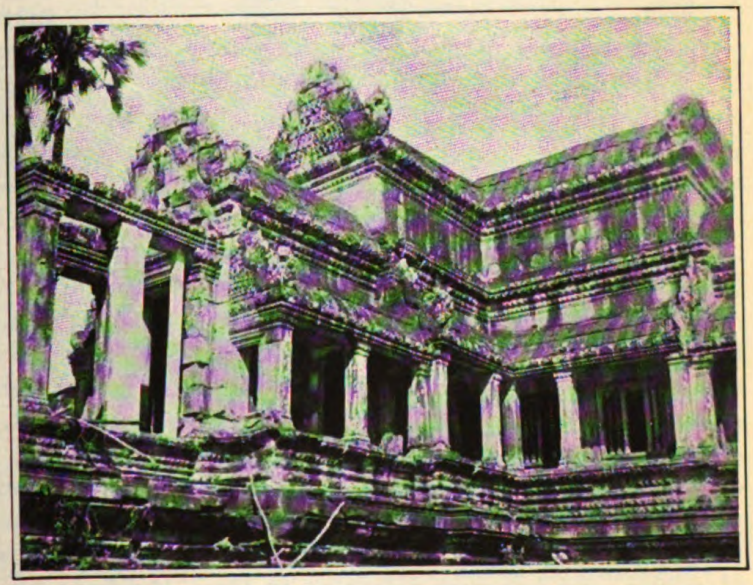
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

bish, excavating the ruins, and rebuilding certain temples out of the fallen stones carefully collected and carefully being replaced under the supervision of the new Director of Excavations, successor to the murdered Commaille. This extensive reclamation from the jungle has to a certain extent robbed the town of much of the charm and mystery as described by Pierre Loti. Archeologists, however, will probably prefer it in its present condition, with the more beautiful and important buildings cleared of trees, and standing free in open spaces, from which their rich carvings and elaborate decorations can be readily examined. The first building one sees on passing through the gate is the famous Bayon, now wholly freed from jungle. From a distance the gigantic, mysterious faces of Brahma greet one with their enigmatic, imperturbable smile. For hundreds of years they have been submerged by the forest. Now, exposed and standing clear under the pitiless sun, they smile on, lofty, aloof, serene.

Nothing remains of the royal palaces but their foundations, yet within the last two months these have yielded a lower stratum to the picks and shovels of the excavators, and a superb great frieze of elephants and kings has been brought to light, as well as some valuable inscriptions which may throw more light on the history of this old Khmer kingdom. Coolies were everywhere at work, and the stones and fragments of statues were laid carefully aside, numbered, and ready to be fitted back into place when possible. We spent the morning wandering about Angkor Thom, returning to the bungalow by half past ten, to avoid the intense heat.

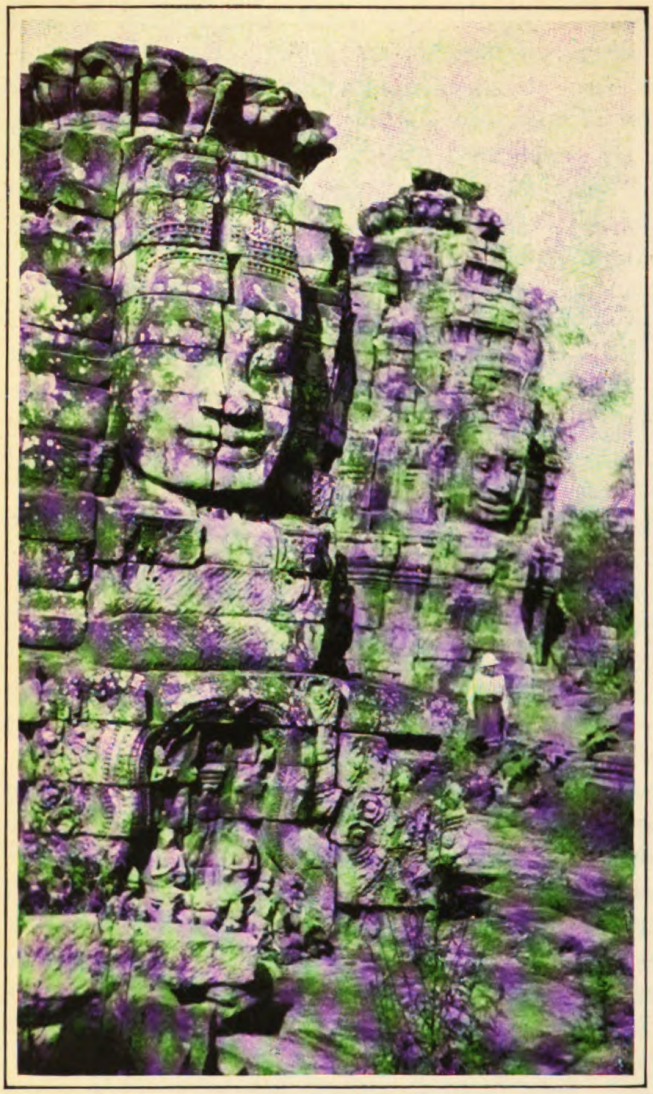
In the afternoon we visited Angkor Wat, the largest and most magnificent temple of the Angkor group. Here the restoration is finished, and all traces of the deadly fig-tree of the ruins are quite cleared away. Nothing but the bats remain in possession, clinging in their thousands under the lofty domes and ceilings. They unhooked themselves at our approach, and darted down and round us with shrill cheeps and squeaks of annoyance. The temple is built in the form of a square, and within the corridors form another smaller square, at a higher level. Within that again is a still smaller square, also higher. The central and highest part of the building is surmounted by a great tower, reached on four sides by high, steep steps. We climbed to the top with difficulty, for centuries of tropical rains have washed away these steps till they are but the merest ledges. The view from the summit was superb.

Then we wandered about for hours in the corridors, lost in the marvels of the carvings, the rich, intricate designs, the miles of bas-reliefs and elaborate sculptured friezes that adorn the walls. Here we saw our bullock-carts, hundreds of them going into battle, drawing kings and princes, loaded with triumphant



THE TEMPLE OF ANGKOR WAT IS A MAZE OF ANCIENT AND INTRICATE ART

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE MYSTERIOUS FACES OF BRAHMA GREET ONE WITH THEIR ENIGMATIC SMILE

warriors—the same uncomfortable carts that we are jogging about in to-day.

Bells were tinkling outside the bungalow when we awoke — elephant bells! And there they stood waiting for us, two huge, gray beasts, one of them with an enormous pagoda on his back, a dome-shaped rattan hood that seemed as high again as himself. It seemed most insecurely strapped on, this big, top-heavy pagoda, and as far as I could see nothing but a piece of light twine held it in place. However, one becomes a fatalist in the Orient, and doubtless nothing but an inadequate piece of twine has been holding elephant pagodas in place in Cambodia for several centuries. The lumbering animals were led up to the elephant-block—a horse-block on a grander scale—and we each got aboard. We were off to Pra-Khan, a temple belonging to one of the outlying groups, several miles away in the heart of the jungle. Here a hitch came—our guide and his gun were not forthcoming. The proprietor came out to us, and with profuse apologies explained that the French gentleman who had arrived the night before had taken off our guide—he was extremely sorry to have done so, and sent his excuses to the ladies, but he was up only for a day and needed a guide to show him about. We remonstrated — said we were paying twelve dollars a day apiece for the privilege of having that guide included in our expenses. The proprietor was overwhelmed with disappointment, but what could he do? The French gentleman was an official, a customs official, and it is the privilege of all officials to commandeer what they please when they go out on a holiday. The alternative to our going alone was to spend the day at the bungalow, so we decided to set off by ourselves, accompanied only by the *korneks*, or elephant-drivers. These *korneks* could speak neither English nor French, but the proprietor explained to them where to take us, so we departed on our majestic mounts.

The *korneks* are picturesque. Mine was a small, gray-bearded man with a red turban. He sat on the elephant's neck, with one bare leg curled under him, the other hanging down behind the huge gray ear. From time to time he kicked the flapping ear with his bare toes, and the animal responded. Never did he use the iron prod that lay across his lap.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The seat I was on could have held three people, a wide sort of bench with a railing round it to hold on by. I gripped it with all possible force, for, while there is majesty and style in riding elephants, there is also considerable motion—west, north, east, south, in jerky, irregular rotation calculated to pitch one off any minute. It took fully an hour before I could release one hand—another hour before I dared let go both, but when I reached that point I was fearfully impressed with the style of the thing, the barbaric pleasure, so to speak, of crashing along through the jungle without fear. They seemed so safe and steady, and there was such a comfortable distance between me and cobras, and all the sinister, gliding life of the forest. True, the lower branches of the trees rather raked one, and once a giant bramble wrapped itself round the pagoda, and I thought the string would surely snap before the big hood was torn loose.

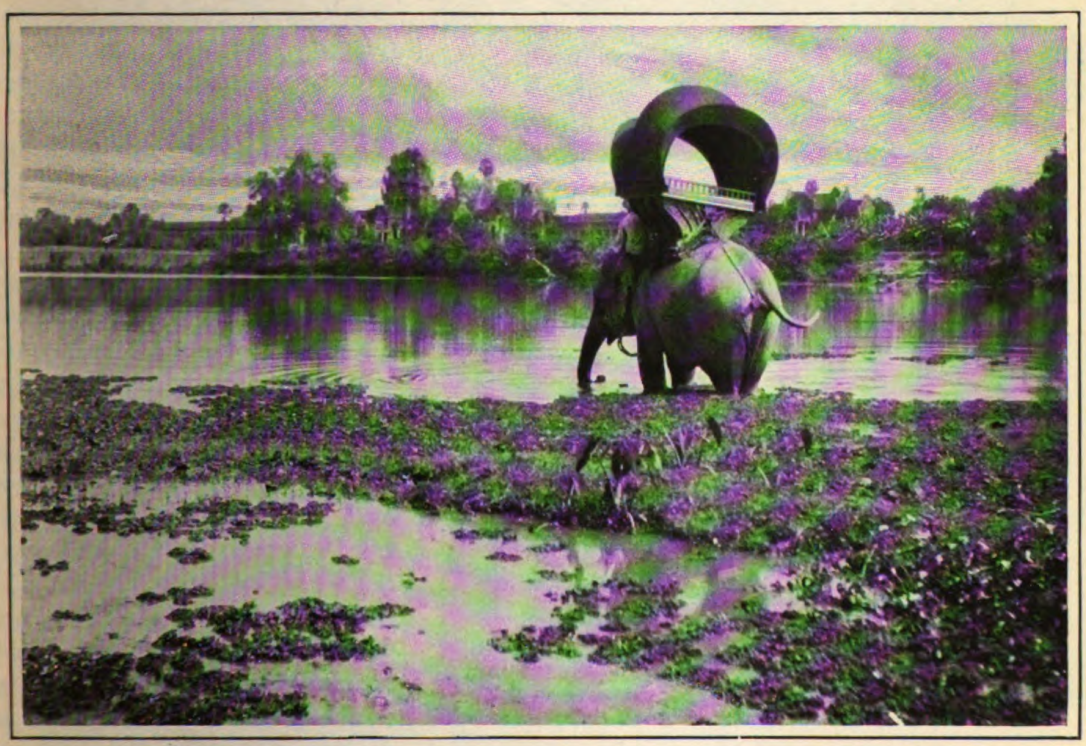
The jungle grew thicker and denser, and it seemed hours since we had left the pathway behind. I began to feel uneasy. We were miles away from the bungalow by this time, and had no means of communicating with the *korneks*. We continued to crash steadily onward, and might be crossing the boundary into Siam for all we knew or could prevent it. E. was ahead, and I tried to fix my thoughts on the barbaric beauty of her beast, on the splendor of our progress, but it was difficult.

"Where do you suppose they're taking us?" I called out. "Are we going anywhere, do you suppose—Pra-Khan, or anywhere?"

"Just boulevarding, I think," came the reply. "We don't seem to be arriving."

My own opinion exactly. Lying beside me on the seat was a long sword. I drew it from the sheath and found it fine and sharp. Anyway, I had that.

Just then we halted, and from the dense brush a man crashed up to us, naked save for a loin-cloth. In one hand he carried a bamboo ladder; in the other a long, bright knife. He

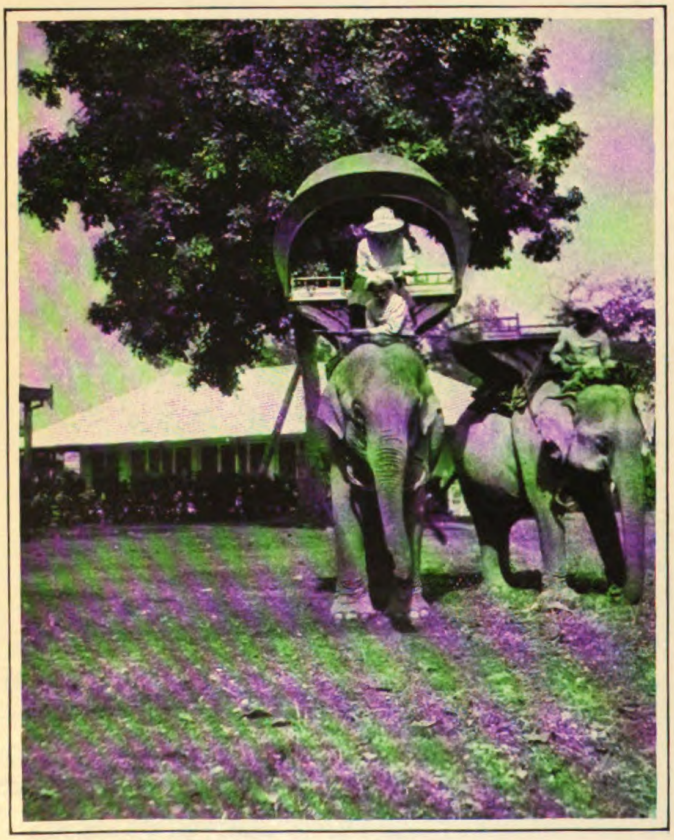


A HALT TO TAKE ON WATER

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

leaned the ladder against the elephant, and with the knife made signs to descend. Either it was Pra - Khan or it wasn't. Better assume that it was and keep a bold front.

We followed him through dense undergrowth, and he used his knife freely to slash a path for us through the thorn bushes. I breathed more freely on seeing its purpose, although very conscious that it was extraordinarily sharp. In about ten minutes we found ourselves climbing over the fallen stones of an immense temple that lay completely buried and overgrown by the forest. So thick was the foliage that only a dim twilight prevailed, which the sun's ray failed to penetrate. The supreme loneliness of that buried temple, the utter isolation and silence that enveloped it, were appalling, and our scrambling feet and hushed voices only intensified the awful stillness—the silence of centuries. The horror and vindictiveness of the jungle! Everywhere giant stones were overthrown, pushed out of place and toppled over in heaps through the sinister vitality of that deadly tree, the fig-tree of the ruins. The roots of this tree begin as innocent, hair-like filaments which insinuate themselves through the crevices of the great stones and slip through tiny openings and cracks, then grow and develop with an evil vigor that nothing can withstand. They never die, never are starved out, these fine, hair-like roots. The big stones never crush or kill them. Year by year, century by century, their fierce strong life is fostered by the fierce heat and fierce rains of the tropics until they overthrow and destroy everything in their pathway. One fearful root that wandered in its course through a whole corridor of mighty carvings was ninety meters in length, with the circumference of an elephant. And the tree is useless, too—just spongy, porous wood, unfit for anything. For an hour we wandered through dim, ruined chambers, scrambled and climbed over fallen pillars and carvings of great beauty and delicate, intricate design—all in utter ruin, and the fig-tree of destruction in supreme control. It was good to reach our elephants again and to leave behind that overwhelmed and evil spot.



THE LUMBERING ANIMALS WERE LED TO THE ELEPHANT-BLOCK AND WE GOT ABOARD

At dinner that night we found the French gentleman in a state of considerable annoyance directed against ourselves. While we had been away the administrator of the district had paid him a visit and, hearing that two eccentric American ladies had gone off alone into the jungle, had become much excited. It appears that such an expedition was most dangerous. The country round Angkor was in a state of disturbance and unrest, partly chronic, partly

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

augmented by the backwash of a revolution that had occurred some months ago, which had left bands of roving robbers in its wake. Moreover, the natives of the region have little enough respect for white men, and none at all for women, and for two women to have ventured alone into the jungle was a most hazardous proceeding. It was a marvel, continued our friend, warming up to his subject, that we had not disappeared and never been heard of again.

We listened to this upbraiding in silence. His part in the affair he seemed to have completely overlooked. He had apparently forgotten that it was not our plan to go off alone, and that we had provided against such a contingency by engaging a good, serviceable guide with a good, serviceable gun, paid for by good American dollars. His whole tirade was against our foolhardiness. The substance of his discourse was that woman's place is in the home.

Life in a jungle clearing has its sensations, for the jungle presses close upon our little bungalow, up to within fifty feet in the rear. To the left is a small hut where coolies and drivers live, and they sing and croon over their fire all night, while the buffaloes lie sleeping beside the carts.

Before dawn the whole forest is gloriously alive with noise—the cries and songs of birds, the screams of parrots, and the hooting and hallooing of the gibbons, large black apes in their thousands, which live in the higher branches of the trees. Their weird, melancholy cry begins early, long before sunrise—Woo-woo-woo! woo-woo! wooo-o-o-o! —and is taken up and answered from a distance, and the plaintive hoots are called back again, from every direction, till the whole forest echoes and re-echoes with the high, mournful, insistent wail.

There is no such thing as leaping lightly from bed when one feels like it. I lean out from under the mosquito-netting and cautiously feel for my slippers, cracking them together to shake out a possible scorpion or centipede. It is an uneasy life, here in the tropics, and constant watchfulness must be exercised, because of these monsters that creep and crawl and sting. This morning, before getting into her khaki skirt, E. gave it her usual vigorous shake and tossed out a huge spider about the size of a saucer. I was greatly excited.

"Did you notice its hair?" I asked. "Had it long black hair, like a tarantula?"

"Hair!" replied E., in great disgust. "Do you think I stopped to notice *that?* All I know is, it dashed under the bed!"

This morning we went to Ta-Prohm, another temple overwhelmed by the jungle, and, like Pra-Khan, no attempt has yet been made to rescue it. Only the most important and beautiful ones are being reclaimed from the forest, those in Angkor Thom as well as the Angkor Wat. These outlying ones are still left as originally discovered, buried and smothered by the everlasting forest. To me they are far more interesting in this sinister setting, choked and swamped by the mighty growth of the tropical jungle. They afford more thrills to me who am not an archeologist—than the picked-up, restored, and cleared ruins that the government is reclaiming. Of course one cannot see them very well, these buried temples, swamped in undergrowth, enveloped by a twilight gloom. And as I scramble over fallen images, over barbaric sculptures, my mind is largely set on serpents. And when we reach a fairly open space it turns to monkeys—the agile black gibbons that hoot and leap overhead at our coming, furious at the intrusion upon their solitude. Between snakes and monkeys, there are times when I forget to admire these old temples, supposed to be among the most marvelous in the world.

This evening after dinner we were sitting upon the front veranda of the bungalow—we two are the only guests—and idly counting the lizards on the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

yellow walls. They dart here and there after mosquitoes, with an occasional tumble when two of them collide in a dash for the same object. Having counted twenty on my side of the wall, I heard E. remark:

"Do you think that's a crocodile up there on the ceiling?"

It looked more like a crocodile, not to be one, than anything I've ever seen—only smaller, about a foot in length, with a stout body and large head. Suddenly it began a curious croak, "Tok-ké—tok-ké—tok-ke!" eight times. The proprietor came out and explained it. It was a *tok-ke*, just as it said. The natives had named it so, because of its peculiar cry. The only objection to *tok-kes*, he continued, was that when they fell off the ceiling—an accident of some frequency — they bit savagely whatever they happened to touch. For example, he went on, one fell upon a lady one night, and fixed its little teeth into her shoulder—its head had to be cut off before it was possible to pry open its mouth and make it relax its vicious bite.

Just then a terrible commotion took place at the back of the house. Screams, piercing and shrill, and a fearful barking and howling and running of dogs and people—the whole compound was in an uproar. A panther had just carried off the cook's pet monkey, tied by a string to the kitchen door.

This is our last day at Angkor and we made our usual early start at six-thirty in the bullock-carts for another one of the outlying, subsidiary temples—Bantei Kedei. We reached it after jogging along for two hours, and found it engulfed in jungle as usual, with the giant roots of the fig-trees engaged in their work of slow, inexorable destruction. We disturbed the monkeys, of course—gray ones this time, not gibbons, and the guide said they are a fierce variety, and have been known to attack single persons, though never a group of two or three. They expressed wild indignation at our intrusion, and filled the air with yells and howls, accompanied by much agitated leaping from tree to tree. We rambled about the ruins, I in much trepidation as to serpents. The constant fear of stumbling over a cobra does much to lessen one's enjoyment of classic beauty.

This afternoon we went for a final look at Angkor Thom, and then wandered by ourselves through the Wat. A procession of yellow-robed monks was making its slow way along the causeway leading up to the temple, and then turned aside to their own quarters, little thatched huts in the cleared park adjacent, where we heard their chanting from a distance. Everywhere in Cambodia one sees these yellow-robed monks—they say there are eighty thousand of them, the simple exponents of a decayed and decadent Buddhism.

We returned by evening to do our meager packing. On all sides rose the evening sounds, the cheeping of bats in their outward flight from the towers, the noisy chirruping of night insects, tree-toads, and lizards. The evening fires were being lighted in the compounds, and men and women were gathering in before the sudden nightfall. Bells were tinkling everywhere, bamboo bells with clappers hanging from the outside. Elephants, buffaloes, and the little naked children all wear the same kind of bell.

Well, to-morrow at daybreak we return. The sun is slowly sinking behind the great gray domes and towers of the Angkor Wat, and even as we look, they fade from sight and disappear in the soft, enveloping twilight. Yes, we are grateful to that old number of that geographical magazine.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE NOSE AND ITS WORK

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

ONCE upon a time, seven or eight years ago, I ventured to write an essay on "The Sense of Smell." It was, in substance, an appeal for research and for greater understanding of this Cinderella of the senses, and I caution the reader beforehand that the underlying purpose of the present effort is the same. We want more—it isn't light we need, nor yet more pungent smells. What we need is more discrimination and better understanding of the nature and significance of what we smell.

The nose and its work is a subject of such lively human interest that whenever we give it its due of reasonable consideration we enter upon a voyage of discovery. We have but to draw aside the veil of taboo and straightway we find that the nose is a great respecter of persons, and that, apparently, the greater part of its work is done in secret because it gives us impressions which we attribute to other than olfactory causes. Very often we announce opinions and conclusions which are born of unconscious and vagrant whiffs to be the results of our own thought and judgment, whereas the thought and judgment are but sequelæ of our opinions, and follow them merely as excuses. We are always smelling, although we do not know it, and from the structure of our heads, if we are reverent persons who hold ourselves to be fashioned in the image of God, it would seem reasonable to assume that our noses were designed for a good and wise purpose, and that we should avail ourselves of the gift.

Although fatigue will cause the nose to be unreliable in its findings, it does not restrict itself to labor-union hours; and we press so little duty upon it that the organ suffers more from neglect than from overwork. Neglect, however, does not produce complete atrophy; the nose is always busy, but neglect deadens the connection between what we smell and our own consciousness of it. Thus it is seldom indeed that we know what we are smelling.

Before we go any further let us renew our earlier observations on the subject. We declared that smell is the most intimate of our five senses, but that it had become taboo, and that even a discussion of so obvious a topic as our personal odors is impolite and contrary to our conventions. We recalled that in their days of glory the Arabs were not inhibited in this respect, and that the Arabs were then the leaders of the world in poetry, in certain of the arts, and in science. Much of value was lost in their eclipse. We failed to make the observation then, but I think the time is now ripe to call for archeologists of the nose. We noted that more often than not the olfactory phenomena of creation are agreeable, as among flowers that precede the seed-time of plants, whereas those of dissolution are usually unpleasant. We reported that the sensitive region of each nostril is provided with a great number of olfactory cells embedded in the epithelium, and we noted that this region is normally moist. We did a little guessing, and, by way of postscript, we interpolated into the article in revising it for publication in a book,[1] an abstract of notes made by Doctor McIndoo in relation to the life of the bee which in all its social relations seems to use its remarkable sense of smell as its chief guide to conduct.

The opinion also was expressed that

[1] *Percolator Papers*, published by Harper & Brothers.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

there is little progress to be made by vapid guessing outside of laboratories, which is true so far as vapid guessing is concerned, but I should like to modify any intimation that may have crept in between the lines to the effect that wisdom emanates from laboratories alone. It will require public interest and public curiosity to provide the confirming noses. Some men of science have been at work, and they have made contributions which are of weight in the philosophy of smelling and of profit to the makers of perfumery.

It seems probable, from the similarity of the organs of smell to those of sight, that smelling is a selective process; that there may be such a thing as an olfactory spectrum; that the olfactory nerves are sensitive to primary odors, and that it is mixtures that we smell, constantly, just as it is mixtures of primary colors which we constantly see. In what follows we shall consider the work of a number of men of science, and record their findings and beliefs.

Shortly before the war a series of tests was made at the Psychological Institute of the University of Frankfort, with 26 experimenters and 46 students. These tests were made with 415 artificial and natural essences which emit scent, with mixtures of these, and with other articles in more frequent use. In addition to this, excursions were made to the chemical laboratory, the Palm Garden, and the Zoölogical Garden of the city. The persons tested were of both sexes and of various ages. Some had had training in chemistry, some had even studied in that field of the science which relates to essential oils and other odoriferous bodies, while some were unfamiliar with both chemistry and psychology. The smells were presented in five different concentrations, and they were administered by means of whiffs from smelling-bottles, by puffs from a gas-burette, and by an olfactometer, which is an instrument designed originally by a Dutch savant named Zwaardemaker. This fixes the concentration, and provides for a record of the pungency on the one hand, and the sensitiveness of the smeller on the other, while a stop-watch records the time factor. A similar apparatus for determining the strength of odors for industrial purposes was devised by C. van Dam, also of Holland, and by Messrs. Allison and Katz of the United States Bureau of Mines. It has long been held that our inability to measure smells is the reason why we know so little about olfactory phenomena. One excuse is as good as another, but it is well to remember that Zwaardemaker has done much in this direction, and that Messrs. Allison and Katz established five degrees of measurement which they designated as "1—Detectable; 2—Faint; 3—'Quite' Noticeable; 4—Strong; 5—Very Strong."

The Frankfort investigators found that at first there was a marked difference in the responses according to whether they employed the conscious or the unconscious method—that is, whether the test person knew what he was smelling or not. In other words, if the test person's eyes were closed his answers were less reliable than if he could see what he was smelling. Curious errors were made without the accustomed aid of the smeller's eyes, and entirely different odors were mistaken for one another. Under these conditions, for instance, coffee was mistaken for violets, and turpentine-oil for garlic. But practice rapidly increased the security of judgment. This is an illuminating note. We not only neglect our noses, but we have no faith in them. And without faith even the pursuit of facts is vain. Here again we can point out the wisdom of Goethe in making the spirit of evil and confusion the spirit that denies all things. Faith is not very fashionable in these days, but we really need it, and I offer, for the sake of argument, the postulate that we are better off with faith in something which is not so than with no faith at all. With faith in our noses we may not be able to move mountains, but we can go to the other extreme and distinguish molecules.

Experiments were made with "mono-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

rhine, dirhine, and dichlorine olfaction," which is simpler than it sounds, for it means, respectively, smelling something with one nostril, with both nostrils, and different odors simultaneously in each nostril. The conclusion was reached that usually the left side has greater smelling capacity than the right, but it was not recorded whether this was more especially marked among right-handed persons. We venture to guess that it was. It was also noted that often there are other sensory impressions that accompany smelling, as, for instance, that of warmth from the odor of heliotrope, and cold from garlic and carbon bisulphide. The last-mentioned substance is offensive enough to produce nausea, and may explain the chill. Again, pressure and sting sensations sometimes accompany smelling, and the painful feeling produced by smelling pepper is said to be preceded by the sense of "something dusty." Of course it may be that there was dust in the substance that was smelled. The odor of coumarin, which is something like vanilla and which is occasionally employed in making cheap vanilla extracts, is reported as "heavy," heliotrope as "soft-sinking," cloves "sharp," and more or less imaginative side-reactions are recorded of the odors of onions, mustard-oil, vinegar, and the like. Some substances produce accompanying gustatory sensations, such as sour, sweet, bitter, and alkaline, but a salty taste is very unusual. A few experimenters reported a feeling of something gently touching their hands, and a slight movement in the air, in smelling geranium-oil and attar of roses.

Just as the color of an object often seen—as, for example, an orange—becomes inseparably associated with the remembrance of it, so there is also a characteristic smell of an object that becomes a "mnemonic smell," and we are likely to think we can smell it when we see it, even though its odor be absent and another somewhat similar smell diffused in its place.

These indefinite expressions for our nose reactions constitute another difficulty in considering the subject intelligently. But it is said that names of colors originally related to objects, as green is related to grass. In the oldest basic roots of all languages there are found olfactory designations. It was formerly believed that the nose was the drainage channel of the brain, and in certain languages the designations for smell and those for soul and breath are said to be closely related.

A study of the errors made by the subjects of the Frankfort University tests showed that the usual cause was unfamiliarity with the use of the nose, although Professor Henning who conducted the experiments did not say so. Guessing wrong was also a frequent source of error, but guessing right would also be wrong. Again, a false picture in the mind of the smeller would often lead him astray. Sensibility was so lowered through fatigue as to cause frequent mistakes. At times the right answer was meant, but the terms in which to convey it were not forthcoming. Chemical impurities occasionally produced an erroneous effect, and hysteria and neurasthenia were found to play their usual part in smelling as they do in the exercise of other faculties.

In conclusion Professor Henning, according to the report of the proceedings in the *Zeitschrift für Psychologie*, constructed what he called his olfactory prism or spectrum. Zwaardemaker has drawn up a table of primary odors, and so have others, but Professor Henning claims for his proposals the advantage of the 2,747 tests that preceded them, and the aid of applied psychological research. He declares the primary smells to be six in number, from which others are built up. Of these six he can only give approximate types; no definite primary odor is recorded. They are:

1 Spicy—Examples are cardamon, nutmeg, cloves, ginger, etc.
2 Flowery—Heliotrope, geranium-oil, opopopanax, jessamine-oil, etc.
3 Fruity—Orange, lemon, bergamot, pineapple-oils, etc.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

4 Resinous or Balsamic—Turpentine, pine-oil, mastic, myrrh, eucalyptus-oil, etc.
5 Putrid—Sulphureted hydrogen, carbon bisulphide, etc.
6 Empyreumatic—Tar, pyridine, etc.

Others were recorded as transitional, or standing between basic smells. Thus parsley, garlic, onions, and radishes occupy a position between spicy and putrid. Roasted coffee comes between spicy and empyreumatic, while hops, laurel, thyme, lavender, etc., would come between spicy and fragrant, or flowery.

Here we have a practical set of standards and several apparatus for measuring nose reactions, so that we cannot excuse ourselves by saying the field for research is closed on the ground that we can't get through the gate. The standards may not be correct, but so far as I am aware, we are not exactly certain as to which are the actual primary colors.

What we lack in this problem of olfactory phenomena are study and attention. We have mentioned elsewhere that if we were to use our noses we might have the information of a dog (which we lack) in regard to the incidence of fear, hate, and possibly other emotions in others. The memory would be marvelously stimulated by the use of the nose. We should know many things from the experience of sensory impression which we now either do not know at all or try to recall, and then attribute, as likely as not, to dreams. It is possible that the efficiency of the memory would be increased at least one-third were we to use our noses. I do not mean that our memory for dates or abstractions would be specifically improved, except as the whole capacity for remembrance would be augmented. We should recall smells associated with events, and thus be able to draw on our subconscious records in the measure—as I guess it—of one-third more than we do now. Inasmuch as we get more of our education from life than we do from books, if life were made as smellable to us as it is visible, it is almost impossible to conceive of the vast measure in which it would be enlarged and made manifest to us. We should have to *use* our noses, however, instead of merely letting ourselves experience smell. The example of one of Professor Henning's students is a case in point. It seemed vulgar to him to like garlic, and when he could see what he was smelling he had horrid distress. But with his eyes closed he became conscious, on sniffing the same odor on a different occasion, of something pungent and peculiar, but he did not draw grimaces and make a great fuss over his distress. In fact, he did not suffer distress. He did not even know it was garlic, and he thus lacked the social reason for protest. If we smell cabbage or turnips while cooking, even though we like to eat these vegetables, we are likely to make a great to-do over it, whereas we smile with complacency over the smell of a Camembert or Vatel cheese. There is more fuss and feathers than intelligence in such behavior. If we really used our noses we should know beans as well as cabbage—and we do not know beans now.

There is a very delightful Englishman named Bush—Captain William A. Bush—to whom I am indebted for much that is contained in this article. He was attached to the Chemical Warfare Service during the war, of both the British and American armies, and he received official commendation in despatches. He has a grand nose, and when "duds" were found back of the lines they would open them and bring their contents to Captain Bush. He would then "paper" the mixture; that is, he would dip a piece of unsized paper into the liquid and wave it under his nose. Thus he would make a complete qualitative analysis by calling off, as one body after another vaporized, every substance contained in the gas-loading of the shell. "Any one can smell mustard gas," he protests. But he was the only man in three armies who could tell by smell what particular variety of mustard gas was being used; whether it was mixed with chlorobenzene, nitrobenzene, carbon tetrachloride, or hexachloroethane.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

When we consider odor we must accustom ourselves, like the chemist, to dealing in small quantities. The astronomer considers bodies of immense magnitude, while the chemist has to do with atoms and molecules which are beyond the microscope in visibility, and he must control them and make them do his bidding. Now the process of smelling is bound to be in large part chemical, and it is well that we should have at least a sense of the magnitude of the particles with which we have to work. I think a good idea of these may be obtained from a letter Captain Bush wrote me from California:

> How much odoriferous matter is there [he asked] in the small amount of air you sniff when you drink a glass of orange soda-water? You dissolve a quarter of an ounce of terpeneless oil of orange in a gallon of 50-percent. alcohol, and that makes what is called a soluble extract of orange. There is 1 part of the orange-oil in 512 parts of the extract. To make orange syrup you dissolve two ounces of this extract in a gallon of solution of sugar and citric acid in water. Your syrup then contains 1 part of the original oil to 32,768 parts of syrup. Then for orange soda-water take an ounce of this syrup in a tall ten-ounce glass, and fill the glass with charged water. The dilution of the original oil is now 1 part of it to 327,680 parts of the beverage. What is the concentration of the oil in a noseful of the gas coming from the drink?

What must the size of the particles be that are breathed up into the nose, and by their impact upon the nerve termini in the sensitive plates in the nose cause the sensation of smell? The distinction along the border-line is not at all definite, and I think we need not concern ourselves in our present night of ignorance whether these particles reach the nerve termini as single molecules or as aggregations of them—as gas or as vapor. In either event they will indicate the marvelous delicacy of our organs of smell. In smokes and vapors we get into the colloidal field, and colloids are substances divided into groups of molecules or particles, generally speaking, of a diameter from $1\mu\mu$ to 0.75μ, or from one millimicron to three-quarters of a micron. Now a micron is one one-thousandth of a millimeter, and a millimicron is one-thousandth of a micron, or one-millionth of a millimeter, while a millimeter is 0.0394 of an inch.

The chemical effect of particles is chiefly on their surfaces, and it stands to reason that the smaller the particles the greater is the area of surface exposed in a given quantity of material. There is a table in Jerome Alexander's delightful little book for chemists and students of the science called *Colloid Chemistry*, in which he gives the area presented upon the surfaces of particles of decreasing size, beginning with a cubic centimeter, which would be a cube with edges of one centimeter, or 0.3937 inch long, and would have a surface of 6 square centimeters, or a total of 0.93 square inch. This substance divided into millimeters would produce 1,000 cubes with a total surface of 9.3 square inches. Divided into microns (or μ) it would produce 1,000,000,000,000 cubes with a total surface of 6 square meters, or 212 square feet. Divided into millimicrons (or $\mu\mu$) there would be 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubes having an area of 6,000 square meters, or nearly 1½ acres. Carried down to a thousandth of a millimicron, which is in the subatomic region, and approaches the theoretical size of electrons, we should have, from 1 cubic centimeter, cubes to the number of 1 followed by 30 zeros, with a combined surface of 6 square kilometers, or 2⅓ square miles. The lengths of waves of light are between 1 and 0.1 μ, which defines the limit of resolvability in the microscope, and even with the ultra-microscope which shows us beams of light reflected by particles rather than the particles themselves, we reach the limit of visibility at about $5\mu\mu$. That is, a particle of less than $5\mu\mu$ does not diffract enough light to make it visible to the human eye even with the help of the ultra-microscope. A particle $5\mu\mu$ in diameter mag-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

nified a million times would have a diameter of about ¼ of an inch, whereas a human red-blood corpuscle magnified a million times would be 25 feet across. On the other hand, a molecule of hydrogen magnified a million times would be barely visible.

Now possibly we shall understand that when we smell anything we are being affected by particles that we never can see, or feel, or hear, that they differ from what we see and associate with them in memory, and that our only means of becoming cognizant of them is through our noses.

The chemical nature of these odoriferous bodies is beginning to show itself—but as through a glass, darkly. We shall not discuss densities, or vapor pressures, or temperatures, all of which are features of prime importance in regard to odors. Another feature that qualifies smell is concentration. Some odors are very offensive in concentration and singularly agreeable if highly diluted, which indicates a difference that is worthy of attention. Specific gravity does not seem to play a recognizable rôle in the study. Still another rather curious observation is that it is seldom that a substance possesses both a strong odor and a strong color. There seems to be little if any specifiic connection in a chemical sense between odor and color. Just as all bodies having life, and many that have not, are compounds of carbon with a few other elements, which is known as the field of organic chemistry, so the great majority—but by no means all—of the things we smell are the gases or effluvia of carbon compounds. Groupings of atoms of carbon with oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen in certain forms and orders within the molecules are found to distinguish bodies which have characteristic or sharp odors that are not offensive, while other arrangements of atoms of the same elements cause distress. Again, certain arrangements with sulphur, arsenic, and other elements are likely to qualify the molecules of bodies that are very unpleasant to smell. And another general observation is that odor decreases as the size of the molecules increases, and that very large molecules produce no odors.

The chemistry of the subject being in the organic field, and thus involved in unfamiliar nomenclature, and something like, but in no way related to, the chemistry of dyes and highly colored bodies, I shall not attempt to set forth my own conception of the subject—which, I admit, is cloudy. The so-called aromatic bodies of chemical literature which indicate the benzene group as the nucleus of the molecule are not of necessity fragrant, while a number of ethers, esters, alcohols, aldehydes, and other bodies that are not included in this division are strongly odoriferous. They are not clearly defined as are alcohols, ketones, and the like, although diligent study reveals cousinships among these compounds. A good review of the subject was made by Dr. Thomas H. Durrens in his thesis presented to the University of London from an Oxford research laboratory maintained by a firm of London manufacturers. It may interest chemists to know that it was printed in full in the May 21, 1919, issue of an English trade-paper called *The Perfumery and Essential Oil Record*. He presents an immense record of research, and he concludes that the source of odor is in unsatisfied affinities or bonds within the molecule. This subject of valency, or the bonds with which atoms are joined together in combinations, is far more relative in the modern conception than it used to be, and it may be that Doctor Durrens is on the highroad to the truth. In our former paper we guessed that there might be such entities as "smell ions," and last year a French chemist, M. A. Durand, published his conclusion that smell is due to the presence of "odorant ions." This would mean that the particles dissolve in the water and lipoid substances that moisten the olfactory regions of the nose, and that here the molecules separate into parts called ions, which are respectively positively

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and negatively charged. In the presence of the necessary lipoid substances, then, we should have the reaction that produces the sense of smell.

But suppose we learn the very nature of each reaction, and that somebody were to tell us the precise processes that take place when we smell, let us say, geranium leaves, or any other substance, it wouldn't make us wise. I can imagine some biological chemist working out the structure of bodies eliminated by the human system under the emotion, let us say, of fear. Then, if he is correct in his conclusions, he may separate this body, or even synthesize it, and present it to us, and allow us to smell it and—then we shall think we know. But he may make a mistake, or he may not offer it in the right dilution—and then we shall be wrong when we think we are right. What we need most is a real live curiosity about the smell of things. Then we can find out for ourselves with an organ already made and with which none of us wants to part, but which, olfactorily speaking, we are all too lazy to use. It is experience rather than chemical explanations that will make us wise.

Just now there is great interest manifested in regard to the possibility of bodies and powers, and even persons abiding in invisible attenuation in what is called the spirit world. I do not understand how such things can be, and it does not seem to me that they really are, although I am not vain enough to believe that my opinion is conclusive. But if we would become conscious of matter in such attenuated form it is only through our noses that we may discover it. If ghosts dwell among us it is by our noses that we may know them.

After writing the foregoing I sent a copy of the manuscript to a friend for criticism. He is a man of profound scholarship in organic chemistry, and a person of rare loveliness of character. He writes:

> There is a point in question—but I dare not suggest that you will make the change, even after I have mentioned it. You write that we need faith, but your last paragraph is agnostic of a subject which has long occupied the attention of some very thoughtful men. I believe if you were to drift into some of the more serious literature of psychical research you would inevitably, as a thinker, be attracted by it. And if you undertake to make first-hand investigations—which is easy for any one to do—I believe you will wish about five words of your last paragraph written differently. In my own experience I have been forced to the same conclusion as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Lombroso, F. W. Myers, and others.
>
> Most curious is your intuition which has indeed a reflection in the actual facts. At several sittings I have been amazed by a phenomenon seldom, if ever, mentioned in the literature of the subject—namely, a remarkable succession of well-defined odors, practically all sweet and almost always of various flowers. A peculiarity has been that they are the true odors of fresh flowers, and not "perfume" odors.

Curious also is the news that my friend believes in these things. That is, it seems so now. But who knows what we shall be believing within the little while before the Beckoning Hand of Silence is raised for us?

THAW

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

GRAY sky and wood, and ragged drifts of white;
Dull shapes that blur to distant monotone;
A laggard crow that, calling, flies alone:
A somber world, with somber-hearted men
That trudge to toil, and then trudge home again
As sodden day dims out in sodden night.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

LITTLE FRIENDS OF ALL THE ARTS

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

IT is an ironical fact that Vera de Vere, who was destined to bring so much sorrow to unoffending youth, came gliding into Lakeville in the name of art and beauty and the pleasure of life. Out of a dull November sky and a late-afternoon train, she brought a dash of color into Mrs. Wilton's rather drab boarding-house. Having unpacked a trunkful of esthetic gowns and exciting hats, some smocks in improbable tones, and a bale of sandals, she went to the post-office and inquired for mail addressed to Mrs. Jenkins. Obviously "Vera de Vere" was also part of the pictorial effect.

The next day Miss de Vere took a calm look at Lakeville, made some inquiries, and attacked it at its weakest point.

The wife of Lakeville's most prominent dry-goods and clothing merchant, patroness and encourager of upward-looking movements, owner and proprietor of Clarence Raleigh, sat in her ornate drawing-room that afternoon and wondered what it was that was about to come into her life.

"Do I understand that you propose to organize an art class?" she asked. "That would be lovely, of course, but I wonder whether Lakeville—" Mrs. Raleigh's gesture indicated the esthetic hopelessness of the community.

The visitor tinkled out a little high-art laugh. "I know what you mean—I sympathize with your position here. You must at times feel like an oasis. It would be hopeless if we had to depend upon adults." Remarks followed which were too facile to be impromptu—some complex and well-rounded sentences about preconceived ideas, inhibitions, hardening of the arteries. "We must work with the next generation," she triumphantly concluded.

The slightly wilted beauty of the apostle of the esthetic seemed to revive as she outlined her plan for the renaissance. Her hostess caused tea to be brought and gave a sympathetic ear, nodding in agreement whenever the visitor said something that she did not fully understand. Despite a certain haziness, what was clearly about to happen to the next generation was a general uplifting of its finer nature. Art? Yes, but all kinds of art. Drawing, modeling? Yes, but also dancing, rhythm, gesture. We must get into their little lives the real meaning of music. Miss de Vere put no limitations upon her powers. All art was her specialty. Art drawing, art walking, art dressing, art everything.

"Can you imagine anything more atrocious than the clothes we make the kiddies wear?" Whoever is about to inflict something upon the human young always begins by calling them "kiddies." No doubt Herod said to his minions, "Go out and slaughter all the kiddies."

Mrs. Raleigh obediently shuddered at the atrocious way other people's children were dressed. What is more, she called up her close friend, Mrs. Weyman—Mrs. County Treasurer Weyman — and invited her to come over and shudder, too. Also, before civilization was an hour more effete, the ample Mrs. Thompson became a fellow-shudderer. Mrs. Thompson was especially impressive when she shuddered, because of the liberal quantity of bangles with which she was adorned.

By the time the teapot was empty it was established that children are natural

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lovers of beauty. All we have to do is to break down the artificial barriers and release them to their higher natures. We must tear the laddies and the girlies —the two great natural divisions of the genus kiddie—from their devotion to the comic supplement and the lithograph art calender, from their weakness for caricature, and their love of crude, bright colors. Break down these barriers, help them quench their thirst for beauty. Then the renaissance would be at hand.

The ladies received the message with approval but with mixed emotions. Mrs. Raleigh's laddie was as clay in the potter's hand; she could do her will with Clarence. Mrs. Thompson's boys were safely grown up and far away and she was always free to do things to other people's children. But Mrs. Weyman seemed perplexed. Perhaps she was unable to visualize her Lincoln clad in a pale-lemon tunic and quenching his thirst for beauty with barefoot dancing. He was a darling, of course, and a rising intellectual power, but it sometimes seemed as if his only real interests were horses, snakes, and woodchucks.

"I don't know how the boys will take to it," she said, doubtfully. "They *are* barbarians."

"Exactly. The more barbarian they are, the fewer artificial tastes there will be to break down."

In fact, any one was fortunate who had a little barbarian in her home. Gradually all doubts were wiped away and it was decided that a renaissance would be held forthwith.

It was through this same Link Weyman that news of the threatened art movement leaked through to the underworld next day.

"My gosh! they're goin' to have some kind of a drawin'-school and dancin'-class and everything. A lady come and she's gettin' it up. You got to *pay* to belong."



"IF I *WOULD* BELONG, I'D WEAR ORANGE"

Link happened to be facing westward as he made this announcement. Between him and the dying sunset was Randolph Harrington Dukes, who took the remark as personal.

"I don't hafta pay. What's the matter with you? I don't belong, do I?"

"Easy enough to say," was Link's ominous reply.

"Do *you* hafta be in it?"

"Mebbethey won't have it at all."

"Who else they got?" asked Tom Rucker.

Link looked helplessly about him, like one of those cornered woodchucks he was forever talking about, and replied, faintly:

"Clarence Raleigh."

A snort of disgust went around the little circle. Ted Blake's need for self-expression carried him farther; he dropped to the ground and waved his feet in the air.

"No, listen," Link begged. "They's a worse thing. This teacher give my mother a picture how they had it in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

some other town. The boys wore a kind of shirts hanging out like a Chinyman, and their hair was all fuzzy, and the girls had on a kind of nightgowns and barefooted—"

"Girls!"

"Loads of girls," said Link.

It now became evident just why Link had thus exposed himself to public shame.

"She's goin' to try to get everybody's mother to make them belong. So everybody's got to say they won't belong. Then"—triumphant conclusion—"they won't have it. She'll go somewheres else."

"I won't belong," said Ranny, promptly. Tom Rucker wouldn't belong for a thousand dollars, Ted Blake for a million. The police could not force "Fatty" Hartman to join. Having voted this general strike, everybody felt fine—for a moment—but it was "Fatty" who voiced the underlying pessimism of the group:

"I bet they'll go to work an' have a entertainment."

As if nature were in tune with the doleful occasion, a bleak gust of wind swept down the street and made a little whirlpool of dead leaves in the gutter. It was Link Weyman with his stock of rural superstitions who pointed this out.

"That's bad luck. Sure sign."

For anybody who did not believe in whirlwinds — an ominous crow now flapped noisily over Curtis's barn!

Three days were enough to break the spirit of the lovers of personal liberty and to compass their downfall. There was resistance, active and passive, sabotage, sullen determination, defeat. The young guard never surrendered, but it unmistakably died. On Saturday afternoon a score of rebellious boys and giggling, expectant girls were herded into Fireman's Hall to have their crude tastes amputated.

Ranny was there with a guilty secret locked in his breast. He had not been drafted; he had come as a volunteer. In fact, he had used persuasion to get his parents to consent. The astonishing facts are these:



"DOG FIGHT!" SHRIEKED TOM. "COME ON"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CLARENCE WORE HIS TUNIC OPENLY

In the beginning Ranny yielded to none in his distaste for this enterprise. Father was completely in accord with him and mother, though momentarily swayed by Miss de Vere's personality, refused to fight and bleed for a cause which she herself did not understand very well. In Ranny's set, he was the first to announce that he would not join the class for one billion dollars—a new high record up to Wednesday.

But one by one valiant warriors fell by the wayside—at last even Ted Blake. Ranny sneered at each in turn, rejoiced in his friends' misfortune. On Friday, however, he awoke to the fact that there was nobody left in the society in which he moved. He began to feel lonely in his freedom; to wonder whether it would not be better to be in hot water with his friends than to be out in the cold world by himself.

Also Josie Kendal about this time began an unwarranted interference in his personal affairs.

"What color tunic you going to wear, Ranny?" she asked, when she might have been engaged in better business.

"No color. I'm not going to belong."

"I should think you'd choose orange. I think orange would look lovely on you."

"If I *would* belong, I'd wear orange."

That evening at supper Ranny raised the color problem.

"If I belonged to that ol' thing, what color of tunic would I have to wear?"

"Why, Ranny!" exclaimed mother. "I thought that was all settled!"

"It was," said father. "None of that folderol. I'd rather give you a hammer and some nails and let you learn something useful." Father had an unfounded superstition that his son had a hereditary taste for mechanics.

"Ever'body else belongs," said Ranny, "so I s'pose I might as well join, too, and be done with it."

"You can be done with it without joining," said father.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It wasn't easy to change the family mind—Ranny had argued too well on the other side—but in the end he succeeded in overthrowing the edifice he had erected.

"What color tunic would you like to have?" asked mother.

"Orange," said Ranny.

The next day he admitted to his fellows that all was lost, and put up a show of resentment at their scoffing, sustained by the thought that he needn't have been in the thing at all.

The fine arts were to flourish in the "hose house" on Tuesdays and Thursdays after school, and on Saturday afternoons. Miss de Vere had got a favorable rate of rental by the influence of Mr. Raleigh, a city councilman, who in return was understood to have the dry-goods concession. The arrangement was thus satisfactory to all except to Sim Coley, the janitor of Fireman's Hall, who had to move chairs here and there at Miss de Vere's beck and call—not back-breaking work, perhaps, but it *did* break into one's leisure.

"You must think I'm a horse," he said to Ranny, who had just come down from the hall above with the request that Sim stop playing checkers with Lem White for a moment and come up to shift the piano.

"It ain't my fault," said Ranny. "I didn't get the thing up."

"'Tsall foolishness, anyhow," said Lem White, "an' a waste of time." This pronouncement came down like a judicial decision, for Mr. White was an authority on time-wasting.

"Tell Mrs. Veery I'll be up when I get good and ready." Thus Sim acquired merit in the eyes of his checker opponent. However, it was noted that he got good and ready instantly. Miss de Vere, for all her exotic qualities, had a way of making things happen. Anybody who could get a group of hard-headed Lakeville parents to pay money to have their children's souls tuned up did not travel entirely in the clouds. The idealist, Vera de Vere, worked hand-in-hand with the practical Mrs. Jenkins, a dual personality, a complete and perfect thing.

Ranny climbed the stairs with Sim Coley's insulting message, resolved to show the teacher what the workaday world thought of her and bring in a little pleasing dissension.

"Yes, dear?" asked the lady who had not as yet learned all the names.

"He says—he—he'll be right up," Ranny ignominiously replied. His report seemed truthful enough, for Sim appeared at that moment.

"All right, dear," whispered "Fatty" Hartman as Ranny returned to his fellow-sufferers. "You sit here, dear. Right next to that other dear."

"That other dear," Ted Blake, offered to break "Fatty's" neck when the exercises were over.

Miss de Vere bunched her group into helpless close formation and pelted them as follows:

"Now, children, we are going to learn many things and have many, many happy times together. We are going to learn the beauty of line and color and of music. We are going to dance and be gay. But we cannot do everything at once. To-day we shall start with some exercises for grace and rhythm. These things may seem rather queer and awkward at first. When your little robes and tunics are ready it will all be more graceful and beautiful."

There was an element of interest in the day because of a morbid suspense as to what was going to happen next; otherwise the afternoon was a total loss. Arms were raised, only to be lowered again; legs were bent, only to be straightened. On the pictorial side the unfortunates were asked to take no interest henceforth in comic supplements, but to admire, instead, some pictures of Greek ruins tacked upon the wall—art work in which nobody fell down or blew up or hit somebody else with a board. It was for this they were to give up precious hours of leisure on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The only

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

real delight that the place afforded, the brass pole leading down to the fire-engine room—a metropolitan touch of which the department was justly proud—was forbidden to the boys.

By the time one of these sad cycles had been completed it had become evident to the dullest intelligence that the keynote of all this hocus-pocus was refinement. Refinement was dragged in at every turn.

"If you think beautiful thoughts and talk beautiful talk, you will gradually become refined—less rough in your speech, less awkward in your motions. You will lose interest in what is ugly."

This constant reiteration began to wear away Ranny's resistance. He felt that Tom Rucker was a person to whom he could talk seriously upon the subject.

"Hey, Tom!" he asked, as they were going home from the uplift one twilight. "Do you feel any differ'nt—you know" —he searched the street for possible eavesdroppers—"refined?"

"*I* feel all right."

"Yes, but—like she said—more gentle, or anything? Not rough at all?"

"After it lets out, I don't feel any differ'nt," Tom replied, seriously. "Only while we're havin' it."

Ranny heard this with relief.

"Yes, that's the way it is with me." It was apparent that refinement had something to do with confinement. "Maybe later on we'll get more—What's that?"

"Dog fight!" shrieked Tom. "Come on."

By hurrying they were enabled to see quite a little of the unpleasantness, together with other culture fiends who had arrived. Several little friends of the arts went so far as to say, "Sic 'em!"

In his talk with Tom Rucker, Ranny had not told the whole truth. Miss de Vere had privately complimented him on his rapid progress toward the stars.

"You are doing splendidly," she had said. "If you keep on as you have begun— Yes, I think I can tell you a secret. When the class is at an end there



HE MERELY STUCK HIS SHEPHERD'S STAFF BETWEEN THE PRETENDER'S FEET

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

is going to be a little pageant. We are going to show our parents and friends what we have learned. I think that—somebody I know—may be king of the revels."

Ranny was thrilled with this news, exalted and depressed, anxious and fearful, proud and ashamed. He wanted to shine above all his fellows, and yet he did not want the limelight at all. He felt that it would be a sort of honor, yet he knew that it would be an everlasting disgrace. For days his breast was a barrel of fancy mixed emotions.

He soon had private information upon the queen business, too. Josie assured him she had practicaly been promised this.

"She says if I keep on like I am, I can be queen of the rebels."

"Revels, not rebels."

"Well, whatever they are, I'm going to be the queen of them."



RANNY SLID DOWN BESIDE THE HOSE-CART

"She needn't try to make me be the king," said Ranny. "I wouldn't do it."

"That will be nice," Josie replied. "I hope you are the king."

This pleasant social time gave Ranny further cause for panic. The boys had made unjustifiable remarks before. If he and Josie were the royal parties in these revels he would never live it down. He would go through life with his head bowed in shame. Yet there was something about the thought that was not wholly unpleasant.

"Mother would like it," he thought, appealing to the better side of his own nature. "They're spending out money for this thing." After a season of internal propaganda he decided to give Josie her wish and his parents their money's worth.

He now did all he could to merit the dishonor that was about to come upon him. He sang with all the meager equipment of voice that nature had given him, he danced with such little grace as in him lay. He was obliging to the teacher, and, while the meetings were in progress, painfully refined. He did not even laugh aloud at the way the other boys were carrying on. When the directress announced that the high jobs would be given out on the merit system they all proclaimed that wild horses could not drag them upon the throne, yet they were all trying hard to earn the appointment. "Fatty" Hartman, who undoubtedly could sing, was also under the impression that he could dance. His dance was more athletic than esthetic; in fact, the fire department, through its representative, Sim Coley, came up and put an end to "Fatty's" gambols. Tom Rucker curbed his natural taste for caricature and drew an elegant little tree with a big bird sitting upon it as if it were trying to hatch it out. Tug Wiltshire sank so low as to write a poem about how happy he was going to be next

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

spring. When tried by his peers for this offense he defended himself cleverly.

"I'll be happy next spring," he said, "because ol' Vera won't be here."

It was almost a shame, Ranny thought, to fool the boys that way. Even Clarence Raleigh, who could do nothing well that was ever invented, acted like the boy who would be king. Insufferable always, Clarence reached during these days new heights of arrogance. He ignored his fellow kiddies and fawned upon the teacher. In Clarence everything was touched with exaggeration. His tunics were a little more high-artful than the common run of tunics; his father's drygoods-store had been looted for his adornment. And, whereas the others sneaked to the place, as self-respecting citizens should, with their costumes wrapped in paper against the profane eye of the world, Clarence wore his openly. Everybody had been instructed not to get his hair cut during the renaissance, but Clarence's was long to begin with. Now it was a curly, taffy-colored mop, loathsome to the sight and admired by the girls. Often his mother came to the hall and patronized the arts; sometimes Mrs. Thompson jingled in also and helped to boss everybody around. These were the days that tried boys' souls.

But at last the end was in sight; the date for the pageant was announced, and tickets were printed. Art and commerce were now required to walk arm-in-arm. Every actor was given five tickets to sell.

"I hope you will sell these as rapidly as possible. When you have disposed of them, come back for more."

The Mrs. Jenkins of the dual personality handled this side of the enterprise while Miss de Vere plunged into the pageant—a vague and poetical arrangement which, if not strictly original, contained some highly original combinations. The muses of all the arts were there, but so was King Arthur. There were touches of "Cinderella" and more than a dash of "Midsummer Night's Dream." The spotlight was to be distributed around with some pretense of fairness, but at the end of the evening, Miss de Vere, a Greek goddess, would call upon the chosen two and crown them king and queen of the revels. Up to the final moment the appointment was to remain a secret.

"A clever dodge for making everybody come," said Ranny's father, who had never been reconciled to the folderol. "I'll bet every mother thinks her child is going to be elected."

"A lot of people are goin' to be fooled," said Ranny, darkly.

During the final week the pageant was practised every day. Rehearsals, if properly conducted, are often the occasion for innocent merriment, but there was no mirth or laughter in these. With Vera de Vere, being gay was a serious business. She was proficient in all the arts, but the good gift of laughter had been denied her. We can't have everything. When "Fatty" with his delicate sense of humor, succeeded in catching Link Weyman square in the face with a wad of modeling clay, Miss de Vere took everybody to task and laid down some new laws.

"If anybody laughs on the night of the pageant, I shall remove him from the stage. I will not tolerate any amusement. And anybody whose conduct is frivolous need not expect to be chosen king or queen of the revels."

The browbeaten actors trudged wearily through rehearsals, costuming, and ticket-selling. By Saturday they had lost all the spirit of youth. Miss de Vere was increasingly irascible and often forgot to keep her voice musical. Sim Coley, what with stage-carpentering and decorating, was a hollow shell; his low, retreating forehead was almost constantly wet with honest sweat. Yet on Saturday night the ruins of this noble man had to put on his other clothes and take tickets at the door.

Fireman's Hall was filled to capacity when the pageant started. The parenthood and unclehood of Lakeville were there in force, and there were even peo-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ple present who had no relations in the cast. Henry Wiseman, the baker, who could never say no to any boy, had bought eight tickets and lavished them upon friends in the business district—men like Doctor Gobey, and Webber the druggist, whose artistic arteries had hardened, but who were willing to try anything once.

The main part of the performance went through without any deplorable hitch—went through, in fact, almost as well as the dress rehearsal. Vera de Vere in Greek robes and sandals played upon the kiddies as if they were a pipe-organ. It is true that "Fatty" Hartman forgot the only four words he had to speak and had to be prompted audibly. Of course the curtain stuck and Sim Coley had to be requisitioned to pull it loose, to the amusement of Henry Wiseman's guests, who knew Sim well in private life. But all minor deficiencies were drowned in the generous applause of the audience.

At last deserved tribute had been paid in turn to all the arts, sylphs had gamboled all the gambols in their repetoire, knighthood had flowered and faded, fairies had flitted and fled. The cast of characters was assembled on the creaky greensward in a half-circle, with Vera de Vere in the center. Ranny was now a prominent shepherd garbed in a lap-robe belonging to the Ruckers, who did not keep a horse any more. He stood near the goddess in an exposed position, and he carelessly studied the ceiling while a page brought in a crown upon one of Mrs. Thompson's sofa-pillows.

Amid utter stillness Miss de Vere raised the crown in her two hands and called out:

"Clarence Raleigh!"

Ranny saw through a hot haze of indignation a hateful figure in yellow satin detach itself from the end of the line, high-nosed, self-satisfied, utterly unsurprised. What Ranny did was a most ill-considered thing, without a shadow of excuse, as was afterward made quite clear to him. Yet, like most epoch-making acts, it was marked by great simplicity. He merely stuck his shepherd's staff between the pretender's feet. The yellow-satin figure struck the greensward with something surprisingly like a bang.

It was a solemn—almost a sacred—moment, but to "Fatty" Hartman no moment was sacred. He put his hand to his mouth to dam the tide of mirth, then exploded like a paper bag.

It was only one outburst—but it was enough. A spark of amusement might have been smothered out by the wet blanket of Vera de Vere's frown, but "Fatty's" explosion carried destruction all over the stage. It shattered every inhibition that the directress had so carefully built up. All the pent-up emotions of the last weeks burst into flood, and morale went completely to pot. Ted Blake forgot the audience, forgot the knightly hardware in which he was clad, dropped to the floor with the sound of a tin-peddler's cart, and writhed in happy agony. Bud Hicks whistled upon his fingers, Tom Rucker wagged his ears. Nymphs clung together for protection and tee-heed upon one another's shoulders. The Muse of Poetry, *neé* Gertie Riley, uttered an unrefined snort of joy and Josie Kendal had hysterics, most unqueenly.

Meanwhile the flood of mirth had rolled over the footlights, sparing neither age nor sex. Clarence's mishap alone might have passed with suppressed titters as one of the drama's lighter casualties, but the spectacle of histrionic revels suddenly becoming genuine and spontaneous was too much to bear. Strong men wept with laughter. Otherwise perfect ladies buried their faces in handkerchiefs and vibrated. To Ranny's father the evening had been a long procession of acute pains, of which Clarence's yellow-satin suit had caused the acutest. Now the wagon manufacturer lay back and emitted a raucous, "Haw, haw, haw!" At one point Bud Hicks's uncle and Tom Rucker's father were observed to be hammering each other weakly.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The Wiseman crowd was prostrated. It was afterward maintained by gentlemen half-ashamed that even Mr. Raleigh had laughed, but no such charge was ever made against his good wife. The baffled queen-mother glared angrily about, mentally marking people off of her valued calling-list, and vowed lifelong enmity to the House of Dukes.

Vera de Vere was right—any stage that contained all of the Muses and literary odds and ends, from Homer to Shakespeare, had no room for laughter. The coronation was instantly called off; the revels would have to remain a republic, and nobody would ever know who was to be the queen. Pale with chagrin, Miss de Vere stepped forward to draw the curtain over the disgusting anti-climax—and the curtain stuck. At this point the kind friends of Henry Wiseman surrounded him and led him whooping from the hall.

What of the innocent—or partly innocent—cause of all this ruin? When he realized what he had done, Ranny tried to cover his tracks by helping the crown prince up, but Clarence angrily shook off his assistance. By this time the conflagration was beyond control—and so was Vera de Vere. Ranny looked about him for a means of escape. Fireman's Hall did not boast of a rear stairway, but it had something infinitely better. Miss de Vere might be mistress of all the other arts, but she could never go down that brass pole. Ranny wrapped himself about it almost lovingly, slid down beside the hose-cart, and rested his throbbing heart against its greasy wheel. Presently he was out beneath the silent stars.

The stars were silent, but Main Street was not. As the king of the rebels stood there in his moth-eaten lap-robe with the welcome cold upon his brow, he heard Henry Wiseman and his low companions making the night hideous in the direction of the White Front Restaurant where the roisterers would no doubt keep late hours with sandwiches and pie. This hullabaloo was music to Ranny's ears. The immediate future might be dark, but he had sunshine laid by for a rainy day.

So now, with a certain confidence, he nerved himself to the ordeal of meeting his parents. By taking a leisurely course, he managed to arrive at the front gate simultaneously with the elder Dukeses.

"Well," he said, casually, "how did you like the entertainment?"

"Your father will discuss that subject with you," said mother.

This was news to father, who had already planned to hand the case over to his wife on the ground that he had never believed in the folderol, anyway. If it had not been so dark in the yard, Ranny might have seen a baffled look upon the paternal face.

"You come to your room, sir," said father, sternly.

When they reached Ranny's boudoir father made the occasion doubly impressive by closing the door.

"Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I didn't go to do it—I mean I didn't know it would bust up ever'thing. She promised me I could be the king, and so—"

"What?"

"Well, pert' near."

"Mr. Rucker told me a few minutes ago that she had practically promised the king job to Tom."

"Well, ain't that funny?" asked Ranny.

"I suppose she promised everybody—Of course, that's no excuse for what you did, is it?"

"Yes, sir—I mean, no, sir."

"Well, don't ever do that again."

"No, I won't."

"Then you may go to bed."

Father turned to go and his erring son had a relieved feeling that he was getting off pretty easy. But he had apparently congratulated himself too soon, for father turned.

"I paid you for the tickets," he said. "I suppose Miss What's'er name got that money—but—here's a little some-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

thing for your own—work—that is"—father suddenly remembered that it is the duty of a parent to be hypocritical—"that is, if you are sorry for what you did."

"Yes," said Ranny, gleefully.

His hand closed upon a genuine and unmistakable quarter.

The Sabbath brought little contact with his kind, but on Monday morning, on the way to school, the boys gave him almost open praise for the thing he had done, and showed a flattering interest in the money.

"It served ol' Clarence right," said Ted Blake. "She as good as promised me I could be king."

"*Yes*, she did," said "Fatty" Hartman. "She promised it to me."

In the subsequent comparing of notes it was made clear that everybody had been nominated for king, but nobody had been elected.

"I didn't hafta belong to the ol' thing, anyhow," said Ranny, at last, from his sound, strategical position. "But I jest thought I might as well."

He was therefore not to blame if overzealous admirers promptly founded a superstition that Ranny had joined the culture club for the express purpose of breaking it up.

But Ranny's stock presently suffered a slump—in fact he soon had need of a little of that sunshine he had stored up for a rainy day. It appeared that the girls of Ranny's acquaintance did not share in the general high opinion of him. Josie Kendal, for example, turned her nose even higher than nature had done and scratched him off her list of desirable citizens.

"You spoiled everything for me. I was going to be the queen. I think you're horrid."

Gertie Riley also thought him horrid. It is true that she had momentarily enjoyed Clarence's downfall, but sober second thought had convinced her that Ranny had destroyed the only chance she would ever have of being queen of anything.

"Josie said she promised *her* to be queen," said Ranny, earnestly.

"She was fooling Josie," said Gertie, confidently.

Other girls frankly expressed their disesteem of Ranny before the day was over.

"If you bust up a show," he summed the matter up to Tom Rucker, "girls and ladies gets mad, but not men and boys."

Thus this regrettable affair had the result of separating the human race into two great natural divisions.

But there were other results, less cosmic, perhaps, but even more important locally. In polite circles there were brand-new cleavages and coldnesses. The "thickness" which had existed between Mesdames Raleigh and Weyman was notably thinned because Mrs. Weyman also had entertained ambitions to be a queen mother. In fact, social life for a time ceased to revolve about the House of Raleigh.

But among the lower orders gaiety flourished—flourished notably at Wiseman's bakery late on Monday afternoon. It flourished through Ranny's entire capital, through a free gift of foodstuffs from the management, and through donations of several of Wiseman's friends who felt themselves indebted to these actors for a pleasant evening. Mr. Hendee, who in his editorial capacity had praised Miss de Vere and her artistic entertainment, on his human and personal side gave up fifteen cents toward the refreshment of the young. Disappointed candidates for king smothered their sorrows in hot buns and drowned them in strawberry "pop." It was a celebration that will live in history.

In the gathering dusk five of these boys about town went swaggering homeward, with Ranny in the center of population. Each mouth contained a lollipop, the sticks protruding at rakish angles suggesting cigars. Suddenly around a corner came the one person whom they least desired to meet.

The promoter of the higher life was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

dressed in a sober traveling garb and carried a small bag. Obviously, she was about to carry culture into some other dark corner of the universe—possibly Manchester. There was no chance for escape, but, to the surprise of all, their recent teacher was entirely cordial.

"Good-by, boys," she said. "Thank you for helping me." She took each sticky hand in turn—rather a brave act, considering her gloves. "I shall never forget you."

Was it mere chance that she said this while holding the hand of Randolph Harrington Dukes, and that there was a little chuckle in her voice. Perhaps Vera de Vere was packed away in trunks with the smocks and the sandals, and this agreeable human being was Mrs. Jenkins—for Mrs. Jenkins had done rather well in Lakeville.

CATALOGUE OF LOVELY THINGS

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I WOULD make a list against the evil days
Of lovely things to hold in memory:
First, I set down my lady's lovely face,
For earth hath no such lovely thing as she;
And next I add, to bear her company,
The great-eyed virgin star that morning brings;
Then the wild rose upon its little tree—
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

The enchanted dogwood, with its ivory trays;
The water-lily in its sanctuary
Of reeded pools; and dew-drenched lilac sprays:
For these, of all fair flowers, the fairest be.
Next write I down the great name of the sea,
Lonely in greatness as the names of kings;
Then the young moon that hath us all in fee—
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

Imperial sunsets that in crimson blaze
Along the hills, and, fairer still to me,
The fireflies dancing in a netted maze
Woven of twilight and tranquillity;
Shakespeare and Virgil—their high poesy,
And a great ship splendid with snowy wings,
Voyaging on into Eternity—
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

ENVOI

Prince, not the gold bars of thy treasury,
Not all thy jeweled scepters, crowns, and rings,
Are worth the honeycomb of the wild bee—
So runs my catalogue of lovely things.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THEIR OWN MONEY

CANADA'S SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN CO-OPERATIVE BANKING

BY GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY

"A MAN is not a purse, he is a man" is to the financial-minded a striking axiom on which to have founded a system of successful banks, especially surprising when it is considered that this system bids fair to take its place as the last link in America's incomplete banking system. *La Caisse Populaire* (The People's Bank), to the number of two hundred in Canada alone, and one hundred and sixty-seven in the singularly lovely land of its origin, Quebec, is proving by a record extending over twenty years that credit, that magical factor of finance which stimulates enterprise, has been mistakenly forbidden to an exceedingly large part of the population which hitherto deserves to command it. Bankers have maintained that the material guarantees a man offered were more important than his honesty. *La Caisse* has demonstrated the contrary, while granting that the lender must be secured, and has developed an exceedingly valuable method by which not only Canada, but the United States, may safely and in a social sense most profitably, award credit to applicants who are not merely purses, but men.

The significance of this account is not a man (important as he is) but a method by which people themselves use their mutual savings to make more money. Nevertheless, one must record that America would not have demonstrated so workable a plan save for M. Alphonse Desjardins, now sixty-four, once described to Lord Grey as a "humble Hansard reporter of the House of Commons," who thought out, tested, and courageously developed banks for the people. Desjardins was well under forty, a giant mentally and physically, a journalist of incessant energy and keen ambition when he attracted attention by taking down and printing at private expense the debates of the Quebec legislature. On the strength of this enterprise he received a stenographic appointment to the Canadian House of Commons.

While living in Ottawa he became distressed by the constant recurrence of disgusting and brutal usury. Legislators maintained that laws passed to stop the abuse did little good. People had to have money. Private banks would not bother with small loans. It seemed impossible to adopt effective measures against excessive interest. Desjardins experienced a lasting moral indignation that men of character without means should be left the prey of shysters.

Obviously, something new was needed in the way of credit facilities, but what? He diligently read up on finance in the Parliamentary Library during recesses of the House. Chance threw in his way a pamphlet describing the People's Banks of Europe. With delight he discovered the methods by which poor men and women could help themselves and become their own bankers. The essential ingredients in such methods appealed to him; thrift, honesty, herd instinct, and democratic management. After nearly ten years of comprehensive study of co-operative principles, he finally worked out his own type of bank to fit American conditions. With a few friends and the good will of the church, he put his dream into practical form.

The first and most conspicuously successful bank in Levis, where Desjardins still lives, a city of eight thousand—one is tempted to say village—which may

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

accurately be described as spilling down the beautiful heights opposite the ancient citadel of Quebec on the other bank of the St. Lawrence. A lofty spire, that of the church of Notre Dame, marks for every tourist to the haunts of Montcalm and Wolfe the serene center of the Upper Town of Levis.

Not far from the *Hôtel de Ville* and the church stands the modest office of *La Caisse*, first of all American co-operative credit institutions and dear to the heart of the Levisiens. It has earned its way practically into their esteem; it is, in a way of speaking, themselves. Their own "perfected savings-bank," with a record unique on this continent, it began work in 1900 with a capital of exactly $26.40 plus unlimited faith. In 1919 it showed $1,079,000 worth of assets, $240,000 in share capital, $719,000 in savings, and the rest in reserves. It paid 1 per cent. more on savings deposits than the ordinary commercial savings-banks and returned 6 per cent. "boni," or dividend, on its shares. Its business exactly doubled in the last five war years.

The story of its growth is the intimate tale of the thirteen hundred firesides of its members about whose hearths of an evening gather sturdy *habitant* families. Scarcely a well-to-do man belongs to the *Caisse* and not a single rich man. Quebec has not escaped the high costs of the era. Consider, then, the value in terms of painful sacrifice of that million of assets *La Caisse* possesses.

Three national savings-banks have branches in the town. The manager of one asserts that "*La Caisse* draws out moneys no other bank in the world would attract." When the co-operative credit plan was first considered an astute observer was asked whether the private savings in the town outside the banks would amount perhaps to $20,000 or $30,000. "At least $250,000, I should say," was his reply. So it has proved. *La Caisse* has flourished on the sums which previously lay idle in the bureau drawer or were hidden in the old sock or buried beneath the red-haw tree (the equivalent of our more southerly rose-bush).

"Our bank is different," reasoned a member, with proprietary pride. "If it wasn't we'd let anybody do business there, whether he were a member or not. But no one can buy a single share of us or deposit a dollar unless he can present the proper card of admission to membership. The only ticket we look at is good character. We admit no one we do not know and trust. We pay an entrance fee of thirty-five cents and buy at least one five-dollar share, which we can pay for ten cents a week if we like. We can withdraw our shares if we want at any time to get out, but because the bank is doing so well and they can get out if they choose, people are trying to get in. For *La Caisse* is a mutual concern, to save together and use together every possible dollar of our own money right here in this town. We have been careful. It hardly reflects on our ability that in handling nearly seven million dollars we have never lost one cent. If we had put our money into an ordinary bank it would all have been sent away from here and we should probably never have had the use of a penny ourselves."

La Caisse actually began its bookkeeping with a deposit of one dime. It soon gained the confidence of people because of its democratic management. The first and final authority in *La Caisse* is the General Meeting, held by law once a year. Each member has one vote, irrespective of the number of shares he holds, since this is a "combination of persons, not of capitals." New members are admitted by ballot. To three bodies is delegated the work of the association, the council of administration, the credit committee, and the board of supervision. The council of administration is composed of the executives, the president, and the manager, who have not, however, the authority to grant a single loan. That is the province of the credit committee of nine, who must consider the propriety of every application and give unanimous consent, dictating what guar-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

antees shall be asked for. The board of supervision is completely independent of the control of either body and is described as "the General Meeting sitting in permanence alongside the executives and the credit committee." Its three members have the right at all times to examine the books and the power to suspend operations if they feel it is necessary.

So ingeniously have the rules and policies of *La Caisse* been developed that the interest of lenders is certainly no less safe than in any ordinary bank, and yet it is one of the few financial institutions in America which, with a declared social purpose allowing a heart interest in the genuine well-being of its borrowers, nevertheless manages to make money. It has immensely stimulated enterprise. Every member is entitled to apply for a loan. The *Caisse* will grant him money consistent with his earning-power and ability to repay, but only for a purpose, which he must declare, that is considered provident or, still better, productive of more money.

From birth to death there is no human dilemma in which money can play a part for which loans are not requested. Twice as many are asked for as can be granted, for *La Caisse* persistently teaches thrift. It is not a marriage bureau and cannot furnish funds to purchase a diamond engagement-ring or to pay the expenses of a wedding-trip. Nor is it an eleemosynary institution, to pay one bill merely that an equally bad one may be contracted, or to furnish money only to assist neighbors in trouble. It cannot finance entirely new, risky ventures. But in a particularly sagacious way the bank loans small and large amounts for purposes which play an intimately constructive part in the human progression of nearly every household in Levis.

Every October some six or seven thousand dollars are furnished in small loans to those who would take advantage of the cheaper fall price to lay in the necessary supplies of wood, coal, vegetables, or meats for the idle, snow-bound months. *La Caisse* builds houses on better terms than the building-and-loan associations, for it aids by the most elastic credit, on the smallest margin of profit, the honest couples who live in the homes. While *La Caisse* wants to get "the possible best out of every man's dollar," it does not consider that the best for the lender's dollar should exclude its man-making possibilities, nor obscure, as frequently happens in joint stock concerns, the best interest of the borrower. Farmers and artisans repeatedly secure loans to buy implements of their trade. In numerous cases loans at fair interest—which averages about 6⅝ per cent.—have been substituted for usurers' disastrous arrangements.

The benefit borrowers receive is often surprising. An *épicier* made a loan of two hundred and fifty dollars in order to get a cash discount on some groceries he was purchasing for his shop. When he paid his bill, the wholesaler offered him a genuine bargain price on another lot of staples. The grocer reluctantly refused the offer, whereupon the wholesaler, explaining that he must have cash at once to meet a note at the bank, offered to sell at half-price. The grocer consulted *La Caisse*. The credit committee authorized the president to extend the grocer's credit nine hundred dollars with the usual signature of one good indorser.

The grocer was subsequently able to offer these staple articles at prices so reduced that it greatly increased his trade. He returned both loans more quickly than he had agreed to, thereby reducing the cost to himself, as the bank permits the repayment of loans before the expiration of the note and charges interest on exactly the time the money is used. Exultantly the shopkeeper reported to the president several months later that out of the use of his second loan he had made about twelve hundred dollars. *La Caisse* was well pleased, for it had received a fair interest, the people of the town were enabled to purchase necessities at a lowered price, and the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

confidence and prosperity of the borrower had been decidedly increased.

Agents trying to sell goods on the "easy-payment" plan have found Levis an unprofitable region since *La Caisse* showed what it could do. Take the case of a seamstress who needed a machine to increase her earnings. If she bought from the agent, the total price would be nearly fifty dollars, but she would have time to pay. If she bought from the local shop, the cash price would be only twenty-five dollars, but, to afford it, she would have to cut down her suppers and go without necessary clothes for a month or two.

Possessing one share in *La Caisse*, she consulted the president. In the light of her well-known reliability, the credit committee loaned her twenty-five dollars without indorsement. She bought her machine for cash and repaid the loan a dollar or two dollars a week. Her interest was less than three dollars; her total saving over the agent's instalment proposition was about twenty-two dollars; and her efficiency, instead of being decreased by improper saving on necessities, was distinctly improved.

An elderly widow, honest and prudent, but very poor, came to the president, M. Desjardins, for advice. Twenty-seven years before she had been obliged to borrow $429 from the only existing source open to the poor, a "shaver" (the local name for usurer). He had taken a mortgage on her house and had charged an appalling interest. Although, in spite of the demands of a growing family, she had several times managed to save a hundred dollars, with which she tried to reduce the mortgage, the money-lender declined—he would take the entire sum or nothing. The debt was strangling her and she despaired of getting free until she joined *La Caisse*.

The credit committee at once approved a loan to this good woman of the amount of the principal of the mortgage. She offered the indorsement of an excellent man, and volunteered to pay two dollars a month till the debt was cleared. Actually she managed to pay more than three dollars a month. In four years she was completely out of debt. When she made her last payment her relief and gratitude were so great that she wept hysterically over her freedom. She could not believe that after thirty-one years of debt she could breathe again without anxiety.

A pharmacist with the best drug-store location in town struggled along for years without working capital to make his shop both up-to-date and profitable. His brick building was worth fifteen thousand dollars and he might have put a mortgage upon it. A mortgage is an inflexible sort of loan and in his case seemed unprofitable, as he did not need constantly all the money he would have been paying interest upon. For some years he borrowed from regular banks the sums he was obliged to have. He was just behind enough all the time to be kept anxious about meeting his notes. The bank demanded a complete clearance once a year.

His mother had been one of the earliest shareholders in *La Caisse* and he had himself bought a few shares. He explained his situation to the president. His difficulty was solved by the grant of a six-thousand-dollar mortgage on his well-insured building. Nominally to run thirty years, actually the mortgage was terminable at any time on short notice by either party. The extraordinary feature of this was that, instead of merely giving him the money and having no more to do until it fell due, *La Caisse* offered him a new type of running credit which mobilized the value of his previously immobile property. He was permitted to borrow any sum needed in his business up to six thousand dollars, to pay interest only on the amount he was using, and to repay in part as fast or as slowly as his returns came in.

If he found, a week after he had made a loan, that he had two hundred dollars he could pay back, he was at liberty to lessen his debt that much. If, on the contrary, he was short a hundred dol-

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

lars, he might, without the least embarrassment, increase the amount of this loan. He could use this credit with the same elasticity that he would use an actual deposit in an ordinary savings-bank. He did not have to pay a fixed interest on the entire sum, wait until the date of expiration to reduce the mortgage, feel anxious about renewal and meet heavy costs therefor every two or three years. In one year his profit on the credit thus allowed him was over six hundred dollars.

Mortgage credit, even of this unusual variety, ties up the funds. Only after a *caisse* has become exceedingly well established and has considerably more funds than are demanded by borrowers of more humble sums, can it afford to do this business, which has a great and perfectly practical field of its own. The purpose of *La Caisse* is to make the greatest possible number of small, safe, short-time loans. It is remarkable to find a bank which encourages the very type of troublesome business which commercial banks avoid as profitless. Suppose the *Caisse* had but one hundred dollars available to loan out. It would give preference to ten approved requests for loans of ten dollars each as against one demand for one hundred dollars, however gilt-edged the security. Why? The greatest good of the greatest number. To "democratize credit."

To safeguard the many the General Meeting sets the limit for any single loan at six thousand dollars. Also, to secure their interest against the possible encroaching influence of the few, the General Meeting determines from year to year the limit of shares any man may hold, lest any individual shall attain advantage in borrowing, or endanger the society by threatening to withdraw an uncomfortably large sum. A member may now hold only six hundred shares, worth three thousand dollars. He who holds the limit commands no advantage over the man who holds one share.

By far the greatest number of loans is made in very small sums, three-fourths of the number being for amounts for one dollar to one hundred dollars. Three hundred thousand dollars in 1918 was loaned by the bank in this manner, in 90 per cent. of the cases upon personal surety, one good indorser usually being requisite. *La Caisse* has in its nineteen years of operation loaned hundreds of thousands of dollars in petty sums upon security which would perplex bankers who do not take into account the selected personnel of the membership, the force of common opinion in this mutual enterprise, and the trouble the *Caisse* takes to educate members to the strictest observance in their agreements.

A considerable number of sums under fifty dollars has been loaned with no other security than the several shares the borrower owned in the *Caisse* and the signature of himself and his wife upon the promise to pay. The reasons for not insisting upon an indorser in very small transactions are two. Unremitting industry and a habit of saving, taken together with the record upon which the member was admitted to the society, often constitute a competent warranty; and the borrow does not always care to incur any obligation by asking a friend to indorse his note, say, for thirty dollars, when the friend may later return the compliment by requesting a counter-indorsement, say, on a loan of three hundred dollars!

In no case so far has the indorser of any note been called upon to pay the debt of a member, which speaks well for personal surety. Failure to meet a note is ground for expulsion from *La Caisse*. When the terms of repayment are arranged, the borrower's convenience is fully consulted, but to what he agrees he must adhere.

How *La Caisse* has taught self-respect! The psychology of its business is most interesting. Ethics and etiquette evolve, in time being written into rules. Naturally the credit committee seems possessed of a strong magnetic attraction for members desirous of loans. The committee needs protection. It has some-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

times happened that a new member, admitted to the society on acquaintance perhaps of a year or two, more or less on a belief in his honesty, almost immediately requests a loan.

The president tells him his request will be referred to the credit committee. Take François, for instance, who needed one hundred dollars to buy fertilizer for his farm just outside the town. "Ah," he remarked, carelessly, "I think I will see M. A—and M. B—[members of the committee]. I know them. They will let me have the money!"

The president sternly foiled that scheme. "If you do," he remarked, "I shall oppose their granting the loan." Needless to say, François kept his distance. To hamper or embarrass the committee is a veritable offense for which expulsion is also possible.

Once in the past a member threatened that if he did not get the loan he applied for he would withdraw from the *Caisse*. Desjardins did not hesitate. He promptly wrote out a check for the full amount the threatening member had in the bank. No intimidation is permitted, and, although the would-be borrower thought better of it, the credit committee and the General Meeting upheld the action of the president, and the member was read out of *La Caisse*. But, having tasted its benefits, he applied for readmission again and again. Only after many years and upon a complete apology was he permitted to come back into the fold.

In contradiction of what one might expect, the democracy of management does not particularly complicate the transaction of business. The Desjardins type of credit institution—it is not in the full sense of the word a bank—is planned to operate in a small area. Neighborly knowledge of the limit their neighbors can probably pay enables the credit committee to prepare for the president or manager a list citing the amount of credit with which each member may be supplied and also stating upon what security. This list being kept entirely up-to-date, the credit committee can trust a certain amount of authority to the council of administration.

The devotion of the entire management is the more remarkable because no official receives any salary except the manager. In the Levis bank M. Desjardins's only remuneration for nineteen years of strenuous labor has been, "Thank you, sir." But everywhere the cost of operation has been astonishingly low. The president of a Montreal *caisse* voices the reasons when he says, "Our officers all love their affair."

"The bank's idealism may possibly take us into an atmosphere," writes Prof. Hector McPherson, "which feels too rare for ordinary economic activity to thrive in. But a gentle dash of such idealism thrown into the management of that conscienceless immortal created under corporation law would certainly be a boon to the rest of society. . . . It is refreshing to find a business organization of the importance of the Levis bank trying to achieve success under the guidance of such principles. . . . If democracy of membership combined with the greatest possible range of service is the ideal, we can hardly conceive of a more effective method of attaining the end than by the policy pursued by the Desjardins type of co-operative bank."

Had *La Caisse* only succeeded in securing sufficient resources for employment in its amazingly human work, it would have seemed an achievement, but the power of the widow's pence it gathered long ago passed beyond satisfying the demands which the credit committee regarded as secure. Good investments must be found. What better than to finance the improvement of the city in which they live?

They bought half of the debentures issued by Levis in 1917, worth $69,000 and paying 6 per cent. This year they took the entire $134,000 issue. Equally good investments, such as the bonds issued by a much-needed new hospital in Montreal, have been made, but no investment in the world could lend a distinc-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tion to the personal dignity of the members of *La Caisse* equal to these bonds which make them the creditors of the city. They are literally part owners of the town. Without any disturbing political change these workers are buying it in out of the previously idle cash in their humble pockets.

The permanency of *La Caisse* is secured first of all by the share capital, which, despite the withdrawable feature, has demonstrated a stability which warrants the statement that it takes the place of the immobile paid-up capital in a joint stock company. Not forty thousand dollars in shares has been withdrawn in all. But M. Desjardins has emphasized repeatedly the need for accumulating reserves which would render shareholders secure. Upon all accruing profits the first demands each year are for double reserves, a main reserve, and a provident fund. The latter is set aside for balance-wheel purposes, to sustain any given rate of interest on shares in a bad year, to meet any emergency or any extraordinary need, like the purchase of a building. The reserve fund proper would, if necessary, be called upon, but is intended to remain untouched. Under the law of the province the permanent reserve, now thirty thousand dollars, could not be distributed among the members if *La Caisse* were, for any reason, to dissolve; it would be devoted by the province to some worthy public work.

Only after a considerable percentage of the net profits is paid into these two funds is the "boni" declared on shares. Steadily the amount of this dividend has increased. *La Caisse* is now looking forward confidently to a time when the interest demanded on loans may be somewhat lowered and the rate on shares raised. It is the dream of its founder so to increase the assets that it will be consistent to raise the number of shares which an individual may hold perhaps to one thousand, worth five thousand, and without making the rates of interest borrowers pay any higher, to be enabled by the volume of business to increase the dividends at least to twelve per cent. That amount would secure a humble man an annuity which would take care of his old age. He regards this ambition not from the standpoint of money-making, but as legitimate fulfilment of the social purpose of the bank, that, by thrift, by use of others' savings, and by sagacious advancement of their own institution they should be able practically to insure themselves.

Signor Luzzatti, once Minister of Finance for Italy, founder of the Italian system and president of the wonderfully successful Milan bank, says that if he were to start again he would adopt the Canadian type of bank, Desjardins having had the benefit of the experience of all countries before he started *La Caisse*. Desjardins himself says the type is "a plum-pudding" of the best features for America from the Raffeisen, Schulze-Delitsch and Luzzatti organizations, with the startling addition, taken from our New England mutual savings-banks, of *no liability*, save the amount of the actual value of shares.

When this new type of invention was first discussed, M. Desjardins was implored by foreign authorities not to commit hara-kari at birth by incorporating withdrawable shares and no liability into his plan. Europeans, having no savings-banks similar to our mutual banks, did not believe there was "any such animal," and begged the Canadian to refrain from indulging in what they called a "wild Indian" plan of finance. Knowing his *habitants*, Desjardins was certain that they would hesitate to go into anything that they could not get out of and would positively refuse any scheme which entailed liability.

Withdrawable shares have, in the end, been shown to increase confidence, and the feature of liability, while it has never been put to a severe test, seems to be as sound as in the case of the stanch New England savings-banks. M. Desjardins's courage is now adequately rewarded by plaudits from the other side of the water as well as from severer

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

critics nearer home. He is the undoubted authority on co-operative finance in America, and his services to humanity were recognized by the Pope in 1914, who awarded him the title of Commandeur of the Order of St. Gregory.

As impressive as the story of the *La Caisse* is the tale of the spread of the idea throughout Quebec. A demand for a provincial law succeeded in 1906. In 1907 and 1910 a Federal law was proposed but failed of passage. Nevertheless, into every province from Nova Scotia to the Pacific the popular plan extended. Every month the mail brings a sheaf of reports to Levis, for the *Caisse* there literally fathers every other credit union in Canada. Although permitted under the Quebec law, no federation has yet been formed. In a system showing assets of $10,000,000 and recording a general turnover of about $25,000,000 the Levis bank began some time ago informally to function as a central bank, collecting statistics, giving advice and offering information about investments and where money might be secured in case of seasonal demand.

At least a dozen banks in the system have assets over $100,000, some of them banks now eight years old. *La Caisse* itself had an early period of slow growth. Profiting by its experience, new banks have more than once shown assets of $30,000 in less than two years. In Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec their business is with an industrial population; all the rest do an agricultural business. The homogeneous character of the population must be remarked; the social solidarity which results cannot be missed by the dullest observer.

The new service given to people who never before enjoyed credit was responsible for the fact that Pierre Jay, then bank commissioner of Massachusetts, called M. Desjardins to the United States in 1908 to help to start "credit unions" in the United States. Massachusetts immediately passed a bill under which sixty credit societies, most of them sturdy, are now operating. They spread to New Hampshire and Connecticut even before Congress and the several states despatched an enormous commission to Europe in 1913 to study co-operation.

Since then eleven states have passed laws which more or less successfully—most of them less—aim to encourage co-operative banking. The bank commissioner of Massachusetts advises taxing the credit unions, although in every country they are exempt from such burdens; according to Henry W. Wolff, of England, perhaps the greatest of living authorities on co-operation, many of the restrictions placed upon such institutions in our several state laws are absurd. A wise Federal law will perhaps remove our disabilities. Among Jewish farmers credit unions are progressing. North Carolina reports a thriving start.

The chief obstacle they meet is the financial-minded attitude which fails to perceive the difference between co-operative and joint-stock company principles. The joint-stock company is designed and usually competent to make money rapidly for a limited group of individuals who may live anywhere. The credit union is planned to make money slowly for a larger collective group in the home community, but at the same time to give each member a chance to develop his initiative and responsibility according to his vision. The joint stock company has no object but making money, whereas the credit union considers itself to have a social duty to the community and succeeds in modifying the character of men as well as strengthening the tendency to the best sort of democracy.

The Farm Loans Act, authorizing long-time mortgage credit on the amortization principle, is not at all designed to meet the multitudinous demands for short-period loans for small amounts. Besides, it applies only to farmers, whereas we have hundreds of small towns and numerous cities with comparatively stable and homogeneous population where the chief industry is not farming. Only one system of remedial

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

loans offers to any extent in the United States such petty cash as does *La Caisse*, unless one takes into account the precarious, often illegitimate, immigrant banks. The Morris Plan, started by philanthropists who rightly discerned the immense sterile field yearning for credit to make it fertile, offers timely amelioration which has put many pawnbrokers out of business. But whereas *La Caisse* induces members to count the cost, to save and to invest the idle penny in order that they themselves may use their own money to forward all productive and provident enterprise in their community, the Plan offers remedial rather than constructive loans, at a per cent. much higher than co-operative banks usually find necessary, and stockholders profit in lieu of pawnbrokers or the public. No amount of charitable enterprise could produce the effect on the morale that results from the increase in independence and confidence derived from self-help. Government aid to such enterprises has been found generally inadvisable, sometimes fatal.

Secretary Lane strongly urges the use of co-operative banking by the United States. M. Desjardins believes that a renewed and developed America would result. Sixty thousand *caisses populaires* might, he believes, wax prosperous in appropriate small areas, while another form, perhaps like the great People's Bank in Milan, which this year declared a dividend of 32 per cent. on shares, might permit credit to find new channels down to the lowly of large cities. Wolff believes that America must welcome and adopt several varieties of co-operative finance besides *La Caisse*, all of them notable for the old trick of the co-operative, eliminating unnecessary middlemen.

America cannot fail to note the progress of this powerful idea among practically all the other nations of the world. To cite several: Great Britain somewhat indifferently entertains in Ireland some hundreds of these banks, a few in her South American colonies, and five thousand which, in order to help the *ryots* find their economic feet, she actively encouraged in India; Japan, not to be outdone, began her system ten years ago, and to-day proudly exhibits eight thousand banks. Italy has two immensely prosperous systems.

Russia reports more banks than any other nation, not excepting Germany with her twenty-nine thousand, and, to quote Luzzatti, "even the destructive fury of the present rulers of Russia was arrested before this temple of co-operation (the Moscow Narodny Bank). Not only was the central bank left intact, but it was permitted to take deposits from private banks." Germany's chain leads all others in the amount of deposits. She has nine million members. The government was actually able to borrow more money from co-operative banks during the war than from any system of private banks. Not that the co-operatives were rich, but they were owned by the deceived patriotic rank and file, more willing to support the country than privately owned institutions. Now, on the old, well-tried principles of mutual aid, they endeavor by painful work to accumulate again the money urgently needed to reward their best industrialists and farmers with credit for their enterprises.

By the best available estimates, about seven billions of dollars are controlled by co-operative banks the world over. Usually they work in fields supplementary to ordinary banks. Nations are demonstrably stronger by the distribution of control of the moneys belonging to all the people. The most powerful leverage in the world is money. In the United States perhaps two-thirds of our people, to gauge conservatively, need the vitalizing effect of credit, not remedial credit, but a "hired man of finance," to start more business going, which will benefit the millions instead of the few, and give natural vent to the spirit of enterprise now discouraged. Such banks as *La Caisse* are hopeful signs of a true economic democracy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE CASE AGAINST GRAMMAR

BY ROBERT P. UTTER

Associate Professor of English in Amherst College

THE case against grammar is one on which the professor perpetually holds open hearings. He passes, for example, the bulletin-board where he has posted the next assignment for "Sophomore English." The victims are copying the list of poems, one calling off the titles, the others scribbling in their notebooks.

"'The Grammarian's Funeral,'" calls the announcer. Every one responds.

"Listens good to me." "I'll say she do." "When are they going to pull it off?" "Ought to run it in the movies; it 'd draw like a chimney."

Again, as Acting-Critic-in-General to his friends, the professor gets a letter from a popular writer asking for "unsparing criticism" of his latest work. The writer suffers, as a friend should, in chastened silence, till the professor touches on a point of grammar, then the galled jade winces. "What good is grammar, anyway?" he writes, and in pungent terms condemns the whole body of its lore to the everlasting bonfire. He quotes with glee the impassioned sage who said, "When the English language gets in my way, so much the worse for the English language." The letter closes with a postscript, "Kindly tell me to settle a bet whether both verbs in the following sentence should be plural. . . ."

He might, then, have admitted that grammar has one use, to settle bets—if there had really been any bet to settle; but there was not. The writer asked the question because he wanted to know. The tirade against grammar was nervous bravado, as a dog barks to cover a strategic retreat. The noise of such barking as his reaches the professor, the modern representative of the medieval grammarian, from many sides. If what he hears from the world beyond his study walls be typical, nine persons out of ten shy at the word *grammar* like nervous colts, or prance round the subject as does a puppy round a snapping-turtle, threatening it with ghastly retribution for its sins without so much as knowing what its sins may be, unable either to conquer it once for all or let it alone.

The grievance is an ancient one; the feeling which would make the grammarian's funeral a joyful occasion to most of mankind is so old that it might almost be an inherited instinct. Probably no one knows just when the trouble began, but we know that there was a grammar-school in Rome about two thousand years ago, and that by the time we get to the Middle Ages grammar is invested with all its terrors. By that time the word represented to the popular mind all the mystery of learning; learning which the people denounced as useless and feared at the same time, because they knew not what advantage over them it might give to its possessors. They could conceive of no advantage save the material one, and no mystery save magic. Virgil, whose name they heard on the lips of cleric and scholar, became to their minds the arch necromancer, not, as a tribute to the magic of his poetry, for that they could not read. All learning was in Latin, and grammar was the key to it. Just as Virgil becomes the magician in the thought of the people, so "gramarye" comes to mean magic, the one mystery of which the unlettered folk know more than do any others, but which they constantly attribute to the learned who know nothing more of it than what they

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

learn from the people. Among medieval grammarians, as among the modern, sound scholars were in the minority; the others did what they could to inflate their mystery and to make the most of popular misconception of their learning. As time went on and learning slowly spread, increasing numbers of boys learned grammar only to hate it. To them it represented only years of torture, the agonizing process of attempted mental effort under the lash. Dogs have terrified cats for unnumbered centuries; small wonder if blind new kittens bristle at a whiff of the hereditary enemy. Are not nineteen or twenty centuries of pedagogical terrorizing almost enough to make a new-born child howl at a musty whiff of grammar, or double its fists at the sight of a grammarian?

Grammar is to most of us an elusive mystery, maddening as a mosquito, real when it stings, but nothing to grasp. The beginner is apt to get the impression from his teacher that its rules are unwavering, and that whoso breaks the smallest of its laws is cast into the outer darkness. Then he notices that the minister in the pulpit says "don't" where he should say "doesn't," and no consuming wrath either from above or below comes to destroy him. He catches "the best people" tripping in their speech, and even Teacher herself one memorable day spoke in class of the *best* of *two* exercises! He begins to defy the gods. "You can't say, 'It is me,'" says Teacher. "Can't I?" he retorts, "just you watch me." He decides that Teacher's gods are only a set of little grinning clay images on a shelf in the school-room. With a sweeping gesture he sends them crashing from their perch and walks out a free man. Free he remains until he perceives that his stenographer is disdainfully correcting his lapses in grammar, that some of his customers set him down a notch or two on account of his manners of speech, that he needs grammar in his business. Then he feels about it as Silas Lapham did about the white gloves. He feels that its etiquette is slight, trivial, contemptible; he hates it and himself that he is baffled by it. He would gladly wrestle with it and throw it, but when he seeks to grasp it it vanishes. He knows that there are limits beyond which he does not wish to go in his freedom in language, but he cannot find them. They shift and recede like the shore in a fog, which you bump when you try to avoid it and seek in vain when you wish to land. It is at about this point in his experience that he becomes the linguistic Bolshevik; driven frantic by the high cost of grammatical experience and the impossibility of acquiring wherewithal to meet its demands, he wishes he could destroy grammar, and after it is gone enjoy in peace all its benefits.

If the layman turns to the grammarian for help, he is not likely to get it. Any grammarian will give reasons that look sound for preferring this construction to that, but they do not wear well; you soon find them unsatisfactory. In the first place, you discover that what you want is facts, not reasons. The real question is not, "Why *should* we say this rather than that?" but, "*Do* we say this, or do we say that?" In the second place, the reason you get from one grammarian is promptly discredited by another. Professor A tells you to use construction X because it has been in continuous good use for five hundred years. B prefers Y because it is analogous to another construction. C votes for Z because "a majority of our best writers and speakers" use it. Each argument is good so far as it goes, but it is not final, nor are all three together necessarily so. The historical argument has weight; if we know that a construction has been in use for centuries, we know at least that it has proved useful, and we may think twice before we discard it at the word of the purist. But we do not cling to all we have once had; if we did we should still speak Anglo-Saxon. The argument from analogy is good in so far as uniformity is desirable, but it is not a law; we do not reject all constructions for which other constructions do not give us precedent.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

As for good usage, grant that it is the usage of a majority of our best writers and speakers, the question remains, What do they actually say or write? What court shall determine who they are, and appoint tellers to poll them? The arguments of the grammarians have been reduced to a whirligig (by Prof. H. T. Peck) in the following form:

Q. Does the passive verb admit an object after it?

A. Yes. The passive verb admits an object after it because people use it that way.

Q. Why is it right for people to use it that way?

A. Because the passive verb admits an object after it.

If this be grammar, the layman is justified in rejecting it, but it is not; only half of it is grammar, the rest is etiquette.

The rebel who condemns grammar to the flames is justly called a Bolshevik, because democracy is not democratic enough for him. He is like the cat-that-walks-by-himself in that he wishes all benefits without any restraints or duties. His party is smaller but more noisy than that of the Agnostics, who do not know enough about grammar to hold any opinions of their own, but accept with dyspeptic grace such crumbs of fact and doctrine as they can gather from others. There are the Democrats, who hold that majority rules in Grammarland, therefore all that is is right. There are the Puritans who hold that almost everything that is is wrong; that the only good grammar is dead grammar, the kind no one uses (like the "best room" of our grandmothers, which was good for nothing but a funeral); that we should seek to accord our wills with that of the grammar-book; that none have attained grace but themselves and their wives, and sometimes they have doubt about their wives. There are the Royalists who believe in the divine right of the grammarians to make the rules as they should be and enforce them with thunder and guns on the lesser folk who walk in darkness. Perhaps not all of us belong to these parties. Perhaps only half of us are barking at grammar and most of us are barking at one another. The parties represent only in the crudest way the main divisions of opinion; there are countless shades of thought and feeling. The main point is that nearly every one has a grievance, either against grammar or against those who hold some heretical view of grammar.

For one of the fundamental difficulties of the situation there is no possible remedy; it is that grammar got so long a start of the grammarians. Its origin goes back beyond all records, but it is easy to see that it was invented by an anthropoid who used one kind of grunt to mean peace and another to mean war, and the only survivors were those who understood him. Naturally they copied his system, and it soon became bad form to talk any other. We do not know just when this inventor lived, but it might have been about three hundred thousand years ago. His system was practised and developed for perhaps two hundred and ninety-four thousand years before we have the slightest trace of it on record. By that time, some six or seven thousand years ago, languages were so numerous and so well developed that users of them resorted to such images as the Tower of Babel to express the state of linguistic chaos in which they found themselves. And still it was three or four thousand years before anybody paid any attention to it (worth mentioning), or tried to train it in the way it should go. Even then they spent nearly five hundred years quarreling as to the proper method. So we must infer that grammar led a wild, untutored life for approximately two hundred and ninety-eight thousand years; how could its trainers expect to reform it in a paltry two thousand, especially since they have never fully agreed on the way to go about it? The controversy flared up almost as soon as there were any grammarians, between the Democrats and the Royalists, the Anomalists and the Analogists, as they were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

then called. The Democrats insisted that there were no rules of grammar in any proper sense of the word. The Royalists declared that there were. After some four hundred years of foray and reprisal the Royalists were declared the winners. There were rules, the decision announced, but the rules, being only mortal, were unfortunately subject to a malady known as exceptions. The two parties were never really united, and their offspring were what might be expected—Puritan and Bolshevik, nervous fanatics carrying their parents' worst traits to extremes, and the rickety Agnostic.

If we search among these parties for the truth we shall find it, but not all of it in the possession of any one. When the Democrat declares that all that is is right, he says sooth if he means that the grammarian should record facts rather than issue decrees. If he means that one way of putting words together is in no way whatsoever to be preferred to another, he is wrong, for different ways of speech have their various effects on divers hearers, and the consequences, according to these effects, are more or less to be desired. If he means that the rules of grammar are not even safe as generalizations, he is wrong, for the main facts are widely and firmly established by centuries of usage. If he means that our speech may safely be left to itself to develop as chance or unconscious human nature may direct, very likely he is right, but he seems to neglect the fact that for as many centuries as the records cover the conservative force has been one of the "natural" forces in the shaping of language. If he admits this, but asserts that so far as the conservative force has been effective it has worked for evil, he is probably wrong. At least it affords wholesome opposition for the radicals and tests for their innovations.

The Puritan, the ultra-conservative, is right in recognizing that time and usage are the tests of language; his mistake is in condemning the constructive elements. He is within his rights if he chooses to frown on every construction that cannot show a century or two of good usage, but if he would make this procedure the rule for all he would condemn the language to death, and it is not unjust to say of him that he believes there is no good grammar but dead grammar, for no language can live without growing.

The Royalist of to-day conceals under the name of "science" or the plea of "logic" his belief in the divine right of the grammarian to issue decrees. Here, for example, is one of his proclamations:

> Grammar is a science or nothing. It has the outward form of a science and its difficulties spring out of its scientific character. There are definitions to be framed, principles to be stated, rules to be prescribed, all of which operations, if entered upon at all, should be carried on in a scientific spirit. A loose way of proceeding in this respect fails to answer the ends of grammar, and fails still more as a mental discipline.

The phrasing is modern enough—the passage is from a preface of Bain's dated 1872—but the position the grammarian takes differs in nothing essential from that of the Analogists of the beginning of the Christian Era. Here are the questions that divided the main parties twenty centuries ago, and that divide them to-day. Is grammar a science? Has it any rules? Is it the right, the duty, the privilege of the grammarian to "prescribe rules" for mankind in the use of language?

"Grammar is a science or nothing," we read in the preface. Then if we find in the text nothing but commandments, most of them in negative form, we are apt to take the grammarian at his word. "This is not science," we say, "therefore it is nothing." Grammar is not a science if it is a table of commandments. It is not a science if by science we mean a body of facts that stay in their categories without variableness or shadow of turning. It has no rules if by rules we mean universal laws. But if this is what we mean by science there is no science

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

save that which deals with things inorganic, inert, dead; things like sand, sulphuric acid, figures. What law of life has man ever discovered but death? If the autocratic grammarian is willing to admit that he believes that there is no good language but dead language, we may leave him to do his work on such language as he considers proper for his operations. Autopsy is easier than vivisection, and more humane. But language is not inorganic nor dead; it is as vital as life itself; its evolution is mysteriously creative, as baffling at its crucial turns as the secrets of the shifting forms of life, as little subject to any laws that man can frame. Now, merely because it is baffling we do not deny to biology the name of science, nor to what we might, if we speak in general terms, call its special fields psychology and anthropology. In these fields we find the roots of grammar, for it is deeply rooted in the nature of man and the world about him. Of quackery every branch of science has had its share, but the chemistry of to-day is not discredited by the alchemy of yesterday. Grammar should not suffer from the presumption of those who give its name to their personal taboos. Grammar is a science in so far as it attempts to collect and arrange the facts about language. If it can draw universal laws or even general principles from the facts, that, too, is science so far as it goes. But it is not science to declare that one fact is "right" and another is "wrong." It is not science to try to turn a generalization into a universal by declaring with tears or anathemas or both that we *must* obey it. A true universal takes care of itself because it is what it is by the very nature of things, and cannot be otherwise. A "scientific law" that requires penalties and threats for its enforcement carries its brand of counterfeit on its face. To frame definitions may be a scientific process if it is scientifically done, but to prescribe rules is the poorest sort of pedagogy. And to say that unless we make our grammar thus and so it fails as mental discipline, is like saying that mountains must have no grades of less than 10 per cent. or they are useless as gymnasiums. Grammar is a science when it deals with facts; it may be a science when it deals with theories; but when it deals with commandments it is nothing but a book of etiquette.

The question of science is closely akin to the question of logic. Is grammar logical? Ought it to be so? Can it be "right" to govern one verb with an adjective and another with an adverb? Ought we not always to do things the same way? In other words, if grammar is not logical, should we not make it so? The question is essentially the one that was answered in the second century A.D. by the decision that grammar has rules, but they are subject to exceptions, and again by the logician who declares that the "science" of the grammarian functions when he promulgates rules. His work reminds one of that of the "topiary artist" who tortures a box-tree into the shape of an eagle and keeps it so by trimming it once a month; he may do so till he and the tree are both dead, but he can never make a box-tree grow of itself in the shape of an eagle. Grammar is logical if we study it scientifically; we find causes to account for so many of the facts that we are sure there are causes for all of them if we could find them. But that is not what the logical grammarian means; what he wants is uniformity. He tries to find it in rules, and to make it where it does not exist by proclaiming rules of his own invention. If we consider what we know and may believe of the history of grammar, we need not be surprised that it is not logical, but rather that it is as logical as it is. Not being persons of ideal intelligence ourselves, we can hardly imagine what our forefathers might have done with grammar if they had been so. Perhaps they would have made it absolutely uniform in all its processes; perhaps they would have attained some higher ideal inconceivable to our little minds. Shall we take in vain the sacred

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

name of progress by complaining that our ancestors were not more intelligent than we? Might we not more becomingly challenge our own intelligence? If grammar were logical, would it fit us? We should probably be like a man with a thirty-four chest and a forty-four waist trying to wear a suit of clothes like the one in the poster, one with shoulders at once ladylike and Herculean, and melting curves about the waist. Language is a pretty close measure of a people's intelligence; it will fit us whatever we do. If we do not like what we see in the mirror, if the books that record the facts of our language are not pleasant reading, we cannot expect to improve matters much by direct action, by legislation; we must look to ourselves. But the truth is that if we have a proper mirror we need not be violently dissatisfied with what we see. The desirable standard is as much uniformity as is compatible with sound growth and proper flexibility. Some such standard English has already attained if we may take the word of the foreign scholars who praise it as second only to Chinese in point of its logical system of grammar, and at the same time as more flexible than most European languages.

If this is the Bolshevik's ideal, then indeed the truth is with him. One can hardly tell whether it is so or not, for he does not explain, he does not argue; he merely thunders. If the wall will not fall down for the blowing of trumpets, if the army will not flee for the smashing of crockery, why, let the smashing of crockery go on—something must be smashed; better our own lamps and pitchers than nothing. He wishes to destroy grammar because he feels it as a restraint, and since we never hear of anything he would offer to take over its service, he leaves the impression that he wishes the destruction not as a general benefit to mankind, but as a personal convenience to himself. He cares not how others may speak, and does not see why any one should care how he speaks; he thinks of speech as an individual matter, which in its very nature it is not. It is a community matter; its essence is in relations with others. The Bolshevik party represents an important part of the motive power that urges us on, but it is not sufficient in itself. Mere power will take us nowhere without means of application, steering-gear, an intelligent hand.

From out the clamor of voices we may listen in vain for any clear word to tell us what collectively we really want. We cannot take a poll, and to try to determine by other means is as uncertain as are forecasts before an election. But there are a few facts which may shape such guesses as we can make. First, we do well to remind ourselves that language is the most democratic institution on earth. It was made by the people for their own use, probably without clear consciousness of what they were about for by far the greater part of its history. It is perpetually subject to the initiative and referendum; if the people do not like it they change it, unconsciously. The grammarians cannot prevent this; the tyranny of grammar is not with them; it is the tyranny of habit, the tyranny of custom, the tyranny of fashion, the tyranny of democracy. When the schoolboy finds that the laws of grammar are not backed by tangible executive power, he thinks they have no teeth of any sort. Before long he finds that they are worse than laws enforced by the police, being defended by penalties ranging from misunderstanding through varying degrees of social obloquy to downright ostracism. So far as he is concerned, the authority is external; he is conscious of no part in forming the rules, nor does he feel the slightest power in his influence to change them. The fact is obvious, however, that grammar does change, and the people change it. It changes so slowly that even a generation is scarcely aware of the fact, but if we look back down the centuries it is so clearly manifest that to mention it is a platitude. English grammar of King Alfred's time we learn as if it were that of a foreign

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

language. By the end of the fourteenth century it seems somewhat more familiar, but students have been known to declare that they found French or German grammar easier than the phonology and accidence of Chaucer's English. Two hundred years more make the change from Middle English to Modern English; a school-boy may read Shakespeare intelligibly with little aid from glossary or notes. Yet Dr. E. A. Abbott gave us five hundred pages of his *Shakespeare Grammar*, and a student who must pass an examination on it will tell you that it contains much to learn.

We need no written records to tell us that these changes were made by those who spoke the language in their adaptation of it to their daily needs. It is a safe guess that most of them were made over the protests of the grammarians, since there have been any, because the grammarians represent professionally the conservative party whose function it is to test changes as they come up, to prolong their period of probation, to make us think twice before we adopt them. Protests against the so-called split infinitive now seem vain; those of us who were taught to shudder at it in our youth still shun it, but all others use it freely. The distinction between *like* and *as* seems to be breaking down, and that between *shall* and *will* bids fair to follow, in spite of the fact that angels could do no more than grammarians have done and are doing in their behalf. On the other side, we seem to see the protest of the grammarian sustained by popular vote in cases like those of the "dangling participle" and the expression "these kind," which passed without blame in Addison's time and later. Language is more democratic than politics; it does not seek to deny even to the autocrat his vote and influence. We who use it, whoever or whatever we are, have it in our hands to shape to our ends.

What, then, is the case against grammar? It is largely, in plain truth, one of ignorance. Grammar has a bad name —we need not quarrel now about where it came from—but is that reason enough for hanging it? We say we want a better system of grammar, but most of us do not know how good our system is. We demand that it shall be simple, logical, flexible, adequate; what shall we answer when foreign students tell us how near it already is in these respects to the heart's desire? If we measure our ideals in language by what we already have, the result is on the whole flattering to everything but our knowledge of our riches—we have pretty nearly what we want if only we knew it. We have to appreciable measure the qualities that make language good, we have the power to make it better if we can make ourselves better along with it. We need more wide-spread knowledge of what grammar actually is and how it came about—not a knowledge of how former grammarians sought to impose on a living language the inflexible categories of a dead one, but a knowledge of our speech as a living organism. Let grammar as a book of etiquette go till we learn more of the facts; biology does not concern itself with animals as they ought to be until it knows them pretty well as they are. Except for what we might have to unlearn, grammar in this aspect would be no more difficult to present to the mind than biology, physics, or chemistry; less so, indeed, for more, if possible, than these sciences is it a matter of daily experience with all of us. With intelligent knowledge of what we have, we should gain intelligent ideals of what we might wish it to be. If we had these, we should not be troubled at any diversity of opinion on the subject, however wide. Grammar would be safe in the hands of the various parties if each stood on a platform of intelligent opinion. If we knew it in all its ways, we might still have a case against grammar, but we should also have ideals, and we might with proper grace call it a poor thing if we felt it strongly our own.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE LION'S MOUTH

THE DEAD HAND

BY BURGES JOHNSON

SOME years ago I visited a most inspiring small college situated in a farming country in the Middle West, many miles distant from any large city. It was inspiring because it seemed to be serving the cause of education in that old, self-denying fashion characteristic of the early days of the pioneers. The college of my own undergraduate days, increasingly dear to me with the passage of the years, could hardly be said to serve in equal fashion, because in crowded New England one might wipe out an ancient seat of learning with all of its splendid traditions and its notable record, and future students would find some other dame near by to adopt for an *alma mater*. But this school among the grain-fields and orchards lured boys to its class-rooms who would not otherwise find any college within their reach. I visited its buildings and walked through its halls, seeing beauties of structure that did not architecturally exist, and listening to details from my kindly guide with a respectful attention that similar statistics never won from me before. Then we returned to my host's hospitable abode for lunch. "Did you," said my hostess, severely, "show him the skeleton?" The professor evaded her question, and spoke of Latin and Greek, and college loyalty and athletics. "Did you," said my hostess, with greater firmness, "show him the skeleton?" The professor fidgeted, and we talked of fraternities and their place in college life.

"If you do not show him the skeleton," said my hostess, "I will take him to it myself." And so the story came out.

It seems that many years ago a native of the community, a woman kindly disposed toward education, perhaps because of her own lack of it, found herself independently wealthy and without a purpose in life. She had read of art-collectors who spent their unearned increment upon paintings and works of sculpture which they assembled into great collections and eventually donated to some worthy institution. So she set about the same thing, and with indefatigable zeal purchased hand-painted pictures from all that countryside—flowers in vases, fishes on dishes, vases and dishes all by themselves or in groups, decorative panels in high colors, all suited to relieve the atmosphere of darkened parlors set with haircloth furniture; even crayon portraits of unlabeled dear ones long since departed. It did not take her long to collect a considerable number, nor did it greatly deplete her fortune, but at last she had an art collection and was in the vogue. When she died she bequeathed a building to the local college, with the stipulation that in that building there should be an art-gallery, and that the nucleus of all future art collections should be her own assembled pictures which she left *in toto* and without further restriction save that they should be perpetually on view.

This was the story. Of course the college accepted the building, conditions and all, and the "closet" which I had not seen was the art-room, and the skeleton in it was her collection.

I should have laughed hilariously had I seen those absurd pictures outside their present environment and without their history, but, as it was, I viewed them unsmiling, for the college seemed to me to have so wonderful a personality and this was such a pathetic episode in its life-story.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

I suppose the good lady who bequeathed her wealth and her collection had a real desire to be of service, but this desire was somehow bound up with a silly ambition to be classified as one of the famous rich. The teachers in that college are living a life of actual self-denial for the sake of service. Art collections and other beautiful things whose value cannot be measured in terms of money are theirs by right, but the hand of this foolish woman who died many years ago still offers them a stone.

In the New York Public Library, one of the officials tells me, somewhere among its mysterious hidden passages are various closets locking up skeletons just as strange. People have bequests stipulating at the same time that the portrait of the testator's maternal great-aunt shall be permanently and prominently displayed upon the Library wall. Often these embarrassing conditions are attached to bequests of great value that could not possibly be refused, and so a dead hand keeps its grip upon some room or some wall space in that great building which so wonderfully serves the people.

I have often wondered what rights the dead have over the living. Some day we shall ask this question of the marble monuments in our great cemeteries, as the city crowds in upon them and the children clamor for breathing-space, but that is a different phase of the problem now in my mind. How much shall the dead be empowered to demand of the living for favors bestowed?

Once upon a time I attended an important ceremony in a small institution of learning. A little crowd of young women students at the institution were grouped together in one part of the hall, and as I looked at them, after listening to numerous addresses of eulogy and exaltation, it seemed to me that they were an unusually pretty aggregation, and that they themselves were, after all, the finest advertisement of the place, and that all the oratory might just as well have been spared. As I watched the little group it suddenly showed signs of special animation, emitting certain preliminary sounds, as does a clock when about to strike. A cheer-leader stepped out from their midst, and with one united and musical voice they shouted, "R-o-b-e-r-t K. J-o-n-e-s! Robert K. Jones!" That is not really the name they spelled and shouted so musically, but it is not a whit longer or more commonplace or unmusical than the name I am concealing. So I inquired about the matter and found that many years ago one Robert K. Jones had given a comparatively small sum of money as educational bequests go, that he had done it at no very great sacrifice to himself, and had attached the condition that it should establish an institution forever bearing his name. Others may add their gifts to that foundation until it has grown far beyond the utmost hopes of its founder, yet still must unnumbered generations of young women, year after year, spell and chant in unison that most unmusical name. Does he deserve it? Surely no mortal man can claim so much!

You will cite John Harvard and Elihu Yale, Ezra Cornell and Matthew Vassar, and many others, but really they have no bearing upon this question. The collection of books or the petty sums of money bequeathed by John and Elihu are nothing in comparison to the ideas which they bequeathed, the stimulus and the inspiration; and they made no provision as to their names. Cornell, Vassar, Wellesley, and others who founded institutions while they were yet living gave not only funds, but years of anxiety, labor, and fighting, and at death left practically all of their fortunes, so that in each case the man and the institution were inseparable in the public mind, and the name was inevitable.

How much commemoration can a man buy with money? The purchasing value of a dollar changes so. If Robert K. Jones gave ten thousand dollars toward the endowment of a school for young women, and the ten thousand dollars

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

were of no great value to him, for how many centuries to come must visitors to the seminary listen to the chanted spelling of his unlovely name?

I understand that there are learned judges whose business it is to interpret clauses in bequests when they are of doubtful meaning, and also certain state officers whose functions have to do with last wills and testaments. If I were some one of these functionaries I should make it my business to see that precedents were established at once for the protection of all future beneficiaries against the clammy fingers of the dead hand. Robert K. Jones is entitled to just ten thousand dollars' worth of musical spellings of his name, and as the young women who chant it in unison become more numerous and more charming, the purchasing value of the dollar grows less. I have no sympathy for him, and I would not allow him any bonus. He got his money's worth years and years ago.

The fact of the matter is that money is not worth so much as some philanthropists think it is. The well-established superstition that anything a man gives as a benevolence must be accepted with thanks is in part responsible for this and for the grip of the dead hand.

There is no closet so crowded with skeletons as is the Sunday-school library of sacred memory. Do you remember the books you drew from it in your youth? I think that the most perniciously harmful reading of my own early days was due to the ministrations of the Sunday-school librarian. The morbidly moral, the mawkishly sentimental, scratched deeper grooves on the surface of my young mind than all of the pages of *The Golden Days* or *The Fireside Companion* which I read surreptitiously in Tommy's woodshed. And on those library shelves were tomes deader than anything under heaven that ever died—for what is more thoroughly dead than discarded science and exploded theology? Every shelf in that library was clutched by the dead hand of some forgotten donor, because the librarian had not the courage to refuse, or the hardihood to burn the gift after its receipt. But, after all, who has? I remember hearing Miss Ida Tarbell say that she passed a most important mile-stone in her own development when she gained the courage to burn a book. Our attitude toward printed books bound in covers was at one time akin to fetish-worship. Perhaps there is a by-product of good result in the present-day over-production of books, in that we do not believe in type so implicitly as once we did. Perhaps people are at last learning to burn books which are not worth keeping, instead of giving them away to Sunday-school libraries and to the Salvation Army, and so acquiring merit for what is actually an evil deed.

A giver of gifts, if Scripture is to be believed, has his reward in the giving. If he gives worthless books that cumber up a bookshelf and, furthermore, requires of future generations that those books shall be preserved, his name should not be honored — it should be anathema. If he gives a library, and specifies that his name shall be graven forever above its portals, and then requires of future generations that they shall maintain the library and his name at their expense, it is proper to ask whether he is not buying his monument too cheaply. And if his dead hand keeps a benumbing grip upon some worthy shelter for living human beings, I am for laws that will make it possible to relax that grip and enable judges to call out in tones that may be heard across the Styx: "The time is up. You have got all the commemoration you paid for."

KARMA

BY C. A. BENNETT

ONCE upon a time there was a woman—her name was Everywoman—who believed she had a mission in life. Her mission, she conceived, was the Abolition of Dust. If she had paused

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to reflect, she might have remembered that matter is indestructible and dust therefore unabolishable. But this knowledge, if it had come to her, would not have mitigated the frenzy of her lust. Her ambition would have dwelt instead upon the prospect of a heaven-kissing hill of dust whereinto was swept together all the dust in the world, the particles adhering so firmly together that not all the gales of chaos could unloosen one of them.

As some have devoted their energies to the war against the flesh, and others to the overcoming of ignorance, so this woman dedicated her life to the War against Dust. As some have been alert for the first stirring of sinful desires, so she was ready to pounce upon the first speck of dirt. As some have searched their souls for traces of hidden sin, so she would run her finger along the tops of pictures, or peer into rarely visited corners, for the signs of secret dust Dust was the Devil, and she had been called to fight in the glorious cause.

Marriage, a husband, children, were merely Tactical Episodes in the Great Campaign.

She made life a Hell for her husband. His name was Everyman. It is for such as he that this fable is written.

There was a process called "airing" a room. All windows and doors of the room were opened simultaneously and left open for fifteen minutes. When applied to his study this system transported all the papers from his desk to the floor. His wife would later return the papers to his desk, disposing them according to her fancy at the moment, and weighting them down with books. This was not helpful.

There was a process known as "Dusting-your-books-my-dear-there-has-not-been - a - duster - near - them - for-ages." This is the way it worked. Books removed. Laid on the floor. Stirred, it would seem, with a slow whirling motion for several minutes. Books dusted vigorously. Books replaced on shelves in any old order, all of them upside down, with the exception of a few here and there right side up lest there should be any traces of symmetry.

Protest called forth only the assurance that they had not been dusted for six months — as though a crime, if committed semi-annually, became a laudable contribution to human happiness.

At last she died and was buried. Years passed. Centuries passed. Finally there was left of her nothing but—a little dust.

It chanced that some of this dust blew into the house of Another Woman and settled on a table. The Other Woman came down in the morning and spotted it.

"I'm sure I don't know where all the dust in this house comes from!" she exclaimed.

"Whoo!" she said, and blew it away.

SONG OF SYNTHETIC VIRILITY

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

OH, some may sing of the surging sea, or chant of the raging main,
Or tell of the taffrail blown away by the raging hurricane.
With an oh, for the feel of the salt sea spray as it stipples the guffy's cheek!
And oh, for the sob of the creaking mast and the halyard's aching squeak!
And some may sing of the galley-foist, and some of the quadrireme,
And some of the day the *Xebec* came and hit us abaft the beam.
Oh, some may sing of the girl in Kew that died for a sailor's love,
And some may sing of the surging sea, as I may have observed above.

Oh, some may long for the Open Road, or crave for the prairie breeze,
And some, o'ersick of the city's strain, may yearn for the whispering trees.
With an oh, for the rain to cool my face, and the wind to blow my hair!
And oh, for the trail to Joyous-Garde, where I may find my fair!
And some may love to lie in the field in the stark and silent night,
The glistering dew for a coverlet and the moon and stars for light.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Let others sing of the soughing pines and
the winds that rustle and roar,
And others long for the Open Road, as I may
have remarked before.

Ay, some may sing of the bursting bomb and
the screech of a screaming shell,
Or tell the tale of the cruel trench on the
other side of hell.
And some may talk of the ten-mile hike in
the dead of a winter night,
And others chaunt of the doughtie Kyng
with mickle valour dight.
And some may long for the song of a child
and the lullaby's fairy charm,
And others yearn for the crack of the bat
and the wind of the pitcher's arm.
Oh, some have longed for this and that,
and others have craved and yearned;
And they all may sing of whatever they like,
as far as I'm concerned.

OLD PANACEAS FOR NEW

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

THE first and most valuable work on psychology I ever read (an old, brown-covered volume discovered on the back row of the library shelves when I was twelve) propounded the theory that to rid oneself of any kind of fear one must kill it, as Shakespeare would say, "in its own humor." For example: One is afflicted with a sudden cold; one hears that pneumonia is going about; the idea that the cold is the beginning of pneumonia takes hold of one; the fear of pneumonia becomes an obsession. Let no time pass, says my psychologist. Announce to your family and friends that you *have* pneumonia in its worst form. Wrap yourself up in red flannel. Get into bed. Groan. Speak in a very hoarse voice. Put every one to as much inconvenience as you can. Surround yourself with bottles and ill-smelling stuffs. Assure any acquaintances who happen to come in that you are really in a very bad way; ask their forgiveness for any hurt you may ever have caused them in the past. The result is inevitable and obvious. The contrast between the way you say you feel and the way you actually feel has done the trick. The real symptoms have lost themselves in the fake, and the cure is complete. If, however, your case is a stubborn one, and fails to respond within a reasonable time, call in a witness and make a will. Making wills, declares my authority, has saved more lives than medicine. The method will cure anything. It will be the same for typhoid fever, smallpox (Can't you see the horrible blotches *all over* my face?), the blues—anything.

The name of the author of this useful and human work I have long since ungratefully forgotten. Although, to be perfectly just, I seem to remember that it was a German name; but, then, that was in the time before either Germans or psychology had gone to such unhappy lengths as we find them to-day. He may have had an Irish mother, or perhaps assumed the name. Whoever he was, I owe him a debt, and this is my testimonial. For by his method I have cured myself of many fatal maladies—and of fears and devils and obsessions of all sorts. Scarcely a day passes in which I do not demonstrate its efficacy. And I am not alone. I have seen others cured by the same means. Only they, or most of them, at any rate, are not conscious, as I am, of the law.

Let me illustrate. I knew a husband and wife who, when he was fifty-nine and she fifty-eight, became obsessed with the fear of old age. They were both apparently in the best of health, and the husband held an accountancy with a well-established firm, where doubtless he could have stayed for the rest of his life. They had saved up five thousand in the bank against a rainy day. Yet they were so haunted by the fear of age that they began to grow actually feeble; and when the husband had some trouble with his eyes, so that it was necessary for him to visit the occulist's and have his glasses changed, and she was not feeling quite so well as usual, they got in a panic of fear. He resigned his position, took their five thousand out of the bank, and bought their way into an old people's home. And there they folded their

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

hands and sat, a feeble old man and a feeble old woman, with all the other feeble old men and women—like people in a doctor's anteroom, waiting to be called. They learned all their names, and all their little feuds and jealousies; they took part in their senile sports, ate the predigested foods, dressed up and sat through the charity entertainments on Sunday afternoons. And at the end of two years they went to the directors of the home and asked for their five thousand back, all but the amount to pay for their two years' board; they were going to leave the home. But the directors said it could not be done; the money was forfeited and they must stay. And, with their heads up, those two told the directors to keep the money, and they walked out of the old people's home, with nothing but their youth and their health, and a tremendous zest for life, to face the future again. That was fifteen years ago—and they are still living, the busiest pair I know, well and happy and prosperous.

You see, they had worked the law instinctively, as children often do when, having fallen down, they cry very loudly without waiting to see how much they are hurt.

Oh, it is very simple, the law; and, once learned, increasingly easy to demonstrate. If, for instance, the idea that I am getting old enters my mind, I do not find it necessary to dispose of all I have and rush off to an old ladies' home. Neither do I deny it; nor do I attempt to substitute for it the thought of gooseberries on a bush. No. I simply say to myself: "Yes, I am getting old. I am old. Very old indeed. My face is wrinkled and baggy and sagged. My eyes are dull and weak. My hair is thin and lusterless and streaked with gray." I visualize these things as I speak. And then, holding the vision firmly in my mind, I walk to the mirror—to be astonished by my youth, my color, the firm contour of my face, my bright, luxuriant hair, my clear and sparkling eyes.

It has the simplicity of all great truths and requires neither faith, nor fasting, nor mighty works. And I do not even know my benefactor's name!

THE BEST MOMENTS OF THE MIND

BY MARGARET BALL

"NO, no!" said Harriet Beecher Stowe to the baby. "Take your dolly and don't touch mother's work-basket." Then she returned to the writing of *Uncle Tom*. She must have said something like this at least as often as she arrived at the middle of a chapter. Her book furnishes one of the great problems of literature: If it had succeeded in being better, could it possibly have been so good?

Maria Edgeworth also wrote her novels in the family living-room. And such a family! With each new stepmother came children to renew the youth of a sufficiently distracting environment, and the affectionate and always practically helpful Maria wrote on. I shall never cease to speculate as to whether she would have written as well in scholarly seclusion.

I am aware that the work of women leaves still unanswered the question as to whether the feminine mind may possess the highest creative power. And still it remains true that the woman who is an artist is likely to be burning the prunes while she loses herself in her art. One is tempted to think that the feminine poet who could acquire a competent wife might rise to the higher and more sustained flights by which only Sappho has so far blazoned the rights of women upon the upper ether. Sappho may have had satisfactory servants; she lived a long time ago.

What are the best moments of the mind? Do they tend to come in the midst of those hours of concentration demanded by all single-minded students, secured with elaborate circumstance by all captains of finance, safeguarded for all poets who have competent wives? Or do they present themselves, as more than one creator of important ideas in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

literature or science has testified, in those hours of relaxation when one walks in the garden with the children, or with the crowd in a city street? Even walking may not be necessary. And the alleged concentration may not suffice. Philosophic detachment has occasionally been impelled to report of itself, "Sometimes I set and think, and sometimes I just set."

"A good meal" has ushered in best moments for more than one poet, we gather from an attentive reading of autobiographical fragments. But the case is not so simple as even the rare good meal might suggest. A sleepless night has sometimes been the scene of the best, as it has often involved the worst, of the moments a person looks back upon through the vista of years. The potency of the good meal is perhaps less likely to wear an intellectual aspect. A resourceful photographer, recently trying to get a portrait of a difficult subject who obviously hated to leave his study for such trifles, put a book into the man's hand and tried to catch the first upward glance when the reading was interrupted after some moments. If the man had selected his own book the results might have justified so excellent a device. Many a painter must have longed to fix the expression that lights a keen face in the midst of good conversation, but good conversation is even rarer than a good meal or a good book.

Knowing that the angel comes seldom to stir the pool beside which we spend our humdrum days, we get out of the habit of holding ourselves ready. The photographer never seems to do us justice. Our best moments are very delicate affairs. The reason why an executive mind comes high, when salaries are involved, may be its power to work effectively under the stress of many insistent demands and a degree of confusion and interruption that would be beyond the endurance of ordinary folk.

Most of us burn the prunes while we are creating something very different from masterpieces, and our problem of how to give our minds the advantage of frequent best moments is not one which concerns the critics of art. It is nevertheless important and acute. And like most questions of practical comfort and convenience, it has also its ethical implications.

Who is responsible for our best moments—ourselves, our wives, or an inscrutable providence? The question has remained with me ever since the time when I wrote a long sophomore "brief" to prove that a man has not the right to be judged by his best moments. Possibly I was wrong. The man may have secured those best moments by prayer and fasting, and he ought to have the credit of them.

We are under obligations, surely, to make a reasonable number of best moments for ourselves, and first of all to find out how we can do it. There is no general formula. Not even the "stimulants" are a dependable source of stimulation, however indispensable they may become. The negative virtues of coffee and tea, without which we cannot get through the day, can be the subject of only mild enthusiasm; and, although alcohol and tobacco are regarded with affectionate sentiment, this is perhaps more because they keep a man from minding his poor moments than because they multiply his good ones. At the instant when opium or alcohol is removed from the field of individual experimentation it undeniably acquires a new charm, but even at their best they involve the problem of the high cost of exhilaration. However indirectly and variously we may approach our better moments, by woodland path or by hard exercise in the gymnasium, by days and nights in a library or by vacations against which every fiber of our being rebels, by starvation or by milk-gruel at three-hour intervals, we are responsible not only for reaching our highest capabilities at least every once in a while, but also for maintaining unimpaired our power to climb.

Our obligation as to the best moments

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of our companions is hardly less clear. Difficulties inevitably occur, however, along the lines of intersection, where one's own lofty plane cuts across the high aspirations of other people. The baby must be kept from the scissors even when its father is a clergyman, its mother a novelist, and the nurse-maid a walking delegate. The milk-gruel precious to one member of a family is all too apt to become the indigestible supper of another; the midnight oil of a happy student shines too often into the dozing eyes of one who would prefer to find his best moments at the opening of the day. Many a daughter has been allowed to go to college only on condition that she continue to fulfil all her engagements in society; many a parent has been whisked off to Palm Beach for a rest that interfered with his most cherished plans. Happy the family in which united affection braces without hampering the free impulses of its members—fortunate the comrades who manage to stand behind one another and never block the path ahead!

The sad fact is quite literally true that many a group of people achieves by dint of commonplace and unintelligent living a complete elimination of the best moments that ought to come to one and another of them, now individually, now together. Adjustments that often disguise the lamentable situation are made by people so sweet and good that we fail to recognize what they are losing. We are too ready to assume that the self-sacrificing soul finds its best moments in denying its own intellectual possibilities, as if these, too, did not constitute an obligation.

Our personal contentments and dissatisfactions are gradually defined for us, as life carries us along, by a set of imponderable weights and imperceptible standards. Into this collection we must admit at least a few of the tests that wives and children and friends, and even enemies, are eager to contribute; but mainly, if we are wise, we cherish our own highest moments as measuring-rods for all our ensuing experience. This, I take it, gives us a fair and reasonable amount of the divine discontent which the poets have long exhorted us to cultivate.

A BALLADE OF PESSIMISTS

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

(Dedicated to the Little Masters of Decay)

PESSIMISTS all, all ye that swear
By Nietzsche, Freud, and Edgar Poe,
Remy de Gourmont, Baudelaire,
And Gabriele D'Annunzio,
And other gentlemen of woe—
All that is nasty, "strange," and "new";
I'd like—and yet not like!—to know,
If Life's all wrong—what's wrong with you?

You that pollute the wholesome air
With nauseous pullulating flow
From brains unclean, and sick despair,
Doting on dirt, and footing slow
Where leprous-spotted fungi grow,
Abhorring all the gold and blue
Where morning sings and brave winds blow—
If Life's all wrong—what's wrong with you?

O world that Shakespeare found so fair,
This goodly and most gallant show,
This bannered, flower-strewn thoroughfare,
Where Life and Love in glory go,
And Courage Sorrow doth o'er-crow,
And Wonder, with perpetual dew:
For me this world is well enow—
If Life's all wrong—what's wrong with you?

ENVOI

To Hades, Prince, these caitiffs throw,
Rat-poison for the sickly crew
That reap not, neither do they sow!
If Life's all wrong—what's wrong with you?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

A FRIEND, who has been moved to the remembrance of kindlier things by our recurrent allusions to our actual domestic Bolshevism, has written us of such a character as has hardly survived in any household of our time elsewhere, and nowhere in our democracy. The serving-woman whom he recalls from an Italian sojourn of half a score years ago is like a dream of self-respectful duteousness out of the past which no hour of the visionary future will repeat, and which we would all the more unwillingly have perish.

"She was provided," he says, "by the banking agency that got us our apartment in the Villa Gangolandi and that was of the belief that we should find her equal to the entire service of it. When she came in confirmation of this belief she proved to be a woman who looked neither more nor less than her sixty years of age; and I hope I did not try to abate her demand of sixty francs a month. She became known to us merely as Maria, and she remained so to the last, though no doubt she had a surname. But whoever remembers the surname of those domestic friends or enemies that come and go through our houses and seldom leave even the memory of their baptismal names behind?

"Personally Maria had outlived such beauty as she may have had, but the goodness of her honest face was still her own and was better than any beauty that might have been hers. She was not dressed in any dramatic expression of domestic service, but was of the last effect of neatness in her plain skirt, with a colored kerchief tied over her head, and a white kerchief crossing her breast. In the retrospect she seems to have set about her work at once, but probably she went and came again after we had agreed upon the few details of her engagement. If she arrived with her small personal baggage it was of no memorable effect to the eye, and she was in possession of the kitchen and the little bedroom next it before we were sensibly aware of the fact. She must have come in the morning, for she was off to market with her flat straw basket under her arm before we could well have told her what we wanted for dinner.

"Our apartment occupied the whole first floor of the villa, with a little parlor and two bedrooms looking over our landlord's orange-trees and grape-vines to the Mediterranean; behind the seaward bedrooms were two others and behind the one where we installed Maria was the kitchen where she so promptly installed herself. The kitchen was provided with every modern appliance, as San Remo understood modernity. There were the usual and even unusual cooking utensils, and besides a very personable coal-range which Maria called the *macchina*, there was a gas-range of two holes, which, for reasons of her own, she preferred so exclusively that she never used the *macchina* except for storing in it the fruit and vegetables which she brought fresh every day from the market at an hour so early that she got the best of everything except the things in especial demand with the hotels.

"In her own fashion she adapted herself to the kitchen and its belongings; and after our failure to persuade her in favor of the *macchina*, we left her sovereign in the place, though with the stone floor it was imagined that she must

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

suffer from the national affliction of chilblains, so that when I went to buy myself an easy-chair for work at my writing-desk, I was told to get Maria a mat to put under her feet; but in the end I cannot say that she ever used the mat; at any rate, we did not see it from the first day to the last, when it passed from sight, scarcely recognizable among the many gifts we bestowed upon her.

"When I went out to breakfast I often found the dining-room stove diffusing a slumbrous heat which did not fail through the day or till Maria left it to come and bid us good-night. She had then been up since early mass, and as a good Christian, she never failed in the offices of religion; but she did not make us suffer from her piety. In fact, we could not justly complain of anything in Maria, whose merits remain as memorable as the looks of her short, close-knit, firmly built little body, not such a figure as that of those Ligurian girls who paced the roadway beside the Imperial Gardens with burdened heads, like caryatids walking, but she was straight and trim, and of the comely plainness which had scarcely grown upon her good, honest face with increasing years. Once when we spoke of those girls and the burdens they bore on their heads, she caught up from our stove the basket of heavy olive logs to her own head, and with arms akimbo made the round of the room.

"Every night at nine Maria put her face in at our parlor door and began '*Felice sera, buona notte, good-a-nat,*' the last being the English version of the Italian salutation taught her by an American family she had served in former years. Then she insinuated her figure within and began a strain of personal narrative, local history, and philosophic comment which flowed on till we wearied even of our pleasure in it. She was apparently a widow, but of what standing did not appear; she never spoke of her husband, but she seldom failed in these good-night conferences to speak of the daughter she had lost by tubercular infection from the northern invalids resorting to San Remo. The Italians had always known of the infection from consumption which we used to ignore, but they were helpless to keep away from the sufferers who came to save themselves in their gentle air, and Maria could not tell when the poor girl whom she always spoke of as '*quella buon' anima di mia figlia*' ('that blessed soul, my daughter') had caught the disease, whether it was in service at San Remo or in the mountain home where her people lived and where some fatal invalid may have carried the deadly germs.

"The poor girl died, but Maria's family still lived in the mountains where her father and brothers had a small ancestral gristmill and certain possessions of woods and fields. When they went out to work in the morning their provision for the day was a handful of dried chestnuts; and their life was one of such toil and need that once, when she told of it and of the other toil and need she had known, she burst from the tale with the tragic cry, 'Signor, why are there rich and why are there poor?'

"She herself was not sensibly poor, and from her life of work she had put by enough to hire a little apartment of her own in the old native quarter of San Remo, where she lived when she was out of place, but she was with the poor if not of them. Yet there was no suggestion of class consciousness in anything she said or did. If she was our social inferior, she did not know it or let us imagine it. She was as self-respectfully our equal as any of the elderly New England women it had been our good fortune to have for our help, and we felt that we could trust her as implicitly as our own countrywomen, or, at any rate, we did so. Perhaps there are persons of no national types, but in every country and in every time there are persons of signal worth whom their compatriots claim as representative.

"One evening after Maria had taken her elaborate leave, as usual, she began to tell of the great earthquake of 1887,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

when the whole region of San Remo was so terribly shaken, and when the English residents came nobly to the rescue, especially one lady of title whose goodness Maria praised from personal acquaintance. There was nothing obsequious in her recognition of the lady's kindness, nothing to show forgetfulness of the world-old problem of rich and poor, but a wise sense of the fact. She knew that the sick North had sent its white plague to the South, and that the Italians had suffered beyond any advantage that the English had brought them. But the English had all been good during the peril which Maria vividly dramatized, especially the stress of a mother who was caught in a cleft of the earthquake, and who saved her child by encircling it in her embrace and fending it with her arms from the pressure of the ground about them.

"Our apartment was on the first floor of the villa, with our landlord's under us, and the kindness between our landlord and ourselves was fostered by such attentions as sending us a basket of oranges from his trees and making an especial provision of linen for our use. The days of the weeks and months passed eventlessly, and by the time spring came and we were to leave San Remo we mellowed more and more toward the landlord's family, if not toward him. Out of the things we could not take away with us we appointed certain things of household use to be left to the padrona. But our benevolence met with the frank censure of Maria, who argued against it with logic which ought to have been convincing. The padrona was rich and did not need the things we wished to give her, while Maria needed everything we cared to leave behind; and in the end she mostly prevailed. She had served us faithfully and efficiently, and at parting she wept over us tears which we know were honest, and we saw her depart in possession of everything but the few belongings which we could keep from her for the padrona. Under either arm she held our lighter gifts, with the anti-chilblain mat and several cushions of our purchase among them; in either hand she carried a kitchen chair, and on her head she bore my writing-chair, inverted, with its legs in the air, and as she paced down the lane from our villa she had the effect of openly redressing some of the unjust differences between the rich and the poor. I hope my chair still remains in her keeping, a chief ornament of the home she makes when she is out of a place, and that she takes all possible comfort in it, with her feet kept from the stone floor by the anti-chilblain mat which she never would use in our kitchen. If she is still living, I am sure she is still working, faithfully, effectually, with a conscience as much against waste or dirt as if she were of the New England birth in the days when the New England conscience was characteristically operative."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S DRAWER

MURPHY'S KITCHEN

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THE rest of us always wondered how Weldon could afford to dine at the Walderbilt two or three times a week, frequently with a friend. Furthermore, he did not pay cash, but merely signed his initials to the dinner-check, which indicated that his credit was not only good at the office, but something of an institution, so to speak.

It is true Weldon was a capable space-writer on *The Mercury* and made very good money, but others of us who did nearly as well were quite far from being institutions at the Walderbilt. We wanted to know how he could do it, and sometimes asked him. His answers were not valuable, being rarely twice alike. It was rumored that Weldon had private means, which I doubted, for the reason that his living-quarters—his one room and bath—did not warrant the conclusion. It was decent enough, but far from luxurious. Many of us had quite as good.

I was thrown a good deal with Weldon and knew him rather better than the others did. More than once we had worked up a news story together, and I made up my mind that sooner or later I would extract from him the secret of his very desirable hotel connection. The opportunity came when I stumbled upon the big Building-Permit scandal and let Weldon in on it. Our *exposé* grew into a series, with unlimited space for a picturesque word artist like Weldon. He was duly grateful, and we dined at the Walderbilt almost as a habit. One night there I said to him:

"Look here, Weldon, you owe me something."

He was a bit surprised, but game.

"How much?" he said.

"It's not a question of *much;* it's how do you do it—*this,* I mean."

Weldon reflected.

"It's coming to you," he agreed, presently.

"Straight?"

"Yep — straight — I've never told it before."

The coffee and cigars came. Weldon put his elbows on the table and leaned forward a little, so that he could talk at close range. Here is what he told me. I think it as true as most history. He said:

"I came down here from Sullivan County, fifteen years ago, to write poetry. I had been writing it at home and sending it down, but my consignments did not seem to stick. I got one piece into *The Pink Book,* but they cut out all but the first and last verses and made a typographical error that ruined the last line. So I came down. I went around to



"POETRY," I SAID. HE REACHED FOR SOMETHING—SOMETHING HEAVY, I JUDGE

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"YOU SEE," HE SAID, "HOW SYSTEMATIC EVERYTHING IS"

the magazines and left my poems with the girl in the front office. I guess she didn't like them, for she always handed them back to me when I came around again and didn't suggest that I leave any more. Then I tried the newspapers.

'I hardly ever got beyond the front office, there, either. I ran out of money pretty soon and owed for my room rent. It was getting cold, too, being toward the end of the year. It wasn't long till I was eating one meal a day and buying it at the places where you get the most and toughest for the money—the kind that stays with you. Mike's place on the Bowery was my favorite. Finally I did get to see an editor—the city editor of *The Bulletin*. He was a thick-set man and had a sudden way with him. 'What's your line?' he said, in just about the tone he would use if he were picking out a gunman. 'Poetry,' I said. He reached for something—something heavy, I judge, probably the ink-stand—I didn't wait to find out.

"About a week after that I got to see another editor, Henly Mead. You may remember him, night man on *The Appeal*. Mead was a good-enough fellow, and a little deaf. It was that that saved me. When I told him that I wanted to do poetry he thought I said reporting. 'Look here,' he said, 'do you think you could write some good stuff about a new hotel that's just opening? Good descriptive stuff, you know, attractive and appetizing.'

"I hadn't eaten anything since the day before, and I said I thought I could. I had been looking into hotel and restaurant windows a good deal that day, but I did not mention that. 'Well,' he said, 'the new Walderbilt opens to-night and they're going to be good advertisers of ours, if they make a go of it. I'll give you a line to the manager and he'll take you through. You want to see everything, up-stairs and down, get your stuff, then come back here and write it. We're short of men to-night and you've got a chance to see what you can do. If you make a good job of it we'll try you on something else. Be there by six-thirty and back here as soon afterward as possible, but get the stuff right.' He gave me a note on a card, and I escaped. I was tempted to throw it away and jump into the river; my faith in my reporting ability was slim.

"I didn't, though. I went up to the new place and gave my note to the manager. I thought I might as well be where it was warm, and then I might get a chance to pick up something to eat. I had an idea of asking to sample the rolls or the pie or something. It was Christmas Eve, by the way, and they made a big flourish for the occasion.

"Well, we began at the top and went down. I saw a lot of suites that cost about a dollar a minute to inhabit, but only one that interested *me*. It had a table in it, set for a big supper. Then we went down through the offices and into the dining-rooms. We came in here first, I remember; and, say, when I think how I felt then and how I feel now—well, I wouldn't dare to describe the difference. You've been a boy, waiting for the company to get through so you could get your chance at the table. That wasn't a circumstance. I was wild, and the difference was the company wasn't going to get through. The guests were coming in, and they were having planked steaks and roast ducks and all the trimmings, and—oh, never mind, we won't dwell on it. You wouldn't

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

have thought anything could be worse than that experience, but that's where you're mistaken. The kitchen was a good deal worse—you bet it was! There were rows of gridirons down there with a glowing fire under each one, and standing over it a man in a white apron and cook's cap, turning steaks and chops and chickens and making all kinds of mushroom things, and baking oysters and basting partridges, and the smell and sight of all that food cooking right there in easy reach put the finishing touches to my madness. I fairly had to hold on to myself hard to keep from grabbing a couple of birds or steaks and making a dash for the street.

"And all the time the manager went on talking. 'You see,' he said, 'how systematic everything is. The order comes down, is given to one of these men; he has it right before him and prepares the food according to it exactly, so there can be no mistake. He knows just what to do, how soon it is wanted,' etc., etc. I didn't listen; I only looked at those meats and fowls, with butter and pepper and gravy on them, and I know my eyes were sticking out a foot. He dragged me to another place to show me the egg-cooking machines that drop into boiling water, and jump out again automatically when the exact number of minutes are over. Then he showed me the dishwashing arrangements, with the boiling water and the traveling crates that are lowered into them. I suppose I nodded and said yes to everything, but I wasn't thinking of a thing but those glowing grills and those men basting and turning those beautiful steaks and birds, and the delicious, maddening smell of them followed me everywhere. We went through the pastry department, the bakery, and I don't remember where else, and there wasn't a chance to pick up a bite of any sort. We were about to go when he remarked, quite casually: 'Perhaps you would like to see where the help eat—it is just their dinner-time. We call it Murphy's kitchen.'

"I don't know what I said, but we went in there. There was a long table with a lot of robust persons seated about it, helping themselves out of great pans of beans, corned meat, deep dishes of pudding, and huge coffee-pots. It was a royal feeding, nothing less. The manager said, 'You see they fare well—plenty of everything, and good, well-cooked food.'

"My tongue was sticking to the roof of my mouth. I wanted to ask him for a job as porter, sweeper, anything to get a chance at that table. Then I had an inspiration. 'It certainly looks very appetizing,' I managed to gasp. 'I'm almost tempted to try some of it myself.' He slapped me on the shoulder. 'Do,' he said; 'then you can tell the public how we take care of our people as well as of our guests. Here, folks,' he said; 'here's a gentleman from *The Appeal* who is going to write us up and wants to sample Murphy's kitchen. Give him a plate with something on it.'

"They were a good lot, and they filled a plate with beans and corned beef and handed me a hunk of bread, and about a second later I was in a chair, trying my best to eat like a human being. If you never tried to do that under the circumstances you don't know how hard it is. The manager said, 'Well, you find that pretty good food, don't you?' I said it tasted the best of anything I'd eaten for a long time, and God knows that was the truth. I'd been walking in the cold, I said, and was just in the mood for something substantial like that. 'Give him some more,' said the manager—which they did. Then I had pudding and coffee and was just about half filled up, but did not dare to take another helping.

"When I walked out of Murphy's kitchen I was a changed man. I may say that I was no longer a poet—the poet had been starved out; the new man was all prose: beans and corned beef, and ready to do his job.

"I went back to the office and did it. I wrote like a house afire. When I had turned down the last page I took it in to Mead. He ran it through, then he said: 'Say, that's great stuff. Where 've you been all this time, anyway? Come in in the morning and I'll give you something more—something good. To-morrow's, by the way, pay-day. Get your space-bill in early and you'll be paid for this at twelve o'clock.'

"I don't need to tell you how beautiful those words sounded. The story made a column and a half. The cashier showed me how to make out my slip, and I got enough out of it to carry me through the week. By the end of that time I had done a lot more things and was on Easy Street. I stayed with *The Appeal* till Mead died; then I came over to you fellows on *The Mercury*."

Weldon smoked and looked into nothing, and seemed to have finished his story.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"GIVE HIM SOME MORE," SAID THE MANAGER—WHICH THEY DID

"But," I said, "that doesn't explain about you dining here, now, and signing checks and things."

"That's so; I forgot," he nodded. "That story was a double-header—it fixed me with *The Appeal* and it fixed me with this hotel. The backers of the place had started it on a good deal of a gamble. They had put up all the capital they had and could borrow, and dumped it in, win or lose. The city wasn't as full of money and people as it is now, and they were taking what seemed a long chance. Well, that story of mine, coming out as it did Christmas morning, seemed to touch people where they lived. I must have put into it some of the feelings I had myself when I was looking at all those people eating that good food and something of the flavor of those cooking things that nearly made a lunatic of me down-stairs. I didn't warm up so much on the palatial suites and the gilded offices, but when I struck the dining-rooms and the kitchens I turned myself loose, and I rounded off with Murphy's kitchen in a way that would make you cry. It was human-interest, heart-throb stuff, all right, and that night there were at least a thousand people in the Walderbilt eating up everything in sight and wanting to be shown through downstairs. The manager sent for me next day and had me turn the article into a booklet which they sent all over, I suppose. He gave me a pretty good check for the job and with it a free pass, for self and friend, good till further notice. That was fifteen years ago, so you see that little old column and a half has been paying dividends a good while. I've tried not to overwork my privilege and I've seldom criticized the food, even when I should have done so. Confidentially, I think the end is in sight. The old manager died last year, and the new one has less music in his soul. You can't inherit gratitude, you know. I notice the steaks I get are not what they once were. I think a tip has been passed along. Oh, well, never mind; let us gather sirloins while we may."

The waiter came just then with the dinner-check. Weldon carelessly scrawled his initials, scarcely looking at it. The man disappeared, and in less than a minute, it seemed, came back.

"The manager says that Mr. Weldon's special arrangement has been withdrawn," he ventured, nervously.

Weldon displayed no emotion, but carelessly laid down a ten-dollar bill.

"Keep the change," he said.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Doing It Wholesale

IN a certain Western city there lives a clergyman who frequently speaks with pride of his record as a "marrying parson."

To a Chicago friend who visited him not long ago, he said, "Why, do you know that I marry about thirty couples a week, right here in this parsonage?"

"Parsonage?" echoed the Chicago man. "I should call it the Union Depot."

A New Reason For High Prices

A FARMER from the West, who was recently in Washington on business, was talking one day to an expert in the service of the Department of Agriculture, and their conversation naturally enough turned to farming.

"Farm products cost much more than formerly," remarked the expert, solemnly.

"Yes," smiled the farmer. "When a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raising, and the entomological name of the insect that eats it, and the pharmaceutical name of the chemical that will kill the bug, somebody's just got to pay."

Cause For Congratulation

WHILE visiting in a small town which had its full quota of divorced people, a prominent clergyman met a charming young lady who introduced him to her mother.

The mother had been recently married for the second time, and immediately after the introduction said:

"You noticed my name is not the same as my daughter's name, but please don't take me for a divorcée. Thank Goodness, my first husband died!"

Good Fishing

A COLORADO man was telling a friend about a fishing trip which he proposed to take to a lake in that state.

"Are there any trout out that way?" asked the friend.

"Thousands of 'em," was the response.

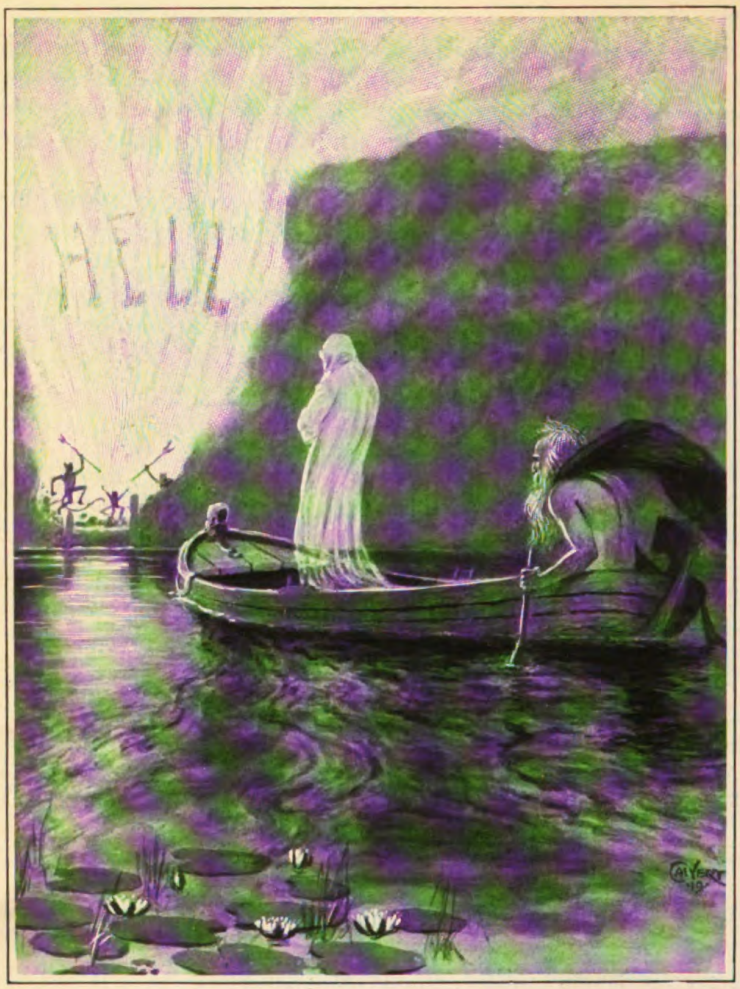
"Do they bite easily?" was the next question.

"Do they?" repeated the fisherman. "Why, Billy, they are absolutely vicious! A man must hide behind a tree to bait his hook!"



MOTHER: "*What do you want the alarm clock for?*"
"*We're pretendin' Sammy Jones is a German spy an' we got to get up an' shoot him at sunrise*"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



From One Dry State to Another

A Sparkling Conversation

A WASHINGTON official tells of two Britons whom he met some years ago while crossing from Europe. The Englishmen were both of a serious and conservative turn of mind; and, although they shared the same stateroom, had seats at the same table, and sat side by side in their deck-chairs, they did not address each other, since they had not been introduced.

When New York was near at hand, one of them decided that it was time to waive conventionality and make the acquaintance of his fellow-countryman.

They were standing side by side at the rail. The man with the initiative was lost in thought. Finally, when he had decided upon a timely introductory remark, he asked:

"Going over?"

"Yes," replied the other Briton, "I rather thought I would. Are you?"

A Canny Conscience

AN enterprising commercial traveler attempted to bribe a country merchant in Scotland with a box of cigars.

"Na, na," said the merchant, gravely. "I canna tak' 'em; I naer dae business tha' way."

"Nonsense," said the drummer, "but if you have any conscientious scruples you may pay me a shilling for the box."

"Weel, weel," said the honest Scot, "In that case I'll take two boxes."

Good Intentions

A MOTHER was sitting in a crowded Philadelphia street-car, near the door, with two young, well-brought-up sons.

A stout little lady got in, and immediately the two polite children rose and begged her to take their seats. Astonished and pleased, she did not know which one to accept, but their mother decided by letting the older one stand. At this, the other began to pout.

"You're always lettin' George give 'em his seat," he whimpered, in a very audible voice. "But, anyway, I'm goin' t' stand for the *next* fat old lady that comes in."

A Deceptive Appearance

DURING the Christmas holidays the chief guest in the Jones household was a little nephew. The aunt was frankly amazed at the astonishing exhibition of his appetite.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed one day. "I hope you don't mind my saying so, Louis, but, for a little chap, you certainly eat a whole lot!"

Louis, however, was not in the least taken back by this.

"Remember this, Auntie," he said, very solemnly, "I ain't so little as I look from the outside."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Not In Hoyle

THE young woman from the country was a guest at a dinner at which a noted explorer was the center of attraction. Being of a somewhat languid turn, she devoted more attention to the dinner than to the conversation. When the repast was at an end she turned to her left-hand neighbor and asked:

"And what was that tiresome old gentleman talking about?"

"Progressive Peru," was the reply.

"Is that so?" continued the young woman, with some interest. "And how do you play it?"

A Great Traveler

IN Paris a Y. M. C. A. man from Missouri ran into a soldier from his home state. They had a great time talking about Missouri and its people.

"Did you ever attend a fish-fry on Salt River?" the soldier asked.

"Sure; I've been there," the Y. M. C. A. man assured him.

"Then you know what it is to really eat!" exclaimed the soldier.

"Also I've been to a frog-leg banquet in Kennett," the Y man added.

"Kennett, Missouri!" exclaimed the soldier, admiringly. "Why, man, you've been everywhere!"

A Righteous Parish

A CLERGYMAN who had recently taken charge of the parish was warned by a kindly lady that he was making a mistake in assuming in his sermons that the people of St. Steven's were sinners.

"When you have been here longer, Doctor, you will learn what good people they are."

"Are there *no* sinners among them Madam?", he, asked, gravely.

The reply was unflinching: "At least not among the pewholders."

An Innocent Abroad

AN American *paterfamilias* patiently followed for several weeks a wife and daughter who were more keen than he about visiting Roman ruins. At last he rebelled and laid down this rule:

"I'll go with you to see any buildings that still have roofs on 'em; but as to the rest, I say, let bygones be bygones."

Conflicting Claims

THE church visitor found Mrs. Williamsburg, the second lady on the list, moping and in tears.

"For goodness' sake," she exclaimed, "what ails you now?"

"Oh, I'm so lonely," wailed the afflicted one. "I am cooped up all day. I see nobody —I go nowhere. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

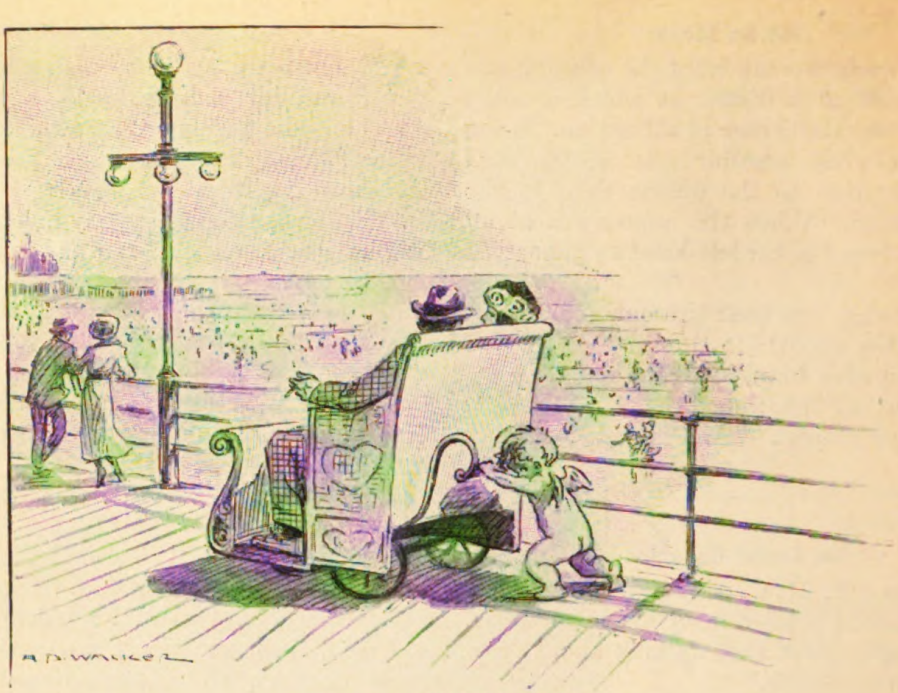
"Well, then, why don't you get out, join some women's clubs, stir around and be somebody?"

"Because I think too much of my home," sniffed the sorrowful sufferer.



"I don't care if she is rich, Jimmy. It's a sin to drag a nice muff like that in the dirt"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Moving With the Tide

THE RIME OF THE LAST BOLSHEVIST

BY M. LA PRADE

HE was an old, decrepit man with long and shaggy hair
Who sat upon an empty box all day in Chatham Square.
Before him stood a table with a white-enameled top
On which a little troupe of fleas did crawl about and hop.

He waved his skinny arms about and blinked his bleary eye
And raised his voice to ballyhoo the crowd of passers-by:
"Oyez! Oyez! Come one and all! Step right up, if you please,
And see the clever antics of my educated fleas!

"This little band of insects came direct from Petrograd,
Where they became attached to me when I was but a lad.
I brought them on my person and I therefore guarantee
Both each and every one to be a Bolshevistic Flea!"

With reverential manner I approached the man and said:
"Are you the Great Dictator?" With a sigh he bowed his head.
"What of the Communistic State that had its head in you,
And where are all your followers, your Comrades tried and true?"

The Old Man answered, sadly: "When I quitted Petrograd
These faithful little fleas were all the followers I had,
So I have taught them all the clever tricks I love to teach;
To wave a little flag of red and make a little speech.

"It's really quite astounding how these creatures understand
Exactly what I say and execute my least command.
Observe how when I hold the hoop all ten of them jump through—
A thing I never could induce humanity to do."

"Alas!" I cried. "Unhappy man! And have you reached the state
Where there are none but tiny fleas to whom you may dictate?"
But he replied: "Disparage not the lowly flea, my friend,
Though men and fame forsake us, he is faithful to the end."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by C. E. Chambers Illustration for "The Judgment of Vulcan"

THE THREE OF US FACED THE SILENT, DISORDERED ROOM

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXL MARCH, 1920 NO. DCCCXXXVIII



DRAMATIC SCENES IN MY CAREER IN CONGRESS

II—WHEN REED COUNTED A QUORUM

BY HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON

SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED led a parliamentary revolution in the Fifty-first Congress and created the greatest riot I ever saw in the House of Representatives. The Speaker overturned the precedents of a hundred years, counted a quorum, killed the filibuster, and then, two years later, compelled its champions to choke it to death after they had revived the old parliamentary fiction that a member of the House could be present for obstruction and absent for business at one and the same time.

Reed's revolutionary ruling precipitated a riot which continued for several days and converted dignified statesmen into a howling mob, who apparently had lost all the veneer of civilization as they surged into the area in front of the Speaker's desk, shouting incoherent words, waving their arms, and making the chamber look like a bear-pit, while the Speaker looked down on them with an imperturbable smile.

But the disturbance was not confined to the House; it extended to the Senate, to the newspaper offices, and to the whole country—to the civilized world—as statesmen, editors, college professors, and publicists of two continents first gasped in amazement and then let loose a concert of protest like unto that at Babel when the confusion of tongues stopped the tower that was to reach to heaven. They all condemned the Speaker, but for different reasons. Reed, to millions of people, became a "Czar" and a "tyrant" greater than any who had ruled in ancient Rome, because he had smashed precedents as old as parliaments and vanquished the greatest giant of obstruction ever invented to paralyze public business; but that was thirty years ago, and it would be impossible now to find outside the walls of an insane asylum anybody who would deny that "the Czar" of the Fifty-first Congress did not perform one of the greatest and most important parliamentary amputations in cutting out the hoary old giant filibuster.

But at the time it was as picturesque a riot as was ever seen in a parliamentary body, and as one reads *The Record* now he must be forcibly reminded of the truth of Reed's remark that "Nobody can talk any member of this House down except himself"; and the remark, later on, of John G. Carlisle to Reed, "Those friends of mine are going to send your name down through all history as one of the greatest of all Speakers."

I was a member of the Committee on

Copyright, 1920, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Rules, of which the Speaker was chairman, and somewhat behind the scenes in that dramatic event. Reed and I had been the minority members of that committee while Carlisle was Speaker; and we had discussed in a purely nonpartizan way the necessity for some method of destroying the filibuster. After Reed became Speaker and chairman of the Committee on Rules and I became his party lieutenant on the floor in parliamentary procedure, we began the more serious consideration of this question as a party matter in order to enable the majority to conduct the public business and to carry out in legislation the principles approved by the voters in the election. I had been in the House for nearly twenty years and had had more experience in parliamentary contests than Mr. Reed, and he drew on my experience and often deferred to my judgment in such matters, for Reed was never too cocksure of himself to refuse to learn from others.

By the election of 1888 the Republicans had come back into power in the executive and the legislative branches, after four years of a Democratic President, and, with one intermission of two years, fourteen years of Democratic control in the House. But we came back with a very slim majority in the House of the Fifty-first Congress, and some of the Democratic leaders announced through the press that we should not be permitted to do business. We had a majority of only three in the House when it organized in December, 1889, and Reed was elected Speaker by the exact number of votes necessary to make a quorum (one hundred and sixty-six), Reed not voting.

One Republican, W. D. Kelly of Pennsylvania, "Father of the House," died shortly after the organization and left us with a bare quorum on the majority side of the House, with every member present. That situation encouraged our political opponents because, under the old rules, they could break a quorum at any time they pleased and prevent the transaction of the public business. The new House had not adopted a code of rules and we were operating under general parliamentary procedure, though some of the Democrats contended that the rules of the Democratic Fiftieth Congress still prevailed.

There were many able and experienced parliamentarians on both sides in that House, and a political contest meant a hard and prolonged struggle.

On the Democratic side were two former Speakers, Samuel J. Randall and John G. Carlisle, who had together presided over the House for twelve years and were recognized as among the great Speakers of the House; but Randall died and Carlisle was transferred to the Senate while the House was engaged in the contest. Then there were W. C. P. Breckenridge of Kentucky, and his nephew, C. R. Breckenridge of Arkansas; James B. McCreary of Kentucky; Charles R. Crisp and James H. Blount of Georgia; Oats and Joe Wheeler of Alabama; Holman, Shively, and Bynum of Indiana; Springer of Illinois; Catchings and Hooker of Mississippi; Amos Cummings of New York; Outhwaite of Ohio; McMillan and Richardson of Tennessee; Mills and Sayers of Texas; and Harry St. George Tucker of Virginia.

On the Republican side were Joseph McKenna, now associate justice of the United States Supreme Court; Hopkins, Payson, Hitt, and Rowell of Illinois; D. B. Henderson, Lacy, Conger, and Dolliver of Iowa; Dingley and Boutell of Maine; Lodge, Banks, and Walker of Massachusetts; McComas of Maryland; Burrows of Michigan; Mark Dunnell and John Lind of Minnesota; Tom Carter of Montana; Payne and Sherman of New York; McKinley, Butterworth, Grosvenor, and Burton of Ohio; Bingham and Dalzell of Pennsylvania; La Follette of Wisconsin; and Clarence Clark of Wyoming.

All these men were virile partizans, some of them were already veterans, and the others made fighting records later. That might be said to have been one of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the greatest fighting Houses we have had since the days of the Civil War.

The narrow majority of the Republicans was one incentive to the struggle, but there was also the partizan spirit which had developed in the campaign of 1888, and the lax rules of the House, which permitted dilatory motions to prevent the majority from registering its will. There was to come a tariff fight, Federal election legislation, and a number of contests over seats in that House.

The Democrats began very early in the session to take advantage of their position and to compel the Republicans to furnish a quorum, practically a physical impossibility after the death of Judge Kelly on that side. This disadvantage helped persuade the Republicans to begin work on the contests before the election committees, and may have aided some of them to see only their own side of the case, for we needed more Republicans to constitute a majority and furnish every day a quorum to attend to the public business.

The partizan flame was not long delayed, and one day Dick Bland of Missouri raised the question on the approval of the Journal, which is usually a perfunctory matter. This brought on a partizan debate in which many of the members engaged, and with more heat than the question merited, and Speaker Reed recognized the plain fact that his administration was to be a stormy one.

Reed had the greatest intellect, crossed on the greatest courage I ever came in contact with. He had not pretended to a profound knowledge of parliamentary law and practice, and he often relied on my experience in that line because I had been through some of the big contests in former Congresses. McKinley and I were the other majority members of the Committee on Rules, of which the Speaker was chairman. In the committee we discussed the situation as we had discussed it in a non-partizan way when Reed and I were minority members of that committee with Carlisle as Speaker and chairman. The filibuster was the greatest embarrassment to safe and sane legislation, but precedent was stronger than common sense as it touched the rules of the House and the rules of other parliamentary bodies. Blaine had refused to use his power when Speaker to destroy the filibuster, even when it was employed so openly by Randall in the Forty-third Congress, and Blaine was regarded as one of the greatest parliamentarians in the country.

Reed studied the precedents and then turned to the Constitution, which contemplated, as he viewed it, that when a majority of the members was actually present there was a quorum for the transaction of business whether they voted or refused to vote. We talked it over in the committee and I agreed with the Speaker as to the necessity and his right to count a quorum, but I doubted the result of such a decision in the face of the precedents from the beginning.

The Speaker had, however, collected some precedents from state legislatures —notably, a ruling by Lieutenant-Governor David B. Hill, of New York, who had several years before counted a quorum of the state senate. There were other such precedents, but they were all from the state legislatures and might be considered weak for the guidance of the Congress of the United States. The common sense of Reed's contention impressed me more than did those precedents, and McKinley and I agreed with him that the Speaker had a right to note the presence of a quorum when the members were present in the flesh and by vocalization, whether they voted or not.

We agreed with him that the filibuster must be destroyed if that House was to accomplish anything for which it had been elected, and we prepared to meet the issue when it should come. No decision was made as to when or how this was to be done. The Speaker had to be the judge of the situation and conditions, as he was in command and preparedness is the main weapon in any contest of politics or war. I continued my study of the precedents and the history of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

parliamentary practice and kept my material in my desk ready for the fight when it should come. McKinley did the same. It was not a sudden inspiration on the part of Speaker Reed. It was a deep conviction as to the right conduct of public business, and at the time necessary. But it had to be inaugurated when the Republicans were present and when the Democrats presented the opportunity by refusing to vote and thereby breaking a quorum.

The fight began on Wednesday, January 29, 1890, without warning to the public or to the House. There had been a vote on a public land bill, one of the least exciting that could be considered, but there was a good attendance on both sides. Mr. Dalzell of Pennsylvania, a member of the Committee on Elections, was recognized to present the report on the election case of Smith *vs.* Jackson from West Virginia. Mr. Crisp of Georgia inquired if Mr. Dalzell called up that case, and, being informed that he did, raised the question of consideration. There was a *viva voce* vote, and the Speaker announced that the ayes appeared to have it. Mr. Crisp called for division, and, on a rising vote, the Speaker announced that there were 136 yeas and 124 nays. Then Crisp demanded the yeas and nays, and the roll-call followed. There were 161 yeas and 3 nays.

The Democrats had followed the old plan of sitting silent to break a quorum. One of the Democrats who had voted insisted on withdrawing his vote, which left the total of the tally 163, or less than a quorum of the House.

The Speaker announced, "On this question the yeas are 161, the nays 2."

Crisp declared, "No quorum."

But the Speaker, in ordinary tones and with his accustomed drawl, as though making a simple announcement, said, "The Chair directs the clerk to record the following names of members present and refusing to vote."

It was like a bomb in the House; the opening of the battle, and I delved into my desk for my ammunition.

Mr. Crisp began, "I appeal from the decision of the Chair."

The Speaker paid no attention to him, but proceeded to name "Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Bland, Mr. Blount, Mr. Breckenridge of Arkansas, and Mr. Breckenridge of Kentucky."

Mr. Breckenridge of Kentucky, a giant in frame and with a voice of thunder, rushed down to the area and shouted, "I deny the power of the Speaker, and denounce it as revolutionary."

The whole Democratic side followed Breckenridge into the well, where they greeted his defiance with loud shouts of approval. For some minutes there was pandemonium with a hundred men in front of the Speaker's desk shaking their fists at the man in the chair and drowning one another's voices in their defiance.

Men trained in the use of parliamentary language had been surprised into the uncontrollable anger of the untutored mob, and they hurled at the Speaker all the epithets of the language, some of them not found in the dictionaries. I have seen attempts at lynching where men were not more brutal in expression. Insulted in his person as well as in his office, Reed's face flushed for a moment, then paled into stern calmness, and he stood like a colossus, his right hand grasping the gavel by the head, the handle resting on the desk, with the list of names in his left hand as he looked down on the angry men before him. His piercing eyes picked out the most violent of his traducers and one at a time they quailed before those eyes and dropped back to their seats. At the end of ten minutes he had, without speaking a word or using either gavel or mace, driven the whole crowd from the well. They recognized their Speaker as lions recognize their tamer, and retired in much the same manner. Then Reed's old imperturbable smile came back, and in a soft and drawling voice he announced, "The House will be in order." He had quieted the first storm with his moral courage and made men ashamed.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Silver Dick" Bland, of Missouri, was the first to recover his parliamentary voice, and with somewhat exaggerated dignity he declared, "Mr. Speaker, I am responsible to my constituents for the way I vote and not to the Speaker of the House"; but the Speaker did not recognize him nor pay any attention to his interruption. He had the floor, and as the chief officer of the House he had an important duty to perform, to record the names of the members who were present but who had refused to vote. He proceeded to name, "Mr. Brookshire, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Bynum, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Chipman, Mr. Clunie, Mr. Compton;" and the last named called out, "I protest against the conduct of the Chair in calling my name," but the Speaker continued, "Mr. Covert, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Culberson" (this was greeted with hisses from the Democrats, because Culberson was an old man and very popular), "Mr. Cummings, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Enloe, Mr. Fithian, Mr. Goodnight, Mr. Hare, Mr. Hatch, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Holman, Mr. Lee, Mr. McAdoo, Mr. McCreary."

McCreary, pushing his way to the front, thundered, "I deny your right, Mr. Speaker, to count me as present, and I desire to read from the parliamentary law on the subject."

The Speaker replied, "The Chair is making a statement of the fact that the gentleman from Kentucky is present. Does he deny it?"

The Republicans took up this sally, and, for a few minutes, drowned the indignant and angry shouts of the Democrats with their own chorus of cheers.

McCreary tried to speak and cite a recent ruling of Reed, but the House would not hear him.

Again the Speaker drawled: "The gentlemen will be in order. The Chair is proceeding in an orderly manner," and then he continued reading in alphabetical order the names of Democrats who were present but who had refused to vote.

He was interrupted with howls of derision as he proceeded and was not able to pronounce more than three or four names at one time, but he would not be diverted from his purpose of placing on the record the names of all the Democratic leaders who were present, and, in the end, he named about forty.

I never saw Reed more good-natured in the chair. As a rule, he did not reply to the epithets hurled at him or to the questions asked, except where the temptation for a retort was suggested by the humor of the situation. He was courteous in the extreme, but he was serious about the one thing he had in view—to record the names of members who were present, but who, on two roll-calls, had refused to make that manifest by voting; and the demonstrations against him appeared only to amuse him.

It was an excellent illustration of the proverb, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Reed was master of himself, and, in anger, his opponents had no effect on him. He did not permit an ugly retort to issue from the Chair during the three days over which that contest extended. There was a smile on his face through it all, but when he was ready to give his reasons for overturning old precedents and counting a quorum, he was so logical in his statements that his opponents were helpless, for it had become apparent that the Republicans would support him to a man and lay on the table any appeal taken from his ruling. Reed's leadership was recognized by every Republican in the House, and criticism in the press, and even by Blaine, had no effect on him.

Former Speaker Carlisle had been the Democratic candidate for Speaker and was the nominal leader of the minority, but Crisp had taken the lead in raising the question of consideration and the appeal from the Chair while Carlisle sat silent. The minority had a lieutenant in command and an able one in Crisp, but, as is often the case, where a subordinate undertakes to lead, other subor-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

dinates enter the fight with their own plans and without organization, and in their anger they develop the psychology of the mob rather than that of a well-organized party. Crisp was leading without a disciplined following, and when he appealed from the action of the Chair he became just one of one hundred and fifty men who were angry and fighting on the principle of every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Breckenridge of Kentucky became more conspicuous than Crisp, because he had a bigger body and a bigger voice; and Springer of Illinois and Bynum of Indiana distanced Crisp in the early stage of the riot, because they were more energetic and more agile and more defiant of the rules of debate and legislative decorum; but other Democrats who had never before been conspicuous in the House, like Buck Kilgore of Texas, became famous for their picturesque methods of obstruction, and their violation of all rules of debate and their defiance of the rules of the House. Their lack of leadership made them more impotent in their defiance of the Speaker, who had the united support of the Republicans and their confidence to the extent that they did not interfere except to applaud their leader. The great majority of them had been as much surprised by Reed as were the Democrats, but they had confidence in him and kept to their places until he should need their votes.

After several hours of riotous demonstrations during which the Democrats had worn themselves out, Speaker Reed made his statement, quoting the precedent of Governor Hill in the New York legislature, and placing himself squarely on the Constitution. He then recognized Crisp to appeal from the decision of the Chair, and this recognition placed the Georgian again in command of his side of the House. He made an able speech against the action of the Speaker in counting a quorum, and quoted from former Speaker Blaine, from Garfield, and finally from Reed who on the floor had declared that the "constitutional idea of a quorum is not the presence of a majority of all the members of the House, but a majority of the members present and participating in the business of the House." Reed had also said, while a member on the floor, that it was "not the visible presence of members that constituted a quorum," and Crisp, after making those quotations, appealed "from Philip drunk to Philip sober," which inspired the Democrats to their first applause and laughter at the expense of the Speaker.

I followed Crisp, but I forgot my ammunition which I had prepared with much care, and went back to first principles in presenting facts as contrary to fictions, for we were facing a condition and not a theory. I left out the law and the rules, and showed that by the record there was not only a quorum, but practically the whole membership of the House present, but that a considerable part of that membership was trying to have the majority write a lie into the official record of the Congress of the United States in violation of the mandate of the Constitution; allow a minority to rule, which, if permitted, would end the Republic and in its place establish an aristocracy. It was perhaps a corn-field argument, but we were representing, or pretending to represent, the corn-fields and factories, the whole sixty million people of the country, and I thought it a good time to talk as I should talk in a town meeting, and I think now that it was a more effective talk than that which I had in my desk.

Carlisle followed me and made a legal argument against the Speaker's position. He asserted that it had been revolutionary in the transaction of the business of the House, which even Reed admitted. But Carlisle did not indulge in epithets or tear passion to tatters over the parliamentary revolution. In fact, he and Reed had discussed the question many times in a purely non-partizan way, and agreed that the House would have to proceed to revolutionize the rules

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the body on that one particular question of dilatory motions.

At the conclusion of Carlisle's speech, McKinley moved that the House adjourn, and it was agreed to without division, for the members were all tired out with the six hours' excitement.

The next morning there was a contest over the approval of the Journal, and Reed again counted a quorum when the Democrats, after demanding a roll-call, refused to vote. We had more interruptions and demonstrations which continued for an hour or two, and then McKinley replied to Carlisle's argument of the day before. He was followed by Turner of Georgia on the Democratic side, and Ben Butterworth of Ohio closed the arguments in an able and forcible speech in defense of the ruling. The appeal was laid on the table by a party vote, every Republican being in his place and voting to sustain the Speaker.

There were many ludicrous scenes presented during that dramatic contest, but the one that came closest to burlesque was a duet by Representative Bynum of Indiana and Representative Martin of Texas. It was Mr. Martin's first term, and it was said that he tried to blow out the gas when he first landed in Washington. He was a frontiersman; had been in the Confederate army, and was what we used to call "a rough ashler," to whom language was only the preliminary notice of what would follow in action, and he could not understand how men could use such language as many of his colleagues used in that contest without fighting. When, on the second day of the filibuster, over approval of the Journal, Bynum rushed down the aisle and, directly in front of the Speaker's desk, began to berate Reed, Martin sensed danger and followed him. Bynum denounced the Speaker as a tyrant, and Martin advanced to the "foot of the throne" and repeated the same words. Bynum called Reed an usurper, and Martin pushed up his sleeves, put one foot on the rostrum, and hurled the same language at the man in the Speaker's chair. Bynum accused Reed of perpetrating a fraud on the American people, and Martin repeated the exact phrases in his most vehement tones.

The members on both sides were beginning to laugh at the two Dromios and Bynum was not a little disconcerted by his echo, but he had one more thrust which he had planned and to which all his speech led up to, and he solemnly and dramatically shouted, "Now, Mr. Speaker, proceed in this matter; but, in the language of the immortal Emmet, we propose to dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty shall be our graves." Martin spat on his hands, made another advance up the steps, and yelled: "Do you hear, sir? We'll fight to the death."

The Speaker never appeared more placid in countenance. He looked down on the two irate men as though they were performing in a comedy and for his entertainment. This was too much for the Texan. He glared at the Speaker in amazement, turned and grabbed Bynum by the arm with, "Oh, hell! He won't fight! Come on!" and he literally dragged the dapper Hoosier back toward the Democratic side of the chamber while the members of both sides laughed and shouted and cheered the old man who thought all this defiant language was only the preliminary to a fight. Bynum was never allowed to forget that incident while he remained in the House.

It was after restoration of order from this diversion that the Speaker administered the mildest and most dignified rebuke I ever heard from the Chair:

"The House will not allow itself to be deceived by epithets. The facts which have transpired during the last few days have transpired in the presence of the House and of a very large auditory. No man can describe the action and judgment of this Chair in language which will endure unless that description be true. A man much more famous than any in this hall said, many years ago, that no-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

body could write him down but himself. Nobody can talk any member of this House down except himself."

The third day began in the same way with a long contest and several roll-calls to approve the Journal, with the Speaker counting a quorum each time; and after two hours of filibuster we reached the business which had precipitated the riot —the election contest of Smith *vs.* Jackson from West Virginia.

It may be a mere coincidence, but when the House came to vote on this partizan question as to whether a contested seat would be given to a Republican or a Democrat, the Republicans had a clear majority of the whole membership, 166, and there was no necessity for the Speaker to count a quorum. The Democrats had fought against consideration of the report from the Election Committee, and had, by resorting to the filibuster, produced the occasion for which Speaker Reed was waiting to make his revolutionary ruling of counting a quorum; and when the House reached the committee report after three days of violent and riotous proceedings, there was no occasion for their fear that the Republican would be seated by less than a quorum of the House.

It reminded me of a line in *The Biglow Papers*, "The one thet fust gets mad 's most ollers wrong." The minority got "mad" at the first presentation of this report and showed their madness in the most striking way, and then, although they refused to vote, found that a clear majority of the House was in favor of seating the Republican, although the Speaker had to vote with his party to make a quorum of the House.

The Committee on Rules, when it reported a new code of House Rules about a week after the Speaker had counted a quorum, recommended an amendment which provided that:

> On the demand of any member or at the suggestion of the Speaker, before the second roll-call is entered upon, the names of members (sufficient to make a quorum) in the hall who do not vote shall be noted by the clerk, and recorded in the Journal and reported to the Speaker, with the names of the members voting, and be counted and announced in determining the presence of a quorum to do business.

We had a contest of a week with many speeches along the lines of those during the filibuster, but again the Republicans lined up to a man behind the Speaker and adopted the new rules. That action and the firmness of the Speaker in enforcing the rules disposed of the filibuster for that Congress so far as the House was concerned.

We had seventeen election contests presented to that House, and, while the Election Committee carefully reviewed each case, there was always the contention that the decision was partizan, and we had many exciting scenes over the cases when they came to the floor.

After we had adopted the rules and incorporated one directing the counting of a quorum, the Democrats changed their plans, and, after participating in the debate and the preliminary voting, they would leave the hall in a body for the purpose of breaking a quorum. They would leave one man on guard to give notice of danger and to be ready to make appeals, etc., but when the final roll-call on an election contest was announced it was a signal for the Democratic side to rush from the chamber.

It was in one of those rushes that Buck Kilgore, of Texas, made himself famous by kicking down a door. It was not, however, one of the big, solid oak doors to the chamber, but a slight, half-length baize door or screen which the Texan demolished, and almost any man or child could have knocked it open by falling against it. But Buck Kilgore figured as the modern Samson in the press despatches because he had smashed one of the prison doors of the House and enabled the defenders of liberty to escape from bondage by the "Czar."

This plan of precipitate retreat did not seriously embarrass the Republicans, especially after they had unseated several Democrats and put Republicans in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

their places, but it added to the diversion and continued the public discussion of the autocracy of Speaker Reed.

One day late in the summer of 1890, after several days' consideration of the contest of Langston *vs.* Venable from Virginia, we came to the final roll-call, and the Democrats rushed from the hall, leaving only one man on guard. The Republicans had a quorum present and seated Langston. While that vote was being taken, I strolled up to the Speaker's desk and suggested that, it being apparent we had a quorum, it might be well to allow the Committee on Elections to bring up the next contest and dispose of it without debate.

I had looked over the report on the case of Miller *vs.* Elliott from South Carolina, and I had confidence in Representative Rowell of Illinois, who had charge of that report. The Speaker agreed that it might be well to give the Democrats a lesson in looking after the business of the House, and said he would recognize Rowell immediately after Langston was sworn in. I notified Rowell to be ready and expeditious, and he was on his feet and recognized by the Speaker. He called up the contest of Miller *vs.* Elliott, and moved that the resolution to seat Miller be adopted. The report had been made to the House and printed several days before, and Rowell waived debate and asked for a vote.

The lone Democrat in the hall had not sensed the danger, and before he could give the signal for his party associates to return, the resolution was adopted by a *viva voce* vote, Miller was sworn in and Elliott returned with his fellows to discover that he was no longer a member of Congress. His seat had been given to a Republican, and he was again a private citizen. He walked into the cloak-room, picked up his hat, and left in disgust. After that incident the Democrats remained to look after their side of public business.

The charge of inconsistency did not trouble Reed. He had, as a member of the House on the minority side, participated in filibusters, and he had been quite as successful in blocking business as any other man who ever played that game. He had taken advantage of the rules which permitted dilatory motions, and every former Speaker had felt helpless without a change in the rules of the House. But when he became the responsible leader of the majority and the executive officer of the House he had the courage to grapple with this question and take issue with the leaders of his party—for Mr. Blaine, the former Speaker and then Secretary of State, criticized Reed's action and ruling—and fight it out on that line regardless of his former statements and actions. He had engaged in filibuster while in the minority and he did again when he returned to the minority.

The Fifty-second Congress had a large Democratic majority and Mr. Crisp of Georgia was elected Speaker while Reed again became the minority leader. The Democrats, with the record they had made in the Fifty-first Congress, could not reverse their position and adopt the rules of the Republican House which they had fought so vigorously. They went back to the old rules which permitted dilatory motions, and Reed and the Republicans again practised filibustering. We delayed the business of the House deliberately through that Congress, and when the Fifty-third Congress organized with a reduced Democratic majority and Speaker Crisp in the chair, the Committee on Rules saw the wisdom of changing the rules to provide for counting a quorum. It was a triumph for Reed that his political opponents had been forced by him to imitate his example of counting a quorum. Then the Supreme Court of the United States also sustained the constitutionality of Reed's ruling; the revolution was complete, and the filibuster dead. That is one of the best monuments to the public service of Thomas Brackett Reed.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE MYSTERY OF CÉLESTINE

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

IN the farthest recess of Belon's bookshop M. Joly, ex-Inspector of Police, was endeavoring to get rid of one of those hours which since his retirement hung so heavily on his hands. His eye, wandering over the musty volumes on the shelf, had been caught by the title, *Criminal Responsibility*.

"Come, now," he said to himself; "let us see what web these gentlemen of the robe have spun for my children;" for M. Joly, in spite of his respect for the law, entertained a certain affectionate regard for those he pursued. Spread open on his knee, the book itself, apart from its contents, appealed to him. Bound in flexible covers, its every page, flat and obedient to his touch, invited him.

Except for Belon on his high stool, writing with his stub pencil on the fly-leaves of a new invoice the characters with which he disguised his profits, the shop was empty. A mournful silence hung like a pall over the dusty shelves and encumbered counters. For Belon's wares consisted chiefly of first editions in contemporary bindings and presentation volumes, books to be neither "tasted, swallowed, chewed, nor digested," but gloated over by those whose chief interest is found in the joy of acquisition.

"Belon," said M. Joly one day, "the sign over your door annoys me. Your bookshop is a mausoleum."

In this mournful silence, his attention diverted only by a large spider whose tranquillity had been disturbed by the extraction from its resting-place of *Criminal Responsibility*, an event which had not occurred in its lifetime, M. Joly read on in the feeble light of the dark window, thick with the accumulated dust of years. "Retribution is instinctive in all animal life. This instinct is the expression of the Will to Live. All life is the constant overcoming of things that would hinder or destroy it. Vengeance is biologically necessary for survival. Retributive punishment is the order of all nature." Here M. Joly turned over the leaf. On the page which followed three dull-red spots broke the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

thread of the argument. Reading on mechanically, they constantly obtruded themselves on his attention.

It is impossible to admit that the purpose of punishment is to prevent the criminal from doing further injury to society or to prevent others from committing the like offense. Equality before the law is a cardinal tenet of our legal faith. Two persons who commit exactly the same crime must be punished equally, no matter whether the judge is certain that for the one case a hundredth part of the punishment for the other would be just as efficacious in deterring from further crime.

These spots have certainly fallen from a certain height. Even without a microscope one readily detects minute specks —the spatter of a liquid which drops from a distance.

If the one criminal were sent to prison for one week and the other for two years, there would arise a storm of protest from the outraged sense of retributive justice.

What was that liquid? A viscous one, for the words on which it fell are entirely obscured. A drop of wine would not render the text illegible.

The general principle that penal suffering should be graduated according to the magnitude of the crime goes to show that retribution is the proper basis for punishment.

One must be on one's guard against jumping at conclusions. If Pichon were to see these spots he would pronounce them blood offhand. Pichon sees blood in everything which is red. Yet they made him Inspector! Do I complain? Not at all. Pichon is an excellent fellow. Nature abhors a vacuum. I retire—enter Pichon!

Equally significant is the principle that punishment must not overstep the limits set down by moral disapproval. We are more indignant over the murder of a great man than over that of a worthless drunkard. So, too, courage, genius, worth of the criminal, constitute alleviating circumstances. These facts show that punishment is intended to pay back for wrong-doing in proportionate measure—is, in other words, for retribution.

Yet that property of the blood which we call clotting would produce precisely such spots as these. When withdrawn from the veins it becomes converted into a stiff jelly, which in time becomes solid. On the other hand, when old, the identity of blood-stains is not readily determined.

But is the motive of punishment for retribution worthy of a moral person? If the proper aim of punishment were retributive, the returning of evil for evil in proportionate measure, how could the amount of punishment be determined in case of such offenses as perjury, deception, or treason? Must society lie to the liar, deceive the deceiver, and betray the traitor? Seneca wittily asks, "Would any one think himself in his right mind if he were to return kicks to a mule or bites to a dog?"

"Belon," said M. Joly, closing the book on his knee, "of whom did you buy this amusing treatise?"

His pencil behind his ear under his bushy hair, Belon came down from his stool.

"From the library of Monsieur Vidal."

"How astonishing! You know the former owners of all these volumes"—M. Joly waved his hand in an embracing gesture—"without referring to your records?"

"It is my trade," replied Belon, simply.

"In asking its price—"

"Oh," interrupted Belon, contemptuously, "it is of no value. In every library the worthless outnumber the valuable. One buys the lot for the few treasures known only to the connoisseur like myself. I make you a present of it, Monsieur Joly."

"Thank you," said M. Joly; and to Belon's amazement he added, "I also am a connoisseur."

Belon surveyed him anxiously over his spectacles. "Is it possible," he said to himself, "that I have overlooked something!"

M. Joly went on thinking. "A nose-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

bleed is out of the question." Then, aloud, "This Vidal, he is dead, then, since you possess his treasures."

"Not at all. He has simply moved away."

Folding his hands over his waistcoat, M. Joly played his card of silence. "Naturally you are ignorant of this detail since you came to Passy after Monsieur Vidal changed his domicile. Formerly he lived in the house of the curé—the little house in the trees, in the Impasse St.-Jean."

"Yes," assented M. Joly. "A pleasant spot. One must have had good reasons for abandoning it."

"As to that, they were excellent," said Belon, remounting his stool and plunging into his calculations.

"Can you explain to me, Belon," said M. Joly, reflectively, "how it happens that for one hundred people who insist upon talking of what they know nothing there is only one, on the contrary, who—"

"Ha, ha! You are curious, Monsieur Joly!"

"Why should I deny it? This Vidal who binds the maxims of the law in flexible morocco interests me."

"You gentry of the police"—Belon scratched his ear with the point of his pencil—"twenty per cent. of thirty is six, which added to thirty makes thirty-six — an impossible figure" — and he wrote forty on the fly-leaf—"I was saying that you gentry of the police—"

"Formerly," interposed M. Joly.

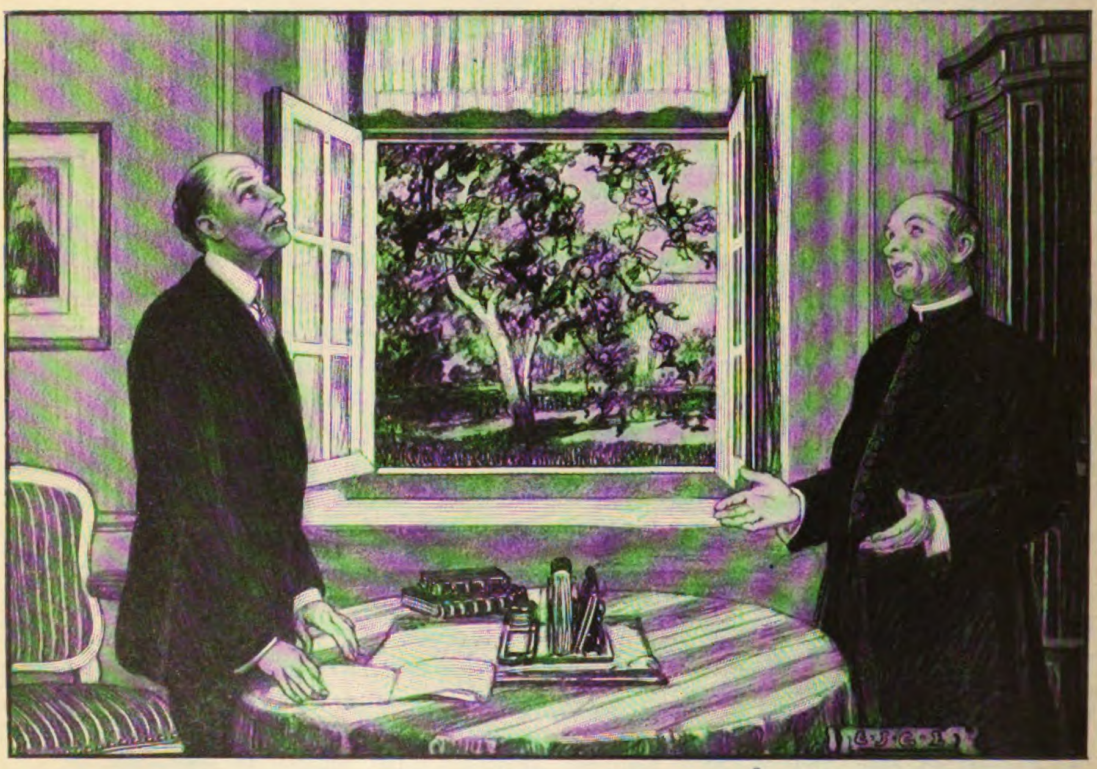
"It is the same thing. Habit is tenacious—have always a nose for what does not exist."

"Come, come," objected M. Joly, "you are thinking of Monsieur le Curé."

"Monsieur Vidal was an honest man —and most unfortunate," said Belon, returning to his figures.

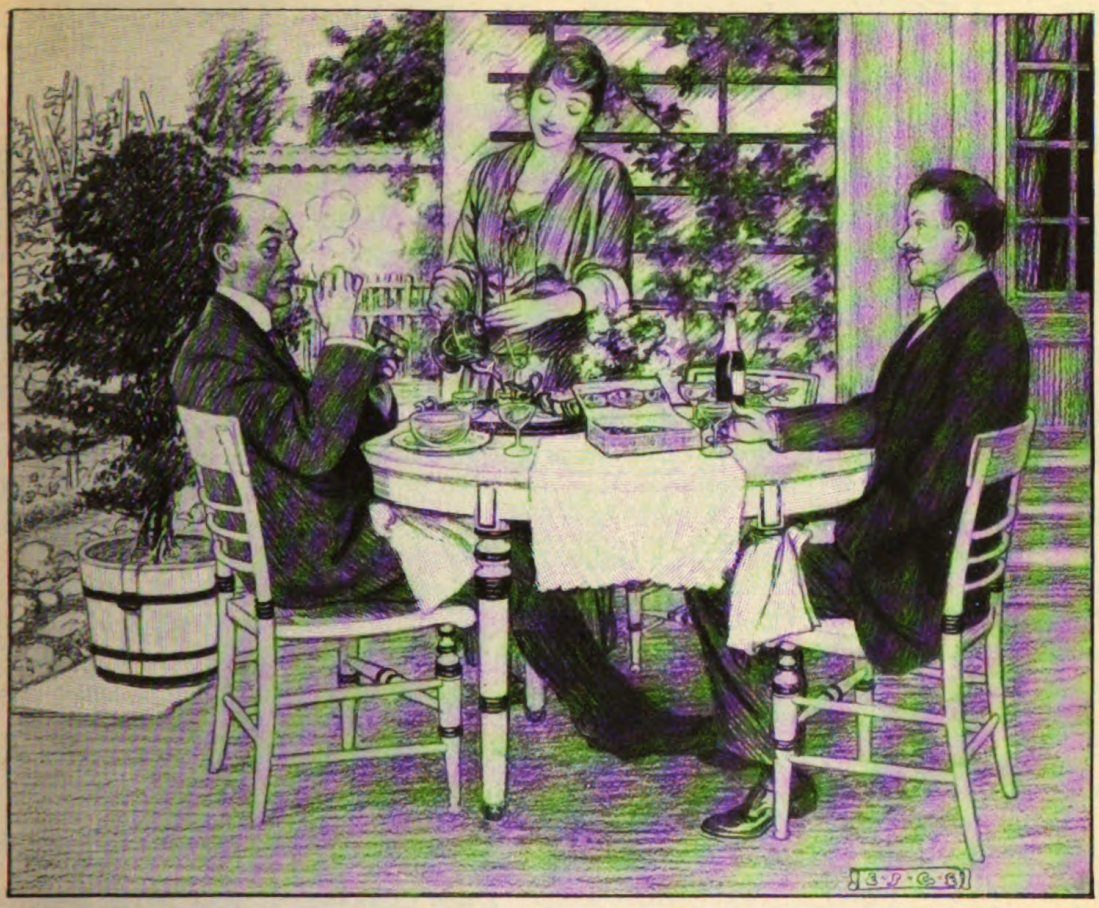
"Ah, well," said M. Joly to himself, putting on his hat, "I will ask my wife. Good day, Belon."

On the way to the "little house in the trees" M. Joly communed with himself. Solitude had no terrors for him. He had given instant absolution to his little



"BEFORE GOING AWAY MONSIEUR VIDAL HAD THIS ROOM DONE OVER"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"AND TO THINK WITH SUCH A WOMAN THERE WAS ALSO A LEGACY!"

Dorante, who, when chided for leaving the garden of Monrepos alone, had replied, "I was not alone; I was with myself."

Yet Belon's accusation of curiosity had penetrated below the skin, since it put him on his defense. "Why not?" he was repeating to himself. "Has not a great philosopher said curiosity is the desire to know how and why—a trait which distinguishes man from all other animals?" It must be admitted also that a visit to the curé of St.-Médard promised other felicities. The curé possessed for him the fascination which a mollusk has for a mischievous boy who loves to poke it with a stick "to see what it would do." M. Joly adored his wife. Never in his most captious mood would he dream of disturbing the placid pool of her beliefs. Grounded in faith, even to provoke a momentary ripple would be a crime. But the roots of the curé's beliefs were deep down in dogma, geological strata, fixed, rigid, immovable, full of dead men's bones.

He was sitting in his easy-chair when M. Joly opened the door, two fat, nerveless hands crossed over his paunch, eyelids heavy with sleep. "What is this mollusk thinking of?" M. Joly asked himself. At the sound of the opening door the mollusk stirred, jelly-wise, suspicious. If the ex-Inspector was in a friendly mood this morning, as his open face betokened, yet it was in these playful moods that he often asked the most embarrassing questions. Smiling, the curé watched him as the mouse watches the cat.

"What a restful place!" said M. Joly. Beyond the open window a thrush was singing on a swaying branch. Reassured, the curé nodded. "But the shade is too

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

dense. A house should stand in the sun."

"True," echoed the curé, "in the sun."

"Monsieur Vidal, the former owner—"

"Pardon me, Monsieur Vidal is still the owner. Every month I send him the rent—a mere pittance. He is so generous."

"And it is here you compose your sermons."

"At this desk, in this chair. All you see here belongs to Monsieur Vidal," he added, changing the subject warily.

"One would say he expected some day to return."

The curé shook his head. "I think not. This house is full of painful recollections. Monsieur Vidal, already a widower, had the misfortune also to lose a beloved daughter."

"Ah!"

"Yes, a daughter who disappeared suddenly."

"Gossip," suggested M. Joly.

"Oh no; the fact is well known. Her name was Célestine."

M. Joly repressed a smile. The curé's logic was a perennial source of amusement.

"You would be astonished," he added, reflectively, "if you knew how many such disappearances are recorded every year at the Prefecture. One would say a gulf which opens. A young girl, an old man, vanish, without a trace. It is mortifying. I speak professionally. To be sure there are cases in which it is better not to explore the gulf."

"Monsieur Vidal was not of your opinion. A father prefers to know the truth. Uncertainty is the worst of tortures."

"Undoubtedly," sighed M. Joly. "Certainty is the panacea the church offers to humanity." A dull flush colored the curé's cheeks, but to his relief M. Joly added, "Next to owning a property is to have a good landlord."

The flush disappeared in a smile of placid contentment. "God has been good to me. Before going away Monsieur Vidal had this room done over—"

"I observed it. A new ceiling—"

"Tinted—fresh paper on the walls, and in the room above a new flooring, which I am told was decaying—but that was unnecessary. I sleep here, a little room next the kitchen, out of consideration for Babette, who is rheumatic."

And all this time above the droning voice M. Joly heard the sound of something dropping—one—two—three—on the book lying open on the desk where the sermons were written. "What a wild colt is this imagination!" he muttered. "Positively I must see Pichon. There is no antidote like Pichon."

"You were saying?" asked the curé.

"That if you have no objection I would like the address of your landlord."

"You think of purchasing the property!" gasped the curé.

"Not until Madame Joly receives another legacy," said M. Joly.

That afternoon M. Joly wrote a letter:

DEAR COMRADE: If your service permits, dine with Madame to-morrow. It will delight her. Monrepos has on its summer dress. We will dine on the little terrace under the arbor and renew our youth. There still remains a bottle of Romanée from the cellar of the Fountain of Health.

By the way, it appears that a young girl, Célestine Vidal, disappeared from the Impasse St.-Jean, Passy, in the year which you will ascertain if it appears on your record.

He read this invitation, omitting the last paragraph, to Madame Joly, who was sewing beside him.

"Very well," she said.

"That is all you have to say, Marie?"

"You know very well what I think, if I do not say it."

"What is it you think and do not say, Marie?"

"That you are restless."

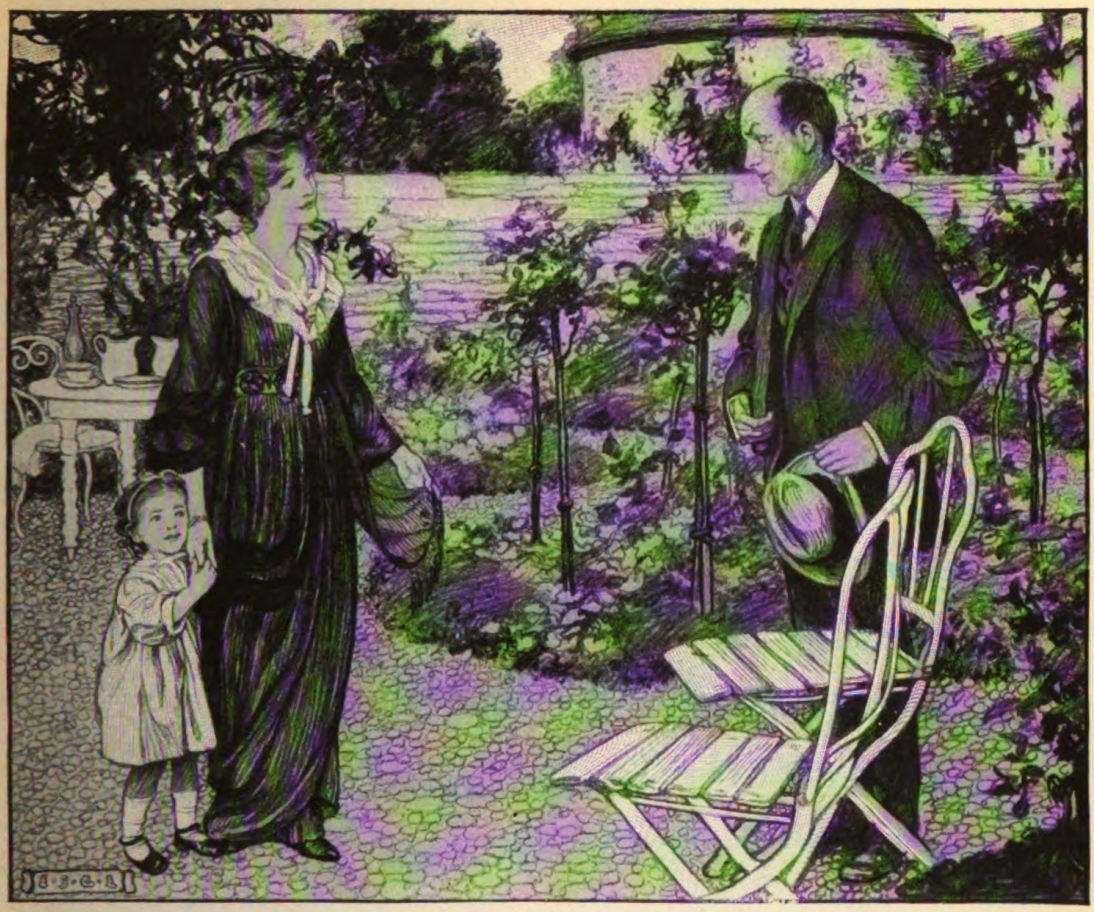
"I restless! What an idea!"

"But you asked for it."

M. Joly laid down his cigar.

"You have no fault to find with Pichon, Marie?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"MONSIEUR VIDAL MUST BE DETAINED"

"No more than you have."

"Oh, Marie, Marie!" exclaimed M. Joly, taking her hand, "you know well there is only one person with whom I find no fault."

The head bent over the work, a faint color stole into the cheeks, and the hand was withdrawn gently. Did she know she was never more bewitching than when shy? M. Joly wondered.

"The old masters," he said, "did well to paint their angels in the clouds. I like them best so—even in my garden."

"We dine at the same hour?" asked Madame Joly, in a matter-of-fact voice which nevertheless trembled a little.

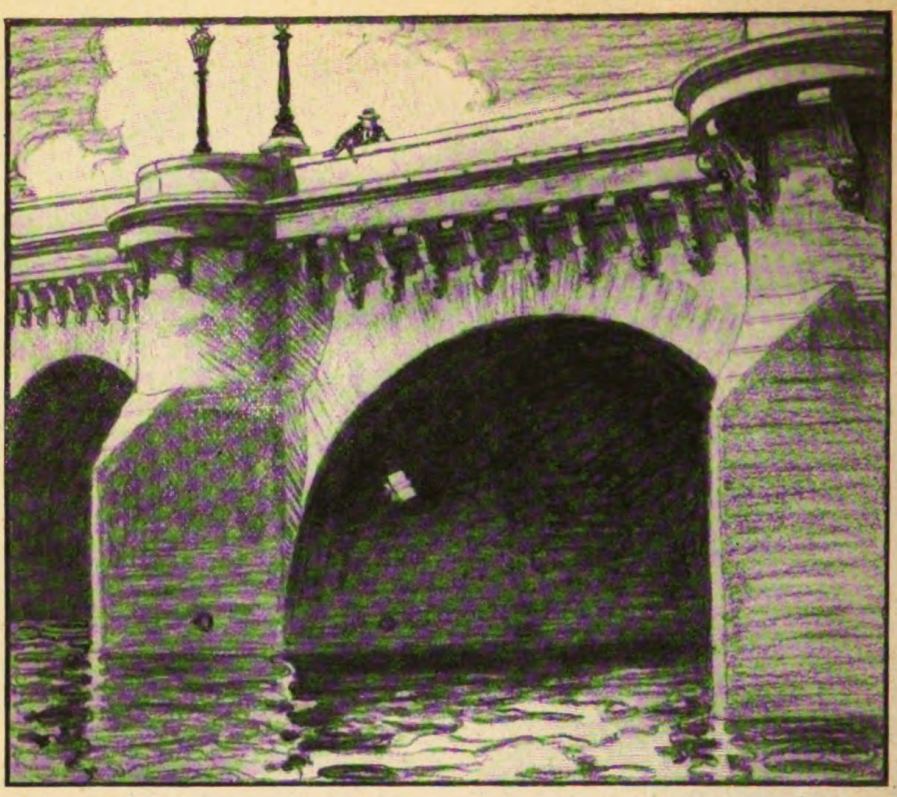
"Since it is only Pichon," assented M. Joly, relighting his cigar, which in this interlude had gone out.

The sun hung edgewise on the horizon. For the third time Pichon's glass was empty, but at this moment Madame Joly brought the *fine champagne* and coffee. In the softened glow of the sun her hair, drawn smoothly behind the ears, shone like strands of gold. In spite of the Romanée, the aroma of the coffee, and the *fine Champagne* mounting in his glass under the white wrist, Pichon sighed. His circumstances did not permit either of domestic felicity or table delicacies. Her slim figure outlined against the sky, there emanated from this woman, as from the garden of Monrepos, an atmosphere of fragrance—of promise and fulfilment.

"What luck!" thought Pichon. "And to think with such a woman there was also a legacy!"

M. Joly waited. It was never necessary to intimate anything to Marie. She had long since ceased the attempt to reconcile her husband's profession with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MONSIEUR JOLY DROPPED IT GENTLY INTO THE SEINE

his character. Certainly these two men were going to talk shop, a subject repugnant to her gentle nature. Pichon could not have told at what instant of the deepening shadows she vanished. The light of two cigars, like glow-worms, punctured the dark, and the murmur of voices mingled with the hum of insects.

Madame Joly closed her window.

Yes, Pichon was saying, it was the year 18—, the 13th of May, that M. Vidal applied to the police. His daughter had disappeared three days before. He explained that he had not applied at once, thinking Célestine had gone to visit an aunt who lived in Reuil. Pichon had the record of the Prefecture by heart: Age twenty—height 1m 70c, approximate—weight about 59k—complexion fair—eyes and hair brown—wearing when last seen a dark-blue dress. The hat usually worn, missing. M. Vidal could offer no explanation. Célestine was of a retiring disposition. Nothing had occurred to furnish a reason for her departure. "She had no lover," added Pichon, skeptically. Then, as a cat thrusts its claws forward, he asked, negligently, "You are interested in Monsieur Vidal?"

"As a bibliophile," said M. Joly.

Pichon's curiosity rose to fever pitch, but he remained silent. Pichon was aggressive only with inferiors.

"It is far easier to lose sight of the living than to dispose of the dead," said M. Joly, after a long pause.

"You are right," nodded Pichon, completely mystified, "and invariably they bungle it terribly."

M. Joly rose, throwing his cigar in the lilacs.

"Well, good night, my friend. It is a pleasure to see you. I will go to the gate with you. Listen to that nightingale"—his hand paused on the latch—"a soul that rejoices when evil is abroad. Did you ever think of that? Another cigar, Pichon."

Outside the gate, striking a match on

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the lamp-post as he listened to the retreating footsteps on the gravel of Monrepos, Pichon was saying to himself:

"What the devil is the old fox after?"

Pichon would have been astounded had he known M. Joly was asking the same question. Often in the past perplexed, he had rarely been undecided. Indecision and rashness hunt in couples. Was he growing old—or rusty? Was leisure robbing him of his faculties? In every crunch of his foot on the gravel he heard the word *Justice! Justice!* Yet something, like a ball and chain, clogged his every movement. He even went so far as to consult Madame Joly—indirectly.

"Marie, suppose that by chance you became aware of circumstances—"

"By chance, you say."

"Well, yes, for the most part. Of circumstances, I was saying, which, let us suppose, proved that a grave crime had been committed against society—that a neighbor who passed for an honest man was in reality a great criminal."

"You ask what I would do?"

"Yes, I ask you."

Madame Joly reflected a moment before lifting her face to her husband's.

"Not being of the police, I should close my eyes," she said, firmly.

"There is something in that," replied M. Joly, noting the delicate use of the personal pronoun.

Nevertheless, the next day he called a cab and gave the address confided him by the curé. In his pocket was the morocco-bound volume. Beyond indulging in one of those searching conversations for which he was famous at the Prefecture, his intentions were of the vaguest. In the hoof-beats on the asphalt he heard again the word *Justice! Justice!* In the glass behind the bent form of the coachman he also saw the faun eyes of Marie. Between these two his mind swayed like a pendulum.

The cab stopped before a wooden gate on which was inscribed the name Vidal.

"No, said the maid who answered his summons, M. Vidal was not at home. Would Monsieur wait? He was expected shortly.

"We will wait," said M. Joly to himself; "since time is no longer of any value, let us enjoy a luxury which costs nothing."

Entering, he saw that he was in a garden—less formal than that of Monrepos, but still a garden. Evidently, like himself, M. Vidal was a lover of nature.

Under a mulberry-tree a table was spread. The remains of a breakfast, abandoned to the bees, still encumbered it. M. Joly noted there were two covers.

Would Monsieur prefer to go into the house, or would he repose in the garden?

Monsieur would wait in the open air.

From the adjoining shrubbery a little girl ran out, eying him suspiciously from behind the skirts of the maid removing the dishes. M. Joly took the book from his pocket. It was difficult, however, to read in the presence of this child, for he adored children. From time to time his gaze wandered to the innocent face on which suspicion was gradually yielding to curiosity. Wisps of thin brown hair, the thin hair of childhood, strayed over the brown eyes. At last, having completed its survey of this silent stranger, the little figure toddled unsteadily on its fat legs toward the house, crying: "Mamma! Mamma!"

"The wretch has married again," thought M. Joly, opening to a page at random.

"No validity can be ascribed to the theory of expiation so far as social protection is concerned. Let injuries to the gods be the concern of the gods. No man must be the viceregent of God to avenge—"

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried the voice again.

"History abounds in mistakes of this nature. As to the theory of retribution, like that of deterrence, it is justified only as it is socially useful.

At this moment the present generation intervened. Clinging to the folds of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

a dark-blue dress, it babbled up into the face of a woman whose eyes smiled down upon it.

"Monsieur Vidal must be detained. I am sorry."

"It is of no consequence," said M. Joly. "My business can wait."

Fortified by the presence of the blue dress, the child began to climb upon his knee. The woman bent forward to restrain it.

"No, no," cried M. Joly; "if I do not lift her it is because effort is good for the young." Firmly ensconced at last on his knees, the child's chubby fingers began to rumple the leaves of *Criminal Responsibility*. "Unfortunately, there are no pictures," smiled M. Joly. What an amiable gentleman! the woman was saying to herself. "One has only to look at this face to perceive you are its mother."

The woman flushed with pleasure. M. Joly watched the color disappearing among the fine roots of the brown hair and beneath the lace fichu of the bosom. Nothing in this woman really reminded him of Marie, yet he thought of her.

The gate creaked on its hinges.

"Ah, here he is! Papa, a gentleman who wishes to see you."

"Leave us, Célestine," said M. Vidal.

"Your daughter's name is Célestine!" said M. Joly, dumfounded.

Amazed at this pronouncement, M. Vidal's face betrayed surprise — but nothing more.

"After her mother," he replied, staring at his singular visitor.

"Pardon me," said M. Joly, completely taken back, "but I thought that it was her sister's."

M. Vidal drew himself up stiffly. "Célestine never had the good fortune to possess a sister. Célestine is my only child. To what have I the honor—"

"A mere trifle." M. Joly had recovered himself. "Recently, in the bookshop of Belon, in Passy, I purchased this volume. Afterward, I observed from the fly-leaf that it had been given to you with the author's compliments. It occurred to me that—being a presentation copy—by some error—"

M. Vidal unbent a little. "Your consideration does you honor. I thank you. But you are mistaken. I take no interest in either the writer or his subject."

M. Joly replaced the book in his pocket. Not within his memory had he experienced so embarrassing a moment. Not within his memory had the solitude of a cab proved so agreeable.

"It is true," he muttered, "that when the dead return and the lost are found there is no need to trouble the Prefecture. They keep no fatted calves there. Pichon was probably right. There was a lover, since there is now that little cherub. At all events, it appears Monrepos is not the only Eden. Ah, Pichon, Pichon, if it had been you astride that Barbary colt Imagination you would certainly have gone over the precipice."

With this consoling reflection, M. Joly lowered the window and called to the coachman, "The Fountain of Health, rue Dauphiné."

After his luncheon he strolled along the river. On reaching a quiet spot he took the book from his pocket and laid it on the parapet. By a perverse fate it opened in the breeze to the three sinister spots. Looking about to see if he was observed, M. Joly dropped *Criminal Responsibility* gently into the Seine.

"*Ma foi*," he said, watching it swirling in the eddy under the bridge, "I take no more interest in it than you do"—and hailed the tram for Passy.

Dorante came running down the path before he could lock the gate behind him. He caught her in his arms, to deposit her in the lap of Marie, sewing in the arbor. One of Madame Joly's charms was her silences. She knew how to refrain. Yet it was natural under the circumstances—for M. Joly had gone out that morning without saying a word—to look up into his face inquiringly.

"Marie," he whispered, indulging in one of those white lies permitted by conscience, "since we are no longer in the police, I shut my eyes as you do."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

WAR, BEST FRIEND OF DISEASE

BY HOMER FOLKS

Director of the Department of Civil Affairs of the American Red Cross in France

IN 1914 the millennium was on its way. It was not at the door, but it was definitely predictable. The war has postponed it indefinitely.

These statements are made seriously. In what respects does human life most fall short of being reasonably satisfactory? Do not its great disappointments arise chiefly from two things —sickness and untimely death? There are many annoyances and disappointments in life, but it is nearly always sickness or the untimely death of those dear to us which cuts across the pathway of our happiness, ruthlessly disrupts our plans, prevents the normal development of our powers to do and to enjoy, wrecks our careers, and wounds our souls so deeply that the scars are seen in our very features. These are the things that silver our hair, round our shoulders, and write lines in our faces.

In the years just before 1914, however, a new chapter was being written in human welfare. After long ages of helpless resignation, of pitiful efforts to snatch some crumbs of comfort by ascribing these afflictions to a power outside of ourselves, we were just beginning to see that it was in our own hands to apply the remedies; that, to a surprising degree, sickness and death were subject to human control.

Life was already being made longer, happier, and richer. It is difficult to write truthfully of what had happened without seeming to exaggerate. Tuberculosis was slowly but surely on its way to join smallpox as an almost negligible factor in the bookkeeping with death. The warfare against it was civilization-wide. It was a slow fight and a long one, but it was winning. Diphtheria had been reduced to a fraction of its former proportions by a serum which is both curative and preventive. Those of us in middle life can remember when serious epidemics of yellow fever occurred nearly every summer, when we wondered how far north it would get, when quarantine was by shot-gun, and when great heroism was attributed to those who remained in infected cities. Now yellow fever has been reduced almost to the vanishing-point in the United States and Cuba, and General Gorgas is trailing it to its ultimate hiding-places with the definite program of actually causing it to disappear from the face of the earth. All this became possible by the discovery that the sole mode of communication is by the *stegomyia* mosquito. The similar discovery that malaria is carried, not by bad air, as its name suggests, but by another type of mosquito, was already beginning to rid southern Europe of a disease which caused as many deaths in some localities as tuberculosis, and which injured vastly larger numbers so that their usefulness was greatly reduced and death came at an earlier date. Some scientists and writers have ingenuously suggested that the downfall of the civilizations of Greece and of Rome was due primarily to the work of the *anopheles* mosquito. It is unquestionably true that this little but industrious insect has been a tremendous factor in making the civilization of that part of Europe what we call backward. Every one knows how an aggressive campaign put the hook into the hookworm and pulled him loose from the population of our Southern states whose vitality he was draining, and that this same effort is to be carried around the world along the hookworm belt. Typhus

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

fever had largely disappeared as man had learned to rid himself of lice. There was only enough smallpox to enable the health authorities to keep alive an interest in vaccination. Syphilis had been recognized as a deadly enemy and means for its cure and for its prevention had been discovered. Cancer remained largely a mystery, but enough had been learned to make possible the earlier recognition and successful surgical treatment of vast numbers of cases which formerly would have meant sure and painful death. These are only a few of many discoveries and organized movements which had already added ten years to the average life-time, had made life vastly more attractive, and which in the very near future, with increasing momentum, would have greatly lightened the black clouds of sickness and untimely death that for ages had kept the world in gloom.

It must forever remain one of the most serious of the many charges against the great war that it disrupted or delayed a great number of these, the most promising movements in modern life. In some cases progress, made slowly and painfully through decades, was lost in two or three years. Attention and funds were diverted to destroying instead of saving life, and age-old pests and enemies of man took fresh heart and a firmer hold upon the race.

It happened among the civilians. The armies were well cared for. A great majority of physicians, sanitarians, laboratory workers, and nurses were busy in keeping fit as many as possible of the soldiers. The armies had first call on food-supplies. Whoever else might go hungry, they were well fed. Influenza was about the only epidemic disease which was not substantially held in check in the armies of the Great Powers. But the armies are small minorities. Many times as many people remained at home as went to war. There were few countries in which the pinch of hunger was not felt by almost the entire population. Millions of refugees were driven from their homes to live under the most unwholesome conditions. From these populations, under these wretched conditions, even the rudimentary safeguards against disease were removed. The results were immediately registered in increased death-rates, which, in some cases, were nothing less than startling.

Every one knows the plot of the tuberculosis tragedy. In the immediate circle of our family, intimate friends, or office associates, we have seen it develop step by step. We can never forget the haunting fear of something wrong, the shock of the diagnosis; the rebound to optimism; the rude interruption of all the ordinary activities; the uncertain income; the specter of poverty; the alternations between hope and despair; the long period of uselessness; the racking cough at shorter intervals; the hectic flush; the shrinking of the body; the inner evidences that the battle is lost; the bitter realization of defeat. How unlike a glorious death upon the field of battle. Yet hundreds of thousands who make this slowly losing fight in the obscurity of home or hospital are as certainly victims of the war as those who are buried in the war zone.

The anti-tuberculosis movement was local, state, national and international, voluntary and governmental, medical and lay; the best organized effort to stamp out a wide-spread disease yet known. Progress was slow. In a period of twenty or thirty years the disease might be reduced by 50 per cent. But everywhere it *was* being reduced. Now comes the war. This decrease in tuberculosis is immediately arrested and in two or three years the hard-won gains of twenty are lost.

In Serbia there had been twice as much tuberculosis as in the United States or Great Britain (324 deaths per 100,000 in 1911 as against 138 in the United States). In Belgrade tuberculosis deaths in 1912 were 720 per 100,000, being one-third of all the deaths. Serbia, a great food-producer, went hungry during the war. Serbia was behind the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

enemy lines and suffered all the effects of the blockade and then more. There was no Mr. Hoover in Serbia. Instead there were burly Austrian, German, and Bulgarian officers and soldiers, all of whom systematically sent home boxes or carloads of food. The Serbian peasants might bury some of their grain, but the Serbian cities had none to bury. The peasants who were accustomed to bringing their products to the cities each day for sale at great central markets, were allowed to come only on certain days and to bring in only very limited quantities. Very likely it was chiefly the shortage of food which caused the tuberculosis death-rate in Belgrade to jump from 720 in 1912 to the absolutely unheard-of rate of 1453, in 1917. It is easy to understand the figures—Serbia twice as high as America; Belgrade twice as high as Serbia as a whole; Belgrade at war twice as high as Belgrade at peace, or eight times as high as America. Experienced Serbian physicians recognized, even before the war, that tuberculosis was the greatest medical problem of Serbia. One of them said, "We call it *the Serbian disease.*" They were awake to the possibility of doing something about it; in fact, a plan of organization for an anti-tuberculosis society of Serbia had already been prepared. Lectures and popular education on the subject had begun. Plans for tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals were being prepared. All these, of course, were rudely thrust aside by war. Nothing constructive could be thought of while every ounce of energy was mobilized for war. Now it will be very difficult. There were not many physicians and nearly half of them have died. The civilian hospitals have been disrupted. The public debt is staggering. Disease has taken a strangle-hold upon thousands who survived the horrors of war. Under favorable conditions, with ample resources, in the most progressive of countries, progress against tuberculosis is slow. The task of helping Serbia, under her conditions of unprecedented difficulty, to overcome the menace of tuberculosis is almost a first mortgage upon the enlightened generosity of the world.

Greece, too, is a country in which tuberculosis seemed to maintain its position of primacy. We say "seemed to," because there have never been any complete figures as to deaths in Greece. In this unenviable position, Greece is on a par with the United States, for we have no vital statistics for our country as a whole. It is a state matter, and some states don't function. In the city of Athens, however, the death-rate from tuberculosis during the last three-year period for which the figures are to be had, 1906–1908, was 294 per 100,000, not as high as Belgrade with its 720, but still more than twice as high as in the United States for the same period. In Athens one death in six was from tuberculosis. There was a beginning of an anti-tuberculosis society in Athens, which had a dispensary and a small sanatorium with twenty beds. Early in 1917, starvation conditions began to exist throughout Greece, even in Athens. They improved later, but for the civilians food conditions remained very difficult until months after the armistice. Undoubtedly food shortage in Greece had the same effect upon tuberculosis that it had in Serbia and elsewhere.

In Italy the figures are more complete and the proof of war's guilt as a promoter of tuberculosis is uncontestable. The tuberculosis death-rate had been steadily decreasing. In the twenty-five years ending 1914, there had been a reduction of 40 per cent. In 1914 it was 145 per 100,000, the lowest in the history of Italy. The tuberculosis rate responded immediately to war conditions. From 145 in 1914, it increased to 157 in 1915, and to 168 in 1916, an increase of 16 per cent. in two years. Even these figures do not include tuberculosis deaths among soldiers. This immediate and striking increase in tuberculosis in Italy is one of the startling facts in public health history. But worse things were to come. We have no figures for all of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Italy for 1917 and 1918, but we have for the cities. In the 130 cities in Italy, the pulmonary tuberculosis death-rate increased from 143 in 1916 to 160 in 1917, an increase of 12 per cent. in one year, and a total increase of 22 per cent. from the 1914 figure.

But still worse things were to come. For 1918 we have the figures for some of the larger cities. The steady increase in the harvest garnered by the white plague over this five-year period is truly alarming. In several cities the 1918 rate was double that of 1914. Even a statistical table may become eloquent—as below:

TUBERCULOSIS DEATHS PER 100,000 POPULATION

Cities	*1914*	*1915*	*1916*	*1917*	*1918*
Genoa	221	227	216	235	275
Milan	131	129	145	188	268
Bergamo	198	254	267	262	408
Spezia	194	186	214	246	244
Bologna	114	128	127	148	172
Florence	238	244	254	306	403
Pesaro	106	125	125	166	271
Perugia	87	114	97	124	190
Rome	170	179	195	217	310
Naples	83	105	116	111	122

We have, therefore, in the cities of Italy, a known increase during the war in tuberculosis ranging from 30 to 50 per cent. and in some cities completely wiping out the progress of the preceding twenty-five years. We have to add tuberculosis deaths among soldiers and among the famished prisoners of war. We have, further, thousands of additional infections which will tend to make the tuberculosis rate high in years to come. Truly a depressing picture.

In France we must distinguish between the invaded and the uninvaded areas. Of the invaded area, the conditions in the city of Lille are probably most accurately known because a very distinguished leader in the anti-tuberculosis cause, Professor Calmette, remained at Lille during the entire occupation. In his report to the Academy of Medicine at Paris in 1919, he said, "The total mortality rate [of Lille] which varied before the war from 19 to 21 per 1,000 inhabitants, steadily increased as follows: In 1915 to 27; in 1916 to 29; in 1917 to 30; in 1918 to 41. The causes of this increase were, in the first place, a terrible extension of tuberculosis. . . . Before the war there was an average of 330 deaths from tuberculosis per 100,000. This rate was steadily increased. In 1918 it was 573. Among those under twenty years of age it was almost double that of peace-time."

For unoccupied France detailed statistics are as yet very difficult to secure. Those available from a few localities show a moderate, but not alarming, increase in tuberculosis deaths.

In Belgium the tuberculosis death-rate increased in Brussels from 177 in 1914 to about 390 in 1918, and is believed to have at least doubled throughout the country.

England did not suffer invasion by the Germans, but the unseen tubercle bacilli were more successful. The deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis in England and Wales in 1917 were 6,058 more than in 1913. Moreover, tuberculosis deaths had been diminishing at the rate of a thousand a year. This reduction would almost certainly have continued, and the number of tuberculosis deaths in 1917, had there been no war, would have been some 33,000 instead of 43,113. There was an actual increase in 1917 of 16 per cent. over 1913 and of 30 per cent. over what probably would have been the rate in 1917 had there been no war.

Even in America, far removed as we were from the seat of war and late as we entered it, the rate of decrease in the tuberculosis death-rate, which had been fairly continuous for many years, was abruptly reduced. The best that can be said for the last two years is that, if we have made little progress, we at least have not lost much ground.

We are, therefore, confronted by the fact that this arch enemy of mankind, this ever-present and everywhere-present epidemic, which was slowly yielding before the steady pressure of organized

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

effort, has quite broken loose from control. It is not only Kipling's "comfort, content, delight" which have "shriveled in a night"; it is vigor and health and life itself. Hundreds of thousands, probably millions, of human beings, who would otherwise have escaped, are now seriously infected with tuberculosis. For every additional death there must be reckoned from five to ten additional cases of disease to run their slow course. It will be a long, slow road back to where we were in 1914.

Malaria is not as well known to us as was the "ague" or "chills and fever" of an earlier generation. It still lingers in our Southern states and in southern Europe. Since the *anopheles* mosquito was definitely convicted of being the bearer of the disease, great progress has been made toward its control. In the Panama Canal Zone, as late as 1906, 878 per 100,000 of the employees died from malaria, but in the last few years there have been almost no deaths from this cause. Every traveler has been warned against going to parts of Italy, on account of malaria. Some years ago Italy recognized malaria as a national menace. It drained swamps, screened houses, and popularized the use of quinine. It bought enormous quantities of quinine, sold it through the post-offices, and carried on a propaganda for its use. Success is easy on such lines, and in 1914 the mortality from malaria was only one-tenth of that of twenty years earlier. When the war came it was almost impossible to secure quinine. It seemed impossible to continue the expense of drainage operations, and nobody thought much about malaria, or such unimportant things. The result was even more striking than in the case of tuberculosis. The death-rate per 100,000 immediately jumped from 5.7 in 1914, to 10.5 in 1915, and to 14.0 in 1916. In one province, malaria mortality increased from 22 in 1914 to 128 in 1916; in another, the rate increased tenfold.

Numbers of deaths give but a very slight indication of the volume of sickness and poverty resulting from malaria. It is directly fatal to only a very small proportion of cases; for instance, in 1914, when the number of deaths was only 2,072, the number of cases reported was 129,482. The next year, 214,092 cases were reported; the next, 224,207; and in 1917, 304,216. In the Island of Sardinia, with a population of 880,000, 100,000 cases were reported in 1917.

Greece presents an even worse picture as to malaria than Italy. Italy had decreased its malarial death-rate from 81 in 1886 to 5.7 in 1914; Athens, for the three years 1906–08, had a malarial death-rate of 33; Patras, 54; Larissa, 179; and Volo, 248. In Volo malaria caused even more deaths than pulmonary tuberculosis. We do not know the figures as to malaria in Greece during the war; we do know that the Greek government, also recognizing malaria as a national menace, adopted, in 1911, certain of the Italian anti-malarial methods, and that, like Italy, it abandoned them on account of the war.

When the American Red Cross began its work in Paris in the summer of 1917, one of the first requests it received was to build a very large hospital for French soldiers returning from Macedonia suffering from malaria. Salonika was surrounded by great military hospitals—English, French, Italian, and Serbian—stretching out from the city on the Macedonian plains. The *anopheles* mosquito helped to make these hospitals necessary, he helped to fill them, he sent many hundreds of Allied soldiers home as invalids, he weakened the Allied forces at critical moments. It would have been money in pocket for the Allies to have taken malaria in the Balkans in hand years before, even though it had cost millions of dollars.

Of all the jokes, slang, and poems made in the trenches, a large percentage relate to the "cooties" which seem always to enlist with the soldiers. If there is any typhus about, the "cooties" spread it. Under modern conditions, typhus is almost wholly a war disease. When large

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

numbers of soldiers carrying typhus-bearing "cooties" travel through a country and are quartered with the population, conditions are ideal for a typhus epidemic. This was just what happened in Serbia late in 1914. The Austrians had advanced into Serbia for six weeks, overrunning villages and cities. On December 5th the successful Serbian offensive began. As a captain in the Serbian army remarked: "We fought the Austrians and the typhus at the same time. We won the battle with the Austrians, but lost that with the typhus." Not only typhus, but typhoid, dysentery, smallpox, and diphtheria spread rapidly, and the Serbian government appealed to the Allies for help. Britain, France, and America responded. A tremendous cleaning-up campaign was carried on and vermin were hunted as vigorously as enemy spies. The epidemic was under control by midsummer of 1915. The losses were about 150,000—soldiers, civilians, and prisoners. There were only between 300 and 400 physicians in all of Serbia; 125 of them died of typhus. In an epidemic of the same proportions, the United States would lose 3,300,000 persons, five or six times as many as we lost from influenza.

At the end of the war hundreds of thousands of prisoners were turned loose in Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Weary processions of refugees tramped through the Balkans in every direction. Armies marched hither and thither. An epidemic of typhus was easily predictable. It came—in Serbia, Greece, Rumania, and Poland. We know little as to the numbers of cases or deaths, but we hear frantic calls for help and accounts of whole areas stricken. We are now so accustomed to horrors, so emotionally overstrained, so tired of thinking about Europe, that we are little impressed. Only in history will this post-armistice epidemic of typhus be seen in its true proportions.

Sewage is not good to drink, but every typhoid patient has drunk or eaten the essential, and objectionable, element of sewage. Preventing typhoid means keeping water and milk supplies free from human infection. This is difficult when soldiers and refugees are camping out all over the country. It is not surprising, therefore, that in Italy the typhoid death-rate, which had fallen from 27 per 100,000 in 1911 to 19 in 1914, immediately rose to 26 in 1915 and to 27.9 in 1916. In the Veneto, the north-eastern part of Italy, the typhoid rate rose in these two years from 21 to 64.

In Greece, as might be expected, typhoid fever, like poverty, is always with them. In Athens, from 1906 to 1908, the rate was 59 per 100,000, four times the present rate in the United States. In Larissa it was 96. The government had plans to provide a water-supply for Athens to supplement that brought in through the aqueduct built by the Emperor Hadrian, but this had to give way before the other needs of a country at war.

In Serbia, the pre-war typhoid rate was seven and a half times that of the United States from 1910 to 1915. There were epidemics in Belgrade in the summers of 1916 and 1917, with 60 cases reported in a single week. Any such increase in the amount of typhoid leaves a residuum of typhoid-carriers who, for years to come, will make typhoid control very difficult.

At the very height of the Great War the world was startled by the appearance of what seemed like a new plague. It originated, according to Doctor Flexner, in that portion of Russia next to Turkestan. It may be no accident that in the atlas the name of this region is put down as Hunger Steppe. The disease traveled across Europe to Spain before it was recognized as an epidemic, and hence it was called "Spanish influenza." Mystery still surrounds its origin and mode of infection. Its being contemporaneous with war may have been accidental, but war has given a new lease of life to other diseases, and, so to speak, wings by which to fly with all speed from one locality to another. It is more than

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

probable that in whatever nests of poverty and uncleanness its germs had lived a quiet, if not a respectable, life for years, its sudden flaring out into an epidemic is not unrelated to the great hardships through which all those regions of Europe were passing. The constant streams of prisoners, wounded soldiers, new recruits, refugees, and laborers from every part of the world to and from the seats of war easily account for the speed with which influenza traveled east and west around the world. An undefined but substantial amount of the terrible "flu" is therefore to be put down on the debit side of civilization's account with war. As an agency of death, the "flu" leaves fighting far behind. We are told that 6,000,000 deaths occurred from influenza in India alone. Influenza deaths in the United States are estimated at 600,000. The losses in Italy were about a half-million in a population about one-third that of the United States. Serbia suffered heavily from the influenza. Nobody could give figures, but we heard everywhere that it had been very bad, comparable to the typhus.

We have left to the last the effect of war upon the lives of babies. When millions of men were being killed, it is obviously important that the babies should be saved. The number of births fell off tremendously. Ordinarily, this would mean an improvement in the death-rate, for if there are few babies the mothers can give them better care than if there are many. But all rules fail in war, and, with one or possibly two exceptions, even among the few children who were willing to face a world at war and to take their chances in such a crazy bedlam, the baby death-rate was higher than before. Take Italy as an example. Before the war the baby death-rate was not exceptionally high. It had been reduced from year to year, and in 1914 it was the lowest on record —130 per 1,000 births. The very first year of the war, 1915, it rose to 146¼, an increase of over 10 per cent. After that we have figures for the cities only. Forgive one more table of statistics. They are not figures; they are those curly-haired, chubby-cheeked cherubs of Titian and Tintoretto and Raphael:

BABY DEATHS PER 1,000 BIRTHS

Cities	*1914*	*1915*	*1916*	*1917*	*1918*
Genoa.....	120	150	126	149	134
Milan.....	107	132	123	138	167
Bergamo.....	186	223	259	243	246
Bologna.....	92	121	136	134	195
Florence.....	120	131	186	188	232
Pistoia.....	127	138	230	208	334
Pesaro.....	161	199	199	317	638
Perugia.....	115	142	155	217	—
Rome.....	124	122	131	122	144
Naples.....	154	155	169	186	230
Fano.....	183	72	258	424	575

Use a little imagination on these figures. The number of children born was from one-third to one-half less than it had been. Even among these the death-rate was in some cities doubled. How much this table looks like the earlier one about tuberculosis! Life was hard in Italy. She paid a heavy price for her new territory. Serbia and Greece tell a like story, but haven't any figures to prove it. Even in France the infant deaths went up and the birth-rate down.

In marked contrast to these countries is the experience of England. The fall in the birth-rate showed that baby-saving, like munition-making, should be a national industry. In spite of war expenditures and the necessary absence of a great part of the medical profession with the army, a comprehensive effort to save the lives of the babies was made. Infant welfare stations were set up in large numbers, trained visitors were sent to visit the babies' mothers and the other things done which would help to save babies. As a result, the infant death-rate was actually reduced in England and Wales from 105 in 1914 to 91 in 1916 and 97 in 1917 and 1918.

By similar means, some localities even in occupied Belgium, secured similar results though in Belgium as a whole there was probably an increase in the infant death rate.

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

There have yet to go on the debit side of the account the effects of the return of some millions of refugees to living-quarters in the war zones which are astonishingly like the habitations of the cave-men. Old women and children, after four years of crowded and unwholesome exile, are occupying huts, shelters, dugouts, cellars, and basements—dark, damp, cold, and gloomy. These are not able-bodied men with good food rations and constant medical supervision, but women and children with scanty rations, scanty clothing, and little or no medical attention. These conditions are expected to be "temporary," but nothing is more certain than that reconstruction will be long delayed, if for no other reason, because there are not men enough to go around. We do not know exactly how this wholesale reversion to the standards of a forgotten age will impair the vitality of the next generation, but we do know that the price will have to be paid. There are laws of science, of health, and of morals as well as of economics. It will be a long-term obligation, but there will be no exemption and no moratorium. In sickness, in misery, in inefficiency, in unrest, the price will have to be paid by later generations to the last farthing.

These deferred obligations are, in fact, the most distressing aspect of this matter of war and disease. Germs cannot be demobilized by any armistice or peace treaty. Once let loose, their recapture and control is a matter of long effort. In a certain district in Serbia syphilis is extremely prevalent. It dates from an army occupation many years ago. The great inroads upon the world's health, of which we have seen only a few glimpses, will project themselves far into the future. There will still be living in the year 2000 those who were orphaned by the Great War. Perhaps not even they will see a world in which the war's aid to disease has been overcome. The forces fighting the age-long struggle for comfort and for a normal lifetime have been thoroughly disorganized. The attainable millennium has been postponed indefinitely.

Indefinitely, but not permanently; it is for us to say how long. If we recognize the gravity of the danger and the greatness of the opportunity, we shall regain the lost ground and lost momentum very much more quickly than if we fold our hands and say, "How terrible!" England, with its new Ministry of Public Health and its remarkable housing and town-planning enterprises, is putting health into the very foreground of national activities. America should do likewise. But England and America cannot save themselves alone. The world cannot remain half free and half pest-ridden. We shall not have done our full duty as an Ally unless we help the less fortunate Allies, not simply to recover lost ground, but to bring the health millennium to their peoples. Fortunately, a clean-cut and very successful plan for doing this has been worked out and has stood the test of experience.

The Nineteenth Arrondissement (ward) of Paris is, by common consent, one of the poorest, most unsanitary, and altogether most helpless quarters of the city. It is here that revolutions have repeatedly arisen. Life is here so bare and hard and grim that those who have taken up health or relief work in Paris, almost without exception, have located elsewhere. In July, 1917, the American Red Cross and the Rockefeller Commission on the Prevention of Tuberculosis went to France to express America's sympathy by constructive work. It was suggested that they establish somewhere in the city model demonstrations of how tuberculosis and child-welfare work are done in America. The suggestion was accepted. "Where shall we place it?" the Americans asked. "In the Nineteenth Arrondissement," the French replied. The Americans learned all the discouraging things about the Nineteenth Arrondissement, but the opportunity to try the most difficult possibility was too good a sporting chance to be lost, and to the Nineteenth Arrondissement they

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

went. A visitor, who was familiar with American public health, going to the Nineteenth Arrondissement a few months later, would have found four combined tuberculosis- and child-welfare dispensaries in full operation; rather better, if anything, than he would find in any American city. They were fully equipped for scientific work; they had the best of physicians on full time, paid service; they had as good public-health nurses as there are anywhere, and they had a carefully developed relief work combined with the nursing, so that whatever the doctors prescribed, whether it were medicine, or food, or an additional room, or a country vacation, was to be provided. We were told beforehand that we would not be able to visit the French families; that they would not let us in. Our nurses and visitors found their difficulty was not to get in, but to get away. The families were delighted to be visited and wanted to talk on indefinitely. Schools for the training of Frenchwomen as public-health visitors were set up, French physicians came to study the work, and, little by little, as fast as it could be done, without losing efficiency, French personnel in American pay replaced American personnel.

From all points of view, and in the opinion of every one, the experiment was an unqualified success. It was repeated with equal success in one of the regions some fifty miles out of Paris, including several smaller cities and towns and a large area. Exhibits on child welfare and tuberculosis were prepared with all the artistic directness of the French. They were tremendously popular. The medical diagnosis and the home visiting naturally brought to light a good many patients who needed sanatorium or hospital care. Very well—we proposed to the French that sanatorium and hospital care be provided. The French gave the sites and, in some cases, existing buildings, and the American Red Cross made all necessary repairs, provided equipment, and agreed to operate the hospitals for a certain period of time. Following these two demonstrations, tuberculosis dispensaries and hospitals are being established rapidly in many parts of France, quite as rapidly as is consistent with careful and efficient work.

This is exactly the kind of thing that needs to be done all over southeastern Europe. In Serbia it would be necessary to send a larger proportion of American personnel because Serbia has almost no doctors and they will need to stay longer, but the method is perfectly adaptable to the Serbian attitude. They would love exhibits; they would have almost too great confidence in American physicians and nurses. They remember what the French, the British, and ourselves did to the typhus. Dispensaries, public-health nurses, educational exhibits, hospitals, and sanatoria should be put into operation in as many different localities as possible, both to meet an urgent immediate need, and to lay a foundation for a comprehensive permanent public-health service. Happily, there is in the government of the new kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes a progressive Ministry of Public Health.

The American Red Cross, during the past few months, has been sending food and clothing to the Near East to meet the immediate emergency. It has now adopted a program for a comprehensive health campaign in the Balkans for the coming year which in its general outline will undoubtedly follow the successful work in France. It has had a Tuberculosis Commission in Italy for the past year which has given a great impetus to the anti-tuberculosis and child-welfare movement there. The League of Red Cross Societies with headquarters in Geneva has for one of its chief objects the control of epidemic diseases. The way is open for the American people, through its own American Red Cross, and also through its participation in the League of Red Cross Societies, to continue to do its bit toward undoing the terrible losses inflicted upon the health, the happiness, and the efficiency of the people of the world by the Great War.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE PORCH OF THE MAIDENS

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

THE man who climbed the steps of the Acropolis grinned feebly. The waves of vivid light that played over the marble ascent made him faint and rickety. He thought with numb irony of the Greeks of old days sweeping up these high steps that so painfully stretched his weakened legs.

"The Greeks of old days"—he could almost feel them rushing by him. Soft pad of sandals, sweep of swirling draperies flashing up the marble steps, up to the throngs passing in and out of the Propylæa, past the statue of Athena, around to the little ivory-colored Temple of Nike!

Bard Temple knew his Greek lore a little beyond the raw college requirements. He liked to put his imagination to work. He could vision the triumphant embodying of fruits and grains and flocks; the wash of purple seas and golden stars; the bright beauty of men and girls that ran like a glowing tapestry through Greek mythology. Just now this young soldier was physically weak enough to brood morbidly over Greek athletics, over that splendid vitality of the race which deified nature and worshiped all physical forms of balance and grace. As the American paused, breathless, at the top of the steep white stairs he made sarcastic inventory of his own manhood.

"Just a long flabby bunch of fever," he panted, "just a rotten six feet of loose muscles—legs like a chintz Chinaman—bandy in the knees, woozy in the head. . . . me for the Ninny-hut."

The man leaning on his stick slowly took his way to the left of the Parthenon, with its great mass of columns flaring like raised trumpets to the reddish sunset sky; to the Erechtheum where the caryatids of "The Porch of the Maidens" held tranquilly their level burden. A man not long out of the jaws of death might well look wonderingly, wistfully, upon these noble woman-figures. Bard told himself that he had no indictment against the jolly old jaws of death; there had been times when he had actually grown to like the excitement of seeing them snap once, twice, thrice, grinding and devastating, till they finally failed of him. But it was the jaws of life, he said to himself, that he dreaded coming back to—these fangs slowly opening, livid, incrusted, dripping with some slow poison he could not analyze.

The sun was bronzing the figures of the Porch; the man, in a kind of stupid recognition of their beauty, stood to gaze at them. It was meet that one should pay tribute to such Daughters of Dignity.

"But there's nothing in it," Bard said to himself with sick solemnity. "There are no women like that. There's nothing in it; they are only stone, and rather too silent and cool . . . just the same they are very dear and splendid young women."

The man's gaunt chin sank on his breast as he stood staring at the caryatids; his shoulder-blades stuck out of his back in a beaten, wasted way. The young soldier rapped vacantly with his stick on the great column drums half sunken in the grass, repeating with singsong emptiness:

"They are real young women, the kind that can hold things together, carry burdens and not care. . . . They are big enough to stick, those stone sisters! They *have* stuck through centuries. . . . They don't wear green ear-rings!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The sun streamed low behind far-off Kerata as the man, a curiously old and feeble look on his face, flung his coat over his shoulders and turned away. The cloak, bought of a black gypsy, was a white sheepskin with pointed hood of the mountain shepherd. The soldier stumbled to the stylobate of the Parthenon and sat weakly down. The time was late April and, though the atmosphere was filtered crystal, and though purple anemones and scarlet poppies blew among the dazzle of scattered marbles, the four winds that bore down from the mountains around Athens were full of purple shivers.

It was at Athens, on his way to take ship for home, that Bard had caught influenza and succumbed to succeeding bad conditions. He was troubled with many curious disinclinations. One was to live. Another was to answer a letter in his breast pocket. It was a letter that for weeks had eaten into his sick consciousness with the trivial persistance of a squirrel gnawing a nut. Now that the thing was all off; now that Alstice had fairly and squarely thrown him down, a man had to show some sort of—well, action! A man must now face about, take up that queer slazy rag-carpet other people were calling "Life" and weave new destiny into it. . . . Life. Life? Was there any real life anywhere—was there anything left that was just and sound and sane and truly progressive?

A curious mental nausea swept the young soldier; he sat there, his eyes dull and puzzled, his fever-shrunk mind trying to grasp this thing called "Life." The dull, puzzled eyes read the letter for the twentieth time; a slow sense of insult revealed to Bard the little swabs of consoling flattery. Gee! she had piled the thing on, made it suddenly and sickeningly evident that she no longer wanted him.

"You who are the quintessence of bravery and manliness"—Bard could see the little thin-skinned hand with its correct finger-nails and finical flashing rings writing these select, well-chosen words on select, well-chosen stationery. Suddenly the young fellow leaned forward and, with a strange expression, sniffed at the paper—the thing had still the perfume of her little powdered arm in evening tulles. This perfume's haunting irrelevance, its uncanny comment on the life he was going back to, bit into the homesick soldier's heart like an iron goad. With utter apathy he allowed this perfume to prey upon him, remembering how the chiffons fell away from her satin-white neck, how the hair lay modest and bland over her little ears in which hung the apple-green stabs of color.

The man, still prodding aimlessly with his stick, tried to remember what right he had ever had to think she was his. Had they ever talked of married life, of what it would really mean for them . . . of the rent, of possible children, of the cost of food and fuel? No—Bard grinned emptily—they had just been "engaged," and that in America meant nothing, a lilac-time engagement with the luminous, tufty bushes encircling the garden seat on which they had clung together the night before he entrained three years ago. He remembered, with grim wonder, how Alstice had trusted to his arms like a child, how, as his lips had touched the soft little head he had heard her voice falter over his plunging heart: "Oh, Bard . . . don't leave me. . . . Bard, don't leave me."

They two had cut adrift that night; there had been music and dancing and other men and girls; but they had sailed off on their moonlit ship of love toward silver harbors of dream.

With curling lip, Temple read this last of her few letters. Why, he had carried Alstice in his arms toward his grave; he had cut his way through human flesh and hell fire with her name on his lips.

"But you are so generous, so understanding, I can be perfectly frank with you!"

Yes, the little swabs of phrases were all well saturated with balm, carefully poised, deftly passed over the bleeding surfaces; after all the soft placating

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

would a man be justified in rage? Bard Temple drew his lower jaw up over the firm line of his upper lip, his white teeth gleamed ominously. . . . Yes, but, by Jove! how about those three years of his own clean faithfulness? Her face, like the face in a mirror, set deep in his hot heart. This poison worked too deep for her dainty little phrases! Why, he had been going home to her, his woman, to life and love and work! Suddenly the sick soldier tore the whole packet of letters across with one vicious, twisting tear. He struck a match and burned them, smoking a cigarette the while and flicking its trivial ash on their consuming.

"Flame is too good for you," he muttered, watching the little licking spurts of fire; then, as the charred black pieces moved and shivered, he stood up and spoke out to the surrounding quiet of the Sacred Hill. "Alstice Fordam"—Bard pronounced the name like a judge—"Alstice Fordam, once the keeper of the Gates of Dream. . . . Now . . ." He flicked the last flip of cigarette ash on the little mound and tossed the end away.

A group of persons came slowly up from the little museum at the back of the Acropolis and strolled between the Parthenon and the Porch of the Maidens toward the great Hall of the Propylæa. They were men and girls from the Y stations near Saloniki; they also were biding their time ere they took ship for home, and were filling in the gaps with sightseeing. Temple, from his hiding-place, listlessly made out their forms in the gathering twilight; he caught their staccato chatter.

"The ancient Acropolis," blatted one man with the bland, nasal voice of a certain kind of "bright" American. "Behold the Great White Citadel that overlooks the Culture of the World!"

A big fellow in a belted overcoat reached out and took this speaker by the scruff of the neck.

"Cut it out. Cut it out," he growled. "Nix on the guide-book stuff. Let people get their own hunches, will you?"

"I'll say, some little Acropolis," called back a breezy girl ahead.

"Oh, you Bay of Salamis!" remarked another, followed by the idiotic phrase, "Atta boy, Phidias!" There was a gum-chewing, slangy gait of indifference to the little group; the girls particularly conveyed the outline of unemotion, but the young eyes that roved restlessly up and down the great columns about them looked somehow as if they longed for better powers of interpretation; they who pretended to deprecate the solemn silence of the Sacred Hill looked, as they stood there in their faded uniforms, as if they hungered for the very loftiness these temples typified; for, though there was still the trace of modernness, its luxury and extravagance untouched by culture, on these young faces, there was also the more recent serene and steady look of the Knowledge of Service. Curiously at variance with this look was the remark of one girl who, as she chewed nervously a bit of gum, stuck her thumb over her shoulder toward the Parthenon, twanging:

"Uh-huh! Honest, I like it! I'll say, some little building!"

One Red Cross nurse quietly detached herself from the band and walked away toward the Erechtheum; this figure was instantly joined by a tall man in riding-puttees whose whole air was one of authority and decision; he strode beside the young girl with a long, swinging step that added gravity to her light buoyancy; Cabot Fending, the army surgeon, had grown gray and stern through four years of war, but his face had still the firm lines of a man of forty. One of the group by the Parthenon looked after them, at the same time motioning toward the round moon rising over the Bay of Phalerum.

"They'll get stuck here if they don't hurry," said this girl. "Aren't the Greeks funny? They lock this place up every night as if it was the preserve - closet . . . only old stones and things. . . ." She stared at the two retreating figures, then turned, knitting

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

her brows, to a Y man near her. "Is the great Pawmunkey chief playing fair with Marna?" she asked, irritably. The canteen girl's face still worked with nervous inhibitions, her eyes were flintily somber.

"Still calamming, Calamity Jane?"

"Well"—the girl spoke defiantly, but there was something honestly worried in her eyes—"well, *I* don't care—I've got used to seeing hospitals shelled, but"—slowly—"it still hurts to see a little peach-tree just budding, put . . . to death."

"You mean, gloomy Gerty?"

"I mean," snapped the canteen girl, "that he ought to put her in irons now for being in love with him; instead of that he's, he's—" The flinty young eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Stop that," said the Y man, promptly, taking her arm like a brother. "For cat's sake, when will they send you girls home? Since the armistice you've lost all humor; you're as jumpy and romantic as—as fleas."

"You think there's humor in it?" she retorted. "Well, she's singing love-songs to him. . . . How about it? Listen!"

They paused, staring over at the Porch of the Maidens. "Let her sing; she might as well sing to a steam-tractor. That man licks up duty like a speed car on high; if she sang like a nine-inch shell she couldn't budge him."

The girl bit her lips nervously. "Ah, that's what makes me tired." She frowned at him. "You say I'm jumpy. That's all that *can* happen to my kind; we just get jumpier and jumpier until we—well, jump off . . . but Marna's kind bleeds internally. . . . That man is ordered East to-morrow. Did you know that? Well, *Marna doesn't know it.*"

"Why doesn't he take her with him?" asked the young fellow, flippantly.

The girl flashed an indignant look at him. "Don't," she muttered, sharply.

The two stood irresolute, looking back at the Porch of the Maidens, to the caryatids white in the moonlight, where in the dusk they could make out a seventh maiden standing near those six marble figures; suddenly this maiden, silent and tranced in the silver light, moved slightly; a voice, contralto and limpid as the moonlight, floated out like the notes from a magic reed.

No one of the Y group had noticed Bard Temple well withdrawn into the pillared darkness of the Parthenon. The American, his brain playing feverishly on the slightest trifle, was musing over the phenomenon of the canteen girls returned to every-day life. These alert, straightforward, unemotional girls—what honest work could they find to do in the old patchwork of pose and frivolity? Dreamily he compared them with the goddesses of the Porch.

But now the light that bathed the six white figures of the Erechtheum seemed to the sick man's eyes to tremble, to waver. There was, it seemed, a seventh figure come to stand with the maidens! Temple knew it was the fever getting back into his head that made him think this figure moved . . . moved beautifully . . . with goddess motions. . . . Listlessly he watched it until into the murk of his brain crept the fancy that it not only moved; it sang! Yes, the sick man could plainly see the seventh maiden, a tall, nobly formed girl, standing at the feet of her sister figures as if in some comradeship with those burden-bearing maidens. Then, as the dulled brain tried to comprehend, this seventh maiden, seeming to undulate with the melody that possessed her, began to sing; very purely, very tenderly, there floated over the Parthenon the sound of a woman's voice pitched tremulously low.

"And can the sunshine and the dew
To thy racked heart and brain afford no balm?"

The words were Matthew Arnold's; the music, a low winding of melodic sentences of strange wistfulness. But it was not the usual lyric of the individual, of egotistical love, that floated out upon

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the shimmering Athenian night; it was the old tragic song of chivalrous youth, passionate, eager for service, balked and blinded by the riddles of its time, the reflexes of its own soarings, the cloudy aims of its blind contemporaries.

Temple could see only the dim figure of the seventh maiden, her arm passed around the neck of the stone maidens. He thought it must be his fever that made him see also the tall, dark figure of a man standing back of her, a straight, grim-looking man who, as she sang, bared his head and finally pried his face in his arms and was very still.

"Oh, wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still after many years in distant lands
Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, Old World pain
Say . . . will it never heal . . .?"

Bard Temple, flung face down in the shadows of the Parthenon, slowly began to succumb to a strange numbness; very gladly he gave himself up to it, for he was too tired to puzzle things out; the far-off voice floated over him like the sweet, drugging hypnosis of morphine. Opening his eyes, the sick man rolled over, staring up at the pale night sky where a few stars were little silver specks in the white wash of moonlight. With burning eyes, with dry tongue, and brain a curious daze, he listened intently.

"And can the sunshine and the dew
To thy racked heart and brain afford no balm?"

Then Temple lifted his head. His bare throat and gaunt face were ghastly in the moonlight. "No," the sick soldier whispered, hoarsely, "no balm . . . no rest. . . . I am . . . too haunted! Alstice might have . . . maybe she could have . . . but now there is no balm. . . ." The man sank back, muttering, trying to draw the sheepskin closer about his shuddering frame. Soon he sat up again. "I am a god," he declared, rapidly, incoherently. He looked about him at the great silver pillars of the Parthenon, enveloping him in their night mystery. Suddenly he lurched forward and staggered to his feet. . . . Yes, Bard Temple, with a temperature of a hundred and five, was a god now—he was living on the Acropolis in the Parthenon, remote, high, without human feeling. "No feeling, no feeling, that was the idea"—so the sick man muttered to himself, so it was necessary to rise and run down that moonlit road that floated out of Athens to the Temple of Eleusis . . . as he used to run. . . . Bard would run as he used to run at college. . . . Running was good for . . . the fever. He would have a torch and shout . . .

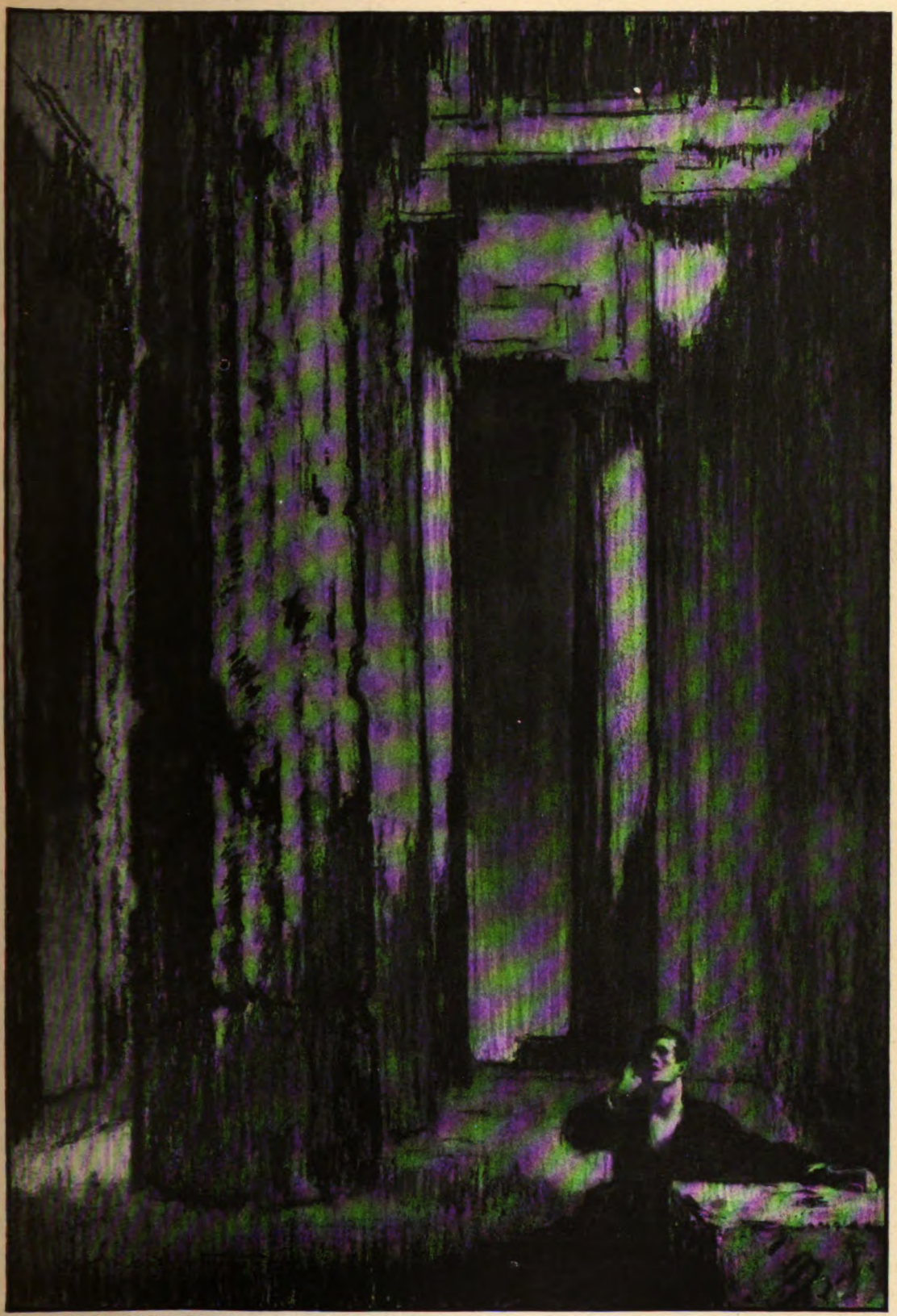
"And can the sunshine and the dew
To thy racked heart and brain afford no balm?"

It was a quiet dawn that welled up around Athens. A dawn like a silver sea with rosy sails unfurling. The mountains girdling the city smudged like great black tents on a white sky. The high peak of Lycabettus shoved an earthen horn into the growing day. Up on purple Hymettus burned a honey-colored fire; the quarried blocks that lay along the flanks of Pentelicon flashed white glitter.

The band of young Americans who pitched tents of a sightseeing week before they left for home had climbed the bridle-paths of the marble mountain, where forget-me-nots and purple and orange anemones circled the welling springs. Now at sunrise the same laughing, indefatigable group stood among the marble quarries, exchanging inevitable banter. Dawn mists still smoked around them, but the sun gradually clove a bronzed background for the flocks of chilly goats jingling bells amid the craggy green.

The surgeon and the Red Cross nurse who had been on the Acropolis stood highest. They had preceded the others and were poised on the summit of Pentelicon, where, slinging off their rucksacks and thermos bottles, they stood free, looking down on the curve of the Bay of Marathon. The girl set her strong back against a crag; she turned, and the

Digitized by Google
Digitized from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"I AM A GOD," HE DECLARED, RAPIDLY, INCOHERENTLY

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

morning sun shone full on her deep lit eyes as she silently handed her companion the field-glasses.

"They are magic." She watched the man soberly adjusting the glasses, adding: "I could plainly see Saloniki from Mount Olympus. I could see the Acropolis from Acro Corinth . . . it was like looking at one of those little pictures in one's tape-measure. Now I can almost distinguish that queer Sorós thing where the Greeks of Marathon lie buried." The young nurse's voice dropped with a kind of reverence as she repeated, thoughtfully: "The Marathon Greeks, they seem like real people now—a sort of dear, elder brothers. . . . I wonder if they meet all our dead soldiers somewhere — shake hands and swap stories. . . ." There was a tender, almost maternal, expression on the face of the girl who stood with a curious docility by the side of the intent officer, but she knit her brows slightly as she watched his firm, quiet hands, adding, with the candor that revealed the established intimacy between them: "Isn't it queer, the awful undying fame of war's destruction? We hardly recall the names of the men who died in building the Panama Canal, or finding the Northwest Passage, but the Greeks of Marathon! I wonder what barbaric legend our boys will figure in in the wars to come."

The surgeon shook his head. "It wasn't just war this time," he reminded her. He took the glasses from his eyes and held them out to her, his gaze lingering on her rich hair and warm, olive profile. "It was the handing on of the Torch of Courage. That Sorós there covers the bravest handful of men the Greeks knew—so, though it is only a little heap of dirt, it burns and flares down the ages, and all people who have greatly suffered—obscure people, unknown individuals, who have simply played honestly and stuck to the game—are lit by it. War is no longer a glory as it was in the old days, thank Heaven; the modern mind has met that point firmly and stuck to it obstinately; war, for us, is the colossal *Bêtise;* but *heroism* . . . these boys of ours have kindled the world!" The powder-burnt, sun-hardened surgeon nodded convincingly; his smile was tempered with everlasting bitter remembrance of human suffering, but his voice was quietly triumphant as he lowered his tone, saying, gently, "Don't you worry; everything is all right."

"Ah, I don't think of the dead ones only," the girl returned. "I'm thinking of the left-over ones; for instance, the man they found at midnight at the foot of the Acropolis. Temple— You know about him?"

The surgeon nodded. "It wasn't attempted suicide," he explained, quickly. "He had somehow gotten out of the convalescent wing and sneaked up on the Acropolis. Poor boy! He's gone completely off his head again."

The young nurse persisted: "But I happened to know Bard Temple before he went into the Big Show. He was glorious, like one of the bronzes in the museum. . . . He's a wreck now."

The man curtly nodded.

The girl went on: "The dead ones—it's easy for them. The centuries will feed them the bread of remembrance; they will take communion with the world forever. But there are so many men — yes, and women — to-day who carry the desolation of war in their hearts . . . who have got to get back into life."

As she spoke the girl leaned over the boulder that propped her and spied the rest of the party straggling up from below. Her voice changed into youthful challenge.

"What's the matter down there?" she called. "Have some punch about you! What are you waiting for, an escalator? They are sitting down to rest," she reported, with light scorn, but relief at being once more alone with this man shone in her eyes; she turned, and half frankly, half shyly met his questioning glance. The young eyes became grave again as she confessed, softly: "I'm all

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

pessimist these days. I was never really that as long as war lasted."

The brown, acute face turned gravely on her.

"I'm afraid of life, too," she faltered to him, "and I've never been afraid before."

"No, you've never been afraid," Fending agreed, gravely, "not for yourself, not through anything—even when others were for you." He stood staring straight ahead of him, adding, slowly, "I wonder if you've ever guessed how afraid *I've* sometimes been for you?"

She smiled, trying, with a woman's curious stealth, to read the eyes partially shadowed by the visor of his cap.

"I'm not afraid for myself now," she explained, "but for the men going home; men like Temple, for instance. Such a dear, square, healthy boy, now an old man—silent, dumb, bitter . . ." The splendid young eyes darkened piteously; the nurse turned to the man with a gesture at once imperious and appealing. "You can't make me believe we can ever put joy of life into *him* again," she insisted, fiercely.

For answer, he put his hand on her shoulder and deliberately turned her gaze down to far-off Athens, an indistinct white glimmer in the spring sunlight. Together they watched the glitter of the sun on the wind-shield of an automobile on the far-off highway; the man kept his magnetic hand on the trim little shoulder until a slight quiver made him as suddenly remove it.

"*Everything is all right*," he repeated, meaningly.

But she lifted a challenging head very spirited in its daring; the young eyes looked fearless negation.

"Everything's not all right," she contradicted, hotly. "How I despise Pollyannering! Let's be honest. Let's look straight at things. Is everything all right for France? . . . Is everything all right —for you and me?"

His shadowed eyes shone with the fierce, surprised look of one suddenly taken off guard, but their sharpness, as of ranged bayonets, softened on the girl's defiance; his answering smile was a curious measure of a man's wistfulness and strength.

"War is over," he said, softly. "War is over, and so you can be a dear, hot-tempered child and speak to the officer in charge any way you like."

He let the smile take away the sting of his purposeful evasion, but his companion saw that *he had* evaded her; she flushed under her soft sunburn, and a fierce half-contempt came to her glowing face.

"I beg your pardon." She spoke perfunctorily, as befitted his rank; but his eyes twinkled on this purely superficial humility, for the woman's eternal challenge smoldered in the look frankly meeting his.

The surgeon kept his own gaze on her. "We will overlook it," he remarked, quizzically. "There will be no court martial." Then a curious flicker back of the grave eyes steadied to a deep knowledge of her, a look that was at once commanding and purposeful. . . . "Yes, there will, too," he said, playfully. "There will be a sentence. Dear"—his voice suddenly dropped to a note that made her whole being thrill—"dear, from now on your punishment for this —er—insubordination will be to repeat every morning at sunrise, facing the east—facing the east, remember—'Everything is all right if we only make it so.'" Major Cabot Fending added, teasingly, "Unless, of course, you consider that Pollyannering!"

She shrugged her shoulders, but he insisted:

"It's the best medicine for us both, for us all, isn't it? First we've got to believe in a better world—a phœnix that shall rise from the ashes of the past . . . and then—well, we have, we ourselves, *every individual one of us*, to go ahead and *make* that world better."

She looked irresolutely, half scornfully, into the determined face and shook her head. "That's so easy to *say*," she gibed. She put her arm up along the top

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the crag to steady the field-glasses for another look at the far blue curve of Marathon. Suddenly her eyes swam with helpless tears, the field-glasses wavered, the man with her laid his hand on hers.

"Don't." She gave a quick, nervous breath. Once more he saw her young body quiver.

"You needn't be afraid. I'm not going to," he said, simply. "The time when I might have—has gone by." At her quick, questioning look he held both hands out to her. "It is only, Marna dear," he said, deliberately, "that this place, looking down on Marathon with the sun shining, is the best place for me, for us, to say our 'good-by' in. . . . We knew, dearest, that it had to come. . . . Well—it has come!"

He flinched at the awful pallor of the young face turned beseechingly to his; for a moment he seemed to choke back some tumultuous man-speech leaping to his lips. With one step he might have had her in his arms. But a long habit of discipline invested his tall, straight figure.

"We—" The surgeon hesitated, then his words came differently, with a curious authority: "I want simply to tell you this, that you have been a woman such as a man remembers to his dying day . . . such as he forgets sometimes is a woman, and worships, not like a saint, but like some higher truth of his own soul." There was a sunless, chilled silence between them before the man added, heavily, "I have . . . no right to say . . . more."

The bronzed, stalwart form faced her very quietly; then the officer nerved himself to the thing that he saw was coming, concluding, gravely and quickly:

"And if our . . . comradeship has meant anything to you, I want to ask you, in the name of it . . . to do me a favor."

She stared at him almost unseeingly, but he went on:

"That young chap—Bard Temple. I've liked him, watched him; he ought to have another decoration, and shall, if he lives, when I tell what I know of him. . . . But you saw them bring him in?"

She stood there listlessly. The surgeon put a grip like steel on himself as he resumed:

"He's raving sick and will have to remain behind for another month. I want you, Marna, for my sake, to look out for him, to remain here, and—well, bring him back to life, take him home, buck him up, save him"—the surgeon dropped his voice, but went doggedly on with it—"if you can, marry him."

She was like a frozen statue before his eager, half-awkward request. The sun in its slant on Mount Pentelicon lit her whole dark face, giving beauty to the suddenly set curves of the mouth, the fighting fury and stifled hunger of the eyes; her hands pulled blindly at the straps of the field-glasses as she stammered:

"You are . . . you are . . . asking me to?" Suddenly she forced back her dismay, reminding him with cold punctilio, "You forget that my time on your staff is not officially up for two months." The girl controlled trembling lips, staring fixedly at him.

There was a truth of being between this man and Marna Dayton that they could neither of them ignore—the fact of his life-long bondage to another woman could keep neither of them from acknowledging the flashes of spirit that had revealed them one to the other. They had treasured such union in their work; it was only when that work was over that the reaction appalled them. For that there was a loyalty and obligation to his ailing wife at home, a bond that must keep him forever silent, they both knew. Oh yes, Marna had known that, she told herself; she had never forgotten it—but working with this man, side by side under his orders, reading his eyes when there was no time for words, sometimes saving him, at other times being saved by him—she had known something which she said to her-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

self was not dishonorable, not treachery to the other woman . . . not wrong even before the world's cruel laws . . . and so sweet, so utterly, wreckingly sweet . . . the frantic protest shouted and clamored within her; body and soul she fought him.

Oh, it couldn't, it couldn't be at an end, all because two persons armed with an ugly little gold ring had years ago stood before a minister who said a few words that probably he, himself didn't altogether believe. Marna's hands suddenly clenched. All over, all over—after their white truth, their strong bodies side by side in heroic healing, their royal communion amid the blood and suffering and cries of bombardment? . . . All over . . . all over?

The man's solemn search was bent on hers, unwaveringly.

"Men and women have had . . . different codes of personal honor during the war," he said, slowly, . . . "but I have always thought you and I had the same. I have always known . . . that you would not make me feel alone . . . in this decision."

For answer, she turned away from him like a child; she put her head down on the rock. There was silence in which the tinkling bells of the mountain goats rang their pastoral comment on the solemn starved thing men have agreed to call life. Suddenly all the pent-up passion of months broke into helpless grief.

The man beside her stood a few moments with somber eyes; then ultimate resolution tightened his lips, a look of stern, of terrific command came into his eyes.

"Stand up," he said, curtly.

Instinctively the girl straightened; she did not even pass her hand before her eyes, but faced him.

She stood in a simplicity of noble abandon that made the soldier and surgeon of years turn his head away. The man moistened his lips, his hands clenched, but he knew that there was but one thing to do; he went on with it.

"Say after me," he told her, quietly . . . "say after me, 'Everything is all right if we only make it so.'"

He seemed cold, implacable to her helplessness, but under his incisive severity there was a curious tenderness, as if he directed the steps of a lost and frightened child. There was also a curious look of understanding in him; a younger, less passionate man would not have been so quickly and keenly master of a woman's awful powers of surrender.

"Say it, Marna." His voice was very gentle.

She lifted her stricken youth to him, only a second leaning on his granite strength.

"I can't think it," she declared, piteously. "I tried to, last night on the Acropolis—when you told me. I can't think it." The dark eyes widened desperately on his.

"I couldn't think it last night, either," the man admitted, simply. His eyes looked with immortal hunger on the girl's lovely defenselessness. "Your Matthew Arnold," he remarked, thoughtfully, "was a kind of boob, I guess, but last night he sort of got me.

"Oh, wanderer from a Grecian shore."

The weatherbeaten surgeon, looking down toward Athens, knew how that melody on the Acropolis would follow all his lonely life. "They are real little gramophones, your poets, when it comes to telling us how we feel about things, but it took old Bob Browning to get health, action, into human sorrow." The bronzed officer suddenly began replacing the field-glasses; he slung them over his shoulder. "'One who walked breast forward,'" he quoted, slowly—"'never doubted Right would conquer, Wrong be worsted . . .' 'held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.'"

The man looked with unutterable tenderness on the girl beside him; the look of one truly baptized by fire was on him; he saw only one path.

"Nurse Marna Dayton." He called her to attention.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The girl flashed so desperately game a smile at him that instinctively he winced. He took her in as she stood lithe and straight before him, drinking her down as a thirsty man might drink a cup of wine. With grim lips he silently bade all of her "good-by."

"Beautiful and sincere little Red Cross nurse," said the man, with tender authority, "you know I would give you no orders you could not fulfil. These are my last to you. I leave officially in your charge the young second lieutenant found gashed and in a high fever at the foot of the Acropolis this morning; he is in a kind of mix-up of despair and nerves and horrors generally and may die, but you and I know that he is eminently worth saving. You will care for him, do everything in your power to save him . . . for my sake. There may even come a day when perhaps you will think you could marry him, for your own sake."

She shot him a look of utter reproach, but he went on, steadily, "You're paying no attention."

"Don't," the girl implored, brokenly. "I can't stand this. Cabot, you can't give it all up. . . . You could, you could—*arrange something* . . ." The young face suddenly flushed scarlet as she said the words, but he looked at her so simply, with such clear eyes of understanding that her shame utterly died.

"I *had* arranged something," the man returned, slowly . . . "and then your song last night . . . made me . . . change my plans. I sometimes think that music can take away evil. Marna, I am a better man than I was."

"But you can't send me from the staff," she retorted, swiftly. "You haven't the authority." Her face turned away from his own reproachfulness. "I would not say this if I did not know . . ." But the poor child could not finish the sentence, her voice died in her throat; she could only stare at him helplessly.

He removed his officer's cap. He stood there, the wind playing over his silver-struck hair and dark, controlled face.

"You are right," he said, shortly. "You do know—for all time. I won't lie about so precious, so ennobling a thing. I won't pretend it doesn't exist or that it is other than the most beautiful thing that has ever happened to me, but that is all; it ends now for us. You and I have come to the end of these dear ways. Believe me, it is my last fight and it isn't for myself. Dear Little, there is no other way. Put your good, clean woman's eyes on me and say, 'Good-by, and God help us both.'"

With faces curiously awed they looked steadily at each other; something greater than themselves held them from each other's arms. The voices of the climbers below now broke freshly on their ears, and with a curious little frightened gasp the girl obeyed his command. They clasped hands strongly, almost perfunctorily, but suddenly there was a tightening of grip that made her wince; the tall surgeon buried his face for an instant on her hand. She felt an electric volt rush through her, but her swooning sense still saw his face serene and purposeful.

"I, then, leave you with these directions. You will nurse Bard Temple. If he lives, you will go back with him to America. If it is possible, under God's sight, and though to-day you love me"—a note of suffocation crept into Fending's voice—"you may perhaps grow to love him and make him happy."

Her head was bowed, her lips dry. "You go to-morrow?" she repeated, thickly. It was the only thing she grasped.

"We sail from Piræus at sunset; it is for the Eastern rehabilitation. I don't know how long. I do not think, Marna dear, I really hope, beloved, that I shall never see you again."

He gave one strained, longing look at her helpless youth. If she had looked then she might have seen the man's nature rise and, with its terrible need of all she had to give, confront that youth's

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

alluring instinct, but she could no longer face him; she only dimly felt him take her hands.

"Dear," he pledged with her—"dear, everything is all right . . . if we only make it so?"

With dead, dry lips she said the thing after him. They stood high on Mount Pentelicon, the flippant voices of the approaching climbers surged into their consciousness. The man's hand with the girl's in it went slowly like a sacrament to his lips, then to his heart . . . for a moment she felt the strong beat there and her face was ashen; then they stood apart. Mechanically they straightened, looking at each other. Cabot Fending's hand dropped to his side; he turned with the sharpness of a man shot and plunged down the mountain path.

The glimmer of the Athenian hospital ward, the moving white nurses, came slowly to Temple's consciousness. He tried to sit up, but a quiet hand and arm restrained him. He looked fearfully up into the face bending over his.

"You have stepped down from your Porch," he said, in the flat, monotonous tone of delirium. "I am glad you do not wear green ear-rings."

The nurse, who hung over him, noted the weakness of his voice; her long, cool hand searched to find his fluttering pulse. Another American nurse came to the bedside.

"He's horribly restless still; this is almost thirty hours that he has tossed and muttered. I can't get a correct temperature. Would you give another hypo?"

The other slowly shook her head. "He hasn't much chance, anyway. The fever is dwindling, but he has a look I wouldn't gamble on." The nurse hesitated, her eyes fixed on the bandaged head and face. "Some smash-up! Who let him get 'way up there on the Acropolis? Is he irrational?"

"Irrational?" The other, in spite of her concern, smiled a short smile. "He has rather educational deliria; he's given me greater insight into the Greek myths than anything I ever had at college."

"Marna, you old highbrow!" giggled the other.

Marna did not smile again, for the sick man again opened his eyes and looked at the two young women unseeingly.

"This blue light is going in and out of me," he exulted, in a quick, staccato whisper. "It's buoyant and tidal and fire-purple— Were you ever in the Blue Grotto, Alstice? . . . Well, the light is something like that in the Elysian Fields, and this queer, drenching, dragging sweetness, that's the poppies." . . . Bard knitted his brows. "I used to think it was your arms around me, but it couldn't be that—now. The poppies in the Elysian Fields are yellow and lavender, and that dear golden fellow standing there smiling is Orpheus. I love him better than Persephone." The sick man feebly turned his bandaged head and face toward the nurses, inquiring earnestly, "Did you know that the Greeks pronounce that name Persephone?"

"Well, *he's* 'phony,' all right," remarked the night nurse, grimly.

The weak whisper died away, but after a long silence Bard remarked, with vicious distinctness, "She has a little pink face like a frog's, and the ear-rings —they are horrible!"

"She?" questioned the night nurse, her keen blue eyes fixed upon the fever-taut face.

"Alstice," the sick man muttered. "She smashes the temples of life, puts her foot on them like bubbles; she wears those tricky little green ear-rings to show . . . to show she has no soul. . . ." Again there was a long silence and the husky voice remarked, thoughtfully, "The Porch of the Maidens is the only thing that stays true; there is one maiden that sings." Suddenly the delirious man sat up in bed; he tore at the restraining arms of the two nurses, shouting in a high scream: "'Oh, wanderer from a Grecian shore!' Maiden,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

maiden, sing it. It is the only thing that will keep Alstice away!"

The night nurse beckoned the doctor, who was making his last rounds. He came and looked long and keenly at the emaciated yellow face, asked some questions, and shook his head.

"You mustn't do anything more with drugs." He turned to Marna: "You knew him. Does he ever recognize you?"

She shook her head. "But he is always more rational toward evening."

The doctor studied her intently. "Comes up to breathe, hey? Well, if he does that to-night try to get some hold on his conscious thought—anything to eliminate this Alstice-phobe. What's an Alstice, anyway? A caterpillar? A vacuum-cleaner?" The tired little surgeon, still regarding Marna attentively, remarked, with ostentatious flippance, "A nurse in the other ward cured shell-shock by patting the chap's hand and singing, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star.'"

"Yes," returned the girl, dryly, "I see what you mean." There were great hollows around her eyes and her smile was drawn and mechanical. The doctor, staring at her, bit his lips and desisted. Another tired nurse—war over, no excitement to feed on, knocked up with heroism, thinking about home. Well, thank God these frayed girls of war would soon be shipped back.

He stayed a moment by the bedside, a curious bit of human quietness, turning over in his mind one of the many odds and ends of war history—the little surgeon had heard all about this girl and his superior, Cabot Fending. He knew the square, sturdy worth of the two and guessed at the happiness they had turned their backs on. Suddenly he remarked, abruptly:

"You sing, I think. Didn't I hear you at the Y the other night? Something rather sobby, I thought—'got lost on a Grecian shore' and other sad statements."

The girl could not help smiling. "I sang several rags, too," she defended herself.

The little surgeon nodded. "Well, I don't think this chap wants rags just now, but there's something in the Twinkle Star idea. He wants good mental pictures; the fever is going down, all right, but this Alstice-phobe— Give him something treacly that his mind can fasten on to. How about that little coster song out of 'Pippa Passes'?"

The night nurse giggled helplessly, but the little man was quite earnest. "Something about everything in the world being all right, I remember," he said, vaguely—"the correct dope for just now, you know, because everything *isn't* all right. Get me?" The surgeon's eyes, with warm liking, met Marna's. "Feed him strong on the Pippa-pap," he grinned cheerfully at her.

Just then the sick man opened his eyes and smiled. "Hello—Poppy Aniseed," he remarked, faintly. "I'm all right now. I was in the Vale of Tempe. Gee! you should see the plane-trees!"

The little surgeon backed away. "For Gawd's sake, don't let him unload any of that highbrow stuff on me!" he ejaculated. "Next thing he'll be asking me if I'm the Hippocratic oath."

The two nurses looked after him, smiling. Marna Dayton freshened the sheet over the long, thin form of Temple and went for barley-water; as she passed a window she saw the sun setting behind the Acropolis; it struck gold on the tall columns of the Olympieum down in the city; the white capitals tossed blossomy foam to the purple glory of the sky. The scene held the girl's tired eyes. Its radiant melancholy kept her longer at the window. Her eyes strained toward the Bay of Salamis, where she knew a ship sailed, a ship on which a tall, dark-faced man set his face toward Duty. . . . "Everything is all right if we only make it so." Hot tears burned in her eyes. "Everything is all right . . ." Suddenly, with terrific clearness of vision, Marna saw herself as she had been on the mountain, saw the honest strength

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the man she loved and the part he had played in their parting. She stretched out her arms. "Oh, my dear," she whispered—"oh, my dear, I will be true to it. Yes, 'Everything is all right, everything is all right.'"

She went back to the bedside with the barley-water. Very tenderly she lifted the fever-wasted man and fed him the few spoonfuls. With a curious persistence she could not understand, the words in her mind broke out on her lips. "All right," she soothed the sick soldier, "everything is all right." She stroked his forehead, finding herself crooning like a song, "everything is all right." It became a rhythm which she could croon though her eyes were wet and her muted voice breaking, "Everything is all right, if we only make it so"!

The sick soldier, a slight flicker in his eyes, listened a moment; a faint smile made the bloodless lips waver.

"That's—that's an *American* song, all right," Bard said, in a weak whisper. "A breeze from home."

The young nurse, for answer, slipped the thermometer into his mouth and saw with relief that his lips closed firmly on it. "Everything is all right"—the song seemed to ring up and through her. Bard Temple regarded her childishly, placidly.

"I should like to go to sleep on that song," he remarked; "the light in the Temple was a little blinding."

The slight irrationality did not trouble the nurse, for the thermometer had told her the essential truth. She stood for a moment, thoughtfully looking at her patient. Gently putting the barley-water aside, she sat down and passed her arm around the sinking shoulders.

The last light left the ward. Far off the temples grew dim and a silver moon rolled up on Athens. The bells of the street mules jingled, and an occasional automobile sounded its horn.

The grave Athenians met in the square to drink coffee and to speak of Venizelos and Redeemed Greece and the new Hope of the World. Marna kept her arms firmly about the shoulders sinking lower and lower, crooning hardly above a whisper, "Everything is all right . . . is . . . all right." Suddenly the girl leaned over and counted the man's slow breathing; she watched the pallid lids, she felt once more the fugitive pulse. "Normal," she said, at last. For the first time in months Bard Temple slept a natural sleep. . . .

The late May morning showed the poppies still warm against the creamy yellow of marble fragments, and their rifts blew like flame against the far-off blue of the Ægean. An exultation, the candid joyance of the Greek spring, swept the Acropolis; the rich bulk of the temples was warmly mellow.

The figures of a man and woman were half sitting, half reclining on the slope back of the Roman theater, called the Odeion. The girl's brown hand now and then lifted over the poppy cups as if they were little scarlet torches at which she once more warmed her young life.

"I can't tell whether I hate them for reminding me of the battle-fields in France, or whether I love them for it."

Bard Temple, sitting at his nurse's side, smiled dreamily. "Would you like to change them into daisies, jolly big clean daisies—huge windy fields all ruffling white with little frilly things like children?"

She nodded. "Home! Daisies! Doesn't it thrill you?" She stared at the sky through the dark Roman arches.

Temple sat up and stretched his long arms. "Home, a good place to get busy in. Me for the little American beehive!" he yawned. It was a mechanically contrived yawn of indifference to all things except a man's need of work.

The girl beside him knew how brave it was, that assumed indifference. She saw with pleasure the new look of strength that overlay the sadness of his face.

"Good boy," she approved, softly. "You've really got rid of the Alsticephobe."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"THAT'S AN *AMERICAN* SONG, ALL RIGHT. A BREEZE FROM HOME"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.3121000535458 2
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I've got rid of the war-phobe," he returned.

They laughed together. Exhausted and disillusioned though they both were, the laugh gave them the curious elastic sense of youth.

Bard, however, glanced up at her keenly. How about your own little phobe?" he asked, then turned his head away that he might not witness her suddenly stricken face. There was something of essential nobility in this girl that made a man reluctant to fool with her, to let any of the sex nuances, harmless in themselves, but destructive of sound, lasting things, obtrude on his feeling for her.

Temple ran over in his mind the old-time "rushing" of one girl with no purpose other than playing at love, the cool almost prurient testing out of passion. These things sickened the young soldier now; he wanted work, truth, convictions, standards—yet he dreaded going back to America, that superb land which had sent him forth. What now did his country hold for him? Would it indeed be the old drivel and pretense, the *pousse café* of high-powered American life—for one who for years had solemnly faced death?

He watched his girl nurse as she sat quietly there, the deep eyes, the unutterably steady look of the whole being's superb balance . . . yes, like the Maidens of the Porch of the Erechtheum . . . braced for some burden of life! The look of the man grew thoughtful; mentally he placed this warm, breathing girl in that group of stone women coldly, though superbly, adjusted to their burden of the Temple. Suddenly that feverish night in the Parthenon came back to him; Bard gave a little chuckle as he reviewed it.

The girl looked down at him as he lay, head on clasped hands.

"I was thinking of a scenario title," Bard told her, "'The Singing Caryatid.' Can't you hear the crowd out in front reading it, 'The Carry a Tidy'?"

Marna's smile was sympathetic; almost like a mother, she joyed to see the boy's old humorous spirit finding its own.

"*Et puis alors?*" she questioned, indulgently.

"Only thinking what nice steady girls those maidens are, and how scared they looked the night I ran amuck up here. I remember I thought I was plugging down the Eleusinian Way with Dionysius and the gang, waving a torch and singing. It felt good, too. Funny how delirium loosens up some really honest part of us that polite life chains down."

His girl companion nodded wisely. "Polite life was contrived to keep us from cracking our skulls."

Bard ruefully felt of his bandaged forehead. "I don't mind paying a cracked head if it gives me the undivided attention of a divine . . . woman."

She made no answer, but the soldier persisted with clumsy gratitude, "You've been a grand little caryatid, Marna . . . and then some."

"Oh, is that it?" returned the girl, lightly. She saw his hand go out for hers, and for the first time in many weeks instinctively drew it away. Temple was out of the woods now; he would soon be leaving; off her hands . . . and—well, she had done all that it was possible to do. Half bitterly, she read in her heart those last words of Cabot Fending. They were like writing on the wall . . . "Everything is all right if we try to make it so." Well, Marna had tried, faithfully tried to make it "all right" for this one man, to give him back not only life itself, but belief in life. She had—she smiled at the remembrance of the little surgeon in the ward—"fed him the Pippa-stuff." For herself, however, there could be no "Pippa-stuff." The girl came out of the revery to find her soldier charge sitting up, his very hollow eyes fastened upon her face; there was the solemn light of discovery in his gaze.

"Marna—you're—you're hurt." The young fellow's voice was shocked, almost terrified. "You're— Why, you're hiding something!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

At her laugh he grew obstinately grave. "I mean it. You have the look I've seen on men who pretended they weren't wounded so that the other fellows could get taken back first." . . . Temple looked at the girl with a curious directness, the eyes of a clean man on a clean woman.

"Who has been taking care of *you?*" demanded the soldier, peremptorily. . . . "You're bleeding inside? You've got a wound," he repeated, with conviction. "No one has looked out for you, Marna," the man insisted, as he saw her stiffen—"Marna, don't try to play the game with me; I need the truth these days. I've got to have it. It's going to be the bread of life to me. . . . Dear, I'm not going to be mushy, and I won't bother . . . but"—his lips were set with the definiteness of a man of natural force—"tell me!"

Taken suddenly unaware, she quivered under his touch. "People get 'hurt,' as you call it, every day." She tried to speak with lightness. Suddenly she turned a trapped look at the man staring intently on her. "Bard, please, I'm tired out. I can't fight you, but I'd rather not speak of—anything—"

There was silence for a moment before Temple burst out:

"It was that damned Fending. The cold brute. They all said—" The sick soldier clenched his fist, as she sat there with bowed head. "The calculating coward!" he sneered. But Marna turned on him with such fire that he saw his mistake.

"They all said? They all said?" she demanded, hotly. "Bah! . . . How could they know?" Her young face set bitterly.

"They all knew he had a wife living," the young fellow blurted.

She blazed at him. "Do you suppose he ever pretended anything else? . . . Why, it was he who— Oh, *they* couldn't understand." The great dark eyes burned in a scarlet face as the girl continued, sharply: "I don't care about them, but I want *you* to understand that I would have *gone with* Major Fending, *gone with him*. Do *you* understand? A common camp-follower — anywhere, down to the Far East where he's been sent. *I* forgot *every*thing, *everything* . . . but he . . . he kept me from being less honorable than I thought . . . I was." Her dark head dropped forward in her arms; she seemed to forget that she was not alone. "Oh, my dear, my dear," the young girl whispered. . . . "I know now what you meant."

Her utter humiliation shook the man at her side; he knew something of a girl's part in war, but he set his teeth with resolve.

"All I know is his life has a hundred freedoms, a thousand adventures, but he made you love him, then sent you back to starved loneliness. The cad!"

Bard hated himself for this ungenerous speech, but he kept his puzzled eyes upon the girl, who lifted her head and sat looking fixedly down the slope of the Acropolis and off to curves of the Eleusinian Way.

"He . . . he was right," she said, at last; then softly, with a little patient smile, "He knew." A look of bravery and resignation rather sad to see settled on her face; there was no doubt in the young eyes as she turned to the full morning grandeur of the temples back of them. "We did right," said Marna, slowly. "It needs big, balanced, sublime truths like these temples to show people the need for upholding things, supporting things at any cost." A curious note of human agony came into the young nurse's voice. She had a simple, child-like pathos, as if she groped her way alone along a path another had shown her. "You . . . see, we could never have really . . . had each other; . . . we could only have had terrible burning moments . . . as scarlet as those poppies. I can see that now. I didn't see it then. I only felt something . . . that was . . . too strong for me. . . . But he—he *knew*." Suddenly a marvelous tenderness swept her face. Her fine lips smiled bravely on Bard as she broke into the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

breathless, sobbing little lilt, "Everything is all right—is all right if we only make it so."

Bard Temple sat upright, still looking wonderingly at her. "Oh, damn!" he said. "Oh, damn! Damn! Damn!"

But this did not relieve the young soldier. He got up and walked up and down, slipping weakly over the irregular shards and stones scattered over the broken and indented slope; at last he came back, frowning moodily down on his companion.

"That was my life song," he said, at last; "that was the song you brought me out of the Elysian Fields with—and—and I know why now. . . . Marna dear, it was *you* that was singing that night in the Porch of the Maidens." Eagerly the man tried to remember the strain that had lulled him like morphia:

"Oh, wanderer from a Grecian shore—"

She nervously laughed it off. "Nonsense, child; you weren't there. I sang it to—to some one else. . . . That song belongs to another—another person."

"It doesn't," said the soldier, rudely, imperiously. . . . "That song belongs to me. That song came to me like the song of a mother. It drove me out of the Parthenon down the hill, and—well, I guess that on that account I was a little less dead when they found me." He stood tall and wistful in front of her. "It saved my life. Sing it once, just once," he pleaded, boyishly. "I feel awful spooky, Marna," he coaxed. "I need a little pleasant diversion."

They both laughed, the sudden, inconsequent laughter of sheer youth. But something pathetically new and wistful in his steady young nurse set Bard to wondering. He had rather ruthlessly battered down the wall of defense she had raised against her world and its comments. Her armor, worn for the combat of life, seemed suddenly snatched away by his brutal hand. It made him very tender of her, and as his gaze went from her, sitting listless and thoughtful, to the Porch of the Maidens, tranquil and even in their burden-carrying, he saw the bitter injustice that life does to human flesh and blood. Marna, the goddess-like girl, who had sung on the Acropolis, who had banished the "Alstice-phobe," who with noble simplicity and tragic faith had accepted the old-fashioned standard of purity and honor, had turned to face the starved, inarticulate life of the "good woman." Instantly the imperious knowledge came to Bard "*Marna must not bear the burden alone.*" Suddenly, impetuously, he threw himself down by her; he seized her two hands, saying, doggedly:

"Sing me that Porch song!"

There was something curiously new and masterful in the American's voice. Amazed, but with disapproval, his nurse noted it.

"I'll take you straight back to the hospital if you fuss," she threatened, sharply. Her experienced look tried to quell him, but the curious, helpless movement of her imprisoned hands only gave him more strength.

"No, dear; I'm on the job now," said Bard, quietly. "I take control and can carry the burden for a while. I'm not going to ask for love," he assured her. "I'm not going to be a selfish slob. Only you are going to give me the right to share the burden. Ah, Marna?" begged the young fellow. "Ah, Marna, I want you to let me into that place where you suffer all alone."

With a simple awkwardness he was not ashamed of, the man stood over her, longing for her, but with pitiful gaze, seeing her dark eyes wide with strain and struggle.

"'And can the sunshine and the dew to thy racked heart and brain afford no balm?'" quoted the young soldier, shyly. Of a sudden he drew himself up, clenching his hands with new resolution. "Yes, by the bally old gods of the Acropolis, it can!" Bard suddenly turned on his heel; he swept out his arms toward the temples on the Sacred Hill. "I call all true gods to witness that Marna and I will start a new life, create a new world,

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

a world that . . ." Suddenly the light in the American's eyes darkened; he staggered a little and put out his hand.

The girl sprang to his feet. "Don't, dear; you're not strong enough yet. You aren't sure of your funny long legs. Oh, I've let you do too much!" she blamed herself. She chafed the thin hands in hers. "Steady, boy," supporting him. "Put your head here . . . so, now, quiet!"

He sank back for a moment, his dark head against her young breast, saying, with new light in his eyes, "You called me 'Dear' . . . you called me 'Dear.'" He looked up into her face, gasping eagerly, "You couldn't do that unless you really cared." The young soldier drew a quick breath. "This is nothing," he insisted. "I've got my grip now and I feel strong, strong this very moment." With the magnificent gesture of an assumed strength he straightened and drew her in to his own breast, holding her, shielding her with passionate fierceness. "You called me 'Dear,'" insisted the young fellow, fiercely. "I saw something in your eyes; you can't fool me, Marna. I may be rotten weak just now, but, thank God, I'm a man!"

She looked anxiously at him, still professional, still keeping her arm firmly about his neck to steady him, but he only seized her hand and kissed it till her face burned.

"I know what Fending meant," the soldier said, gravely. "Dear, I am sorry for what I said. I know now what he meant. Oh, Marna, we're young, we can begin again; we can create— It's all ahead of us; we belong to each other and to the poor old world." Bard Temple laughed, adding, shyly, "Everything is all right if we only make it so."

She was still alarmed, anxious, but there was no mistaking the thing that had come to him—in his eyes was the look of triumph and strength she had kindled. Suddenly the girl understood the kind of man he meant to be, and loved him for it.

"Brave boy," she approved. "Brave boy." Marna tried to laugh it off; but suddenly, with a sob, she threw her arms about him and they stood there clinging.

MEED

BY ANTOINETTE WEST PENNANT

I SOUGHT a friend the other day
That I might tell my sorrow.
I found her just across the way,
As near as night to morrow.
She wept her grief upon my breast,
There dropped her heavy burden;
And, as I soothed her back to rest,
Peace was my guerdon.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A NEW CONCEPTION OF THE UNIVERSE

EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES

BY ALFRED J. LOTKA

ONE of the foremost aims of science is to build up a conception of the world which shall correspond more and more closely with our experience.

As the scope of our experience, our observation, enlarges we shall naturally be forced, from time to time, to modify the world-picture we have already formed.

For primitive man, with his limited range of observation, the conception of the earth, for example, as a flat disk was well enough. Indeed, he would have been in a sense justified in rejecting our modern view of a spherical earth as in conflict with his experience. For he might have said, the men on the other side of the earth would be hanging head downward in space, if they did not fall off altogether. His fund of experience was insufficient to draw his attention to the fact that the expression "downward" is a *relative* term.

Again, the world had to learn a second lesson in relativity. To the naïve observer the sun, the moon, and the stars appear to revolve about the earth. That this might be an illusion, that the actual motion might be a rotation on the part of the earth, had been suggested as early as the third century B.C. by the Greek astronomer Aristarchus. The idea lay dormant for nearly eighteen hundred years, to be reawakened by Copernicus in A.D. 1543. As late as 1616 a body of learned men, sitting in judgment over Galileo's indorsement of the Copernican standpoint, the one now universally adopted, pronounced it "absurd in philosophy." Thus tenaciously do men hold to their accustomed habits of thought; thus centuries passed before men learned the lesson that what we observe directly is the *relative* motion of the stars.

We may think that our forerunners were strangely lacking in open-mindedness, since it took them so long to recognize what appears to us so obvious. But let us not be too critical, lest we also should be found wanting.

For once more to-day the lesson we have to learn is one of *relativity*. Once more we must seek to overcome mental inertia, to liberate ourselves from preconceived ideas. History has taught us that men are apt to fail to distinguish the *absurd*, the illogical, from the merely *unfamiliar*. Profiting by former experience of the race, we may reasonably expect to cut short our term of apprenticeship; we may hope that the lesson, this time, will not take eighteen centuries to learn. It is *not* an easy lesson.

We are so constituted that of the world in which we live we perceive at any instant only one aspect, a snapshot, as it were, taken from the point of space and time at which we happen to be stationed.

That the aspect of things changes according to our position relative to them is a matter of such common experience that we do not ordinarily pay any attention to the fact. It is not, however, with ordinary changes of aspect that we shall here be concerned.

The changes of aspect that will here engage our attention are of a peculiarly baffling character, and can perhaps best be understood by placing ourselves, in thought, in the position of a being inferior to ourselves, a being endowed with faculties enabling it to comprehend only two out of the three dimensions of space

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

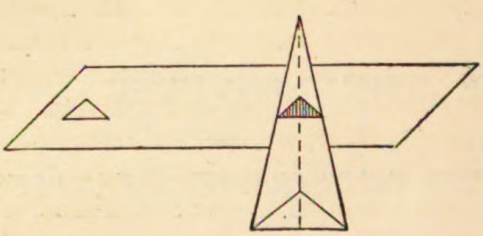


FIG. 1

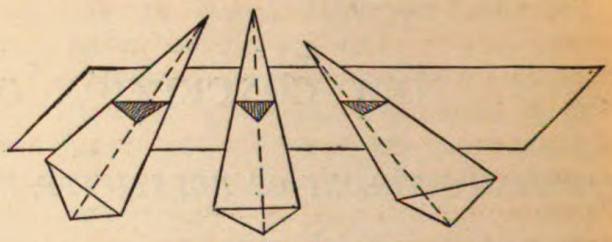


FIG. 2

Beings inhabiting a two-dimensional world would perceive only a section (the shaded triangle in the drawing) of an ordinary three-dimensional body thrust through their world.
If the three-dimensional pyramid were moved about, as in Fig. 2, the inhabitants of the two-dimensional world would observe only that the triangle underwent capricious, unaccountable changes.

familiar to us. Such a being might, in certain circumstances, observe effects readily comprehensible to us, with our three-dimensional intelligence, but baffling to him in much the same way as certain phenomena of actual occurrence are baffling to us.

Let us, then, imagine that a spell has been cast upon us, with the result that we have completely lost our sense of one out of the accustomed three dimensions of space. Our world is reduced to a mere surface, in which we can move forward or backward (first dimension) or to the right or left (second dimension), but out of which we can neither rise above nor escape below (third dimension). Furthermore, we are not only unable to move in the third dimension, but unable to conceive of such a dimension, and any event which takes place outside the plane surface in which we live is unobservable and utterly unintelligible to us.

If our two-dimensional world contains (two-dimensional) objects, such as, for example, a triangle (Fig. 1), then, by moving around or by pushing the triangle around, we would be able to view its different aspects or sides in the ordinary every-day sense. There would be nothing puzzling about this, for the change in aspect would be determined in the customary way by our position relative to the triangle in two-dimensional space.

But now suppose that some three-dimensional body like a pyramid were thrust through our world, as indicated at the right in our illustration, Fig. 1. All we should be cognizant of was that our surface world had in it now, at a certain location, a triangle of definite shape, as indicated by the shaded area in the drawing.

If now the body moved about in the third dimension, we would see different *aspects* of it—that is to say, the shaded area of the triangle would change, as indicated in Fig. 2. But these changes of aspect would be of an entirely different character from those previously considered. They would be capricious, seemingly quite independent of our position relative to the object. They would be due to the intervention in our affairs of phenomena belonging to a dimension beyond our understanding.

Our plane-surface world itself might have features of which we could not become aware in any direct manner. For example, it might consist of a plane out of which a dome arose, as shown in Fig. 3. Being unable, as two-dimensional creatures, to understand the meaning of *up* and *down* from the flat portion of the surface, we could form no conception of the nature of this dome. But we should be able to detect by indirect methods that there was something "queer" about this portion of our world. For, suppose we were to take a rope one thousand miles long, fasten one end of it at some point, O, in the surface, more than one thousand miles distant from the dome, and, keeping the rope taut, swing it around so that its far end described a circle; assuming the rope to be inextensible, then, if we measured around the circle so drawn, we should find its length to be 6,283 miles.

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Suppose, however, that by chance we should have fixed the rope to the point *O*, at the top of the dome. Assuming the dome to be of the size of one hemisphere of the earth, if we now drew our circle on the surface of the dome with the thousand-mile rope, we should find on measuring that the circumference this time was 6,218 miles long, or sixty-five miles short of our expectation based on previous experience.

Being utterly unable to understand the curvature of our surface (for this curvature is in the third, unknown dimension), we should be greatly puzzled. All we should be able to say is that circles drawn with the same radius in different parts of the world measured different lengths around. Some two-dimensional genius might, perhaps, conceive of an unknown third dimension and explain our observations by its aid. But we, as two-dimensional beings, could never more than vaguely, and by analogy, follow his explanation.

If two-dimensional beings are baffled by three-dimensional structures and happenings, is it not conceivable that we, too, may have experiences unintelligible from the ordinary three-dimensional standpoint, but comprehensible, at least by analogy, in four-dimensional conception? Is there a "hump" anywhere in *our* world which throws *our* measurements out of reckoning?

The answer given by the now so justly celebrated mathematical physicist, Albert Einstein, is that, in a sense, every gravitating body—*e.g.*, the sun—produces just such a hump in space. It is just as useless for us to try to form an exact mental conception of such a hump in our three-dimensional space as it was for the two-dimensional beings to seek to understand the dome in their surface world. All we can do is to recognize the hump by its results. And one result of the sun's mass is to throw our measurements of the orbit of the planet Mercury out of harmony, in the ordinary manner of reckoning. A circle drawn around the sun does not, according to Einstein's theory of relativity, exactly fall in with the customary rule that the circumference is 3.14159 . . . times the length of the diameter. If you find it difficult to accept this point of view, remember that men found it difficult also to accept the view that the earth rotates about its axis once in twenty-four hours. It took them eighteen hundred years to agree to the change in point of view. Yet to us the thing looks simple enough. What we must beware of is to let habit of thought usurp the cogency of logical necessity. The question is not, what *ought to be* the relation between the diameter and the circumference of a circle to satisfy our native or acquired logical bias, but what *is the actual* relation. It is not for us to shape the external world in accordance with our concepts; we must build up our conceptual world-picture in accordance with observation. *If a new observation cannot by any manner of means be made to fit into our conception of the world, we may be forced to change that conception.*

It is exactly in this way that the modern theory of relativity took its origin. It arose out of an attempt to detect (and measure) the earth's absolute motion through space.

To illustrate approximately the nature of the experiment by which it had been hoped to achieve this, let us imagine that a blind passenger on an open railway car (flat-car) wishes to determine the speed of the car. Of the direction of motion he could gain an indication by putting out his hand and noting which way the breeze struck it. At least, this would be true on a windless day, on which we will suppose the experiment.

To measure the speed of the car he might make use of the familiar phenomenon of the echo. At the forward end of the car he would put up a flat sounding-board, and, stationing himself at the opposite end of the car, he would give out a sharp signal, by clapping his hands, say, and note the time elapsing between the signal and the arrival of its echo.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Let us see, in concrete figures, just what he would observe. To simplify matters, we shall assume that the car is traveling in still air.

Suppose the car is fifty-five feet long. If it were standing still the echo would return in just one-tenth of a second, for the length of the return trip traveled by the sound would be twice fifty-five, or in all one hundred and ten feet, and the speed of sound is eleven hundred feet per second

As we are concerned merely with the illustration of a principle, we shall now assume a speed of five hundred and fifty feet per second for the car. This is quite impossible in practice, but will simplify our arithmetic. It will also help us if we think of a scale divided into feet laid along the track, with its zero at the point where the passenger is located the instant he gives the handclap signal. We can then, by looking at the scale, read off at any moment just how far the car has traveled (see the illustration, Fig. 4).

In one-tenth of a second the sounding-board will have traveled fifty-five feet. When the passenger gave the signal he was at the zero of the scale, and the sounding-board was fifty-five feet distant. One-tenth of a second later the sounding-board will have traveled fifty-five feet forward, and will therefore be at the one-hundred-and-ten-foot division of the scale. Now sound travels at the speed of eleven hundred feet per second. Hence, at the end of one-tenth of a second, on this occasion, the sound will only just have reached the sounding-board and the echo will just be starting back toward the passenger.

After one-thirtieth of a second more (four-thirtieths of a second in all from the time of giving the signal) the passenger, traveling at five hundred and fifty feet per second, will have advanced to a point $\frac{4}{30}\times 550 = 73\frac{1}{3}$ feet along the scale.

At the same time the echo from the sounding-board, traveling with a speed of eleven hundred feet per second, will have proceeded on its backward journey from the sounding-board at the mark 110 of the scale, to a point $\frac{1}{30}\times 1100 = 36\frac{2}{3}$ feet back from the 110-foot mark; in other words, the echo also will just reach the $73\frac{1}{3}$-foot mark on the scale. The echo will, then, meet the passenger four-thirtieths of a second after the signal is given, instead of one-tenth of a second, or three-thirtieths, the time observed when the car is standing still. On the moving car the echo is thus one-thirtieth of a second late as compared with the conditions on the still car.

For every speed of the car there is a definite retardation of the echo, and by figuring backward our blind passenger could determine the speed of his car by observing the time elapsing between the signal and the arrival of the echo.

This, omitting details and complications, is the principle on which Professor Michelson, of Chicago University, in collaboration with Professor Morley, late of the Western Reserve University, attempted to measure the speed of the earth through space. Instead of sound, however, they used light, the sounding-board being replaced by a mirror.

The result of the Michelson-Morley experiment was first disappointing, then puzzling. Disappointing, for it was

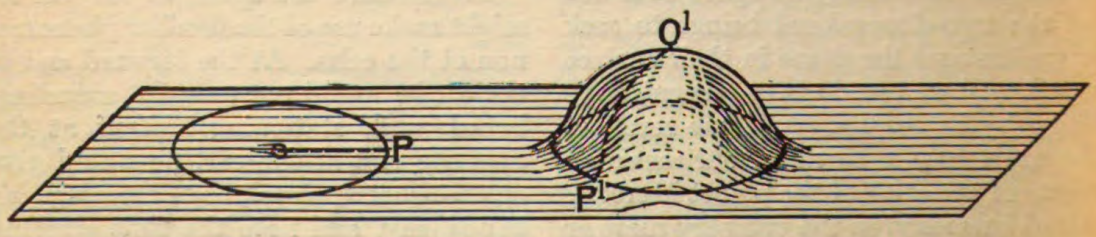


FIG. 3

Showing how in a two-dimensional world, with a "hump" in it which the inhabitants could not be aware of, circles of the same radius would have circumferences of different lengths.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

wholly negative. In other words, the result was as if the echo, in our illustration of the moving car, reached the experimenter always after the same interval of time, regardless of whether the car was moving or not. No effect of the motion of the earth could be detected. Puzzling, for this reason: whatever may be the velocity of the earth through space, it seems clear that at opposite seasons of the year it must differ by thirty-seven miles per second, since the earth in its revolution moves in opposite directions at eighteen and a half miles per second on two days six months apart. And computation showed that the apparatus employed was fully sensitive enough to disclose the effect of such a difference in velocity.

Other experimenters sought to attack the problem of the drift of matter through space, or through the ether, in a variety of ways. The net result of their work can very simply be summarized in a few words: All attempts to detect *absolute* motion through space, *by any means whatever*, have proved futile. The most refined and the most ingenious methods yet devised reveal to us only the *relative* motion of different portions of matter. In this the art of the physicist is as impotent as the naïve observation of the most unsophisticated person or child, to whom the solid earth seems ordinarily at rest; and who, when traveling in a railway carriage, is, in certain circumstances, unable to say whether he is moving past a train standing on the adjoining track or whether he himself is standing still and the other train is moving past him.

What could be the explanation of the consistently and persistently negative results obtained by Michelson and all other physicists who attacked the problem?

One explanation would be very simple. To go back to our example of the echo experiment, the motion of the car would have no effect on the echo if, instead of using an open car, we carried out the experiment in a closed compartment, in which the air travels with the car.

If, then, we suppose that the ether, the medium that carries light through the vacuum of interstellar space, moves along with the earth, then the negative results of the Michelson-Morley experiment would be just what we should expect. But this explanation is wholly incompatible with certain astronomical observations.

Again, if, instead of using sound for our experiment on the flat-car, we used a heavy elastic ball, throwing it at the

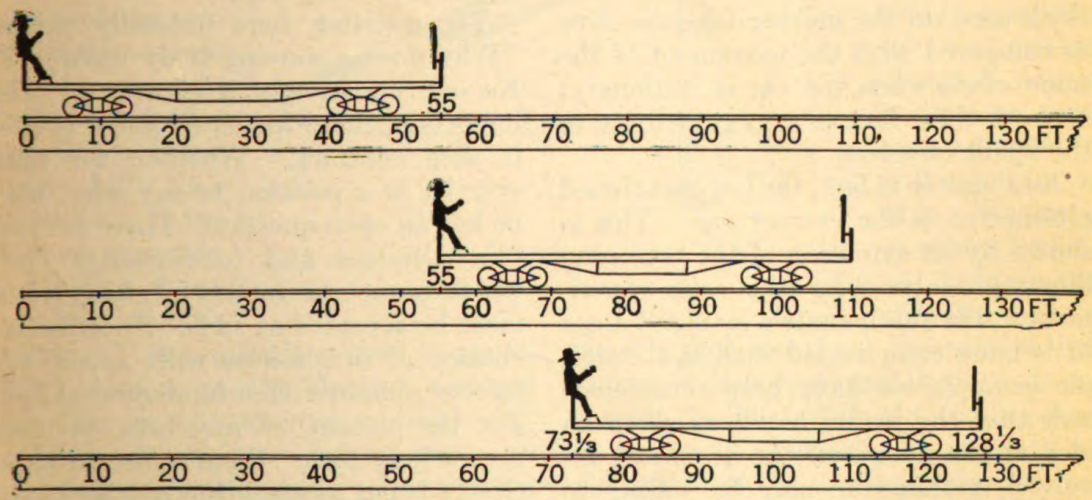


FIG. 4

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

opposite wall of the car and letting it rebound into our hands, we should find little or no effect, even in an open car, on the time of travel of the ball from our hands to the wall and back.

But the view that light thus consists of projected particles, though held by the great Newton, has long been abandoned as at variance with facts.

There remains only one explanation—a startling one: if the observed time of return of the signal falls short of the calculated figure, this must be *because the length of the moving car is less than that of the car at rest*, or, because the clock used on the moving car runs slow as compared with the movement of the same clock when the car is stationary; or, both these factors may contribute to the result observed.

As a matter of fact, the last-mentioned alternative is the correct one. This is shown by an extension of the reasoning illustrated above by the echo experiment. The mathematics involved are a little more complicated than in the simple example we have here considered; now that the reader has been given an idea of the nature of the argument involved, perhaps he may be willing to take on trust the conclusions of the more complete treatment of the problem.

In the first place, it should be remarked that the changes produced by motion are very small, so small, in fact, that in all ordinary cases they cannot be detected. This is no doubt the reason why men have so long remained in ignorance of these effects, and have firmly established in their minds a conception of the world in which lengths and times are thought of as something absolute, not as something that might vary in aspect according as the observer is at rest or in motion. In point of fact, it is only when speeds are an appreciable fraction of the speed of light (one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second) that the effects on length and time are sufficiently great to come to our notice. For example, the contraction of the earth's diameter, referable to its speed of eighteen and a half miles per second, is something less than three inches in a total of nearly four thousand miles. A measuring-stick, one yard long when at rest relative to the observer, will be one two-thousandth of an inch short of one yard if moving lengthwise past the observer at a speed of one thousand miles per second. As for the effect of motion on the rate of a clock, computation shows that a clock passing an observer at a speed of one thousand miles per second would gain, as compared with the observer's clock, about one second every day.

The question here naturally arises: "Why does a moving body contract?" No one knows *why* it contracts. The important thing for us to know is that it *does* contract. Whether we shall ever be in a position to say why, may be left an open question. There are certain ultimate and fundamental facts which cannot be further explained, but must be accepted as such. Perhaps this change of dimensions with speed will forever remain such a fundamental fact. For the present, at any rate, we may accept it as such. What concerns us so closely is not so much the *reasons* as the *consequences* of the fact. It is just here that Einstein's genius showed itself. While others were asking *why*, were seeking *causes*, he busied himself inquiring into *effects*, and as the result he has reared an edifice which in magnificence and importance has probably not been equaled by the product of any one mind since the days of Newton. We shall presently pass in brief review some of the principal conclusions to which Einstein and his exponents and followers have thus been led. But, since the instinctive demand of the human mind for an explanation, for some sort of mental picture of natural phenomena, is so insistent, a few words more as to the reason or the manner of contraction of a moving body may be in order.

That such contraction might occur, and would account for the negative results of the Michelson-Morley experi-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ment, was first suggested by Professor Fitzgerald, of Dublin University, and independently by Prof. H. A. Lorentz, of Leyden. The latter, in particular, has taught us to regard this contraction as resulting from a property of the electrons, the ultimate components of the material atom. From this standpoint the phenomenon is of an electrical character. This point of view may be highly valuable as pointing a direction for further inquiry, but of course it does not solve our problem as to the ultimate reason for the contraction of the moving body; it only shifts the problem. If before we were asking, Why does moving matter contract? our question now becomes, Why does a moving electron undergo peculiar changes when in motion?

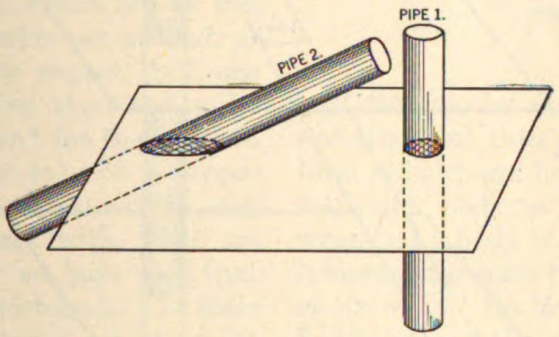


FIG. 5

Now, although we cannot give any ultimate explanation as to *why* a moving body contracts, Minkowski has shown us how we can, by making use of a four-dimensional world conception, obtain at least a sort of mental picture as to the manner of this contraction.

We turn again to the inhabitants of a two-dimensional world to teach us a lesson. This time it will be simplest to think of their world as a plane surface, such as a sheet of water, to use a very apt illustration given by J. Q. Stewart. Through this surface pass two similar bodies; for instance, two drain-pipes of circular cross section. One stands up straight in the plumb line, the other slants (Fig. 5). What will the inhabitants of Flatland, of this two-dimensional world, see?

The upright pipe will show, in their world, as a circle; the slanting pipe as an oval or ellipse. If now the level of the water rises, the circle will remain stationary, but evidently the ellipse will move toward the right.

We see here how two identically similar (though differently oriented) structures present different aspects to the dwellers in Flatland; according to one aspect the structure appears at rest and circular; according to the other it appears elongated and in motion.

This, according to Minkowski's four-dimensional representation of physical occurrences, is the kind of thing that makes a moving object acquire changed dimensions as compared with its state when at rest. We are, in a sense, looking at it from two different aspects, though, with our three-dimensional limitations, we are unaware of the fact. In one respect the illustration of the rising sheet of water is defective—it presents an elongation of the moving body, whereas actually there is contraction. To the mathematician the reason for this divergence is easy to see. We need not here concern ourselves with this detail. For our purposes the illustration is near enough and will serve.

Incidentally this illustration will also help to bring out another peculiar fact.

Smith and Jones are each provided with a yard-stick, which they have compared and found equal when at rest.

Now Smith moves past Jones with a speed of one thousand miles per second. Jones will then declare that Smith's stick is one two-thousandth of an inch short of his own.

And Smith will declare with the same confidence that Jones's stick is one two-thousandth of an inch short of his (Smith's) stick. Moreover, the theory of relativity says that each is justified in his claim. How can this thing be?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Our Flatland dwellers can shed light on this puzzle also. Smith considers himself as at rest in Flatland Smith (see Fig. 7). He sees pipe 1 as a circle, at rest; he sees pipe 2 as an ellipse, in motion.

Jones considers himself as at rest in Flatland Jones. He sees pipe 1 as an ellipse, in motion; he sees pipe 2 as a circle, at rest.

So, to each the yard-stick which appears at rest appears in its natural dimensions. But the yard-stick that appears in motion presents changed dimensions. And if each calls the other's yard-stick short, which seems just a polite way of calling each other liars, this does not really reflect upon their character. The fact is simply that, though they may not know it, they are each speaking of a different aspect of the same thing.

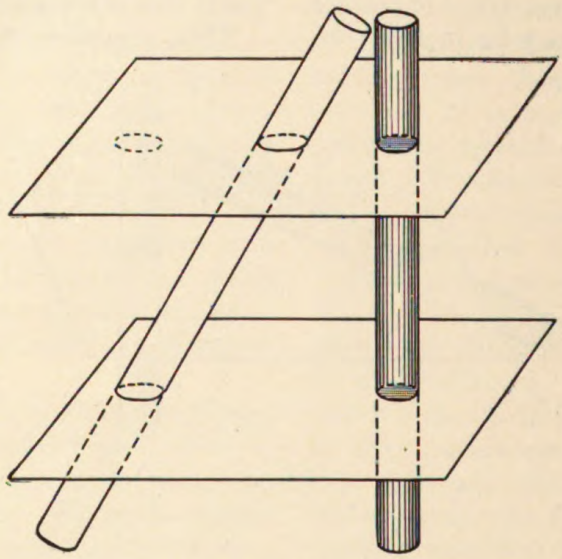


FIG. 6

Two-dimensional inhabitants of the surface of the water would see the vertical pipe as a circle, the inclined pipe as an ellipse, and if the surface of the water (corresponding to their two-dimensional world) were rising, the circle would be standing still, while the ellipse would be mysteriously moving to the right. This may be taken as an analogy to illustrate the change in dimensions of a moving body.

A point in space requires for its definition three numbers, as height above sea-level, latitude, and longitude. A physical event requires for its complete location these three numbers and still another, a fourth, the time of its occurrence. Accordingly, time figures, in Minkowski's exposition of the Einstein theory, as a fourth dimension, on a similar footing as the accustomed three dimensions of space. The fact that time measurements—that is to say, the indications of clocks—are affected by motion relative to the observer is, from this point of view, a natural accompaniment of the change in spatial measurements, in length, of which the Michelson-Morley experiment bears testimony. Curiously enough, this point of view was clearly anticipated by the English novelist, H. G. Wells, in his book, *The Time Machine*, in which he says, "There is no difference between time and space, except that our consciousness moves along it." And again: "Here is a portrait of a man at eight years old, another at fifteen, another at twenty-one, and so on. All these are evidently sections, as it were, three-dimensional representations of his four-dimensioned being, which is a fixed and unalterable thing."

We pass on now to a brief survey of some of the most important consequences which follow from the principle of relativity as developed by Einstein. The method of deduction employed is severely mathematical, and for the most part we shall have to rest content with a statement of conclusions without attempting to render the argument. The importance and singular nature of these conclusions warrant their simple enumeration, even though we may not be able here to follow in detail the reasoning on which they are based.

In ordinary conception, two speeds combine by simple arithmetical addition. So, for example, a man walking up the aisle of a corridor train, and stepping out at the rate of three miles per hour, while the train itself is proceeding at sixty miles per hour, will move over the earth under his feet at a speed of sixty-three miles per hour. For ordinary

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

speeds the reckoning of relativity gives essentially the same result, unless we are interested in very small decimals. But at speeds comparable with that of light (one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second) there is a marked difference. For example, if it were possible to fire a shell with a velocity of one hundred thousand miles per second from a train moving in the same direction at the same speed, the speed of the shell, as regards the earth, would not be two hundred thousand miles per second, as we should ordinarily expect, but one hundred and fifty-five thousand miles per second. It is hard for the mind to assent, at first glance, to such a proposition. But on reflection it will be seen that it is in harmony with what we should expect. For we have seen that the moving train is shortened. The scale divisions, the milestones on it, as it were, are drawn closer together, for the observer on *terra firma*. This alone would throw our ordinary method of adding velocities out of joint, even if our time reckoning had remained unaffected.

It may appear that effects which become appreciable only at such high velocities could not possibly figure in any way in actual physical operations and events. But this would be a misconception. Bodies moving at nearly one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second are plentiful. Radium gives them out by the millions, so-called beta particles. And their motions have indeed been found to conform to these principles. In particular, one conclusion which follows from the relativistic addition of velocities is that by no manner of means can two or more velocities combine to give, relatively to an observer at rest, a resultant exceeding the velocity of light. And, although beta particles of various speeds are observable, none of them ever surpasses the critical one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second.

Among the lessons of the theory which may some day have immensely important practical application is the following: the sun, for example, is continually radiating out into space energy in the form of light and heat. The principle of relativity leads to the conclusion that whenever a body is parting with energy, it loses at the same time a certain portion of its weight (to be more exact, *mass*). In the case of the sun we are dealing in immense figures. The rate at which the sun is sending out energy is the equivalent of five hundred thousand million million million horse-power. Computation shows that this means a loss of five million tons every second. This seems prodigious; yet, such is the size of the sun, that if this loss continued at the same rate unchanged, it would take nearly thirty million million years for the whole of the sun to be dissolved. In this case, then, the phenomenon is of no practical significance.

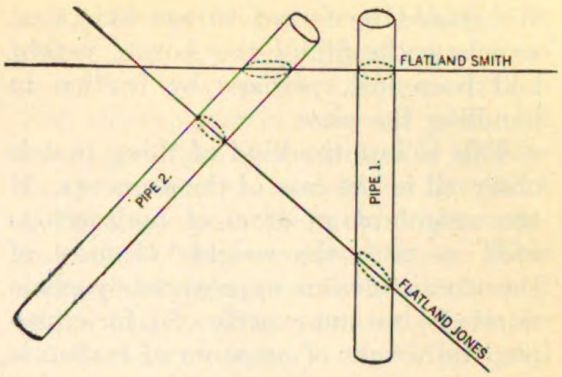


FIG. 7

But the principle applies equally to other changes. It has long been a source of perplexity to physicists and chemists that the elements appear to be built up of one, or at most of a few, primordial substances, but that the numerical relations involved are not exact. An example may illustrate the point. Suppose we were to find that some manufactured article, such as pins, came in boxes of one gross, two gross, three gross, and so on. Suppose we were to weigh the boxes and find that the larger boxes, those containing two gross, three gross, etc., were always a little short of the weight computed from the weight of the counted pins plus the weight of the box.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

We should be forced to conclude that somehow, in filling the boxes, weight had been lost, perhaps by friction in handling the pins.

This is just the kind of thing that is observed in the case of the elements. If the weight of an atom of hydrogen is used as unit, the weights of most of the other atoms are approximately whole numbers, but not exactly. So, for example, the weight of an atom of carbon is not 12, but just short of that—namely, 11.91; that of nitrogen is not 14, but 13.93, and so forth.

The theory of relativity throws light on this hitherto inexplicable fact. The presumption is that the formation of the elements from the primordial substance was attended with excessively intense energy changes. These, as set forth above, were accompanied by small changes in weight (mass), with the result that the weight of the product was not exactly equal to the sum of the weights of the building-stones that entered into the construction of the atom, but a little short of that sum. A computation carried out by Sir J. J. Thomson shows that in this way the formation of one ounce of substance was responsible for the liberation of as much energy as would be obtained in the burning of four hundred and twenty-five tons of coal. This is about fifty-five times as much energy as given out in the complete disintegration of one ounce of radium. We see, then, that nature has sources of energy in comparison with which even radium falls into the background. We can only conjecture what this may mean to future generations, if, with the approaching exhaustion of the world's coal-supply, man should learn to control the building up and breaking down of atoms as the chemist to-day controls the architecture of compound molecules.

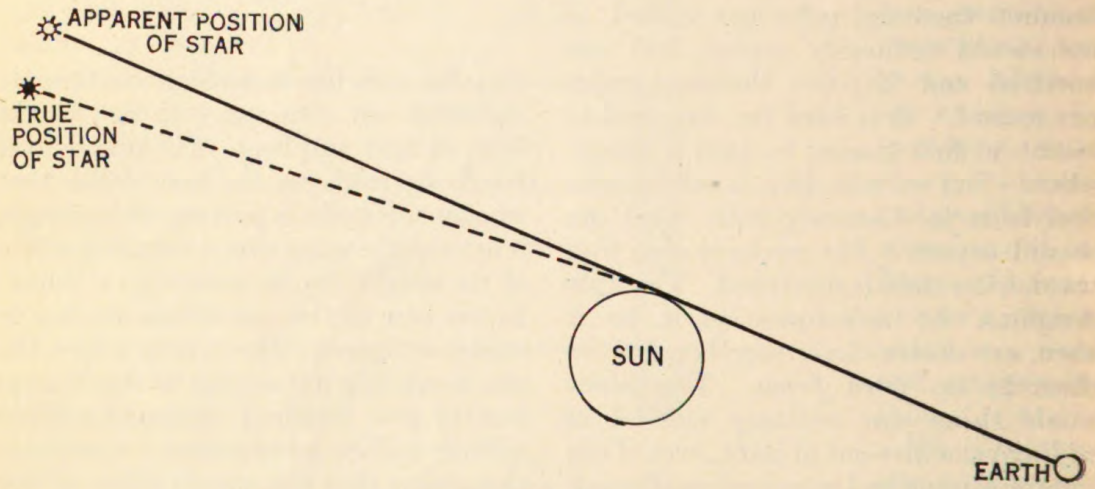


FIG. 8
Diagram illustrating the deflection of a beam of light from a distant star by the sun's gravitational attraction.

Of more immediate interest is the entirely new perspective which Einstein's theory of relativity has given us regarding gravitation. Since the days of Newton, though in other fields of science advance has been spectacular, our knowledge of gravitation had remained practically at a standstill. This phenomenon seemed to stand aloof from other facts of nature, resisting all attempts to establish that connection with the general body of knowledge which satisfies the mind by furnishing what we call an "explanation"—that is to say, an expression of unfamiliar or imperfectly known phenomena in terms of the known.

Einstein has taught us to see that gravitation is only another aspect of that property of matter termed *inertia*,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

by virtue of which it resists changes in motion: a body at rest does not of itself set itself in motion; the application of an external force is required to produce this effect or to change the speed or direction of a body once it is in motion.

Inertia effects and gravitational effects are, according to the new point of view, indistinguishable. Every one is familiar with the sensation experienced by a person sitting in a railway carriage and facing toward the engine, when the train starts. So long as the train is gathering speed, so long as it is being *accelerated*, one is conscious of a pressure against the back of the seat, because the body, by virtue of its inertia, resists the change in speed impressed upon it. In the same way, if an elevator starts suddenly upward, the passenger feels an added weight on his feet. Increasing speed, then, or acceleration, is capable of producing effects similar to gravitational attraction.

To a person traveling with sufficiently rapidly increasing speed a beam of light sent across his path will appear bent. Now, Einstein argued, if gravitational attraction produces the same result as acceleration, then gravitation also must bend a beam of light.

This conclusion can be tested experimentally. If gravitational attraction bends a beam of light, then a star seen near the sun should appear slightly shifted from its true position known by computation. Ordinarily this experiment cannot be carried out because the light of the sky near the sun completely obliterates any star situated in that portion of the sky. But during the eclipse of May 29th of last year the test could be applied, and the results obtained were in excellent accord with Einstein's computed values.

Reference has already been made to the discrepancy which existed until recently between the observed orbit of the planet Mercury and its position as computed by Newton's law of gravitation. This discrepancy is removed when, by the application of the principle of relativity, correction is made for the effect of the sun's gravitation upon our measurements of distances and times. This removal of an outstanding discrepancy which had for long years exercised the minds of astronomers is one of the signal triumphs of Einstein's genius, and, together with the experimental confirmation of the displacement of stars near the sun, contributes greatly to our faith in the essential soundness of his doctrine.

If in the course of events the theory of relativity is substantiated and becomes firmly established, we may find it to our advantage to unlearn some of the conceptions of our school-room geometry. It is well to remember that our judgments are probably based, not on some unerring and absolute intuitive principle, but on experience accumulated by the individual and the race. As William James says, "our various ways of feeling and thinking have grown to be what they are because of their utility in shaping our reactions on the external world." As the refinements of modern scientific methods have thrown open to our observation an entire new world of inconceivably minute dimensions, and of speeds utterly beyond the limits of ordinary human experience, it may well be that we shall profit by some radical departures from conceptions sanctioned by age-long habitude. The thing of paramount importance to us humans, living in a real world, is not what relations *ought to exist* among our observations, but what relations *actually do exist*. If there is disagreement, we shall do well to change our conceptions to fit the facts, for facts are stubborn things which refuse to adapt themselves to fit our conceptions.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

FOOD FOR THE MINOTAUR

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Reverdy Duane, Jr., chose Upper Medwood as their first home it was because of its combination of a well-preserved antiquity with a chastened modernity. It was in no degree because Upper Medwoodians were as surprisingly hospitable as they proved to be. In fact, at that very early period of their married life, when they agreed to lease Greenmeadows, the sociable instincts of their new neighbors might have seemed a definite drawback.

However, when they finally reached Greenmeadows they were not seriously displeased to find cards already there. Their wedding-journey had been brief because a man who has pulled as many wires as Reverdy did in order to be demobilized early does not favor much travel, nor yet does he crave for hotels. Yet even then it was rather pleasant to know that various ladies whose cards they found in the tray were signaling a welcome to a community the boundaries of which were guarded by drastic building regulations administered by a committee whose knowledge of genealogy was equaled only by the firmness of its dispositions.

The first dinner invitation reached them barely a week later. It came as a more or less unwelcome summons back to a world from which the strain and distress of the war, followed by this still almost unbelieved rapture of theirs, seemed to have separated them. Bertha, the red-cheeked, couldn't help smiling a little, in spite of her authentic training, at their consternation. When she brought the invitation to them they were giving each other tea in a corner of the wide west piazza.

"Dinner — Mrs. Hale-Denton — the twenty-third." Mrs. Duane held the card out to her husband.

"Bother! Do *you* want to go? Besides —has any one the right, you know?"

Daphnis recognized the tone. She heard it less frequently now. But it always meant he was remembering too much. It was a mood that could be faced only together. She slipped her hand into his.

"For that matter—have just everyday people like us the right to *this?*"

"This," meant the tender spring evening, the unfretted green meadow that gave their place its name, the little river; the soft Corot spirit-of-trees in the distance; it meant the perfect lawn that spread its invitation a foot beyond them, their garden calling to them with voices of fragrance, its massed flower faces, the miniature ripple of the birds' bath which they had childishly turned on. And "This" meant being together.

"Yes, we've a right to it!" He said this almost fiercely. "A merciful Lord knows we have need of healing." The blur came into his voice which meant that going down into deeper things which they could allow themselves only occasionally. "But—about this dinner? I suppose people do still dine out. Do we go or not?"

Daphnis moved nearer to the lighted windows to read it more carefully.

"I think we'll have to," she said, finally. "It seems to be for us—there's a choice of dates. And, besides, isn't this the Hale-Denton—?"

"Must be. We haven't had an answer to our bid yet. I suppose we've got to go. But don't let's bother about it now. Only think of being comfortable—such

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



MRS. DUANE HELD THE CARD OUT. "BOTHER! DO *YOU* WANT TO GO?"

bully comfort. Think of the peace—not an ugly thing near us. Nobody's *hurt*. And Us—Us always. Well, didn't we *fight* for peace?" After all his light beginning his voice shook. He apologized for this: "Like a disease, almost, that slump into sentimentality. Man's a sentimental beast. Nerves still a little raw. . . . Daphnis, to-morrow I'll come home early and weed those two beds on the right, I promise you. No use waiting for Perkins."

Again the silence swallowed them up.

Enough of his reluctance lingered to make Reverdy a trifle annoyed to find, when they got to the Hale-Dentons', that he was not, after all, to meet the man whom it was obviously his interest to meet. The host, it seemed, had an inescapable board meeting in town.

"Failing this, there would have been no free evening for a long time." Mrs. Hale-Denton smiled graciously. "I wasn't willing to wait so long."

"How about the other dates?" I thought they offered us our choice?" he grumbled in Daphnis's ear. Still, it would have taken an older and less warm-hearted man than Reverdy Duane not to have forgotten his momentary pique. Particularly so when it was the first time he had been able to take Daphnis out and watch, with the superior calm he felt this evening, other people watch her. Daphnis, in truth, with the flush in her cheeks and the brightness of her smile, the delicate grace of her shoulders rising from the white glamour of her gown, merited the stir she made.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It was some minutes, therefore, before they began to imagine that there was a sense of incompleteness, of suspended animation. There seemed to be a dearth of conversation among the groups of their new neighbors to whom they were presented. Eyes wandered to the door. Reverdy made some remark to a woman next him and received no answer. Her attention was wandering.

"I wish I hadn't come," he remarked in a guarded voice to Daphnis. "Just think how much happier—"

"Look! Reverdy! Look!" Daphnis had the effect of crying out. "Who is that?"

A tall, aquiline man came into the room with a still taller woman by his side. All at once the room was full of animation. As if at a signal, every woman in the room except Daphnis moved toward them, led by the hostess. The men gravitated also, but with less frankness. They let the women outdistance them. The tall woman was surrounded. The hostess grasped both her hands. The other women watched eagerly for their chance to speak. Men were quite hedged out by their wives' white shoulders.

"Want to go up and meet her, Daphnis? Who do you suppose she is?"

Daphnis held him back. "Oh, wait a minute. They'll bring her here."

For a moment they both stood silently looking at her, for the man—he must have been her husband—had melted somewhere into the masculine background. The wife seemed in the midst of so much agitation a very calm person. She had an erect figure, not so much full as solid in its curves. With her Valkyrie stature, her blond type, one would have looked for a wholesome pink in her cheeks. But her pallor was complete. Yet it conveyed no hint of delicacy. It was rather as if she were an organism that elected whiteness instead of color as a means of expressing vigor. Her mouth, however, was a splendid red.

As soon as Mrs. Hale-Denton could detach the lady from her satellites and find the gentleman again, they were duly introduced to the Reverdy Duanes. Mrs. Henshaw—that was the name—greeted the bride with graciousness, the groom negligently. It was as if she did not see him clearly; his visibility apparently was low and he had substance only when his hostess brought him forward to introduce him. Mrs. Henshaw's indifference was quite startling.

From that moment Daphnis watched with interest the disposition of the guests at table. When she saw that Mrs. Henshaw was established quite at the other end of the table from Reverdy, and in a position where he would have to twist himself in his chair to get a really good look at the white-and-gold lady, Daphnis felt an accession of cheerful calm. She then realized, with some surprise, that she had been waiting to see whether her husband was placed next Mrs. Henshaw. She could not understand why that should be so. She, herself, was at the right of Mrs. Hale-Denton's bachelor brother, who was the emergency host. Reverdy, at his hostess's right, was on the same side of the table as Mrs. Henshaw. These details, while they may seem a bit tedious, are actually necessary. The placing of the guests at table was of vital importance in Upper Medwood that season.

Daphnis's mental preoccupation was such that she lost the first remark made by Mrs. Hale-Denton's deputy. It may have been for that reason that he considered himself absolved from the duty of entertaining her. Most of his energy went into attempts to get a word or a look from Mrs. Henshaw.

Mrs. Henshaw, whom Daphnis was thus at liberty to observe, gave perfunctory attention to the gentlemen. But that did not argue that she was bored. All of her smiles, her rather insistently eager conversation, her poses, seemed to be staged for her dinner-partner, a bronzed boy, still in his aviator's uniform, who was visiting some people in the neighborhood. This youth, although he had been introduced to Mrs.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ALL AT ONCE THE ROOM WAS FULL OF ANIMATION. THE TALL WOMAN WAS SURROUNDED

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Henshaw with great particularity—almost as if he were being offered up to her—showed at first a good-natured indifference. How could anything else have been expected of him who, since he had donned that uniform, had been so often flattered by experts?

But this indifference was not to be allowed. In her unhurried but persistent way, the full repertoire, arms, shoulders, eyes, lips, were brought into play. Step by step, they won. His fascinated eyes on the white-and-gold lady, the aviator laid the full measure of his honest accomplishment at her feet. There was no other person present for him but Mrs. Henshaw. There was, moreover, after the very first, no dinner as a competitor. And that was worthy of remark, for the dinner, from course to course, was of a luscious deliciousness that is rarely achieved. Daphnis found herself being sorry that a boy, so long deprived by war's prohibitions of the gratification of his appetite, should not have been allowed to enjoy such food. She had brothers and she knew what it meant. It was, she estimated, at the entrée after the roast that he lost contact. It was there, also, that Mrs. Henshaw established it.

"And she certainly made up for lost time," Daphnis commented to herself, with a sudden surprising viciousness. This may have been accounted for by the fact that Mr. Draper, on Daphnis's right, was also a competitor for Mrs. Henshaw's attention. Not even a bride likes to be wholly ignored. Mrs. Henshaw by this time was placid. The tribute she was receiving was evidently satisfactory. Her red lips curving into an occasional lazy smile, she was achieving the end of a fairly substantial dinner.

Therefore, Daphnis thought she knew how to interpret the look that Mr. Henshaw, from across the table, directed toward his wife's empty plate. That its satire told was proved by the pettishness of Mrs. Henshaw's answering shrug. Her displeasure, however, was unnoted, for the gentleman had turned away. Recovering, Mrs. Henshaw took a leisurely census of the table, collecting glances of admiration from right and left. Both men and women rallied very generally to her need. When the traveling glance neared Reverdy, Daphnis braced herself. The lady's eyes welcomed Reverdy as joyously as if he were her very own, recently released from quarantine.

"I wonder—" mused Daphnis, in that leisure of which she was having such an abundance. "Mr. Draper is quite silly about her, Mrs Henshaw, *I* think. Yet the women all seem crazy about her. There's Mrs. Draper smiling at her now! I wonder if she—if they all—?" She didn't finish the sentence, even in her thoughts. Daphnis had an instinctive and very sweet belief in humanity which was not easily disturbed.

"I'm *so* glad," murmured the hostess in response to Daphnis's pretty speech at parting. "And Mrs. Henshaw— Do you think she enjoyed herself? I hoped Captain Anderson would interest her. He is so nice and young. I'm a little afraid that my cook wasn't at her best in that crab ravignole. Mrs. Henshaw is particularly fond of that, but I noticed she didn't touch it."

Because Daphnis, in the interim, had often charged herself with a wicked lack of charity, a startlingly vivid mental picture of the white-and-gold lady rose up before her when, a few days later, Bertha told young Mrs. Duane that Mrs. Draper wanted her on the 'phone. And when Mrs. Draper had told her that she was getting up an impromptu little dinner for a very clever English boy who was visiting in the neighborhood, curiosity prompted Daphnis to ask whether any Upper Medwoodians whom she had met were to be of the party.

"Only the Henshaws— Isn't she perfectly lovely?"

"And Mr. Draper?" Daphnis's cheeks were red as she asked the question.

"Oh, I'm just *disgusted*. Mr. Draper leaves to-night on a business trip. We both hate to have him away when I entertain, but if I put things off because

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of his business trips I'd never get anything in. Then, too, this boy is the nicest thing. So young and ingenuous. He blushes like a girl when you talk of his *Croix de Guerre*. He has that, and the D. S. O., too, and the V. C., for all I know. He's just the kind that would please Mrs. Henshaw. I believe when we have anybody new in the neighborhood we should make the most of him. We all get tired of seeing just the same faces."

Daphnis, who was feeling an instinctive sympathy with Mrs. Draper, was commenting to herself: "I wonder if she isn't rather glad it has happened so. It seems almost providential that her husband is going to be away," and then reproached herself for unworthy thoughts until her mind was drawn to more personal matters. Mrs. Draper went on:

"Do say you'll both come. Mrs. Henshaw said she did hope you would both be here. She said it was so *sweet* to see people so much in love with each other. Now just tell Mr. Husband that! But don't tell him that she said he was a very unusual type; that might make him vain. You'll let me know as soon as Mr. Duane comes in, won't you?"

Daphnis looked very serious as she hung the receiver up. As soon as Reverdy came home she attacked the question. She never had believed in putting things off. Then, too, Reverdy *might* have some other engagement.

But her husband had no other engagement. And he was quite unaffectedly pleased to accept this one,

"They really are a wonderfully cordial set," he said. "I like them. I begin to believe I'd like to buy this place."

"That would be lovely," said Daphnis, with much conviction.



"THERE ARE THINGS THAT CAN BE SAID ONLY IN MELODY"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I thought you'd like it. But don't get your hopes too high. It depends on too many things— But what pleases me is the good neighborly spirit of these people. No unpleasant gossip. And the women all seem to genuinely like one another. No petty jealousies. There's that Mrs. Henshaw, now. It does one good to see how all the women admire her. Look how they flocked around her the other evening."

"The men flocked, too," Daphnis put in, musingly.

"Yes, yes. But the point is that the women like her. You can always trust a woman's woman—"

"I wonder"—Daphnis's eyes had a far-away look—"I wonder if they *do* like her."

Daphnis's husband looked at her with a pained surprise. "Why—why how else can you explain her popularity? The women just can't do enough for her."

"That's it. I wonder if any one could do enough for her. She's greedy. And there are other reasons for being nice to people than just liking them."

"My *dear!* What do you mean?" Reverdy's eyes were full of wonder.

His wife surveyed him enigmatically. But something warned her to say no more.

"Oh, just nothing—a passing fancy. So I'll tell Mrs. Draper you can come?"

A week after this conversation, and three days after Mrs. Draper's dinner, Daphnis went up to town for a prearranged little holiday alone with Reverdy.

The thrill had never been lacking from these occasions. It was still an event to go to his office, run the smiling blockade of the outer rooms, feel a sense of importance as she pushed open the door with his name on it. It was equally exciting to receive a kiss in an apartment whose appearance seemed to place even duly legalized kisses in the list of regrettable human weaknesses.

Part of the program was for Reverdy to buy something for Daphnis that was so definitely an extravagance that she would never have dreamed of buying it for herself. Part of it was to go wherever the irresponsible whim prompted them. Part of it, of course, was lunch or dinner which nobody was ever to be permitted to share.

Daphnis moved about daringly, disturbing papers while her husband signed letters. When he had finished, Mrs. Duane waited to have the plan of the day outlined for her. But Reverdy said, instead:

"Got any plans?"

"No. Have you?"

"Oh, I don't know—" He seated himself on the desk and regarded her with an exasperating air of knowing something he wasn't going to tell her.

"What have you got to tell me?" Daphnis demanded.

"How did you know—?"

"I did know. Oh, Reverdy, *please* tell me."

His smile becoming more bland, Reverdy leaned forward.

She held him off. "Not until you tell me."

"I came in on the train with Mrs. Cartwright this morning."

"The one whose husband sat next Mrs. Henshaw at Mrs. Draper's dinner?"

"Yes, and she's arranging some sort of a reformed picnic for next week—"

"For Mrs. Henshaw, I suppose?"

"Why, in fact I imagine it is very largely for her. And for us, too. Mrs. Cartwright said she felt we had been having rather a surfeit of heavy, middle-aged entertaining. She wanted to get together a few of the younger set—"

"That's why she asked the Henshaws?"

"Yes. Why not?"

Daphnis opened her lips—and shut them."

Reverdy went on, although the fine edge of his pleasant mood was being blunted.

"Mrs. Henshaw, it seems, had said that she would like to see more of us."

"She thinks you're an 'interesting

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

type.' I knew somebody had been flattering you the minute I saw you."

"Really, Daphnis, I think that was a little raw."

Daphnis melted at his hurt look.

"It was. It was hateful of me. But there are some— Never mind me. I'm a little on edge to-day. Where is the party going to be?"

"They're planning to motor out to some spot they have in mind and have supper there. I'll really be very glad to have an opportunity of seeing something of Cartwright. He—"

Daphnis was looking infinitely scornful. "Mr. Cartwright won't be there."

"Why — of course he will. But who—? I understood from Mrs. Cartwright that she hadn't spoken to you yet."

"She hasn't. But I don't have to have people *tell* me things. You'll see, Mr. Cartwright won't be there."

"I don't get the idea. Of course a man's going to be present when his wife entertains—in a simple, normal place, that is, like Upper Medwood."

There was a pause during which Daphnis regarded her husband with an inscrutable expression.

"Was Mr. Hale-Denton at his wife's dinner? Or Mr. Draper?" She spoke with gentle distinctness as to a child.

"Oh, well, of course there will be accidents."

Daphnis condescended to smile, but not brightly. A sense of anxiety hung over her.

"That's it. I'm superstitious and I foresee an accident. But there's just one thing. Are you under the impression that Mrs. Henshaw is *young?*"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. But what—?"

"She isn't." There was a vicious snap to the words. "She has a boy six years old."

"Impossible! But even so—"

"I've seen his pictures. I went to call on her the other day."

"That was good of you, Daphnis. I do like to see wom—"

"The photographs are all over the house, in long clothes, short clothes, rompers. Every year of his life. And he's six." This triumphantly.



MRS. HENSHAW WAS CAPTIVATING IN WHITE AND GOLD

"But where is he?"

"At school. Never been in Upper Medwood. She moans about that a lot. Her husband, it seems, believes in sending boys away to school as early as that. I think she's right in thinking that's cruel. I do, too. I will say that the boy looks like a perfect darling. She calls him a cupid. They've only lived in Upper Medwood six months. She wanted to live here because she thought

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

it would be so healthy for her baby. And then her husband sent him away before they moved out here. She cries when she says that. But I don't call a woman who has a boy six years old *young*—at least not young enough to have people especially chosen to go with her."

Reverdy looked at his flushed and bright-eyed wife with some surprise. "Why, really, Daphnis, I don't see why—"

"Suppose she is having this picnic arranged for her because she's 'primitive.' She says she is. I heard her telling Mr. Cartwright that there was 'a strange, wild, unconquered strain' in her. I suppose she'll be primitive all over the place at the picnic."

"Daphnis *dear!* This isn't like you. I don't see why you should be the only one to feel this way when all the other women seem so fond of her. But, never mind; we can't altogether control our likes and dislikes, can we? Now what I really wanted to tell you was something quite different. It's the extravagance that's scheduled for to-day. Hale-Denton just notified us that our bid is accepted. And the Senior seems to think I had something to do with it. He's pleased. Things look pretty good. So I've about decided that we'll buy the place. I thought we'd make rather a lark of it—go and sign the papers together. Isn't that—?"

He stopped short. The lines of his wife's face were expressive of anything but the joy he had expected. She looked positively frightened.



"I HOPE FOR ONCE THE MINOTAUR WAS FED ENOUGH"

"Oh, Reverdy, don't you think it's too soon to know just what—? I believe I'd rather wait a little. I'm sorry if you're disappointed. But, indeed—"

Most amazingly there were tears in her eyes. Everything had to stop before that desolating fact. There was a period of consolation. When it was over Reverdy assured her, kindly but with some dignity, that nothing would be done that she did not desire. "I thought I was pleasing you."

"Oh dear, I've spoiled everything. And we weren't ever going to let any one interfere with these holidays. Nobody was ever going to have lunch with us."

"Well, nobody will."

Daphnis looked hard at the space beside her husband. "I feel as if somebody would," she sighed.

Daphnis proved to be a true prophet; Mr. Cartwright was not present at his wife's glorified picnic. She was prophetic, moreover, in her unspoken

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

thought; her husband was served up to the white-and-gold lady. He was placed next her in the tonneau of the Cartwrights' touring-car; when the chauffeurs arranged seats around the big bonfire for supper, Reverdy's was next the hungry one, and he was made to minister to her. And that lady, as one whose rightful due it was to receive tribute of the rarest of the land, was satisfied. The lines on Mrs. Cartwright's face smoothed themselves out. Daphnis, observing furtively that Mrs. Henshaw was eating a substantial supper, argued the worst. She was afraid.

Mrs. Henshaw wore a poetic gown, white, and put together with clinging seductiveness. This was combined with a large, floppy, picturesque hat. The leaping flame of the bonfire dyed her whiteness now gold, now red. But Daphnis wouldn't look at her. She told herself the one thing she must not do was to *watch*. She kept up her end of the conversation gaily; several people dated their conviction of Mrs. Duane's vivaciousness from that afternoon.

But she couldn't help hearing the murmur of voices that marked the locality where Mrs. Henshaw sat beside Reverdy. Occasionally a wisp of conversation drifted to her—usually in the lady's rich contralto voice—something of this nature: "—unconquered strain in me—the primitive—terribly trammeled —sets me free—some one who speaks my language—the poets—deeper things—can be said only in melody—"

Strangely enough, on an occasion where there were as many young Americans about as on this "kindergarten party," as Reverdy had called it, nobody giggled. The ring of humans around the leaping fire were drawn into a passing sense of rather wistful unity by the unfamiliar night voices, the darkness, and remote star-dust. So nobody laughed, and there was an awe-struck silence. Daphnis heard some young girl draw a long, quivering breath.

"*I won't speak. I won't get up and say it is time to be going. I won't, I won't!*" Daphnis dug her finger-nails into her palms and vowed this passionately.

Suddenly Mrs. Henshaw rose. The firelight seemed to flare a welcome to its Valkyrie. But instead of going home to that source of the primitive, its devotee slid with a liquid movement to the ground—to Reverdy's feet. Resting her clasped hands on his knees, she gazed upward into his face.

"Won't you give me those lines we were speaking of? I know you would read them as no one else could do? There are things that can be said only in melody."

Still nobody giggled. Reverdy cleared his throat.

"*I won't speak. I won't say it is time to go. I won't! I won't!*" rose Daphnis's frenzied vow.

At that moment the syrupy wail of a ukelele sounded. Several girls were sitting beside Mrs. Henshaw on the greensward. The evening became a general saturnalia of sentimental poetry, and Daphnis could breathe freely once more.

Still she had seen the handwriting on the wall. She reached Greenmeadows that evening with a set purpose.

During the two following days Daphnis was much in meditation. An uneasiness grew up between herself and Reverdy. It was not that they were estranged, but Daphnis was watchful of Reverdy and Reverdy was uncomfortable with Daphnis. When they were alone together there were long pauses in the conversation.

On the third day Reverdy came home somewhat earlier than usual to find Daphnis seated at her desk in an animated telephone conversation. Seeing him, she wound it up with a sense of sudden improvization.

"With whom were you talking?" Reverdy was prompted by a curiosity that was unusual with him.

"Oh—just Joey Cromwell. You've barely time to dress, Reverdy."

"I'm fifteen minutes ahead of the game. How did you happen to be talking

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to Joey Cromwell? Did he call you up? Just like his—"

"No. I called him up." Daphnis was flushed with annoyance, but an untrue answer to a direct question was a painful impossibility with her.

"*Really!*" Her husband's face registered a dignified surprise. He then ostentatiously passed on to a remote subject. Like a husband who had come home from the war with the conviction that home and its joys are all that are really worth while, and who knew all the rules of considerate conduct that there are to know, Reverdy said no more of Joey Cromwell. But Joey, whose insistent devotion to Daphnis had been once merely an annoyance, assumed, all at once, importance. A chum of Daphnis's younger brother, his worship of her had begun before he was endowed with long trousers. Later on curiosity got the better of good form.

"Let me see— Joey must be almost grown up now."

"He is twenty, Lawrence's age. . . . I think the peonies will bloom to-morrow."

"What's Joey doing with himself now?"

"They've sent him back to college." This time there was no divergent topic. Daphnis had observed that the peonies had no encore, and she was not unintelligent.

"Likes it?"

"No. Hates it. Really, Reverdy, you've barely time to change. The only thing he's staying for, he says, is football. He thinks if he goes in for general practice now he may have a chance to get on next fall. Says the Crimson has got hold of a giant who looks like a Hun. If he can get him down it 'll be almost like punching Heinie they didn't let him have a chance at."

She laughed. Reverdy didn't. Her manner struck him as being unnaturally vivacious. This revival—initiated by his wife—of a foolish pursuit of her by a young cub, whose people were too rich for him to have any sense, was far from what he would have expected of her.

When he stood in the hall ready to leave, the next morning, Daphnis said, very casually:

"This is the night you always stay in town, isn't it?"

He looked at her suspiciously. "Yes. Anything you'd like sent out?"

"Oh no. Good-by, dear."

As he went out of the door it struck him that the house seemed to be in an unusual stir for that hour in the morning.

At twenty-five minutes past seven that evening Reverdy Duane might have been seen approaching the white-pillared entrance of Greenmeadows. Before he reached it a car deposited a lady at the door whose outlines looked familiar. She disappeared inside the house before the master of it could insert his latch-key. There was a medley of voices from the living-room—men's voices, too. Reverdy did not delay his appearance beyond the time necessary for a lightning change. There were at least ten people in the room, of whom Joey was one, and he could hear the door opening to admit a newcomer. The ladies, all hospitable neighbors who had entertained them, and Mrs. Henshaw, were more definitely *en toilette* than they would have been had they just happened to call. It was—it indubitably was—a dinner-party. In his house! With people that he knew! And *his wife* was giving it—without having consulted him! Without having invited him!

It was an overwhelming and disastrous moment. But the very magnitude of the crisis steadied him. It may have been the superior condition of his conscience that enabled Reverdy to recover first from their joint surprise. Daphnis, for the moment, was wordless.

"You see," he said, with a fair imitation of gaiety, "I did make it, after all."

"How fortunate," Daphnis was able to counter. He knew that she was explaining to her Puritan conscience: "That is not a falsehood. Any action is always fortunate—for some one. I did not say, 'for me.'"

The movement toward the dining-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

room had already begun. There was little time for general greetings. He fell in beside Mrs. Henshaw. She seemed to expect it.

"Where are you going to put me, Daphnis?" he demanded. And before his wife could answer, the white-and-gold lady said, with her colorful drawl:

"Next to me, please, Mrs. Duane."

"Are you sure you won't mind being ever so little crowded?" There was solicitude in the hostess's voice.

The clock during that dinner probably proceeded at much the usual pace. At all events, course succeeded to course according to the order decreed in Upper Medwood at that period. Mrs. Henshaw, with a subjected Joey Cromwell on one side and Reverdy Duane elbowing Mr. Draper on the other—an allowance of one man more than usual—was soon so replete that she hardly troubled herself to speak at all.

Poor Joey's state was rather pitiable. He watched for some sign of kindness with the dumb hopefulness of a large and well-trained Great Dane. Every one observed it. Daphnis he had forgotten. Yet Mrs. Reverdy Duane, Jr., with a red spot in either cheek, was keeping the tide of talk uninterruptedly flowing at this first official dinner-party.

"She must notice Joey," thought her husband. "Mrs. Henshaw doesn't seem to mind him. . . . Really extraordinarily beautiful, that woman is, and magnetic. . . ."

The dinner was nearly over when there came one of those blank spots in the general talk that are the terror of the hostess. This one allowed opportunity for Joey's not-weak voice to break boldly on the ears. He was leaning forward, all observed, until his face was almost directly in front of Mrs. Henshaw.

"See here, Mrs. Henshaw, there's one thing I want you to do for me most awfully."

Several well-intentioned persons cleared their throats preparatory to plunging in. But nobody could quite manage it.

"Young ass!" said Reverdy to himself with vindictiveness. But not one audible word could he utter. Every one was agitated but the two central figures. Joey was oblivious and Mrs. Henshaw, smiling creamily, made no effort to stop the boy. There was something lethargic in her satisfaction.

"Because there's just one thing that I'm crazy about. You see, I knew you as soon as I saw you. Buck has your pictures all over the place—and he's slated to be captain and 'll have lots of pull with the coach. And if you'd just say something to him so he'll *notice* me, I know I can do the rest. There just ain't anything I wouldn't do to get on the eleven. Think of having to stay on at the blamed old college if I can't—when, if the rotten armistice hadn't been signed, I'd have been sent over. And Buck 'll make a corking captain. Gee! the beef that boy carries! I'll bet he weighs in at one hundred and ninety-five when the season opens, and that at twenty-one! And it's not only beef, but science. Another thing, he can stow away more chow than any one I ever knew. I'd be twenty-five pounds to the good myself if I could only get milk down. And we *need* weight so; the Crimson 'll average ten pounds more than we shall. But if they'd take me on we'd have an eleven that 'd do for the Crimson—and that Heinie they've got. Now you'll just *speak* to Buck about me, won't you? It's a lot of cheek, I know. But as soon as I realized that you were old Buck Henshaw's mother I said, "Here's my one great big chance!"

After all, it was Daphnis who first found her voice and started talk on the rattling pace it pursued until Mrs. Henshaw—Mr. Henshaw having urged some work at home—withdrew.

It is almost unbelievable what an enormous success that dinner-party was after the departure of the Henshaws. Coffee was served on the west piazza. Reverdy and Daphnis sat side by side. With the echo of poor Joey's speech still in the air, she had looked up and caught

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the laughing devil in her husband's eyes. After that she had no need of further explanation.

Not so Reverdy. Several unsolved problems urged him. At last he spoke—with some diffidence, softly in his wife's ear:

"But I don't understand about this dinner—why you didn't—"

"Oh, *please* don't ask me, Reverdy."

"Of course it's all right. Whatever you do is right. . . . Did you *ever* see such a moon!"

They were both silent for a moment. Then Reverdy spoke again:

"But I don't understand why, as Mrs. Henshaw is—well—*you* know—You women all seemed to like her so much—entertained her so much. With *you* it was different, of course. You had no reason. But with the others— Well, they must be pretty broad-minded, generous women, I think. Don't you?"

Daphnis turned her head and regarded her husband long and curiously. She was at a complete loss how to answer him. Then she remembered that it was often well to teach by parables. So she said—in a carefully guarded tone:

"Did you ever hear of the Minotaur?"

"Sure. Heard a lecture about it once. Prehistoric monster with—"

"Oh *no*. In Greek mythology. In a labyrinth. And every nine months the Athenians had to send a shipload of youth things to Crete to It. It liked them young—"

"What for?"

Again that long, wondering look. Was the husband she had married, after all, obtuse? "Why, to be devoured."

He looked blank.

"Because the Minotaur was always hungry and they were afraid—"

"I don't get you, Daphnis. Not at all . . . And why did you say you knew Cartwright wouldn't be at his wife's party?"

"You don't suppose the women of Athens sent their *husbands* to the Minotaur, do you?"

"The Minotaur again! What's old bunk like mythology got to do with us? Sometimes I think I don't understand women—even you."

Daphnis slid her hand into his—it was being done that evening.

"You're so much nicer that you don't—and dearer. You'd just be Theseus and go fight the Minotaur and nickname It Minnie. You don't know about being afraid, and paying tribute. . . . But, oh, don't let's *bother*. And do let's buy Greenmeadows."

For a moment Reverdy thought he was going to pursue *that* subject further. It was just the other day that Daphnis had seemed opposed to buying Greenmeadows. But the perfection of the night and of a silvered Daphnis who was yet so warmly human made him forget. There was a strange peace abroad. And wife sat by husband and husband murmured gentle things into his wife's ear as he leaned forward to stub his cigar. Now that Joey had gone to bed because of training, there was nobody but wives and husbands, and they stayed longer after dinner than anybody had ever been known to do in Upper Medwood. It might have been because every woman there was so strangely lighthearted. They were like girls—like the poetic girls of long ago that all the mature matrons of them used to be. The pall that had hung over them for six months was gone. They were spellbound in renewed happiness. The Eden first glimpsed cannot compare in poignant beauty with Eden when the serpent has just been removed.

Reverdy heard the murmur of his wife's voice. He bent his head reverently to catch her accents. The moonlight made her perfectness almost too much to be borne by one merely human.

"I hope"—Daphnis hissed into his ear with a soft vindictiveness—"for once—the Minotaur was fed—enough."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THIS SIMIAN WORLD

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

IN order that any species of animals may come to rule any planet, two qualities at the very least would seem necessary: some form of desire to urge them on and on, and also adaptability of a thousand kinds to their environment.

So far as adaptability is concerned, we humans are experts. We talk of our "mastery" of nature, which sounds very grand; but the fact is we respectfully adapt ourselves first to her ways. "We attain no power over nature till we learn natural laws, and our lordship depends on the adroitness with which we learn and conform."

Adroitness, however, is merely an ability to win; back of it there must be some spur to make us use our adroitness. Why don't we all die or give up when we're sick of the world? Because the love of life takes the form, in most energized beings, of some longing that pushes them forward, in defeat and in darkness. All creatures, of course, wish to live and perpetuate their species; but those two wishes in themselves evidently do not carry any race far. In addition to these, a race to be great needs some hunger, some itch, to spur it up the hard path we have lately learned to call evolution. The love of toil in the ants, and of craft in cats, are examples (imaginary or not). What other such lust could exert great driving force?

With us is it curiosity, endless interest in one's environment?

Many animals have some curiosity, but "some" is not enough; and in very few is it really a master passion. By a master passion I mean a passion that is your master—some appetite which habitually, day in, day out, makes its subjects forget fatigue or danger, and sacrifice their ease to its gratification. That is the kind of hold that curiosity has on the monkeys.

Imagine a prehistoric prophet observing those beings, and forecasting what kind of civilizations their descendants would build. Any one could have foreseen certain parts of the simians' history —could have guessed that their curiosity would unlock for them, one by one, nature's doors, and—idly—bestow on them stray bits of valuable knowledge; could have pictured them spreading inquiringly all over the globe, stumbling on their inventions—and idly passing on and forgetting them.

To have to learn the same thing over and over again wastes the time of a race. But with simians this is continually necessary, because of their disorder. "Disorder," a prophet would have sighed—"that is one of their handicaps; one that they will never get rid of, whatever it costs. Having so much curiosity makes a race scatterbrained.

"Yes," he would have dismally continued, "it will be a queer mixture; these simians will attain to vast stores of knowledge, in time, that is plain, but, after spending centuries groping to discover some art, in after-centuries they will now and then find it's forgotten. How incredible it would seem on other planets to hear of lost arts.

"There is a strong streak of triviality in them, which you don't see in cats. They won't have fine enough characters to concentrate on the things of most weight. They will talk and think far more of trifles than of what is important. Even when they are reasonably civilized

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

this will be so. Great discoveries sometimes will fail to be heard of, because *too much else is;* and many will thus disappear, and these men will not know it. If they rescue one such as Mendel's from the dust-heap it will be an exception."

Let me interrupt this lament to say a word for myself and my ancestors. It is easy to blame us as undiscriminating, but we are at least full of zest. And it's well to be interested, eagerly and intensely, in so many things, because there is often no knowing which may turn out important. We don't go around being interested on purpose, hoping to profit by it, but a profit may come. And, anyway, it is generous of us not to be too self-absorbed. Other creatures go to the other extreme to an amazing extent. They are ridiculously oblivious to what is going on. The smallest ant in the garden will ignore the largest woman who visits it. She is a huge and most dangerous super-mammoth in relation to him, and her tread shakes the earth; but he has no time to be bothered, investigating such like phenomena. He won't even get out of her way. He has his work to do, hang it!

Birds and squirrels have less of this glorious independence of spirit. They watch you closely—if you move around, but not if you keep still. In other words, they pay no more attention than they can help, even to mammoths.

We, of course, observe everything, or try to. We could spend our lives looking on. Consider our museums, for instance; they are a sign of our breed. It makes us smile to see birds, like the magpie, with a mania for this collecting; but only monkeyish beings could reverence museums as we do, and pile such heterogeneous trifles and quantities in them. Old furniture, egg-shells, watches, bits of stone. . . . And next door—a "menagerie." Though our victory over all other animals is now eons old, we still bring home captives and exhibit them caged in our cities. And when a species dies out—or is crowded (by us) off the planet—we even collect the bones of the vanquished and show them like trophies.

To go back to our prophet. Curiosity is a valuable trait (I can imagine him saying). It will make the simians learn many things. But the curiosity of a simian is as excessive as the toil of an ant. Each simian will wish to know more than his head can hold, not to speak of what it could ever deal with; and those whose minds are active will wish to know everything going. It would stretch a god's skull to accomplish such an ambition, yet simians won't like to think it's beyond their powers. Even small tradesmen and clerks, no matter how thrifty, will be eager to buy costly encyclopedias, or books of all knowledge. Almost every simian family, even the dullest, will think it is due to itself to keep all knowledge handy.

Their idea of a liberal education will therefore be pretty hodge-podge. If it is heterogeneous enough they will be sure it is "liberal." He who narrows his field of study will be viewed with distrust. Critics will simply say, "It is narrow"—and feel they have pelted him with an unbearable epithet. If more than one man in a hundred should thus dare to concentrate, the ruinous effects of being a mere "specialist" will be sadly discussed. It may make a man exceptionally useful, they will have to admit; but, still, they will feel badly and fear that civilization will suffer.

One of their curious educational ideas —but a natural one—will be shown in the efforts they will make to learn more than one "language." They will set their young to spending a decade or more of their lives in studying duplicate systems—whole systems—of chatter. Those who thus learn several different ways to say the same things will command much respect, and those who learn many will be looked on with awe—by true simians. And persons without this accomplishment will be looked down on a little and will actually feel quite apologetic about it themselves.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Consider how enormously complicated a complete language must be, with its long and arbitrary vocabulary, its intricate system of sounds, the many forms that single words may take, especially if they are verbs, the rules of grammar, the sentence structure, the idioms, slang, and inflections. Heavens! what a genius for tongues these simians have! (You remember what Kipling says in the Jungle Books, about how disgusted the quiet animals were with the Bandarlog, because they were eternally chattering, would never keep still. Well, this is the good side of it.) Where another race, after the most frightful discord and pains, might have slowly constructed *one* language before this earth grew cold, this race will create literally hundreds, each complete in itself, and many of them with quaint little systems of writing attached. And the owners of this linguistic gift are so humble about it, they will marvel at bees, for their hives, and at beavers' mere dams.

To return, however, to their fear of being too narrow; in going to the other extreme they will run to incredible lengths. Every civilized simian, every day of his life, in addition to all the older facts he has picked up, will wish to know all the "news" of all the world. If he felt any true concern to know it, this would be rather fine of him—it would imply such a close solidarity on the part of his genus. (Such a close solidarity would seem crushing, to others; but that is another matter.) It won't be true concern, however; it will be merely his blind, inherited instinct. He'll forget what he's read, the very next hour, or moment. Yet there he will faithfully sit, the ridiculous creature, reading of bombs in Spain or floods in Tibet, and especially insisting on all the news he can get of the kind his race loved when they hung by their tails in the forest, news that will stir his most primitive simian feelings—wars, accidents, love-affairs, and family quarrels.

To feed himself with this largely purposeless provender he will pay thousands of simians to be reporters of such events day and night, and they will report them on such a voluminous scale as to smother or obscure more significant news altogether. Great printed sheets will be read by every one every day; and even the laziest of this lazy race will not think it labor to perform this toil. They won't like to eat in the morning without their "papers," such slaves they will be to this weird greed for knowing. They won't even think it is weird, it is so in their blood.

Their swollen desire for investigating everything about them, including especially other people's affairs, will be quenchless. Few will feel that they really are "fully informed," and all will spend much of their days in this way—and their lives.

"Books," too, will be used to slake this unappeasable thirst. They will actually hold books in deep reverence. Books! Bottled chatter! Things that some other simian has formerly said. They will dress them in costly bindings, keep them under glass, and take an affecting pride in the number they read. Libraries—storehouses of books—will dot their world. The destruction of one will be a crime against civilization. (Meaning, again, a simian civilization.) Well, it is an offense, to be sure—a barbaric offense. But so is defacing forever a beautiful landscape; and they won't even notice that sometimes; they won't shudder, anyway, the way they instinctively do at the loss of a "library."

All this is inevitable and natural, and they cannot help it. There are even ways one can justify excesses like this. If their hunger for books ever seems indiscriminate to them when they themselves stop to examine it, they will have their excuses. They will argue that some bits of knowledge they once had thought futile had later on come in most handy, in unthought-of ways. True enough! For their scientists. But not for their average men; they will simply be like obstinate housekeepers who clog up their homes, preserving odd boxes and

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

wrappings, and stray lengths of string, to exult if but one is of some trifling use ere they die. It will be in this spirit that simians will cherish their books, and pile them up everywhere into great indiscriminate mounds; and these mounds will seem signs of culture and sagacity to them.

Those who know many facts will feel wise! They will despise those who don't. They will even believe, many of them, that knowledge is power. Unfortunate dupes of this saying will keep on reading, ambitiously, till they have stunned their native initiative and made their thoughts weak, and will then wonder dazedly what in the world is the matter, and why the great power they were expecting to gain fails to appear. Again, if they ever forget what they read, they'll be worried. Those who *can* forget —those who can luckily rid their poor crowded minds of such facts as the month, day, and year that their children were born, or the numbers on houses, or the "names" (the mere meaningless labels) of the people they meet—will be urged to go live in sanitariums or see memory-doctors!

By nature their itch is rather for knowing than for understanding or thinking. Some of them will learn to think, doubtless, and even to concentrate, but their eagerness to acquire those accomplishments will not be strong or insistent. Creatures whose mainspring is curiosity will enjoy the accumulating of facts far more than the pausing at times to reflect on those facts. If they do not reflect on them, of course, they'll be slow to find out about the ideas and relationships lying behind them; and they will be curious about those ideas, so you would think they would reflect. But deep thinking is painful. It means they must channel the spreading rivers of their attention. That cannot be done without discipline and drills for the mind, and they will abhor doing that; their minds will work better when they are left free to run off at tangents.

Compare them in this with other species. Each has its own kind of strength. To be compelled to be as quick-minded as the simians would be torture to cows. Cows could dwell on one idea, week by week, without trying at all; but they would all have brain-fever in an hour at a simian tea. A super-cow people would revel in long, thoughtful books on abstruse philosophical subjects, and would sit up late reading them. Most of the ambitious simians who try it—out of pride, go to sleep. The typical simian brain is supremely distractable, and it's really too jumpy by nature to endure much reflection.

Therefore, many more of them will be well-informed rather than sagacious

This will result in their knowing most things far too soon, at too early a stage of civilization to use them aright. They will learn to make valuable explosives at a stage in their growth when they will use them not only in industries, but for killing brave men. They will devise ways to mine coal efficiently, in enormous amounts, at a stage when they won't know enough to conserve it, and will waste their few stores. They will use up a lot of it in a simian habit called "travel." This will consist in queer little hurried runs over the globe, to see ten thousand things in the hope of thus filling their minds. (Even in a wild state the monkey is restless and does not live in lairs.)

Their minds will be full enough. Their intelligence will be active and keen. It will have a constant tendency, however, to outstrip their wisdom. Their intelligence will hurry them into building great industrial systems before they have the sagacity and judgment to run them aright. They will build greater political empires than they know how to guide. They will quarrel endlessly about which is the best scheme of government without stopping to realize that learning to govern comes first. (The average simian will imagine he knows without learning.)

The natural result will be industrial and political wars. In a world of un-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

manageable structures such smashes must come.

Inventions will come so easily to them (in comparison with all other creatures), and they will take such childish pleasure in monkeying around, making inventions, that their many devices will be more of a care than a comfort. In their homes a large part of their time will have to be spent keeping their numerous ingenuities in good working-order—their elaborate bell-ringing arrangements, their locks and their clocks. In the field of science, to be sure, this fertility in invention will lead to a long list of important and beautiful discoveries—telescopes and the calculus, radiographs and the spectrum. Discoveries great enough, almost, to make angels of them. But here again their simian-ness will cheat them of half of their dues, for they will neglect great discoveries of the truest importance, and honor extravagantly those of less value and splendor if only they cater especially to simian traits.

To consider examples: A discovery that helps them to talk, just to talk, more and more, will be hailed by these beings as one of the highest of triumphs. Talking to each other over wires will come in this class. The lightning, when harnessed and tamed, will be made to trot round, conveying the most trivial cacklings all day and all night.

Huge seas of talk in all forms, such as print, speech, and writing, will roll unceasingly over their "civilized" realms, involving an unbelievable waste of labor and time, and sapping the intelligence talk is supposed to upbuild. In a simian civilization great halls will be erected for "lectures," and great throngs will actually pay to go in these at night to hear some self-satisfied talk-maker chatter for hours. Almost any subject will do for a lecture or talk; yet very few subjects will be counted important enough for the average man to do any *thinking* on them, off by himself.

Are we or are we not simians? It is no use for any man to plan or adopt a system of ethics until he has decided first of all where he stands on that question. It is the same in economics, art, education, philosophy, what not. In every field of thought two great schools appear that are divided on this: Must we forever be, at heart, high-grade simians? Or are we at heart something else?

"Our problem is not to discover what we ought to do if we were different, but what we ought to do, being what we are. There is no end to the beings we can imagine different from ourselves; but they do not exist, and we cannot be sure they would be better than we if they did. For, when we imagine them, we must imagine an entire environment; we must imagine them as part of a whole reality that does not now exist. And that reality, since it is a figment of our minds, would probably be inferior to the reality that is. For there is this to be said in favor of reality—that we have nothing to compare it with. Our fantasies are always incomplete, because they are fantasies. And reality is complete. We cannot compare their incompleteness with its completeness."[1]

Too many moralists begin with a dislike of reality—a dislike of men as they are. They are free to dislike them—but not at the same time to be moralists. Their feeling leads them to ignore the obligation which should rest on all teachers, "to discover the best that man can do, not to set impossibilities before him and tell him that if he does not perform them he is damned."

Man is moldable, very, and it is desirable that he should aspire. But he is apt to be hasty about accepting any and all general ideals without figuring out whether they are suitable for simian use.

One result of his habit of swallowing whole most of the ideals that occur to him is that he has swallowed a number that strongly conflict. Any ideal what-

[1] From an anonymous article entitled "Tolstoy and Russia," in *The London Times*, September 26, 1918.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ever strains our digestions if it is hard to assimilate; but when two at once act on us in different ways, it is unbearable. In such a case, the poets will prefer the ideal that's idealest; the hard-headed instinctively choose the one adapted to simians.

As a practical matter, every man needs to decide where he stands on this question, before he attempts to make decisions that are really subsidiary.

For example, take our methods of education. We have, in the main, two great systems. One depends upon discipline, the other on exciting the interest. The teacher who does not recognize or allow for our simian nature keeps little children at work for long periods at dull and dry tasks. Without some such discipline, he fears that his boys will lack strength. The other system believes they will learn more when their interest is aroused; and when their minds, which are mobile by nature, are allowed to keep moving.

Or in politics: the best government for simians seems to be based on a parliament—a talk-room, where endless vague thoughts can be warmly expressed. This is the natural child of those primeval sessions that gave pleasure to apes. It is neither an ideal nor a rational arrangement, of course. Small executive committees would be better. But not if we are simians.

Or in industry: Why do factory-workers produce more in eight-hours a day than in ten? It is absurd. Super-sheep could not do it. But that is the way men are made. To preach to such beings about the dignity of labor is futile. The dignity of labor is not a simian conception at all. True simians hate to have to work steadily; they call it grind and confinement. They are always ready to pity the poor, who are condemned to this fate, and to congratulate those who escape it, or who can do something else. When they see some performer in spangles risk his life at a circus, swinging around on trapezes, high up in the air, and when they are told he must do it daily, do they pity *him?* No! Super-elephants would say, and quite properly, "What a horrible life!" But it seems rather stimulating to simians. Boys envy the fellow. On the other hand, whenever we are told about factory life, we instinctively shudder to think of enduring such evils. We see some old workman filling cans with a whirring machine, and we hear the humanitarians telling us, indignant and grieving, that he actually must stand in that nice, warm, dry room every day, safe from storms and wild beasts, and with nothing to do but fill cans; and at once we groan: "How deadly! What monotonous toil! Shorten his hours!" His work would seem blissful to super-spiders—yet we think it's intolerable. "Grind and confinement?" That's the strong monkey blood in our veins.

Our monkey blood is also apparent in our judgments of crime. If a crime is committed on impulse, we partly forgive it. Why? Because, being simians, with a weakness for yielding to impulses, we like to excuse ourselves by feeling not accountable for them. Elephants would have probably taken an opposite stand. They aren't creatures of impulse, and would be shocked at crimes due to such causes; their fault is the opposite one of pondering too long over injuries, and becoming vindictive in the end, out of all due proportion. If a young super-elephant were to murder another on impulse, they would consider him a dangerous character and string him right up. But if he could prove that he had long thought of doing it, they would tend to forgive him. "Poor fellow! He brooded." they would say. "That's upsetting to any one."

Whatever we are, it is important that we should all do our best. This is evidently a world where the ruling race must be on its mettle. Our hold on the planet is not absolute. Our descendants may lose it.

Germs may do them out of it. A chestnut fungus springs up, defies us,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and kills all our chestnuts. The boll-weevil very nearly baffles us. The fly seems unconquerable. Only a strong civilization, when such foes are about, can preserve us. And our present efforts to cope with such beings are fumbling and slow.

We haven't the habit of candidly facing our precarious status. We don't pay a respectful attention to our biological history. We blandly and blindly assume that we were "intended" to rule, and that no other outcome could even be considered by nature. But the facts are, of course, that this is a hard and precarious world, where every mistake and infirmity must be paid for in full. "It needs but little imagination to see how great are the probabilities that, after all, man will prove but one more of Nature's failures, ignominiously to be swept from her work-table, to make way for another venture."

If mankind ever is swept aside as a failure, however, what a brilliant and enterprising failure he at least will have been! I felt this with a kind of warm suddenness only to-day, as I finished these dreamings and drove through the gates of the park. I had been shutting my modern surroundings out of my thoughts so completely, and living as it were in the wild world of ages ago, that when I let myself come back suddenly to the twentieth century, and stare at the park and the people, the change was tremendous. All around me were the well-dressed descendants of primitive animals, whizzing about in bright motors, past tall, spacious buildings. What gifted, energetic achievers they suddenly seemed!

I thought of a photograph I had once seen, of a ship being torpedoed. There it was, the huge, finely made structure, awash in the sea, with tiny black spots hanging on to its sides—crew and passengers. The great ship, even while sinking, was so mighty, and those atoms so helpless. Yet, it was those tiny beings that had created that ship. They had planned it and built it and guided its bulk through the waves. They had also invented a torpedo that could rend it asunder.

They tell me that our race may be an accident in a meaningless universe, living its brief life uncared-for, on this dark, cooling star; but even so—and all the more—what marvelous creatures we are! What fairy-story, what tale from the *Arabian Nights* of the jinns, is a hundredth part as wonderful as this true fairy-story of simians? And it is so much more heartening, too, than the tales we invent. A universe capable of giving birth to any such accidents is—blind or not—a good world to live in, even if not the best.

We have won our way up against odds. We have made this our planet. It stirs me to feel myself part of our racial adventure.

It is an adventure that may never be noticed by gods, it may lead to no eternal reward, but it is a reward in itself. God or no god, we belong to a race that has made a long march, and that in the future may travel on greater roads still.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE SUBLIMATED SAVAGE FIJIAN

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE

IT was Tuesday, yet the next day was Thursday. Where Wednesday went I have never been able to find out. We had arrived at the point in the Pacific where one day always swallows up the other and leaves none. The European world, measuring the earth from its own vantage-point, had allotted no day for the mid-Pacific, so that instead of arriving at Suva, Fiji, in proper sequence of time, we were both a day late and a day ahead of time. For that matter, the whole trip was a puzzle, so rapidly and quietly had passed the seven days from Honolulu.

The few days in the neighborhood of the equator had steeped us all in drooping feebleness. We seemed overweighted with nothingness. I had the steward bring a mattress out on deck; a heavy wind turned the night suddenly so cold that I had to send for a blanket. The howling round the mast and the flapping of the canvas sounded like a tragedy without human personality. The night was pitch black and the blackness was intensified by the intermittent streaks of lightning, but there was no rain, and the ship moved on steadily, scornfully indifferent, fearless, and emotionless.

Eager, full of emotion and expectation, I packed my trunk next day, determined to break my journey to Australia. The passengers wondered how one with no special purpose—that is, without a job—could get off at Fiji. Had they not read in their school geographies of jungles and savages all mixed and wild, with mocking natives grinning at you from behind bamboo-trees, living expectations of a juicy dinner? So unbelievable did it seem to the passengers—they who always pass without pausing—that one as sane as I appeared to be should leave the world behind him on such an uncertain venture, that when I returned to the ship for dinner that evening they greeted me with, "Oh, you've changed your mind about it, have you?" When I assured them I had not they warned me about dengue fever, they extolled the virtues of the Fijian maidens, and exaggerated the vices of the Fijian men. The word "cannibals" howled round my head as the impersonal wind had howled round the masts the night before. I almost began to pity myself for having announced my intentions before taking a hasty survey of the island. But, having committed myself, there was no turning back—and, what was more, I didn't want to turn back.

That afternoon we had sighted land for the first time in seven days. Alofa Islands, pale blue, smooth-edged, were a living lie to reality. A peculiar feeling comes over one in passing without touching terra firma. It is the longing for the sun after days and days of gray days, the longing for the rain in the desert. It is the longing for the return to the actualities of life after days on the unvariable sea. As we neared the islands of Fiji, the terrestrial details stirred in me all the primitive instincts which have been suppressed in man for thousands upon thousands of years. In spite of all our horror of the primitive, I felt a strange sense of home-coming.

When I got the first real whiff of tropical sweetness, mixed though it was with copra and mold, all other considerations of life vanished. From their cool heights the hills looked down in pity upon the little village of Suva as it lay prostrate

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

beneath the sun. If there was any movement to be seen, it was upon the lapping waters of the harbor. The numerous boats swarmed with myriads of black-bodied, broad-nosed natives, in the indifferent pursuit of life and happiness. A dozen mummy apples—better than bread to them—tied together by a string suffice to make any primitive heart glad. Primitive these people are; their instincts, never led astray by such frills and trappings as jig us into life, are none the less human in the extreme. The whole of Suva had turned out to greet us.

It has been a strenuous afternoon for me. Seeing to one's trunk is too mundane a matter for the traveler in the tropics. I was troubled as to its disposition. It weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I had heard of the natives being lazy, and gasped when a giant Fijian raised it to his shoulder and carried it to the customs shed a block away, and then, after "examination," two blocks farther to the hotel. Further to disprove any preconceived notions I might have, three Fijians staged an attempt to lead a donkey ashore which would have shamed the most bigoted believer in the maxims of counting ten before getting angry and trying three times before giving up. Farther along the pier walked a stalwart native carrying a cluster of about four or five mummy apples, and a bank messenger with a bag of bullion could not have seemed more important. The Fijian is as indifferent to big as to little tasks. He is alone in this lackadaisical attitude toward life.



A FIJI ISLANDER AND THE AUTHOR

The indentured Indian, small and wiry, who seems too delicate for any task and is stopped by none, acts as a reinforcement in the South Sea labor market. He glides along in purposeful indifference; but to the new arrival he is, as cabby, first and foremost the shuttle by which one is woven into the fabric of tropical life. He is the driver of the cab of Suva and dozes on his seat while the horse nods in the stupefying afternoon sun.

The sun is stupefying, but the person just landed finds himself sniffing and quickened to action by the sharp smells all about him, as though the air were poisoned by decay. The shaggy green hills, rugged and wild in the extreme, show even at a distance the struggle between life and death which momentarily takes place. Luxuriant as on the morning of creation, the vegetation seems to be rotting as after a period of death. In Suva everything smells damp and moldy. You cannot get away from it. The stores you pass along the street, the room you eat in, the bed you sleep in—all have the same odor. More offensive still is that of copra (cocoanut-oil). The swarms of Fijians who attacked the cargo smelled of it and glistened with it. The boats smell of it and the air is heavy with it. If this sickening atmosphere could be purified the impression of loveliness which is the essence of the South Seas would be unchallenged.

I seldom dream, but at the moment of waking in strange surroundings after an unusual run of events my mind rehearses as in a dream the experiences gained

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

during consciousness. When the knuckles of the Fijian—and he has knuckles as you and I—sounded on my door at seven to bring me my morning tea, I woke with a sense of heaviness, as though submerged in a world from which I could never again escape. At seven-fifteen another Fijian came for my laundry; at seven-thirty a third came for my shoes. I suppose I might as well get up and about, I thought. It was not at all a bad thought, for, though I was out upon the street within twenty minutes, it might just as well have been noon. To keep an ordinary coat on an ordinary back in Suva is like trying to live in a fireless cooker while angry. No one wears anything but white duck or pongee-silk suits, and these must be changed every other day.

"Everything here is '*malua*,'" explained the manager of *The Fiji Times* to me. "No matter what you want or whom you want it from, 'wait a bit' will be the process."

I wished him to give me some information about the interior, but he was himself ready to tell me to *malua*. Then a strange thing happened. He left his office, walked all the way up the street with me to show me a photographer's place where I would be able to get what I wanted, and in addition threw in an hour of his time waiting with me. There's no use rushing anybody. The authorities have been several years trying to get one of the off streets of Suva paved. It has been "worked on," but the task, turned to every now and then for half an hour, requires numerous rest periods. In Fiji movement is synonymous with heartlessness. Labor is borne unevenly. The white man looks on and commands; the Indian slinks about and slaves; the Fijian works on occasion, but generally passes tasks by with sporty indifference.

Yet there is no absence of movement. Beginning with the noise and confusion at the pier, there is a steady stream of individuals on whom shadows are lost, though they have nothing on but their skins and their *sulus*. The wiry little Indian coolie may be seen at any time wending his way along Victoria Parade, bareheaded, a thin *sulu* of colored gauze wound about his loins. All the business and the labor of the islands is passing into his hands. He is the tailor, the jeweler, the grocer and the gardener. He works the plantations and the factories and is gradually buying up the land.

The Fijian idles, allows him to work, happy to be left alone, happy if he can add a shilling to his possessions, an old vest, a torn pair of trousers of any shape, an old coat, or a stiff-bosomed shirt *sans* coat or vest or trousers. Tall, mighty, and picturesque—his coiffure the pride of his life—he watches the changes taking place about him with a confidence well suited to his origin and his race. One such approached me. He was six feet three inches in height and forty-five years old. He spoke English as few foreign to the tongue can speak it. A coat, a watch, and a cane—a lordly biped was he. Cordial and inviting, he was ready to guide me and protect me through Fijiland had I so chosen.

Fancy is a much better guide, if one is venturesome. What is there in the tropics which stands out so boldly that it needs to be excluded? The white man shuts the door of his home in the face of the world. Not so the dark-skinned. Whether under the torrid sun or within his thatched-roof hut, the secrets of his life are rarely hidden. In and about Suva he has his retreats. The row of shops which walls in the highway links without friction the various elements of human life. In a dirty little shop I ran into an unusual medley of folk. A blind Indian woman in one corner; a Fijian chatting with an Indian; a boy whistling "Chin-chin"; a mixture of *kava*, beer, and noise in a room dark and floorless, but with a little balcony like a studio bedroom hung up among the rafters; girls and boys fooling with one another. There in one small shack was the Fijian Adonis spending his spell in that under-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



INDIANS AND FIJIANS CHATTED SOCIABLY TOGETHER—TRAVELING UP THE REWA RIVER

ground world, vegetating in anticipation of the future Fiji some day to spring into being.

I stepped into an Indian's shop next door. The proprietor bewailed the woes of India, told me the history of her downfall. Crushed! Crushed by internal weakness, but the longing for rebirth still fresh, and even here where the Indian may have a chance to start anew on a small scale.

Next to his may be a white man's shop. A white man who now rules the world, yet who was driven by circumstances away from his world to dominate here in his own small way. He also was crushed by life and now tries to regain his hold here where life is easiest. In a fruit-shop I became acquainted with the stout, gray-haired, dark-skinned man who owns it, and learned that he was born on the island of St. Helena. Napoleon was eager to escape, he told me, but could not; he was reminiscent and would gladly have gone back, but had not been able.

In a candy-shop a little Irish girl of sixteen chatted with the little Scotchman from Roratonga. Old enough to be her father, he treated her as a possible bride. She talked like an old woman, relating her family difficulties, the cost of rent and flour and potatoes. Hidden away in her little brain was a flicker of possible romance. Then she reverted to her mature childishness. She puts away a shilling a week into a little bank which opens automatically, "Only to get presents for the kiddies at Christmas." She talked a blue streak. "Daddy earns three pounds a week, you know. We must pay fifteen shillin's for rent, and then the greengrocer must be paid for some fruit be bought, and there's little left to put by. So we have to remain in this 'ole."

The Scotchman looks sad. Shame that such a little flower should waste its sweetness in the tropical heat! But he himself is trying to emerge. He has been fired from his job at Roratonga. He has some secret grudge against his boss which he intends to lay before the governor of Fiji. The Suva traveling salesman urges me not to have anything to do with him—for some mysterious rea-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

son. But he was down and out and interested me. We stopped for a rest on the *lanai* (veranda) of the sumptuous new hotel. He was timid about remaining. I led him on to talk. Of course there was a woman in his case back there in the Tongan islands, a native woman. But he was one of those who, when they drift to the islands without a job, rot as do men nowhere else in the world. Nothing rots so rapidly as that which does not belong there—rots from too much life.

Yet Fiji is one of the most healthful of the South Sea Islands. And the Fijians are, notwithstanding the fact that they take less to the sentimental in our civilization, a fine race, in mentality and in character. Their softness of nature is a surprising inversion of the reports of former ferocity. What one sees of them in Suva helps to fortify this conclusion; a visit farther inland leaves not a shadow of doubt. Pretty as the harbor looks, it is as nothing compared with the loveliness of rivers and hills of the interior.

I took the launch which makes regular trips up the Rewa River. The little vessel was black with natives—outside, inside, everywhere, streaming over to the pier. It was owned and operated by an Englishman named Message. The hardening of the arteries of world trade has affected even the traffic on this river. Combination threatens individual enterprise. "The company has several launches. It runs them on schedule time, stopping only at special stations regardless of the convenience to the Fijians. It is trying to force me out of business," said Mr. Message, a look of sad defiance on his face. "But I am just as determined to beat it." So he ran his launch to suit the natives, winning their good-will and patronage. It was interesting to see how it worked out. No better lesson in the instinctive primitive tendency toward co-operation and mutual aid could be found. He had no white assistant, but every Fijian who could find room on the launch constituted himself a longshoreman. They enjoyed playing with the launch. They



INTERIOR OF A FIJIAN HOUSE

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

helped in the work of loading and unloading one another's petty cargo such as kerosene-oil, corrugated iron for roofing (which is replacing thatch), and odd sticks of wood.

Though the Indians are said to despise the Fijians, I saw them sitting sociably together, smoking and chatting quite without any signs of irritation. Indian women, all dressed in colored gauze raiment and in their numerous trinkets, huddled behind their men. They seemed a bit of India sublimated, cured of the ills of overcrowding. One woman had twelve heavy silver bracelets on each wrist, a number on her ankles, some round her neck, and dozens on each of her fingers and toes, with trinkets from her nose and ears. But there was more than vanity in this, for, pretty as she was, she refused to permit me to photograph her. Not so the men. They asked to be taken, and immediately straightened out in the most self-conscious manner. One Indian had his flutes with him and commenced to play. His eyes rolled as he forced out the monotonous tones, over and over again. His heart and his soul must have had a hard time trying to emerge simultaneously from these two tiny reeds. One bearded patriarch smiled and rose with a jerk when I asked if he would pose for me. A young Indian woman crouched on the floor, all covered with her brilliant veil. She shared a cigarette with a Fijian boy in a most Oriental fashion.



A FIJIAN YOUTH IN NATIVE COSTUME

In the crowd sat a Fijian half-caste, the incarnation of suspicion. Doubtless the unconscious white man in him was cursing his ill-luck. What a pitiable specimen! We speak of the white as a dominant race, but dominance in another sense. Mix it with savage races and that dominance falls before the savage. The half-castes from Fijian and European marriages are not prolific. This one seemed to live in a world utterly his own, and I wondered how his father was enjoying himself somewhere in his civilized surroundings.

Delight rides a spirited pace on this river Rewa. The banks are seldom more than a couple of feet above the water. The launch makes straight for the shore wherever a Fijian recognizes his hut, and he scrambles off as best he can. Here and there round the bends natives in *takias* (somewhat like outrigger canoes with mat sails, now seldom used), punts, or rowboats slipped by in the twilight.

The sun had set by the time all the little stops were made between Suva and Davuilevu, the last stopping-place. Each man, as he stepped from this little float of modernism, clambered up the bank and disappeared amid the sugar-cane. What a world of romance and change he took into the dark-brown hut he calls his own! What news of the world must he not have brought back with him! A commuter, he had probably gone in by that morning's launch, in which case he spent three full hours in "toil" or in the purchase of a sheet of corrugated iron or a tin of oil. He may

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

have "helped" himself to a shirt from somebody's clothes-line in the spare time left him. One thing is certain, there were no chocolates in his pockets, for he has no pockets, and I saw no young woman holding a baby in her arms for daddy to make silly talk to or herself extend the lover's embrace. Yet there was a fineness of life which thrilled with delight, for even at a distance from each other there was manifest love in life.

To enter and examine closely would perhaps have made a difference in my impressions. I was content with these hazy pictures, to see these dark-skinned people merge with their brown-thatched huts curtained by shadows within the cane-fields. When night came on all was dissolved in shadow, and voices in song rose on the cool air.

The Rewa River runs between two antagonistic institutions. At Davuilevu (the Great Conch Shell) there is a mission station on one side and a sugar-mill on the other. The type of Fijian at the mission is quiet, clean, gentlemanly, and promising. The promise is all the more reassuring when you sit of an evening in a large, carefully woven native house, elliptical in shape, with thatched roof and soft, matted floors. The children sit on the tiers of benches so built that one child's feet are on a level with the shoulders of the one in front. Like a palisade of lights their bright eyes glistened with the reflections of the light from the kerosene-lamps hanging on wires from the rafters. Lolohea Ratu, a girl of twenty, educated in Sydney, Australia, spoke to them in a plaintive, modulated voice, soft and low. All Fijian voices are sad, but hers was slightly sadder, tinged, as it were, with knowledge of the world. She had studied the Montessori method and was trying to train her little brothers and sisters along those lines. But she was not forgetful of what is lovely in her own race, primitive as it is, and was preparing these little tots for a native festival. Round and round the room they marched, the overhanging lamps playing pranks with their shadows. Others sat upon the mats, legs crossed, beating time and clapping hands in the native fashion. Their glistening bodies and sparkling, mischievous eyes, the enchanting rhythm and melody borrowed from a world as strange to them as theirs is to us, showed their delight. I wondered what strange images—ghostly pale folk—they were seeing through our songs. Perhaps it was merely another kind of "savage" song to them, even a wee wilder than their own. On the following day they were to sing and dance these songs to the amazement of their skeptical elders.

The day arrived. For a day in the tropics, it was perfect—cool and refreshing. A bazaar was to be held on the other bank of the river. Under a long pavilion arbored and trimmed in the foliage of palms and breadfruit leaves, stood plain wooden tables set with bottles of oil and palm leaves full of greasy edibles. By noon all the huts were crowded with wide-eyed feasters of those lubricants. A pudding done up in banana leaves lay on the ground before the groups of merrymakers which, when eaten native fashion, would be likely to leave one web-handed.

At the bidding of several chiefs who had described a circle on the mats, we entered one of these dark huts by way of a low door. In a corner a woman tended the camp-fire, and near an opening a girl sat munching. But they might as well have been absent, for all the luster they gave to the place or the attention paid them. The room was thick with smoke, the thin reeds supporting the roof glistening with soot. Yet everything was in order and according to form. They were making *kava* (or *ava* or *yangana*), the native drink. Some time ago this was the work of the chieftain's daughter, who ground the root with her teeth and then mixed it with water. The law doesn't permit this now, so it is crushed in a mortar (*tonoa*). Specialization has reached out its tentacles even

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



PREPARING THE NATIVE DRINK—CRUSHING THE KAVA ROOT

to this place, so that now the captain of this industry is an Indian.

The *ava* mixed, it was passed round in a well-scraped cocoanut shell cut in half. As guests we were offered the first drink. Extremely bitter, it is nevertheless clean and refreshing. After we drank of it, the bowl was passed to the chief. With gracious self-restraint he declined. "This is too full. You have given me too much." Part of it was poured back again, and he drank it with one breath. He would really have liked twice as much, not half, but there is more modesty and decorum among savages than we imagine. In fact, our conventions are generally but atrophied taboos.

But the women, not handsome nor as elegantly coiffeured, were excluded. They were not even of the lowest rank. The sexes seldom meet in any form of social intercourse. Once only did I notice anything done in common when a young man helped a girl carry an iron kettle. The boys never flirt with, nor even seem to notice, the girls. In public, there is a never diminishing distance between them. A world without love-making, primitive life is outwardly not as romantic as is ours.

The daughter of the biggest living Fijian chief wandered about like a plebeian. She wore a red Mother-Hubbard, and nothing else. Her hair hung down to her shoulders. Having gone through the process of discoloration by the application of lime, as is the Fiji custom, it was reddish and stiff, but, being long, had none of the leonine quality of the masculine fashion. Andi Cacarini (Fijian for Katherine), daughter of a modern chief, spoke fairly good English. Her head stuck out of her dress. She wasn't exactly ashamed, but just shy. The "better class" of Fijians, they who have come in contact with white people, all manifest a timid reticence. Andi Cacarini was shy, but hardly what one could call bashful or fastidious. She posed for me as though born to it, and was not at all ungraceful in her pose or in her walk.

The male Fijian is, however, extremely timid, but, for all that, none the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

less fastidious. The care with which he trains and curls his hair would put to shame any impatient husband of the vainest of white women. This does not mean that the Fijian man is girlish in his ways, but he is particular about his hair. The process of discoloring it is exact. A mixture of burnt coral with water makes a fine substitute for soap. This is left on the hair for a day or two. When washed out and dried the hair is curled and combed and anointed. From the point of view of sanitation, it is excellent, and from that of art—just watch the proud male pass down the road!

In the midst of the village stood one plain, unpainted wooden house, distinctive if not palatial. It was altogether wanting in ornamentation and with us might have passed as a respectable shed. But here, surrounded by thatched huts, picturesque when not too closely scrutinized, it assumed exceeding importance through contrast. The door, which was reached by ascending four or five steps, stood wide open. The interior was not partitioned into rooms. Half of it was a raised platform-like divan or sleeping section, littered with native mats. Upon this elevation sat a fine, clean-shaven man, with bald head, dressed in clean and not inexpensive material, with a gold watch on his left wrist. On being introduced he greeted me in a tongue so clear and outspoken that it amazed me. This was Ratu Joni, Mandraiwiwi, chief of eighty thousand Fijians, one of only two members of the Legislative Council, highly respected and most powerful living chief of his race. He remained seated in native fashion, legs crossed before him, and after a few general remarks indicated a desire to resume his harangue with the half-dozen natives, all big and powerful men, facing him on the lower section of the chamber. Our reception was cordial, yet his was the reserve of a prime minister. His bearing gave the impression of a man intelligent, calm, just, and not without vision. He knew his rank. Had I been a native and dared to cross his door-step—plebeian that I am—I should most likely have seen dignity in anger. But, though an insignificant white man, I still bore the mark of "rank" sufficient to gain admission unceremoniously, and was given a place beside him on the divan. Aware of having interrupted their deliberations, we shortly withdrew.

At Bau, five miles the other side of the river, he has a home, European in every detail. It forms an interesting background for his European entertainments. His income is enough to make many a white man envious. One son, an Oxford man, was wounded in Flanders at the outbreak of the war; another was at the time attending college in Australia. Yet his grandfathers surely were cannibals. To us an early life such as he had would be called a tragic one; to him it was perhaps an incident. His father was hanged or strangled for plotting against the then ruling chief. He is now *Roko* (native governor) of the province of Tailevu, (Greater Fiji).

A native boys' band, conducted by one of the Catholic missionaries, played a medley of airs. Then came a native dance. Sitting in a double row, one in front of the other, were oiled and garlanded Fijians. Behind them and in a circle sat a number of singers and *lali*-players. As they commenced beating time the oiled natives began to move rhythmically. Their arms and bodies jerked in a most fascinating and poetic, meaningful way. No voices in the wide world are lovelier than the voices of the Fijians in chorus; no music issues as purely from the depths of racial experience. Fijians always sing. The instant the day's work is done and there is a group they begin to sing. For accompaniment half a dozen cross their legs before them, each places a stick so that one end rests lightly on one toe, the other on the ground; and while they tap upon these sticks others sing and clap hands, swaying and gesturing in an enchantment of loveliness. It has none

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the sentimentality of races more adaptable to Europeanization, such as the Samoans and Hawaiians, and is therefore more vigorous and more truly artistic. The Fijian does not mix well with other races, except with the negroid, and in consequence bears himself in a manner quite independent and proudly unyielding.

Everywhere along the broad, sluggish Rewa River are groups of huts and villages amid the sugar-cane fields. Drawn by an irresistible curiosity which seems to blossom in the cool of the evening and the fresh morning air, I gazed up the wide way of the river toward the hazy blue mountains which stand far up at its head. They seem to be a thousand miles away and farther still from reality. The Himalayas which lured the Lama priest and Kim could not have been more enticing. Because of the cloying atmosphere of the day, this distant coolness is like a lake in the desert, and I longed for some phantom ship to bear me away on the breeze. The ship came. Some missionaries who had planned to visit one of their native teachers were good enough to include me in their party. For twenty miles we glided on through cane plantations, banana and cocoanut trees, and miniature palisades here and there rising to the dignity of hills. We landed toward noon and repaired to the teacher's hut. The village stood on a little plateau, quiet, self-satisfied, though in no way elaborate. The best of the huts stood against the hill across the "street" formed by the two rows of thatch-roofed and leaf-walled huts. It belonged to the native Christian teacher. He turned it over to us, himself and his wife and baby disappearing while we lunched. Here, then, was the place where civilization and savagery meet. Much of our repast remaining, the missionary offered it to the teacher, but I noticed that he looked displeased and turned it over to the flock of children which had gathered outside—a brood of naked little fellows, their bellies bulging out before them, not even the shadow of a garment covering their nakedness.

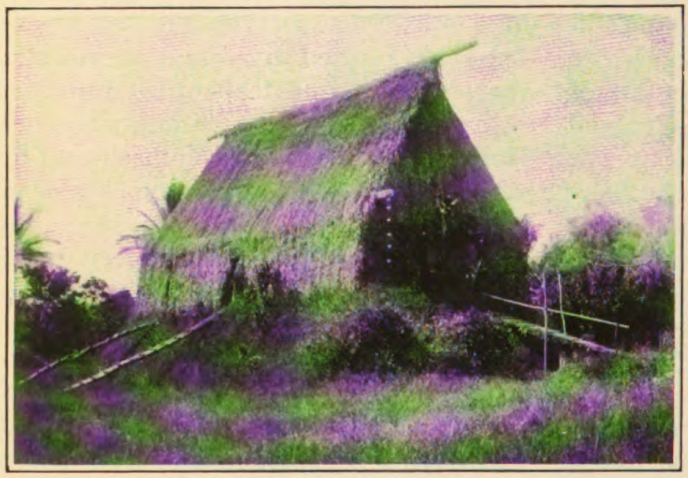


THE KAVA BOWL IS ALWAYS CONSPICUOUSLY IN EVIDENCE

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

I returned to the hut for my camera, not knowing that any one was in. There to one corner lay the teacher's wife, stretched face downward, nursing her baby, which lay on its back upon the soft mats. She smiled, slightly embarrassed, and I withdrew.

There were few Fijians in the village, mostly children and several old women.



A FIJIAN HOUSE

A Solomon Islander who had got there during the days when blackbirding or kidnapping was common, moved among them. He had quite forgotten his own language.

From the top of the hill immediately behind the village the picture was one of utmost peace and tranquillity. Twenty huts fringed the plateau forming a vague ellipse, interwoven with lovely salvias, coleus, and begonias. The village seemed to have been caught in the crook of the river. A field of sugar-cane filled the plain across the river, the shaggy mountains quartering it from the rear; while distant, reaching toward the sun, ranged the mountains from which the river is daily born anew.

As the day begins to close, from amid the cane-fields smoke rises in all directions. The plantation workers have gathered refuse into piles for destruction. Like miniature volcanoes these, with the coming of darkness, shine in the lightless night. It makes one slightly sad, this clearing away of the remnants of daily toil, this purification by fire. Then the sound of the *lali* (hollow tree-trunk), once the war-alarm or call to a cannibal feast, now the invitation to prayer, the dampness and the sense of crowding things in growth—this is what will ever remain to me as Davuilevu.

There is more. Moving about the South Sea Islands, one does not easily escape the Fijians. They handle the cargo for all inter-island steamers, and stay on board while the vessel makes the rounds. They feed and sleep on the open deck and make themselves as happy and as noisy as they can. A gasolene tin of tea, baked potatoes, and hard biscuits, a chunk of fat meat which is all placed on the dirty decks (they are not given napkins), that is Fijian joy.

One queer Fijian with turbaned head grinned in imitation of none other than himself, a vague, undefined curiosity rolling about in his skull. He followed me everywhere, his white eyes staring and his mouth wide open. Here was a future Fijian statesman in the process of formation. His nebular, chaotic mentality was taking note of a creature as far removed from his understanding as a star from his reach.

The noise the Fijians make while in port is excruciating. It is something unclassifiable. They roll their *r*'s, shout as though they were mad with anger, and then burst out in childish laughter at nothing. These boyish barbarians enjoy themselves much more yelling than they would singing like Caruso. How torrential is the stream of invective which issues against some fellow-laborer! With what a terrible crash it falls upon its victim! How quick and voluble the repartee! But how utter the disappointment when, after expecting an interest-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing scrap, a gurgle of hilarity breaks from the throat which the moment before seemed a siren of hate and malice!

And so they toil, happy to appear important, busy, honestly busy, loading the thousands of crates of green bananas. Happier than the happiest, sharing the scraps of a meal without a growl so common with our sailors, each one always seems to get just what he wants and helps in the distribution of food. The missus never bothers him, no matter how long he is away, and instantly labor ceases the group is "spiritualized" into a singing society and the racial opera is in full swing.

I felt somewhat relieved in anticipation of their absence. I had been with them but three weeks, yet something lovely was gone the moment the ship moved on without them. The sailors moved about like pale ghosts who had mechanically wandered back to a joyless life. The white man's virtues are his burdens. His tasks are done so that he may purchase pleasure. The ship is orderly, everything takes its place, even the cursing and yelling come within control. We are heading again for civilization. But I felt somewhat like the old folk after their wish had rid the town of all mischievous little boys.

THE GALLEONS

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

SO many times I asked the hungry sea,
"Hast not thy fill of all the gallant ships
Since Cæsar's day, that mine also must be
The little prey of thy insatiable lips?
The *Golden Dream*, The *High Hope*, The *Brave Deed*,
Their shining decks, their snowy sails how fair,
And all the crimson flags that swept the air!"

At length my sorrow had grown dull and grey
As shells high on the shore no longer dread
The sea's chastisement, when one lonely day
My careless feet to a strange harbor led,
There I beheld all torn, with ragged sails,
Three weary galleons, drooping, flagless, scarred
By thousand storms that round their hulls had warred.

All battered, cargoless, they had come back;
Here yawned a rent, there hung a broken spar.
"Oh, captain!" I cried out, "what piteous wreck
Hast thou sailed home from the rich isles afar—
My *Golden Dream*, my *High Hope*, and *Brave Deed*,
The ships my youthful chisel wrought so fair,
That rode the waves as rides a cloud the air!"

"No wrecks are we," I heard the captain say.
"In spite of storms and years, seaworthy still
We seek the sea."—I saw the anchors weigh
And all the patchèd sails with God's wind fill;
My *Golden Dream*, my *High Hope*, and *Brave Deed*
Undaunted braved the horizon's jeopardy
My treasure from the tenacious Fates to free.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE JUDGMENT OF VULCAN

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

TO dine on the veranda of the Marine Hotel is the one delightful surprise which Port Charlotte affords the adventurer who has broken from the customary paths of travel in the South Seas. On an eminence above the town, solitary and aloof like a monastery, and nestling deep in its garden of lemon-trees, it commands a wide prospect of sea and sky. By day, the Pacific is a vast stretch of blue, flat like a floor, with a blur of distant islands on the horizon—chief among them Muloa, with its single volcanic cone tapering off into the sky. At night, this smithy of Vulcan becomes a glow of red, throbbing faintly against the darkness, a capricious and sullen beacon immeasurably removed from the path of men. Viewed from the veranda of the Marine Hotel, its vast flare on the horizon seems hardly more than an insignificant spark, like the glowing cigar-end of some guest strolling in the garden after dinner.

It may very likely have been my lighted cigar that guided Eleanor Stanleigh to where I was sitting in the shadows. Her uncle, Major Stanleigh, had left me a few minutes before, and I was glad of the respite from the queer business he had involved me in. The two of us had returned that afternoon from Muloa, where I had taken him in my schooner, the *Sylph*, to seek out Leavitt and make some inquiries—very important inquiries, it seemed, in Miss Stanleigh's behalf.

Three days in Muloa, under the shadow of the grim and flame-throated mountain, while I was forced to listen to Major Stanleigh's persistent questionnaire and Leavitt's erratic and garrulous responses—all this, as I was to discover later, at the instigation of the Major's niece—had made me frankly curious about the girl.

I had seen her only once, and then at a distance across the veranda, one night when I had been dining there with a friend; but that single vision of her remained vivid and unforgetable—a tall girl of a slender shapeliness, crowned by a mass of reddish-gold hair that smoldered above the clear olive pallor of her skin. With that flawless and brilliant coloring she was marked for observation—had doubtless been schooled to a perfect indifference to it, for the slow, almost indolent, grace of her movements was that of a woman coldly unmindful of the gazes lingering upon her. She could not have been more than twenty-six or -seven, but I got an unmistakable impression of weariness or balked purpose emanating from her in spite of her youth and glorious physique. I looked up to see her crossing the veranda to join her uncle and aunt—correct, well-to-do English people that one placed instantly—and my stare was only one of many that followed her as she took her seat and threw aside the light scarf that swathed her bare and gleaming shoulders.

My companion, who happened to be the editor of the local paper, promptly informed me regarding her name and previous residence—the gist of some "social item" which he had already put into print; but these meant nothing, and I could only wonder what had brought her to such an out-of-the-way part of the world as Port Charlotte. She did not seem like a girl who was traveling with her uncle and aunt; one got rather the impression that she was bent on a mission of her own and was dragging her

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

relatives along because the conventions demanded it. I hazarded to my companion the notion that a woman like Miss Stanleigh could have but one of two purposes in this lonely part of the world—she was fleeing from a lover or seeking one.

"In that case," rejoined my friend, with the cynical shrug of the newspaper man, "she has very promptly succeeded. It's whispered that she is going to marry Joyce—of Malduna Island, you know. Only met him a fortnight ago. Quite a romance, I'm told."

I lifted my eyebrows at that, and looked again at Miss Stanleigh. Just at that instant she happened to look up. It was a wholly indifferent gaze; I am confident that she was no more aware of me than if I had been one of the veranda posts which her eyes had chanced to encounter. But in the indescribable sensation of that moment I felt that here was a woman who bore a secret burden, although, as my informing host put it, her heart had romantically found its haven only two weeks ago.

She was endeavoring to get trace of a man named Farquharson, as I was permitted to learn a few days later. Ostensibly, it was Major Stanleigh who was bent on locating this young Englishman —Miss Stanleigh's interest in the quest was guardedly withheld—and the trail had led them a pretty chase around the world until some clue, which I never clearly understood, brought them to Port Charlotte. The major's immediate objective was an eccentric chap named Leavitt who had marooned himself in Muloa. The island offered an ideal retreat for one bent on shunning his own kind, if he did not object to the close proximity of a restive volcano. Clearly, Leavitt did not. He had a scientific interest in the phenomena exhibited by volcanic regions and was versed in geological lore, but the rumors about Leavitt—practically no one ever visited Muloa—did not stop at that. And, as Major Stanleigh and I were to discover, the fellow seemed to have developed a genuine affection for Lakalatcha, as the smoking cone was called by the natives of the adjoining islands. From long association he had come to know its whims and moods as one comes to know those of a petulant woman one lives with. It was a bizarre and preposterous intimacy, in which Leavitt seemed to find a wholly acceptable substitute for human society, and there was something repellant about the man's eccentricity. He had various names for the smoking cone that towered a mile or more above his head: "Old Flame-eater," or "Lava-spitter," he would at times familiarly and irreverently call it; or, again, "The Maiden Who Never Sleeps," or "The Single-breasted Virgin"—these last, however, always in the musical Malay equivalent. He had no end of names — romantic, splenetic, of opprobrium, or outright endearment—to suit, I imagine, Lakalatcha's varying moods. In one respect they puzzled me—they were of conflicting genders, some feminine and some masculine, as if in Leavitt's loose-frayed imagination the mountain that beguiled his days and disturbed his nights were hermaphroditic.

Leavitt as a source of information regarding the missing Farquharson seemed preposterous when one reflected how out of touch with the world he had been, but, to my astonishment, Major Stanleigh's clue was right, for he had at last stumbled upon a man who had known Farquharson well and who was voluminous about him—quite willingly so. With the *Sylph* at anchor, we lay off Muloa for three nights, and Leavitt gave us our fill of Farquharson, along with innumerable digressions about volcanoes, neoplatonism, the Single Tax, and what not. There was no keeping Leavitt to a coherent narrative about the missing Farquharson. He was incapable of it, and Major Stanleigh and myself had simply to wait in patience while Leavitt, delighted to have an audience, dumped out for us the fantastic contents of his mind, odd vagaries, recondite trash, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

all. He was always getting away from Farquharson, but, then, he was unfailingly bound to come back to him. We had only to wait and catch the solid grains that now and then fell in the winnowing of that unending stream of chaff. It was a tedious and exasperating process, but it had its compensations. At times Leavitt could be as uncannily brilliant as he was dull and boresome. The conviction grew upon me that he had become a little demented, as if his brain had been tainted by the sulphurous fumes exhaled by the smoking crater above his head. His mind smoked, flickered, and flared like an unsteady lamp, blown upon by choking gases, in which the oil had run low.

But of the wanderer Farquharson he spoke with precision and authority, for he had shared with Farquharson his bungalow there in Muloa—a period of about six months, it seemed—and there Farquharson had contracted a tropic fever and died.

"Well, at last we have got all the facts," Major Stanleigh sighed with satisfaction when the *Sylph* was heading back to Port Charlotte. Muloa, lying astern, we were no longer watching. Leavitt, at the water's edge, had waved us a last good-by and had then abruptly turned back into the forest, very likely to go clambering like a demented goat up the flanks of his beloved volcano and to resume poking about in its steaming fissures — an occupation of which he never tired.

"The evidence is conclusive, don't you think?—the grave, Farquharson's personal effects, those pages of the poor devil's diary."

I nodded assent. In my capacity as owner of the *Sylph* I had merely undertaken to furnish Major Stanleigh with passage to Muloa and back, but the events of the last three days had made me a party to the many conferences, and I was now on terms of something like intimacy with the rather stiff and pompous English gentleman. How far I was from sharing his real confidence I was to discover later when Eleanor Stanleigh gave me hers.

"My wife and niece will be much relieved to hear all this—a family matter, you understand, Mr. Barnaby," he had said to me when we landed. "I should like to present you to them before we leave Port Charlotte for home."

But, as it turned out, it was Eleanor Stanleigh who presented herself, coming upon me quite unexpectedly that night after our return while I sat smoking in the shadowy garden of the Marine Hotel. I had dined with the major, after he had explained that the ladies were worn out by the heat and general developments of the day and had begged to be excused. And I was frankly glad not to have to endure another discussion of the deceased Farquharson, of which I was heartily tired after hearing little else for the last three days. I could not help wondering how the verbose and pompous major had paraphrased and condensed that inchoate mass of biography and reminiscence into an orderly account for his wife and niece. He had doubtless devoted the whole afternoon to it. Sitting under the cool green of the lemon-trees, beneath a sky powdered with stars, I reflected that I, at least, was done with Farquharson forever. But I was not, for just then Eleanor Stanleigh appeared before me.

I was startled to hear her addressing me by name, and then calmly begging me to resume my seat on the bench under the arbor. She sat down also, her flame-colored hair and bare shoulders gleaming in the darkness. She was the soul of directness and candor, and after a thoughtful, searching look into my face she came to the point at once. She wanted to hear about Farquharson—from me.

"Of course, my uncle has given me a very full account of what he learned from Mr. Leavitt, and yet many things puzzle me—this Mr. Leavitt most of all."

"A queer chap," I epitomized him. "Frankly, I don't quite make him out, Miss Stanleigh—marooning himself on

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that infernal island and seemingly content to spend his days there."

"Is he so old?" she caught me up quickly.

"No, he isn't," I reflected. "Of course, it's difficult to judge ages out here. The climate, you know. Leavitt's well under forty, I should say. But that's a most unhealthy spot he has chosen to live in."

"Why does he stay there?"

I explained about the volcano. "You can have no idea what an obsession it is with him. There isn't a square foot of its steaming, treacherous surface that he hasn't been over, mapping new fissures, poking into old lava-beds, delving into the crater itself on favorable days—"

"Isn't it dangerous?"

"In a way, yes. The volcano itself is harmless enough. It smokes unpleasantly now and then, splutters and rumbles as if about to obliterate all creation, but for all its bluster it only manages to spill a trickle or two of fresh lava down its sides—just tamely subsides after deluging Leavitt with a shower of cinders and ashes. But Leavitt won't leave it alone. He goes poking into the very crater, half strangling himself in its poisonous fumes, scorching the shoes off his feet, and once, I believe, he lost most of his hair and eyebrows—a narrow squeak. He throws his head back and laughs at any word of caution. To my notion, it's foolhardy to push a scientific curiosity to that extreme."

"Is it, then, just scientific curiosity?" mused Miss Stanleigh.

Something in her tone made me stop short. Her eyes had lifted to mine—almost appealingly, I fancied. Her innocence, her candor, her warm beauty, which was like a pale phosphorescence in the starlit darkness—all had their potent effect upon me in that moment. I felt impelled to a sudden burst of confidence.

"At times I wonder. I've caught a look in his eyes, when he's been down on his hands and knees, staring into some infernal vent-hole—a look that is—well, uncanny, as if he were peering into the bowels of the earth for something quite outside the conceptions of science. You might think that volcano had worked some spell over him, turned his mind. He prattles to it or storms at it as if it were a living creature. Queer, yes; and he's impressive, too, with a sort of magnetic personality that attracts and repels you violently at the same time. He's like a cake of ice dipped in alcohol and set aflame. I can't describe him. When he talks—"

"Does he talk about himself?"

I had to confess that he had told us practically not a word. He had discussed everything under heaven in his brilliant, erratic way, with a fleer of cynicism toward it all, but he had left himself out completely. He had given us Farquharson with relish, and in infinite detail, from the time the poor fellow first turned up in Muloa, put ashore by a native craft. Talking about Farquharson was second only to his delight in talking about volcanoes. And the result for me had been innumerable vivid but confused impressions of the young Englishman who had by chance invaded Leavitt's solitude and had lingered there, held by some attraction, until he sickened and died. It was like a jumbled mosaic put together again by inexpert hands.

"Did you get the impression that the two men had very much in common?"

"Quite the contrary," I answered. "But Major Stanleigh should know—"

"My uncle never met Mr. Farquharson."

I was fairly taken aback at that, and a silence fell between us. It was impossible to divine the drift of her questions. It was as if some profound mistrust weighed upon her and she was not so much seeking to interrogate me as she was groping blindly for some chance word of mine that might illuminate her doubts.

I looked at the girl in silent wonder, yes, and in admiration of her bronze and ivory beauty in the full flower of her

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

glorious youth—and I thought of Joyce. I felt that it was like her to have fallen in love simply but passionately at the mere lifting of the finger of Fate. It was only another demonstration of the unfathomable mystery, or miracle, which love is. Joyce was lucky, indeed favored of the gods, to have touched the spring in this girl's heart which no other man could reach, and by the rarest of chances—her coming out to this remote corner of the world. Lucky Joyce! I knew him slightly—a straightforward young fellow, very simple and whole-souled, enthusiastically absorbed in developing his rubber lands in Malduna.

Miss Stanleigh remained lost in thought while her fingers toyed with the pendant of the chain that she wore. In the darkness I caught the glitter of a small gold cross.

"Mr. Barnaby," she finally broke the silence, and paused. "I have decided to tell you something. This Mr. Farquharson was my husband."

Again a silence fell, heavy and prolonged, in which I sat as if drugged by the night air that hung soft and perfumed about us. It seemed incredible that in that fleeting instant she had spoken at all.

"I was young—and very foolish, I suppose."

With that confession, spoken with simple dignity, she broke off again. Clearly, some knowledge of the past she deemed it necessary to impart to me. If she halted over her words, it was rather to dismiss what was irrelevant to the matter in hand, in which she sought my counsel.

"I did not see him for four years—did not wish to. . . . And he vanished completely. . . . Four years!—just a welcome blank!"

Her shoulders lifted and a little shiver went over her.

"But even a blank like that can become unendurable. To be always dragging at a chain, and not knowing where it leads to. . . ." Her hand slipped from the gold cross on her breast and fell to the other in her lap, which it clutched tightly. "Four years. . . . I tried to make myself believe that he was gone forever—was dead. It was wicked of me."

My murmur of polite dissent led her to repeat her words.

"Yes, and even worse than that. During the past month I have actually prayed that he might be dead. . . . I shall be punished for it."

I ventured no rejoinder to these words of self-condemnation. Joyce, I reflected, mundanely, had clearly swept her off her feet in the ardor of their first meeting and instant love.

"It must be a great relief to you," I murmured at length, "to have it all definitely settled at last."

"If I could only feel that it was!"

I turned in amazement, to see her leaning a little forward, her hands still tightly clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the distant horizon where the red spark of Lakalatcha's stertorous breathing flamed and died away. Her breast rose and fell, as if timed to the throbbing of that distant flare.

"I want you to take me to that island—to-morrow."

"Why, surely, Miss Stanleigh," I burst forth, "there can't be any reasonable doubt. Leavitt's mind may be a little flighty—he may have embroidered his story with a few gratuitous details; but Farquharson's books and things—the material evidence of his having lived there—"

"And having died there?"

"Surely Leavitt wouldn't have fabricated that! If you had talked with him—"

"I should not care to talk with Mr. Leavitt," Miss Stanleigh cut me short. "I want only to go and see—if he *is* Mr. Leavitt."

"If he *is* Mr. Leavitt!" For a moment I was mystified, and then in a sudden flash I understood. "But that's preposterous—impossible!"

I tried to conceive of Leavitt in so monstrous a rôle, tried to imagine the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

missing Farquharson still in the flesh and beguiling Major Stanleigh and myself with so outlandish a story, devising all that ingenious detail to trick us into a belief in his own death. It would indeed have argued a warped mind, guided by some unfathomable purpose.

"I devoutly hope you are right," Miss Stanleigh was saying, with deliberation. "But it is not preposterous, and it is not impossible—if you had known Mr. Farquharson as I have."

It was a discreet confession. She wished me to understand—without the necessity of words. My surmise was that she had met and married Farquharson, whoever he was, under the spell of some momentary infatuation, and that he had proved himself to be an unspeakable brute whom she had speedily abandoned.

"I am determined to go to Muloa, Mr. Barnaby," she announced, with decision. "I want you to make the arrangements, and with as much secrecy as possible. I shall ask my aunt to go with me."

I assured Miss Stanleigh that the *Sylph* was at her service.

Mrs. Stanleigh was a large bland woman, inclined to stoutness and to making confidences, with an intense dislike of the tropics and physical discomforts of any sort. How her niece prevailed upon her to make that surreptitious trip to Muloa, which we set out upon two days later, I have never been able to imagine. The accommodations aboard the schooner were cramped, to say the least, and the good lady had a perfect horror of volcanoes. The fact that Lakalatcha had behind it a record of a century or more of good conduct did not weigh with her in the least. She was convinced that it would blow its head off the moment the *Sylph* got within range. She was fidgety, talkative, and continually concerned over the state of her complexion, inspecting it in the mirror of her bag at frequent intervals and using a powder-puff liberally to mitigate the pernicious effects of the tropic sun. But once having been induced to make the voyage, I must admit she stuck manfully by her decision, ensconcing herself on deck with books and cushions and numerous other necessities to her comfort, and making the best of the sleeping quarters below. As the captain of the *Sylph*, she wanted me to understand that she had intrusted her soul to my charge, declaring that she would not draw an easy breath until we were safe again in Port Charlotte.

"This dreadful business of Eleanor's," was the way she referred to our mission, and she got round quite naturally to telling me of Farquharson while acquainting me with her fears about volcanoes. Some years before, Pompeii and Herculaneum had had a most unsettling effect upon her nerves. Vesuvius was slightly in eruption at the time. She confessed to never having had an easy moment while in Naples. And it was in Naples that her niece and Farquharson had met. It had been, as I surmised, a swift, romantic courtship, in which Farquharson, quite irreproachable in antecedents and manners, had played the part of an impetuous lover. Italian skies had done the rest. There was an immediate marriage, in spite of Mrs. Stanleigh's protests, and the young couple were off on a honeymoon trip by themselves. But when Mrs. Stanleigh rejoined her husband at Nice, and together they returned to their home in Sussex, a surprise was in store for them. Eleanor was already there—alone, crushed, and with lips absolutely sealed. She had divested herself of everything that linked her to Farquharson; she refused to adopt her married name.

"I shall bless every saint in heaven when we have quite done with this dreadful business of Eleanor's," Mrs. Stanleigh confided to me from her deck-chair. "This trip that she insists on making herself seems quite uncalled for. But you needn't think, Captain Barnaby, that I'm going to set foot on that dreadful island—not even for the satis-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

faction of seeing Mr. Farquharson's grave—and I'm shameless enough to say that it *would* be a satisfaction. If you could imagine the tenth part of what I I have had to put up with, all these months we've been traveling about trying to locate the wretch! No, indeed—I shall stay right here on this boat and intrust Eleanor to your care while ashore. And I should not think it ought to take long, now should it?"

I confessed aloud that I did not see how it could. If by any chance the girl's secret conjecture about Leavitt's identity was right, it would be verified in the mere act of coming face to face with him, and in that event it would be just as well to spare the unsuspecting aunt the shock of that discovery.

We reached Muloa just before nightfall, letting go the anchor in placid water under the lee of the shore while the *Sylph* swung to and the sails fluttered and fell. A vast hush lay over the world. From the shore the dark green of the forest confronted us with no sound or sign of life. Above, and at this close distance blotting out half the sky over our heads, towered the huge cone of Lakalatcha with scarred and blackened flanks. It was in one of its querulous moods. The feathery white plume of steam, woven by the wind into soft, fantastic shapes, no longer capped the crater; its place had been usurped by thick, dark fumes of smoke swirling sullenly about. In the fading light I marked the red, malignant glow of a fissure newly broken out in the side of the ragged cone, from which came a thin, white trickle of lava.

There was no sign of Leavitt, although the *Sylph* must have been visible to him for several hours, obviously making for the island. I fancied that he must have been unusually absorbed in the vagaries of his beloved volcano. Otherwise he would have wondered what was bringing us back again and his tall figure in shabby white drill would have greeted us from the shore. Instead, there confronted us only the belt of dark, matted green girdling the huge bulk of Lakalatcha which soared skyward, sinister, mysterious, eternal.

In the brief twilight the shore vanished into dim obscurity. Miss Stanleigh, who for the last hour had been standing by the rail, silently watching the island, at last spoke to me over her shoulder:

"Is it far inland—the place? Will it be difficult to find in the dark?"

Her question staggered me, for she was clearly bent on seeking out Leavitt at once. A strange calmness overlay her. She paid no heed to Lakalatcha's gigantic, smoke-belching cone, but, with fingers gripping the rail, scanned the forbidding and inscrutable forest, behind which lay the answer to her torturing doubt.

I acceded to her wish without protest. Leavitt's bungalow lay a quarter of a mile distant. There would be no difficulty in following the path. I would have a boat put over at once, I announced in a casual way which belied my real feelings, for I was beginning to share some of her own secret tension at this night invasion of Leavitt's haunts.

This feeling deepened within me as we drew near the shore. Leavitt's failure to appear seemed sinister and enigmatic. I began to evolve a fantastic image of him as I recalled his queer ways and his uncanny tricks of speech. It was as if we were seeking out the presiding deity of the island, who had assumed the guise of a Caliban holding unearthly sway over its unnatural processes.

With Williams, the boatswain, carrying a lantern, we pushed into the brush, following the choked trail that led to Leavitt's abode. But the bungalow, when we had reached the clearing and could discern the outlines of the building against the masses of the forest, was dark and deserted. As we mounted the veranda, the loose boards creaked hollowly under our tread; the doorway, from which depended a tattered curtain of coarse burlap, gaped black and empty.

The lantern, lifted high in the boat-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

swain's hand, cleft at a stroke the darkness within. On the writing-table, cluttered with papers and bits of volcanic rock, stood a bottle and half-empty glass. Things lay about in lugubrious disorder, as if the place had been hurriedly ransacked by a thief. Some of the geological specimens had tumbled from the table to the floor, and stray sheets of Leavitt's manuscripts lay under his chair. Leavitt's books, ranged on shelving against the wall, alone seemed undisturbed. Upon the top of the shelving stood two enormous stuffed birds, moldering and decrepit, regarding the sudden illumination with unblinking, bead-like eyes. Between them a small dancing faun in greenish bronze tripped a Bacchic measure with head thrown back in a transport of derisive laughter.

For a long moment the three of us faced the silent, disordered room, in which the little bronze faun alone seemed alive, convulsed with diabolical mirth at our entrance. Somehow it recalled to me Leavitt's own cynical laugh. Suddenly Miss Stanleigh made toward the photographs above the bookshelves.

"This is he," she said, taking up one of the faded prints.

"Yes—Leavitt," I answered.

"*Leavitt?*" Her fingers tightened upon the photograph. Then, abruptly, it fell to the floor. "Yes, yes—of course." Her eyes closed very slowly, as if an extreme weakness had seized her.

In the shock of that moment I reached out to support her, but she checked my hand. Her gray eyes opened again. A shudder visibly went over her, as if the night air had suddenly become chill. From the shelf the two stuffed birds regarded us dolefully, while the dancing faun, with head thrown back in an attitude of immortal art, laughed derisively.

"Where is he? I must speak to him," said Miss Stanleigh.

"One might think he were deliberately hiding," I muttered, for I was at a loss to account for Leavitt's absence.

"Then find him," the girl commanded.

I cut short my speculations to direct Williams to search the hut in the rear of the bungalow, where, behind bamboo palings, Leavitt's Malay servant maintained an aloof and mysterious existence. I sat down beside Miss Stanleigh on the veranda steps to find my hands sooty from the touch of the boards. A fine volcanic ash was evidently drifting in the air, and now to my ear, attuned to the profound stillness, the wind bore a faint humming sound.

"Do you hear that?" I whispered. It was like the far-off murmur of a gigantic caldron, softly a-boil—a dull vibration that seemed to reach us through the ground as well as through the air.

The girl listened a moment, and then started up. "I hear voices — somewhere."

"Voices?" I strained my ears for sounds other than the insistent ferment of the great cone above our heads. "Perhaps Leavitt—"

"Why do you still call him Leavitt?"

"Then you're quite certain—" I began, but an involuntary exclamation from her cut me short.

The light of Williams's lantern, emerging from behind the bamboo palings, disclosed the burly form of the boatswain with a shrinking Malay in tow. He was jabbering in his native tongue, with much gesticulation of his thin arms, and going into contortions at every dozen paces in a sort of pantomime to emphasize his words. Williams urged him along unceremoniously to the steps of the veranda.

"Perhaps you can get the straight of this, Mr. Barnaby," said the boatswain. "He swears that the flame-devil in the volcano has swallowed his master alive."

The poor fellow seemed indeed in a state of complete funk. With his thin legs quaking under him, he poured forth in Malay a crazed, distorted tale. According to Wadakimba, Leavitt—or Farquharson, to give him his real name —had awakened the high displeasure of the flame-devil within the mountain. Had we not observed that the cone was smoking furiously? And the dust and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

heavy taint of sulphur in the air? Surely we could feel the very tremor of the ground under our feet. All that day the enraged monster had been spouting mud and lava down upon the white *tuan*, who had remained in the bungalow, drinking heavily and bawling out maledictions upon his enemy. At length, in spite of Wadakimba's efforts to dissuade him, he had set out to climb to the crater, vowing to show the flame-devil who was master. He had compelled the terrified Wadakimba to go with him a part of the way. The white *tuan*—was he really a god, as he declared himself to be?—had gone alone up the tortuous, fissured slopes, at times lost to sight in yellowish clouds of gas and steam, while his screams and threats of vengeance came back to Wadakimba's ears. Overhead, Lakalatcha continued to rumble and quiver and clear his throat with great showers of mud and stones.

Farquharson must have indeed parted with his reason to have attempted that grotesque sally. Listening to Wadakimba's tale, I pictured the crazed man, scorched to tatters, heedless of bruises and burns, scrambling up that difficult and perilous ascent, and hurling his ridiculous blasphemy into the flares of smoke and steam that issued from that vast caldron lit by subterranean fires. At its simmering the whole island trembled. A mere whiff of the monster's breath and he would have been snuffed out, annihilated in an instant. According to Wadakimba, the end had indeed come in that fashion. It was as if the mountain had suddenly given a deep sigh. The blast had carried away solid rock. A sheet of flame had licked the spot where Farquharson had been hurled headlong, and he was not.

Wadakimba, viewing all this from afar, had scuttled off to his hut. Later he had ventured back to the scene of the tragedy. He had picked up Farquharson's scorched helmet, which had been blown off to some distance, and he also exhibited a pair of binoculars washed down by the tide of lava, scarred and twisted by the heat, from which the lenses had melted away.

I translated for Miss Stanleigh briefly, while she stood turning over in her hands the twisted and blackened binoculars, which were still warm. She heard me through without question or comment, and when I proposed that we get back to the *Sylph* at once, mindful of her aunt's distressed nerves, she assented with a nod. She seemed to have lost the power of speech. In a daze she followed as I led the way back through the forest.

Major Stanleigh and his wife deferred their departure for England until their niece should be properly married to Joyce. At Eleanor's wish, it was a very simple affair, and as Joyce's bride she was as eager to be off to his rubber-plantation in Malduna as he was to set her up there as mistress of his household. I had agreed to give them passage on the *Sylph*, since the next sailing of the mail-boat would have necessitated a further fortnight's delay.

Mrs. Stanleigh, with visions of seeing England again, and profoundly grateful to a benevolent Providence that had not only brought "this dreadful business of Eleanor's" to a happy termination, but had averted Lakalatcha's baptism of fire from descending upon her own head, thanked me profusely and a little tearfully. It was during the general chorus of farewells at the last moment before the *Sylph* cast off. Her last appeal, cried after us from the wharf where she stood frantically waving a wet handkerchief, was that I should give Muloa a wide berth.

It brought a laugh from Joyce. He had discovered the good lady's extreme perturbation in regard to Lakalatcha, and had promptly declared for spending a day there with his bride. It was an exceptional opportunity to witness the volcano in its active mood. Each time that Joyce had essayed this teasing pleasantry, which never failed to draw Mrs. Stanleigh's protests, I observed that his wife remained silent. I assumed

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by C. E. Chambers

THE INTRUDER FROM OUT OF THE SEA PAUSED, GRASPING THE RAIL

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that she had decided to keep her own counsel in regard to the trip she had made there.

"I'm trusting you not to take Eleanor near that dreadful island, Mr. Barnaby," was the admonition shouted across the widening gap of water.

It was a quite unnecessary appeal, for Joyce, who was presently sitting with his wife in a sheltered quarter of the deck, had not the slightest interest in the smoking cone which was as yet a mere smudge upon the horizon. Eleanor, with one hand in Joyce's possession, at times watched it with a seemingly vast apathy until some ardent word from Joyce would draw her eyes back to his and she would lift to him a smile that was like a caress. The look of weariness and balked purpose that had once marked her expression had vanished. In the week since she had married Joyce she seemed to have grown younger and to be again standing on the very threshold of life with girlish eagerness. She hung on Joyce's every word, communing with him hour after hour, utterly content, indifferent to all the world about her.

In the cabin that evening at dinner, when the two of them deigned to take polite cognizance of my existence, I announced to Joyce that I proposed to hug the island pretty close during the night. It would save considerable time.

"Just as you like, Captain," Joyce replied, indifferently.

"We may get a shower of ashes by doing so, if the wind should shift." I looked across the table at Mrs. Joyce.

"But we shall reach Malduna that much sooner?" she queried.

I nodded. "However, if you feel any uneasiness, I'll give the island a wide berth." I didn't like the idea of dragging her—the bride of a week—past that place with its unspeakable memories, if it should really distress her.

Her eyes thanked me silently across the table. "It's very kind of you, but"—she chose her words with significant deliberation—"I haven't a fear in the world, Mr. Barnaby."

Evening had fallen when we came up on deck. Joyce bethought himself of some cigars in his state-room and went back. For the moment I was alone with his wife by the rail, watching the stars beginning to prick through the darkening sky. The *Sylph* was running smoothly, with the wind almost aft; the scud of water past her bows and the occasional creak of a block aloft were the only sounds audible in the silence that lay like a benediction upon the sea.

"You may think it unfeeling of me," she began, quite abruptly, "but all this past trouble of mine, now that it is ended, I have completely dismissed. Already it begins to seem like a horrid dream. And as for that island"—her eyes looked off toward Muloa now impending upon us and lighting up the heavens with its sullen flare—"it seems incredible that I ever set foot upon it.

"Perhaps you understand," she went on, after a pause, "that I have not told my husband. But I have not deceived him. He knows that I was once married, and that the man is no longer living. He does not wish to know more. Of course he is aware that Uncle Geoffrey came out here to—to see a Mr. Leavitt, a matter which he has no idea concerned me. He thanks the stars for whatever it was that did bring us out here, for otherwise he would not have met me."

"It has turned out most happily," I murmured.

"It was almost disaster. After meeting Mr. Joyce—and I was weak enough to let myself become engaged—to have discovered that I was still chained to a living creature like that. . . . I should have killed myself."

"But surely the courts—"

She shook her head with decision. "My church does not recognize that sort of freedom."

We were drawing steadily nearer to Muloa. The mountain was breathing slowly and heavily—a vast flare that lifted fanlike in the skies and died away. Lightning played fitfully through the dense mass of smoke and choking gases

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that hung like a pall over the great cone. It was like the night sky that overhangs a city of gigantic blast-furnaces, only infinitely multiplied. The sails of the *Sylph* caught the ruddy tinge like a phantom craft gliding through the black night, its canvas still dyed with the sunset glow. The faces of the crew, turned to watch the spectacle, curiously fixed and inhuman, were picked out of the gloom by the same fantastic light. It was as if the schooner, with masts and riggings etched black against the lurid sky, sailed on into the Day of Judgment.

It was after midnight. The *Sylph* came about, with sails trembling, and lost headway. Suddenly she vibrated from stem to stern, and with a soft grating sound that was unmistakable came to rest. We were aground in what should have been clear water, with the forest-clad shore of Muloa lying close off to port.

The helmsman turned to me with a look of silly fright on his face, as the wheel revolved useless in his hands. We had shelved with scarcely a jar sufficient to disturb those sleeping below, but in a twinkling Jackson, the mate, appeared on deck in his pajamas, and after a swift glance toward the familiar shore turned to me with the same dumfounded look that had frozen upon the face of the steersman.

"What do you make of this?" he exclaimed, as I called for the lead.

"Be quiet about it," I said to the hands that had started into movement. "Look sharp now, and make no noise." Then I turned to the mate, who was perplexedly rubbing one bare foot against the other and measuring with his eye our distance from the shore. The *Sylph* should have turned the point of the island without mishap, as she had done scores of times.

"It's the volcano we have to thank for this," was my conjecture. "Its recent activity has caused some displacement of the sea bottom."

Jackson's head went back in sudden comprehension. "It's a miracle you didn't plow into it under full sail."

We had indeed come about in the very nick of time to avoid disaster. As matters stood I was hopeful. "With any sort of luck we ought to float clear with the tide."

The mate cocked a doubtful eye at Lakalatcha, uncomfortably close above our heads, flaming at intervals and bathing the deck with an angry glare of light. "If she should begin spitting up a little livelier . . ." he speculated with a shrug, and presently took himself off to his bunk after an inspection below had shown that none of the schooner's seams had started. There was nothing to do but to wait for the tide to make and lift the vessel clear. It would be a matter of three or four hours. I dismissed the helmsman; and the watch forward, taking advantage of the respite from duty, were soon recumbent in attitudes of heavy sleep.

The wind had died out and a heavy torpor lay upon the water. It was as if the stars alone held to their slow courses above a world rigid and inanimate. The *Sylph* lay with a slight list, her spars looking inexpressibly helpless against the sky, and, as the minutes dragged, a fine volcanic ash, like some mortal pestilence exhaled by the monster cone, settled down upon the deck, where, forward in the shadow, the watch lay curled like dead men.

Alone, I paced back and forth—countless soft-footed miles, it seemed, through interminable hours, until at length some obscure impulse prompted me to pause before the open skylight over the cabin and thrust my head down. A lamp above the dining-table, left to burn through the night, feebly illuminated the room. A faint snore issued at regular intervals from the half-open door of the mate's state-room. The door of Joyce's state-room opposite was also upon the hook for the sake of air.

Suddenly a soft thump against the side of the schooner, followed by a scrambling noise, made me turn round. The drip-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ping, bedraggled figure of a man in a sleeping-suit mounted the rope ladder that hung over the side, and paused, grasping the rail. I had withdrawn my gaze so suddenly from the glow of the light in the cabin that for several moments the intruder from out of the sea was only a blurred form with one leg swung over the rail, where he hung as if spent by his exertions.

Just then the sooty vapors above the ragged maw of the volcano were rent by a flare of crimson, and in the fleeting instant of unnatural daylight I beheld Farquharson, barefooted, and dripping with sea-water, confronting me with a sardonic, triumphant smile. The light faded in a twinkling, but in the darkness he swung his other leg over the rail and sat perched there, as if challenging the testimony of my senses.

"Farquharson!" I breathed aloud, utterly dumfounded.

"Did you think I was a ghost?" I could hear him softly laughing to himself in the interval that followed. "You should have witnessed Wadakimba's fright at my coming back from the dead. Well, I'll admit I almost was done for."

Again the volcano breathed in torment. It was like the sudden opening of a gigantic blast-furnace, and in that instant I saw him vividly—his thin, saturnine face, his damp black hair pushed sleekly back, his lips twisted to a cruel smile, his eyes craftily alert, as if to some ambushed danger continually at hand. He was watching me with a sort of malicious relish in the shock he had given me.

"It was not your intention to stop at Muloa," he observed, dryly, for the plight of the schooner was obvious.

"We'll float clear with the tide," I muttered.

"But in the meantime"—there was something almost menacing in his deliberate pause—"I have the pleasure of this little call upon you."

A head lifted from among the inert figures and sleepily regarded us before it dropped back into the shadows. The stranded ship, the recumbent men, the mountain flaming overhead—it was like a phantom world into which had been suddenly thrust this ghastly and incredible reality.

"Whatever possessed you to swim out here in the middle of the night?" I demanded, in a harsh whisper.

He chose to ignore the question, while I waited in a chill of suspense. It was inconceivable that he could be aware of the truth of the situation and deliberately bent on forcing it to its unspeakable, tragic issue.

"Of late, Captain Barnaby, we seem to have taken to visiting each other rather frequently, don't you think?"

It was lightly tossed off, but not without its evil implication; and I felt his eyes intently fixed upon me as he sat hunched up on the rail in his sodden sleeping-suit, like some huge, ill-omened bird of prey.

To get rid of him, to obliterate the horrible fact that he still existed in the flesh, was the instinctive impulse of my staggered brain. But the peril of discovery, the chance that those sleeping below might waken and hear us, held me in a vise of indecision.

"If I could bring myself to reproach you, Captain," he went on, ironically polite, "I might protest that your last visit to this island savored of a too-inquisitive intrusion. You'll pardon my frankness. I had convinced you and Major Stanleigh that Farquharson was dead. To the world at large that should have sufficed. That I choose to remain alive is my own affair. Your sudden return to Muloa—with a lady—would have upset everything, if Fate and that inspired fool of a Malay had not happily intervened. But now, surely, there can be no doubt that I am dead?"

I nodded assent in a dumb, helpless way.

"And I have a notion that even you, Captain Barnaby, will never dispute that fact."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

He threw back his head suddenly—for all the world like the dancing faun—and laughed silently at the stars.

My tongue was dry in my mouth as I tried to make some rejoinder. He baffled me completely, and meanwhile I was in a tingle of fear lest the mate should come up on deck to see what progress the tide had made, or lest the sound of our voices might waken the girl in Joyce's state-room.

"I can promise you that," I attempted to assure him in weak, sepulchral tones. "And now, if you like, I'll put you ashore in the small boat. You must be getting chilly in that wet sleeping-suit."

"As a matter of fact I am, and I was wondering if you would not offer me something to drink."

"You shall have a bottle to take along," I promised, with alacrity, but he demurred.

"There is no sociability in that. And you seem very lonesome here—stuck for two more hours at least. Come, Captain, fetch your bottle and we will share it together."

He got down from the rail, stretched his arms lazily above his head, and dropped into one of the deck chairs that had been placed aft for the convenience of my two passengers.

"And cigars, too, Captain," he suggested, with a politeness that was almost impertinence. "We'll have a cozy hour or two out of this tedious wait for the tide to lift you off."

I contemplated him helplessly. There was no alternative but to fall in with whatever mad caprice might seize his brain. If I opposed him, it would lead to high and querulous words; and the hideous fact of his presence there—of his mere existence—I was bound to conceal at all hazards.

"I must ask you to keep quiet," I said, stiffly.

"As a tomb," he agreed, and his eyes twinkled disagreeably in the darkness. "You forget that I am supposed to be in one."

I went stealthily down into the cabin, where I secured a box of cigars and the first couple of bottles that my hands laid hold of in the locker. They proved to contain an old Tokay wine which I had treasured for several years to no particular purpose. The ancient bottles clinked heavily in my grasp as I mounted again to the deck.

"Now this is something like," he purred, watching like a cat my every motion as I set the glasses forth and guardedly drew the cork. He saluted me with a flourish and drank.

To an onlooker that pantomime in the darkness would have seemed utterly grotesque. I tasted the fragrant, heavy wine and waited—waited in an agony of suspense—my ears strained desperately to catch the least sound from below. But a profound silence enveloped the schooner, broken only by the occasional rhythmic snore of the mate.

"You seem rather ill at ease," Farquharson observed from the depths of the deck chair when he had his cigar comfortably aglow. "I trust it isn't this little impromptu call of mine that's disturbing you. After all, life has its unusual moments, and this, I think, is one of them." He sniffed the bouquet of his wine and drank. "It is rare moments like this—bizarre, incredible, what you like—that compensate for the tedium of years."

His disengaged hand had fallen to the side of the chair, and I now observed in dismay that a scarf belonging to Joyce's wife had been left lying in the chair, and that his fingers were absently twisting the silken fringe.

"I wonder that you stick it out, as you do, on this island," I forced myself to observe, seeking safety in the commonplace, while my eyes, as if fascinated, watched his fingers toying with the ends of the scarf. I was forced to accept the innuendo beneath his enigmatic utterances. His utter baseness and depravity, born perhaps of a diseased mind, I could understand. I had led him to bait a trap with the fiction of his own death, but he could not know that it had been

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

already sprung upon his unsuspecting victims.

He seemed to regard me with contemptuous pity. "Naturally, you wonder. A mere skipper like yourself fails to understand—many things. What can you know of life cooped up in this schooner? You touch only the surface of things just as this confounded boat of yours skims only the top of the water. Once in a lifetime you may come to real grips with life—strike bottom, eh?—as your schooner has done now. Then you're aground and quite helpless. What a pity!"

He lifted his glass and drank it off, then thrust it out to be refilled. "Life as the world lives it—bah!" he dismissed it with the scorn of one who counts himself divested of all illusions. "Life would be an infernal bore if it were not for its paradoxes. Now you, Captain Barnaby, would never dream that in becoming dead to the world—in other people's belief—I have become intensely alive. There are opened up infinite possibilities—"

He drank again and eyed me darkly, and then went on in his crack-brained way. "What is life but a challenge to pretense, a constant exercise in duplicity, with so few that come to master it as an art? Every one goes about with something locked deep in his heart. Take yourself, Captain Barnaby. You have your secrets—hidden from me, from all the world—which, if they could be dragged out of you—"

His deep-set eyes bored through the darkness upon me. Hunched up in the deck chair, with his legs crossed under him, he was like an animated Buddha venting a dark philosophy and seeking to undermine my mental balance with his sophistry.

"I'm a plain man of the sea," I rejoined, bluntly. "I take life as it comes."

He smiled derisively, drained his glass, and held it out again. "But you have your secrets, rather clumsily guarded, to be sure—"

"What secrets?" I cried out, goaded almost beyond endurance.

He seemed to deprecate the vigor of my retort and lifted a cautioning hand. "Do you want every one on board to hear this conversation?"

At that moment the smoke-wrapped cone of Lakalatcha was cleft by a sheet of flame, and we confronted each other in a sort of blood-red dawn.

"There is no reason why we should quarrel," he went on, after darkness had enveloped us again. "But there are times which call for plain speaking. Major Stanleigh is probably hardly aware of just what he said to me under a little artful questioning. It seems that a lady who—shall we say, whom we both have the honor of knowing?—is in love. Love, mark you. It is always interesting to see that flower bud twice from the same stalk. However, one naturally defers to a lady, especially when one is very much in her way. *Place aux dames*, eh? Exit poor Farquharson! You must admit that his was an altruistic soul. Well, she has her freedom—if only to barter it for a new bondage. Shall we drink to the happy future of that romance?"

He lifted to me his glass with ironical invitation, while I sat aghast and speechless, my heart pounding against my ribs. This intolerable colloquy could not last forever. I deliberated what I should do if we were surprised. At the sound of a footfall or the soft creak of a plank I felt that I might lose all control and leap up and brain him with the heavy bottle in my grasp. I had an insane desire to spring at his throat and throttle his infamous bravado, tumble him overboard and annihilate the last vestige of his existence.

"Come, Captain," he urged, "you, too, have shared in smoothing the path for these lovers. Shall we not drink to their happy union?"

A feeling of utter loathing went over me. I set my glass down. "It would be a more serviceable compliment to the lady in question if I strangled you on the spot," I muttered, boldly.

"But you are forgetting that I am

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

already dead." He threw his head back as if vastly amused, then lurched forward and held out his glass a little unsteadily to be refilled.

He gave me a quick, evil look. "Besides, the noise might disturb your passengers."

I could feel a cold perspiration suddenly breaking out upon my body. Either the fellow had obtained an inkling of the truth in some incredible way, or was blindly on the track of it, guided by some diabolical scent. Under the spell of his eyes, I could not manage the outright lie which stuck in my throat.

"What makes you think I have passengers?" I parried, weakly.

With intent or not, he was again fingering the fringe of the scarf that hung over the arm of the chair.

"It is not your usual practice, but you have been carrying them lately."

He drained his glass and sat staring into it, his head drooping a little forward. The heavy wine was beginning to have its effect upon him, but whether it would provoke him to some outright violence or drag him down into a stupor, I could not predict. Suddenly the glass slipped from his fingers and shivered to pieces on the deck. I started violently at the sound, and in the silence that followed I thought I heard a footfall in the cabin below.

He looked up at length from his absorbed contemplation of the bits of broken glass. "We were talking about love, were we not?" he demanded, heavily.

I did not answer. I was straining to catch a repetition of the sound from below. Time was slipping rapidly away, and to sit on meant inevitable discovery. The watch might waken or the mate appear to surprise me in converse with my nocturnal visitor. It would be folly to attempt to conceal his presence and I despaired of getting him back to shore while his present mood held, although I remembered that the small boat, which had been lowered after we went aground, was still moored to the rail amidships.

Refilling my own glass, I offered it to him. He lurched forward to take it, but the fumes of the wine suddenly drifted clear of his brain. "You seem very much distressed," he observed, with ironic concern. "One might think you were actually sheltering these precious love-birds."

Perspiration broke out anew upon my face and neck. "I don't know what you are talking about," I bluntly tried to fend off his implication. I felt as if I were helplessly strapped down and that he was about to probe me mercilessly with some sharp instrument. I strove to turn the direction of his thoughts by saying, "I understand that the Stanleighs are returning to England."

"The Stanleighs — quite so," he nodded agreement, and fixed me with a maudlin stare. Something prompted me to fill his glass again. He drank it off mechanically. Again I poured, and he obediently drank. With an effort he tried to pick up the thread of our conversation:

"What did you say? Oh, the Stanleighs . . . yes, yes, of course." He slowly nodded his head and fell silent. "I was about to say . . ." He broke off again and seemed to ruminate profoundly. . . . "Love-birds—" I caught the word feebly from his lips, spoken as if in a daze. The glass hung dripping in his relaxed grasp.

It was a crucial moment in which his purpose seemed to waver and die in his clouded brain. A great hope sprang up in my heart, which was hammering furiously. If I could divert his fuddled thoughts and get him back to shore while the wine lulled him to forgetfulness.

I leaned forward to take the glass which was all but slipping from his hand, when Lakalatcha flamed with redoubled fury. It was as if the mountain had suddenly bared its fiery heart to the heavens, and a muffled detonation reached my ears.

Farquharson straightened up with a jerk and scanned the smoking peak, from which a new trickle of white-hot lava

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

had broken forth in a threadlike waterfall. He watched its graceful play as if hypnotized, and began babbling to himself in an incoherent prattle. All his faculties seemed suddenly awake, but riveted solely upon the heavy laboring of the mountain. He was chiding it in Malay as if it were a fractious child. When I ventured to urge him back to shore he made no protest, but followed me into the boat. As I pushed off and took up the oars he had eyes for nothing but the flaming cone, as if its leaping fires held for him an Apocalyptic vision.

I strained at the oars as if in a race, with all eternity at stake, blindly urging the boat ahead through water that flashed crimson at every stroke. The mountain now flamed like a beacon, and I rowed for dear life over a sea of blood.

Farquharson sat entranced before the spectacle, chanting to himself a kind of insane ritual, like a Parsee fire-worshiper making obeisance before his god. He was rapt away to some plane of mystic exaltation, to some hinterland of the soul that merged upon madness. When at length the boat crunched upon the sandy shore he got up unsteadily from the stern and pointed to the pharos that flamed in the heavens.

"The fire upon the altar is lit," he addressed me, oracularly, while the fanatic light of a devotee burned in his eyes. "Shall we ascend and prepare the sacrifice?"

I leaned over the oars, panting from my exertions, indifferent to his rhapsody.

"If you'll take my advice, you'll get back at once to your bungalow and strip off that wet sleeping-suit," I bluntly counseled him, but I might as well have argued with a man in a trance.

He leaped over the gunwale and strode up the beach. Again he struck his priestlike attitude and invoked me to follow.

"The fire upon the altar waits," he repeated, solemnly. Suddenly he broke into a shrill laugh and ran like a deer in the direction of the forest that stretched up the slopes of the mountain.

The mate's face, thrust over the rail as I drew alongside the schooner, plainly bespoke his utter bewilderment. He must have thought me bereft of my senses to be paddling about at that hour of the night. The tide had made, and the *Sylph*, righting her listed masts, was standing clear of the shoal. The deck was astir, and when the command was given to hoist the sails it was obeyed with an uneasy alacrity. The men worked frantically in a bright, unnatural day, for Lakalatcha was now continuously aflame and tossing up red-hot rocks to the accompaniment of dull sounds of explosion.

My first glance about the deck had been one of relief to note that Joyce and his wife were not there, although the commotion of getting under sail must have awakened them. A breeze had sprung up which would prove a fair wind as soon as the *Sylph* stood clear of the point. The mate gave a grunt of satisfaction when at length the schooner began to dip her bow and lay over to her task. Leaving him in charge, I started to go below, when suddenly Mrs. Joyce, fully dressed, confronted me. She seemed to have materialized out of the air like a ghost. Her hair glowed like burnished copper in the unnatural illumination which bathed the deck, but her face was ashen, and the challenge of her eyes made my heart stop short.

"You have been awake long?" I ventured to ask.

"Too long," she answered, significantly, with her face turned away, looking down into the water. She had taken my arm and drawn me toward the rail. Now I felt her fingers tighten convulsively. In the droop of her head and the tense curve of her neck I sensed her mad impulse which the dark water suggested.

"Mrs. Joyce!" I remonstrated, sharply.

She seemed to go limp all over at the words. I drew her along the deck for a faltering step or two, while her eyes continued to brood upon the water rushing past. Suddenly she spoke:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"What other way out is there?"

"Never that," I said, shortly. I urged her forward again. "Is your husband asleep?"

"Thank God, yes!"

"Then you have been awake—"

"For over an hour," she confessed, and I detected the shudder that went over her body.

"The man is mad—"

"But I am married to him." She stopped and caught at the rail like a prisoner gripping at the bars that confine him. "I cannot—cannot endure it! Where are you taking me? Where *can* you take me? Don't you see that there is no escape—from this?"

The *Sylph* rose and sank to the first long roll of the open sea.

"When we reach Malduna—" I began, but the words were only torture.

"I cannot—cannot go on. Take me back!—to that island! Let me live abandoned—or rather die—"

"Mrs. Joyce, I beg of you. . . ."

The schooner rose and dipped again.

For what seemed an interminable time we paced the deck together while Lakalatcha flamed farther and farther astern. Her words came in fitful snatches as if spoken in a delirium, and at times she would pause and grip the rail to stare back, wild-eyed, at the receding island.

Suddenly she started, and in a sort of blinding, noonday blaze I saw her face blanch with horror. It was as if at that moment the heavens had cracked asunder and the night had fallen away in chaos. Turning, I saw the cone of the mountain lifting skyward in fragments—and saw no more, for the blinding vision remained seared upon the retina of my eyes. Across the water, slower paced, came the dread concussion of sound.

"Good God! It's carried away the whole island!" I heard the mate's voice bellowing above the cries of the men. The *Sylph* scudded before the approaching storm of fire redescending from the sky. . . .

The first gray of the dawn disclosed Mrs. Joyce still standing by the rail, her hand nestling within the arm of her husband, indifferent to the heavy grayish dust that fell in benediction upon her like a silent shower of snow.

The island of Muloa remains to-day a charred cinder lapped about by the blue Pacific. At times gulls circle over its blackened and desolate surface devoid of every vestige of life. From the squat, truncated mass of Lakalatcha, shorn of half its lordy height, a feeble wisp of smoke still issues to the breeze, as if Vulcan, tired of his forge, had banked its fire before abandoning it.

REMEMBRANCE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

WITHIN my garden-close
Remembrance is the sweetest flower that grows;
I tend it guardedly,
And, oh, the attar that it yields to me!
It gives to day and night
The essence of delight;
Cold may not blight it, nor the touch of snows;
And when I pass, as I needs must, and fare
To that dim Otherwhere,
A something tells me I shall find it there,
Sweeter, perhaps—who knows?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE MENACE OF RACE HATRED

BY HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

CIVILIZATION in Washington on the night of June 21, 1919, seemed a remote thing, a curious abstraction in the mouths of diplomatists and writers. Had the nation's capital been a German city during the Thirty Years' War, and the streets the prize of whichever party could hold them, the scenes enacted there might have been appropriate. Crowds were massed along Pennsylvania Avenue. Rioters, led by men in the uniform of the United States Marine Corps, streamed past the Treasury Building within view of the White House. Army trucks roared through the streets filled with soldiers, bayonets fixed; cavalry pressed their horses against maddened men to hold them back. Along U Street, in the negro residence district, there was ominous darkness and silence more menacing than any furious outcry of a crowd, a silence punctuated by an occasional spatter of shots; the streets were filled with sauntering dark men, not a white face among them. Upper windows were lined with watching eyes. Every one waited, intent. U Street that night was a beleaguered town. Rumor swept its length and stirred its colored residents as the wind tosses standing grain. God and the government seemed to have deserted them. They had heard that mobs were on their way to pillage and assault and burn, and so in that blackness and silence colored men, with no more than a glance or a word in undertone to one another, were on the streets, armed, to defend their homes and their families. Closed shops, little round holes in plate-glass windows, told the tale of what had passed. A white man who should have attempted to traverse U Street unaccompanied by a colored man that night, unless he were one of fifty marines in a flying motor-truck, would not have told the tale. Elsewhere in the gay city, outside hotels and clubs, colored men on their way home from work in government buildings were being set upon, their faces beaten to bloody pulp, or were being followed and jeered and bullied by the groups sweeping the streets.

Washington had to turn to melodrama, as did Chicago, Knoxville, Omaha, and Hoop Spur and Elaine in Arkansas, to remind the nation of its derelictions. In all those, as in many another city of the United States to-day, the powder was laid for explosion, awaiting only the match to the fuse. Never, perhaps, in the history of the country has there been more intense hatred and distrust of white and colored men for one another, and never has the need been greater that the so-called race problem be seized, laid open to discussion, and thrust before the intelligence and the conscience of citizens. Washington and other centers of conflict have shown that government has very nearly failed before the task of enabling white and colored races to live side by side. And that failure, expressed in the primitive hatreds and furies that would destroy government itself, is illumined by the lurid flames of bonfires in which black men twist and turn in agony as they burn, chained, before gloating crowds. In the presence of the growing menace of race hatred, a menace that permeates every function of national life, intelligent men have expressed indifference or hopelessness. "The negro problem is insoluble," one hears it said, and in the absence of planned approach, race rela-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tions are left in the hands of mobs to adjust, or are referred to editors who suggest fantastic expedients like the export of the country's 12,000,000 colored people to Africa. Among colored people, too, their status in this land has become an acute question. Caught up in the idealism of war-time, fired, many of them, with conceptions of patriotism and democracy, they were thrust back rudely from what their sacrifices seemed to promise. As hope of better opportunity receded, despair and a dark determination not to go down ingloriously and supinely came in its place. Many a colored man, disillusioned and embittered, has said openly, and many more have had the thought, unspoken, "I'm going to die anyhow—I might as well die fighting." To this the reply has been, from editorial columns of white men's newspapers—*The Chicago Tribune*, for example—that the negro is 12,000,000 in 110,000,000; let him try to rest his case on armed conflict, and he will be exterminated. At this point discussion ominously lags.

Unless Americans are cynical as to the efficacy of intelligence and believe that blind and uncontrollable forces must dominate their national life, it is time to begin setting their cellar of race relations in order. As a preliminary to the letting in of light, be it said that few Americans, if any, have made outstanding contributions to the literature of race relations. The North is only beginning fully to realize the burden which it shares jointly with the South. The South, which has always insisted it knew the negro and could handle the problem, has apparently failed—as the war-time migration and the present tensity of feeling show—of any solution. For to know the negro and to study race relations is a business which must enlist the scientist and the despised professor—the anthropologist, the sociologist, the psychologist, the ethnologist, the educator. It demands, too, painful frankness, the utmost freedom of investigation and open-mindedness as to results. But that is precisely what Americans have not had. With many white Americans it is impossible to discuss the race question at all; they will tell you there is nothing to discuss, that they know the "nigger," and that they know, too, how to show him his place. And thousands of persons are ready to describe exactly the place which God has allotted to the "nigger."

Something of the cost to the nation of its race prejudice, especially of the race prejudice in the South, has been indicated by Mr. George Elliott Howard of the University of Nebraska. It has absorbed intellectual energy in maintaining dogmas; it has sterilized thought in other directions. "Where," asks Mr. Howard, "is the ethical, psychological, anthropological, or economic monograph, the result of accredited modern scientific methods, produced by a representative of the Southern white caste? Indeed, he could hardly approach such a study in the right spirit without violating the dogma which bars the path that alone can lead to scientific truth."

For the ostrich habit with the race problem—a habit of fleeing it or denying its existence—this country is punished with sterility of thought, with a vicious circle of misinformation and violence. Ignorance breeds hatred and violence, out of which springs more ignorance. If the citizen of Ireland was maligned by grotesque representation of him on the vaudeville stage, the negro is even more misrepresented in newspapers and public discussion. It is commonly assumed and stated that the negro is "inferior"; that he is lazy and shiftless; that his mind is not adapted to the more complicated processes of government; that his vitality is low; that mulattoes are sterile and subject to disease; "that," as a witty burlesque of the American credo has it, "whenever a negro is educated he refuses to work and becomes a criminal."

The negro's enemies malign him; his friends often feel it necessary to patronize him. The great mythology about the negro, subscribed to by many well-meaning Americans, in which alleged

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

fact is even stronger than fiction, begins with Africa. Savagery is an exclusive term which fails to register, as does Mr. Robert H. Lowie, Assistant Curator of the American Museum of Natural History, that "momentous ideas may be conceived by what we regard as inferior races," and that "eminent ethnologists suggest that the discovery of the iron technique is due to the negroes." The pictures which are current of lazy black bucks in an African jungle, worshiping marvelously ugly wooden idols and awaiting the arrival of rum and missionaries to make them civilized, hardly stands before the reports of explorers and the researches of ethnologists and anthropologists. It would be news to many Americans who "know the nigger" that in their native land of Africa negroes "are not only conversant with the art of metallurgy, which is possibly their own invention, but are conspicuous for their ability to form large and powerful political states, and have shown at least the ability of assimilating the culture of Islam. If we contrast negro culture," continues Mr. Lowie, "on the average not with the highest products of Dutch, Danish, or Swiss culture, but with the status of the illiterate peasant communities in not a few regions of Europe, the difference will hardly be so great as to suggest any far-reaching hereditary causes." It is possible, in passing, only to refer to the work of such men as Heinrich Schurtz, author of a scholarly work on African industry, who found that in general the black races had proved themselves capable workers, and that for industrial pursuits they had more aptitude than most other primitive races; to the studies of R. E. Dennett, author of *At the Back of the Black Man's Mind*, who found "little to alter in either the composition or procedure of the native courts . . . the outcome of thousands of years of accumulated experience of a people who know themselves and their needs." These utterances of men eminent in their chosen research are not offered as conclusive statements on the problems of race adjustment in the United States, but they indicate that an entire nation may assume opinions presented to it by dogmatic or disingenuous citizens which dispassionate inquiry sharply challenges.

To ask Americans to substitute intelligence for passion in dealing with race adjustment is perhaps a wearisome repetition, and yet it is equivalent to asking intelligence on every question of national import. It is everywhere assumed that the connection between prohibition and the race question is intimate; that the measure derived its chief strength in the South. Into discussion of universal military training the race question entered in the form of objections from the South because of the negro's participation in that training. Even the proposed League of Nations did not escape being called "a colored league of nations" by Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, in debate. The Senator proposed his discovery as "a distinct shock," quite oblivious to the fact that the colored races of the world far outnumber the white, and that the eventual "race problem" may consist in the struggle for survival of the white races among their more powerful and numerical "colored" rivals. The dogma of the superiority of the white race, derived from his Southern environment and its contempt for the negro, led the Senator to remark of the majority of the nations which would constitute the proposed League that "they are a conglomerate of the black, yellow, brown, and red races, frequently so intermixed and commingled as to constitute an unclassifiable mongrel breed."

In a community where it is traitorous to subscribe to any but one opinion, one dogma, as it is in some parts of the South, where to be anything but a Democrat means stigma, if not ostracism or intimidation, there can obviously be neither variety of opinion, freedom of utterance nor democracy. A vivid description from a correspondent of *The New York Sun* of the gauntlet the in-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tending Republican voter must run in North Carolina tells of the line of Democrats within a few steps of the ballot-boxes. Jim, the Republican voter, is met outside the polling-place by a Democratic worker.

"'Howdy, Jim,' cries the worker; 'heard you were fixin' to vote nigger. How come?'

"Jim's chin then assumes a firmer angle and he allows that voting's his business.

"'Sure enough, Jim! Sure enough,' is the cheerful response. 'Ain't no law preventin' a white man votin' nigger. Any of the boys inside 'll tell you that.'

"And the boys inside do tell Jim that and more. By the time Jim has received his ballot and reached the marking-shelf he has it impressed upon him that his proposed vote is going to relegate him to that class whose pigment is the only claim to distinction from the Ethiopian."

An observer of such repute as the late Professor Shaler, of Harvard submitting to the prejudice of race for race, frankly excluded the possibility of true democracy in a society composed "in somewhere equal numbers" of "two such widely separated races as the Aryans and negroes," and ventured his opinion "that any adjustment which may be effected must have many of the qualities of an oligarchy." Relief from this condition is hardly to be expected from the Republican party. There has been for many years a scant Republican organization throughout the South, known as "lily white," whose appeal to the white Southerner consisted in a disclaimer of any political interest in the negro. In anticipation of the next Presidential election, the Republicans in a number of states, notably Texas, have elected to proclaim themselves "lily white" with the expressed intention of invading Democratic ranks. But in the futile scuffle, race relations are hardly bettered nor is the tone of political discussion improved.

The effect of exclusion from political processes has been to make the negro think as he has never thought before. For this the Federal government is to blame. It educated the negro during the war to all the social processes from which he had been excluded, and not only urged, but commanded, him to take part. It is a commonplace that in Mississippi 24,066 negroes were inducted into the United States army, as compared with 19,296 white men, and that of the negro registrants 29.51 per cent. were inducted, and of the white registrants 25.40 per cent. That commonplace with similar commonplaces had something of the character of a revelation for negroes. The education which the Federal government provided for them during the war may prove inconvenient for the two old parties. For, although the mass of negroes, as one of their gifted representatives has said, know little or nothing of the principles of socialism, and "do not know whether 'Bolsheviki' applies to a new theory of government or the name of a new European country," they have been led to question a political system which calls upon them to die in its defense but denies them political and social participation.

The rapidly accelerated political consciousness of the negro, his development of a race feeling akin to that of the small and oppressed nation in Europe, has been inseparable from the deep industrial changes that the war brought about. Those changes made the negro an important element in the labor supply of industry in the North. They gave him wages such as he had not before enjoyed. They enabled negroes, to a number conservatively estimated at 500,000, to leave the South in a migration which is still in process. And, not least, they directed attention to the focal points of race conflict, North and South. For it was not merely the pull of opportunity which brought the negro North. It was the push of segregation.

Testimony is ample as to the conditions which make the negro want to leave the South. What is wanted of him there is to be submissive, a laborer. If

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

he asks for the most fundamental rights, he is accused of wanting "social equality." In fact, denial of social equality is made an excuse for a system of exploitation which most Americans would protest as being incredible. And the penalty for demanding "social equality" may be expulsion from home, brutal assault, even murder and torture at the hands of a mob. The position of social inferiority forced upon the negro prevents white lawyers taking his case against white landlords. "As to the facts in the case, the landlord's word must suffice," says a bulletin of the United States Department of Labor. "It is not easy to get capable lawyers to take negroes' cases against landlords, even when it is quite apparent injustice is being done." No severer indictment of the industrial exploitation of the negro in the South has been published than that contained in *The Memphis Commercial Appeal* early in 1919, signed "A Southerner."

"In certain parts of the South," says the writer, "men who consider themselves men of honor and would exact a bloody expiation of one who would characterize them as common cheats, do not hesitate to boast that they rob the negroes by purchasing their cotton at prices that are larcenous, by selling goods to them at extortionate figures, and even by padding their accounts with a view of keeping them always in debt. Men of this stripe have been known to lament that in the last two years the negroes have been so prosperous that it has not been possible to filch from them all they make.

"A protest from a negro against tactics of this kind is met with a threat of force. Justice at the hands of a white jury in sections where this practice obtains is inconceivable. Even an attempt to carry the matter into the courts is usually provocative of violence."

Such an attempt was made by a group of negro farmers in Arkansas in October, 1919. Between twenty-five and a hundred negroes were shot down in the canebrakes near Elaine and the report went out that the negroes had planned a massacre. Two of the men appointed on the Governor's committee of seven to investigate, were themselves beneficiaries of this system of exploiting the "socially inferior" negro.

It will be seen that there are strong motives for misinforming the nation about the negro, for creating a mythology which paints him as inferior, diseased, criminal, slack, shiftless, irresponsible. All the force of public sentiment formed upon, and fed by, this mythology will resist his endeavors to lift himself intellectually and socially. The public opinion so formed will tend to keep him at the disadvantage which makes him a subject for exploitation. And it is always possible to discredit his efforts by spreading charges that he is preparing to revolt under the tutelage of the I. W. W. Such reckless and harmful accusations were actually made by Southern members of the House of Representatives and were also attributed to officers of the Department of Justice. The largest newspapers in the land published them repeatedly, maintaining the while a discreet silence as to the conditions which make the negro discontented and a fertile ground for the agitator's sowing.

The mythology about the negro will not hold against investigation. A typical case of the bland retailing of such misrepresentation occurs in the book of Frederick L. Hoffman, who states that "of all races for which statistics are obtainable," the "negro shows the least power of resistance in the struggle of life." "Mr. Hoffman's prepossessions," says Prof. Josiah Morse, of the University of South Carolina, in a passage quoted by Mr. Howard, "have patently led him to commit the fallacy of 'false cause.' For it is also a fact that there is more poverty among the negroes, more illiteracy and ignorance of the laws of health, modern sanitation, and personal and public hygiene; that their living-quarters are inferior,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

their physical environment less sanitary, and that a much larger percentage of their mothers are breadwinners." Reports from the Surgeon-General's office, of negroes in the army during the war, also dispose of the question of physical inferiority. About the mulatto, accused on the one hand of being degenerate; on the other, of showing extraordinary ability because of the admixture of white blood, even Professor Shaler repeats the old unsubstantiated and unscientific tale that he is physically inferior.

In point of fact, for every statement—and I say this advisedly—as to the negro's inferiority there is expert testimony to discredit it. It is possible that neither accuser nor defender possesses the whole working truth, but that truth is not to be arrived at in an atmosphere of passion. Thus, one of the most frequent assertions, repeated even by scientists, is that the negro ceases developing intellectually at puberty. "In his book on Kaffir Socialism," writes Mr. Henri A. Junod in his *Life of a South African Tribe*, "Dudley Kidd has laid great stress on the fact that the mental development of the African native is arrested at the time of puberty. . . . In all our institutions we have pupils who show great zeal for study and increased intellectual power between sixteen and twenty. I may say that Mr. MacVicar of Lovedale concluded as I do, that this assertion of Dudley Kidd is very much exaggerated."

Another favorite "inferiority" with which the negro is pelted is that of shiftlessness, laziness, and incompetence. To this the Department of Labor, through its Director of Negro Economics, has already made answer: "The figures are not yet available, but two general indications have already been announced by the department: First, that in all these plants [244 typical plants in seven states] negro workers and white workers were employed, with apparently good feeling on both sides. Second, with here and there an exception, the negro workers in the matter of turnover, absenteeism, wage scales, quantity and quality of work on which they were employed, compared favorably with the white workers in the same plant on the same work. Here is substantial answer to the old charge of shiftlessness and laziness." Furthermore, the census of 1910 establishes that, for whatever reason, 5,192,535 negroes, or 71 per cent. of those ten years of age and over in the United States, were employed in gainful occupations—certainly no evidence of shiftless idleness.

One more charge, because it is the most serious of all, merits a passing reference, although by this time the facts are beginning to be known. It is that the negro is more disposed than other races to attacks upon women, and that the American crime of mob murder, lynching, is an effective check to that disposition. In comment it need only be remarked that fifty women were lynched in the United States in the thirty years from 1889–1918, and that of the seventy-eight or more negroes lynched in the United States in the year 1919, less than one-fifth were even accused of rape. Not only is such crime alleged as extenuation for less than one-fourth of the mob murders, but it is frequently used to conceal indefensible motives on the part of the mob ostensibly "protecting womanhood." A brief submitted to Congress by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People states that of 3,224 persons lynched in the United States in the thirty-year period, 1889 to 1918, only 523 were accused of rape.

Meanwhile those who assert that the negro is racially inferior do so in the absence of substantiating fact. They, and the forces which create an unfavorable public opinion through the press by charging the negro with crime in bold head-lines, are doing the greatest possible disservice to the United States. It is the press which spreads rumor and accusation about negro criminality—such as the entirely mythical "massacre of whites" in Arkansas—which

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

no correction can ever set right. If the creation of an alien, race-conscious group within the United States, resentful, and justly so, of grave injustice and discrimination, is not to loom as a threat against the progress and continuance of our civilization, there must be some honest attempt to overtake with fact the current mythology about the negro and about race relations. Meanwhile the rich and warm cultural contributions of the negro, slighted though they are, are being felt and assimilated without gratitude. Even in industry and agriculture the negro is building firmly, establishing banks, buying land where it is open to him to do so, forming large life-insurance companies, qualifying in every way as a United States citizen. But the poison of misinformation is still allowed to be spread from the United States Senate and House of Representatives. It debases us before the world. It imperils the candor with which we approach our most complex and difficult race problems, and it warps and stultifies our point of view on every matter of national concern.

Basic problems of the relations of races must be attacked in this country. It is a question if the antagonism between men, which springs from superficial differences like skin coloration, is not too strong to make it possible for such men ever to live harmoniously together. Precisely what are the effects of race mixture is another question almost unexplored except for the vociferous doctrinaire who rushes in where the scientist has not yet trodden. These questions are not now in the way of being attempted. To the extent that the negro is bandied between his defamers and his few impassioned protagonists public discussion becomes impossible. Race problems which should be the subject of study to determine what are the possibilities of co-operation and living together in one community remain in the fog of passion, where the person of ulterior motives uses them for his own, generally anti-social, purposes. For the present the negro is in the position of the most exploited class in America. Not only is he in many places denied education, the vote, assertion of his common humanity and manhood, but he is held in subjection by social organization which makes that procedure a fundamental dogma of its Kultur. Intelligent minds in the South oppose the cast-iron mold into which public opinion is forced, the ostracism and intimidation of the man who dares to speak and act for the real betterment of the negro. But those voices are few and discussion must therefore come from the North. From the North the approach must necessarily be less sympathetic with the Southern white man's difficulties than if free discussion were tolerated in the South.

Meanwhile, if the negro is in bonds that must eventually make him attempt to destroy the society that forges them, the nation is equally in bonds. Its mind is restricted because a white man from the North cannot speak his mind to a white man from the South. Civilizations before those of this age have crumbled because the strains within them have proven too great for their cohesive forces. To add the strain of avoidable hatreds to the dangerous impulses with which modern society must contend is to threaten disintegration. As a matter of self-protection, then, and of protection for some sort of society and political organization, Americans must take the first steps toward dealing in an orderly way with race problems. Those steps, without which no order or peace will ever be possible, are, first, to ascertain the facts; second, to make them available to the citizens of the country. That is a problem for scientists, protected by tolerance. Americans have made and connived at a mythology about the negro which not only cloaks excesses and brutalities that parallel the most worst horrors in history and debase their nation before the world; but they are adding to the forces of destruction within their nation and within themselves—forces which will some day claim an exorbitant price.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CIVILIZATION

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

LIFE still makes use of parables; only, in these complex, swiftly moving days, the analogy often presents itself so far removed from the telling of the parable that the connection is obscured. . . . I am thinking of Bernice Lawton, and Cordova, the Indian—and of how, in their case, the lapse of time has served, instead, to clarify the analogy. For these last years have brought the problem of civilization acutely before us all; as acutely, almost, as it once confronted them. And I believe that Bernice saw its application then—little Bernice Lawton, whom everybody thought so little given to seeing anything! For I have had occasion more than once of late to remember the sheer prophetic vision of her last words to me.

The story goes back several years—nine or ten, to be exact—back to the time when the Lawtons were the smartest people in their Chicago set. It was not the richest set in Chicago, nor the smartest, for matter of that. But life could have chosen no better protagonists for the parable.

On the surface, Henry and Julia Lawton were as clever and agreeable a pair of worldly Americans as one would care to meet. When I said they were the smartest people in their set I meant that they had a smart house, not too big, a smooth-running menage, and they were probably the only people in their set who had cocktails every night and the right kinds of wine, whether there were guests to dinner or not. Their motor was equipped with later "extras" than the motors of their friends. They were the first to bring back from New York those phrases which soon became the clichés of their own little world.

With every outward appearance of living life for its own sake, they were excellent hosts, entertaining often, and giving really gay parties where one heard much witty small talk, and where the convention of correct dress was as scrupulously observed as other conventions were scrupulously ignored.

Yet they were more than the sum of these superficialities. They had, both of them, their profundities. Behind Henry Lawton's genial, well-groomed actuality one came presently to have a vague sense of those various "big deals" in which he was always engaged. New railroads built through undeveloped territories; "industrial promotions" of every sort. He had, it seemed, a genius for success.

And the more one saw of Henry Lawton the more aware one became of his real passion underneath, so that often their gayest parties had, if one caught a glimpse behind the scenes, more than a hint of business in them. Though I must say it was exceedingly well concealed, and discernible only if one was curious and patient enough to watch. And I was. On the surface they maintained admirably that air of pleasure for pleasure's sake.

For Mrs. Lawton's profundity, though a subtler passion, perhaps, was the perfect complement of his. It had to do with that realm which is almost as mysterious as the realm of high finance, and certainly as specialized and complex—the realm of social evaluations, combinations, of ensemble effects. Her instinctive gift was for color, and she displayed a really awe-inspiring genius for drawing into her composition whatever would add to the general scheme. If she sometimes took chances, used a high

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

hand, and if now and again her colors seemed a little crude, she challenged us, like all the modern colorists, to deny their success. And I, for one, liked them better than the old melancholy shades.

There was always the solid base of people like themselves—that is, solidly placed financially—who did their best to render their commercial auras invisible at night. Then there were those with a purely social quality, people with talents of the kind that lend themselves to social use—music, or a conversational gift, or a knack for telling the latest story amusingly. And there were so many people chosen for pure decoration, and so many for atmosphere. Where I came in I confess I never quite knew.

I had almost forgotten to mention Bernice. But then one did generally forget to mention Bernice. She was either forgotten altogether, or spoken of as an afterthought—"the Lawtons, *and* Bernice." Perhaps it was because she was away at school a good deal of the time, although it was never a matter for notice when she came home. I think it was simply that her parents were so much more forceful personalities than she that they quite put out what little fire she might have had.

I remember her now and then moving about among the guests, a slim, immature little figure dressed nearly always in white. She had a very pretty and appealing little-girl face, with a faint but ready smile, always docile and obedient. People didn't sit down and talk with Bernice; they merely smiled at her as she passed, though she couldn't have been passing all the time, continually on her way to some other part of the house. Often she sat in a corner of her own, curled up, and apparently very little concerned in her mother's friends. Yet, so far as I ever knew, she had no friends of her own, in Chicago, at any rate. She had been at school in New York. Some one, I remember, once likened Bernice to Agatha in "Lady Windermere's Fan," whose part consists solely of the lines, "Yes, mamma!" and, "No, mamma!" repeated at intervals throughout the play. And I recall the rest of us saying how perfectly it did fit Bernice, and especially since, like Agatha, it was not she, but her mother, who held the center of the stage.

Knowing Mrs. Lawton, then, you can see how inevitable it was that she should at once discern the possibilities in so romantic a figure as a Cheyenne Indian who wore his conventional evening clothes with the distinguished ease of a European diplomat, without detracting in the least from the verity of his origin.

Perry Lonegan introduced Cordova. They had been classmates at Harvard, and when they met again, upon Cordova's coming to Chicago to assume the duties of his new government position, they renewed the old friendship of their college days.

Perry took Cordova one night to the Bennets', where the Lawtons happened to be—and Mrs. Lawton immediately began her campaign.

Within two weeks Cordova had become the lion of their set. Yet poor Cordova neither roared nor exhibited any but the gentlest and most unassuming tendencies, though I shall admit that his lionizing was no mystery. He was quite the handsomest human creature I have ever seen. And the men lionized him even more than the women. Julia Lawton instantly recognized the value of that.

Perry Lonegan furnished the history of their college days. Cordova had been the crack athlete of his class. But one didn't need to be told that. I think there must have been somewhere within a few generations, a few drops at least of white blood—not much, but enough to result in that extraordinary degree of physical perfection which the admixture seems invariably to make. The dull, fine, copper shade of his skin gave one the feeling that here was the color God intended men to be. It had the effect of making us see ourselves through Cordova's eyes, and we must have

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

looked very pale and sickly creatures indeed to him. One wondered, looking at him, how we had ever become the conquering race.

It was a temptation to idealize Cordova; it was so easy to believe him at least the son of a great chief. But when asked the question point-blank one night, he only looked amused and said, "All Cheyennes are not chiefs." Both his father and mother, he added later, were dead.

I don't know why he was called Cordova, or where he got the name, In all probability it was one of those "white names" given to all Indian children at the time of their entrance into the government schools, although Cordova must have arrived at a moment when even the authorities had tired of the American Presidents, and the Smiths and Joneses, and all the "good old American names." Perhaps he was named for some local celebrity. That also was often the case. His own name, so Perry Lonegan told us, was Antelope.

Oh, he was a tremendous find for Mrs. Lawton's formula! He gave it just that touch of the exotic, the mysterious, the picturesque.

Yet she didn't exploit his picturesqueness. She had far too much sense for that. She merely set out, for one thing, to bestow upon him such attentions as he would very soon find himself lost without. She would send her car to take him places that had no connection with her, places she had simply heard him mention the night before. He often inquired directions, since the city was still strange to him.

"I'll send the car," she would say. "Lawrence will run you out in no time. He knows that section perfectly."

And when Cordova would protest she would brush his protest aside with an assurance that they weren't using the car to-morrow, anyway, and go over to her desk, where she would jot down a memorandum of the hour and the address for the chauffeur next day.

Cordova loved music, and, though he often went to the opera as the Lawtons' guest, she also often, when they were not going, sent him their seats to do with as he pleased.

And she would let him off from an engagement in a way to achieve more intimacy than his coming could possibly have achieved.

"Cordova couldn't be with us to-night," she would say. "The poor fellow had to meet some officials from Washington who are only here overnight. He thought until the very last instant he might be able to get away."

Altogether these things made up a total that would have been difficult for a far more experienced man of the world to resist. Moreover, Cordova was young, and it is not too much to suppose that our customs, conventions, and strange social rites still held for him the attraction of a novel and highly picturesque experience. Then, too, there seemed no danger involved. It was, in fact, the apparent disinterestedness of Mrs. Lawton's favors that was their strength. For she had her rivals—three, at least, whose intentions were serious. And Mrs. Lawton scored over her rivals by her lack of sentiment. She kept her head better than they. Hers was, shall we say, a purely esthetic interest.

Yet, so often was Cordova at the Lawtons', so constantly was he in evidence, that there did come to be now and then a smile, a lifted eyebrow, a not too meaningful glance. The situation's rightful due, so to speak, notwithstanding everybody's conviction of its harmlessness.

All that was in the late winter and early spring, and the following summer Cordova was a constant week-end visitor at the Lawtons' country place. And she brought him back triumphantly to town in the fall.

He seemed to have gained in favor with them all. Mr. Lawton often picked him up at the club and brought him out to dinner without stopping to telephone. And I remember at a little dancing-party they gave early that autumn, seeing him dancing, quite in an elder-brother

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

fashion, with Bernice. That was the winter Bernice was eighteen, and they were keeping her at home.

I shall always regret having been called away from Chicago that year, and this in spite of the reiterations of all those who remained that I should, if I had been on the spot, have added nothing, absolutely nothing, to my knowledge of what took place.

I had gone away during the Christmas holidays, and it was at Easter-time that I received, in San Francisco, a card addressed in Mrs. Lawton's eccentric chirography, announcing the marriage of Cordova and Bernice.

There it was—the announcement; nothing more. I think I shouldn't have been half so astonished if it had announced the marriage of Cordova and Mrs. Lawton herself. Henry Lawton would not have presented to my mind half so insurmountable a barrier as the mere incongruity that lay between Cordova and Bernice.

My imagination pictured some complication which had forced Mrs. Lawton's hand. Cordova had shown a dangerous interest in some one else, and her generalship was too alert to sit supinely by and allow the enemy to advance over the ground she herself had prepared, or drive her back from a position so brilliantly won. Yet not one of the letters which I shortly received from people there made any reference to such a complication. They spoke of it almost invariably in the same way: "Mrs. Lawton has married Cordova to Bernice!" varying only in the number of exclamation points which followed. The details seemed to have been swamped in the general astonishment. Even when I wrote demanding details they replied that there had been none, except those they had been able to reconstruct out of their collective conjecturings.

I am not, of course, in a position to say that Cordova was not in love with Bernice all along. But I do not believe he was. I think that neither he nor Bernice had very much to do with it, except as pawns in Mrs. Lawton's game. How she accomplished it I have never had even a guess. It was merely another evidence of her genius for success. The fact simply remained that by Easter she had got them married and hustled off to New York for a three weeks' wedding-trip.

I have always hoped that Bernice made the best of that stay in New York —and that she queened it a little over her school-girl friends. She surely deserved that much. And Cordova would have shown off to such advantage. They would have been speechless with envy of her romance! But I shall never know about that, just as I shall never know, except at second hand, about any of the things that happened to them during that first year of their marriage, for I did not see Chicago again until the following spring.

When I did go back—it was some time in April, I think—I had been traveling about for eight weeks and no letters had followed me. And the first piece of news that greeted me upon my arrival was the news of Bernice's baby, born February 18th. And the second thing I heard was that Mr. Lawton had put Cordova in the way of making several nice bits of money, and it was supposed that Cordova might eventually give up his own work and go in with his father-in-law. These things seemed to argue that the marriage had been, after all, a good deal of a success. The young couple had not set up an establishment of their own, but continued to live with Bernice's parents in their admirable house.

Mrs. Lawton sent me an invitation to dine the first week of my return, and I confess I reached the house that night with my curiosity very much alive.

Mrs. Lawton was, characteristically, the first to greet me out of the center of a bright-hued group. She was strikingly gowned in black tulle with a glint of jet catching the light as she turned, and the thought passed through my mind, as I saw her coming toward me, that for the first time Julia Lawton seemed a trifle

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

too conscious of her success. She shook hands and made her inquiries about my year away, at the same time beckoning to Mr. Lawton and Cordova, who would be "so happy to see you, too!" Mr. Lawton struck, curiously, the same note as his wife—for the first time a little conscious of his success. But Cordova, although even handsomer than I remembered him, and almost ironically correct as to dress, and although he received my belated congratulations with the utmost grace, gave me an impression of a man withdrawn into some deep recess of himself.

It was not until I had asked, "And Bernice?" and her mother had turned to look for her, that I saw her coming toward us from another room. It was the first time I could recall having seen Bernice in anything but white. She was in blue, but blue of a light silvery shade, and the young maturity of her slight little figure seemed suddenly the most pathetic thing in the world.

Cordova made way for her, and she, too, received my congratulations with a very pretty grace.

Assembled there, the four of them, Bernice between her mother and Cordova, and Mr. Lawton between Cordova and his wife, it seemed to me that somehow they were pitched in a new key, a key just a little strained. They were like a chord with the voices written too far apart for harmony; yet, nevertheless, something held them together, if only the boldness of the composer's scheme.

And, for all her inexperience, I could not help feeling that Bernice sustained her note more valiantly than the rest, although, beyond her thanks and her smile, she had almost nothing to say, and slipped away into the background again as soon as the conversation became general.

She seemed to say then, as I discovered later she seemed to say to every one, that it wasn't necessary to be nice to her because she had married Cordova; she was still just the same unimportant Bernice; and her little ready smile seemed to let us off, and assure us that she understood we should *want* to be nice for Cordova's sake.

There were some new people there that night—a Senator and Mrs. Pierce, "from the West," and their daughter, a divorcée named Mrs. Welty, who seemed to have confused the rôles of vampire and débutante, until it was impossible to decide which one she really intended to be. It was plain that they were the important guests, and in the way Henry and Julia Lawton both took me over to be introduced I had again the sense of their for the first time overdoing it. Were they losing, I wondered, their finesse? Or had too much success lessened their caution about people getting a glimpse behind the scenes? Surely there was more than a "hint" of business in Mr. Lawton's attitude, in his solicitation for the comfort and entertainment of his guests. A solicitation which extended also to Cordova, which made me wonder if he could be involved, and what kind of favor Henry Lawton could hope to gain from him.

For it had been immediately apparent that Cordova disliked the Pierces and the vivacious Mrs. Welty, who thought him "terribly unusual" within his own hearing and that of every one else. And it was strange to find a dislike apparent in Cordova, who had always seemed the soul of good-will and courtesy.

It was at the very beginning of the evening that there occurred an incident of such significance that I have marveled ever since how I could have escaped seeing from that moment the course events were to take.

Just after the introductions I was crossing the room, when I chanced to glance through into the lighted library beyond. And there I stopped, staring at a picture which faced me from the opposite wall—a portrait, in oil, of Cordova, framed in a massive gilt frame. I turned, instinctively, seeking some one to ask about it, and found Cordova himself standing nearest me.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"It's new, isn't it?" I asked, indicating the picture with my eyes.

Cordova nodded, turning his eyes to the picture, too. "Mrs. Lawton's birthday gift to Bernice," he said.

A voice spoke at my elbow—the voice of Mrs. Welty, who had just come up.

"It's such a *striking* thing!—but, do you know, Mr. Cordova, I should like it without the gilt frame! I can't help feeling, when I look at it, that it's wrong. I don't know that I should like it exactly rustic—but something, well—simpler—more characteristic! I'm surprised at Mrs. Lawton—she has such *wonderful* taste!—choosing gilt!"

"The picture would be incomplete without it," said Cordova, quietly. "Mrs. Lawton is a great realist."

Mrs. Welty stood there looking up uncertainly into Cordova's face, as if she wondered whether he meant it seriously, or if it was just his interesting way of agreeing with what she had said.

I come now to the telling of those incidents which had their abrupt culmination on the night of another dinner—an exquisite spring night near the middle of May—and which I must tell, not as I saw them then, confused and meaningless, but as I now know them to have been. For, unless you had been there to see and feel for yourself, it would be impossible for me to make you understand how an outsider, as I was, asked merely to fill in and to give an effect of casualness to the affair, came so immediately to feel that this dinner was really but a continuation of the first, and that it had been arranged for the express purpose of succeeding in something in which the other dinner had failed. I could not tell you by what suggestive groupings, expressions, convivialities, I knew that I was standing, at last, behind the scenes; without, of course, the least notion of the plot, except that Cordova was somehow the problem upon which it turned.

Senator Pierce was there again, with his wife and daughter; and two strange men—a bland, stout Mr. Britt, who wore his business aura like a cloud of glory, and a tall Jewish lawyer named Gilderstein, a man of extreme personal magnetism, with the deep, warm eyes of a poet, set in a thin, scholarly face, and long, fine hands equally well fitted for making music or counting gold. Obviously, Mr. Britt was "backing"—the solid financial end. Mr. Gilderstein was the assurance of legality. He was easily recognizable in the allusion to "one of Chicago's cleverest corporation lawyers" when, several months later, there appeared in the papers those quickly suppressed and adroitly covered references to a gigantic land fraud known as the "Indian land grab." They referred to "certain financial interests of Chicago," and "a well-known Western Senator"; the scheme had somehow been bungled; had, for some mysterious reason, gone astray. (Their failure to enlist Cordova! Here I knew the secret the press could not supply.) It was then that the whole course of events was cleared for me.

Henry Lawton had seen in Cordova his opportunity to put through the very biggest of his "big deals." He and the Senator—who would foster the bill—and the suave Mr. Gilderstein, would plan and finance the coup. Cordova would stand ostensibly for the rights of the Indians—an infallible ruse!—and swing the sentiment. It would be a benefit to the Indians; Cordova would make that plain.

So, the groundwork had been laid. The scheme had been talked over, perhaps, in Cordova's presence, but not forced. But it was at the Lawtons' dinner that the actual plans were to be launched—the rôles assigned, and the distribution of the profits formally agreed upon. I suspect they offered Cordova an attractive share of the spoils.

What I remember chiefly about that night was the growing scorn and immobility of Cordova's face. And the growing anxiety of the faces of those others, who might have been, from their atti-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tude, the prey instead of the stalkers, as they really were. The mystery is how they could have been so blind as not to see at once that they had no chance. It had been evident from the first in the very ease and self-possession of Cordova's bearing. More than ever it seemed to me that there was something ironic in the extreme correctness of his dress.

I think I came nearer being sorry for Julia Lawton during that dinner than ever before or since. She did carry it off valiantly, whatever one may say about the nobility of her cause. And I was distinctly relieved for her when the final delicacy was served and we rose to go, leaving the men to their smokes, their liquors, and the real business for which they had come.

It was an exquisite spring night, with the moonlight lying blue and luminous outside.

Mrs. Lawton led the way through the lighted drawing-room and on to the veranda beyond. There we had our coffee, and there we stood or sat about, talking "women's talk" for what seemed surely an unconscionable time for brandy and cigars. Mrs. Lawton glanced in through the drawing-room door more than once as time went on. The other women began to notice; but no one, queerly, said a word. There was, as I've told you, an atmosphere that night which no amount of effort on Julia Lawton's part could manage to dispel.

At last she cried, "Ah, here they are!" and, looking in through the open door, I saw them enter the lighted drawing-room. Mr. Gilderstein first, and then Mr. Britt, and after him Cordova, and Mr. Lawton holding the curtain aside for Senator Pierce. They came in in silence, not one of them saying a word, but they seemed to be searching desperately for something to say. Only Cordova, moving in their midst, seemed entirely free from embarrassment. Except for its scorn, one might have detected a touch of triumph in his ease.

It was not a moment conducive to one's pride of race. One felt, in spite of oneself, involved; one felt ashamed of those expressions of helpless fear upon the faces of those others. They feared because they had betrayed themselves into the hands of a stranger—a stranger who made no threat; who had heard them through with the utmost politeness and then had given his answer without question or argument, and turned away as if the matter were at an end! There was rage also mixed with their fear. They would show him whether or not he could frustrate their plans!

Mrs. Lawton went in, with some word of bantering greeting for them all, which did *not* touch upon their tardiness, and to which they all made haste, gratefully, to respond. Except Cordova, who passed her with a slight inclination of his head, and came on out upon the veranda, where, passing us with the same slight but courteous bow, he sought at the farther end a corner where he could be alone.

I have always believed that they tried to make use then of Bernice, without her knowing it, to save the hopeless situation in which they found themselves. It was almost immediately that Mr. Lawton came over to his wife, and I saw him whisper something guardedly to her; a question and answer passed between them, still guardedly—and Mr. Lawton rejoined his guests, paying a compliment to Mrs. Pierce as he passed, as if to reassure her that all was not yet lost. (I haven't an idea, of course, whether the poor lady knew about the affair, but she *was* in shady company.) I saw Mrs. Lawton look about until she had found Bernice, and go straight to her and say something in a very low tone, something which seemed in the nature of a request. Then she put her hand upon Bernice's shoulder as if she were a child of ten, and gave it a little motherly shove in the direction of Cordova, as I caught the words, "There's a dear!"

Bernice turned, and her little face in the moonlight had a bewildered look. But obediently she went down the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by Walter Biggs Engraved by H. Leinroth

HER FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT HAD A BEWILDERED LOOK

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

veranda to Cordova, who stood leaning against the balustrade, holding a lighted cigarette motionless in his hand. She stopped beside him, and he merely bent down his head a little to hear what she had come to say. She put out her hand, but did not quite touch his arm, and appeared to be speaking. Whatever she said was brief and, I was convinced, also in the nature of a request. And then I heard Cordova answering her. I heard the voice, without hearing the words. What he said was briefer still, not more than a half-dozen words at most, and delivered without a movement on his part; not the slightest shift of his attitude. And Bernice, faltering an instant, stepped backward away from him a few steps, and then, turning slowly, went in at a side door. And Mrs. Lawton, watching, presently followed her.

Of the remainder of that evening I remember only its awkwardness; and to break the evident tension I pleaded a busy day for the morrow, and, with my early going for an excuse, the others followed, as I was sure they would. I believe I was sorry for them all. Except Cordova. I was not sorry for him. He alone was master of himself. He, of all of them, needed no sympathy. He was neither awkward nor afraid; he was merely supremely, superbly indifferent. He stood with the utmost politeness to say good night; and as the four of them bowed us out they struck again that strained, too widely spaced chord—a chord to be struck once, perhaps, for effect, but never held.

For Cordova, we counted so little that he could afford to be gracious to us. He no longer even scorned us. For him we had already ceased to exist. He had penetrated at last to the holy of holies of our civilization, to the secret shrine of our modernity. He had come to the final initiation, and from it had turned away in disgust. He did not care enough to betray us; he wished only to be quit of us.

All this, to be sure, I interpret now in the light of what afterward occurred. For that night Cordova disappeared. Disappeared completely, effectively, without a word.

He had gone back to his tribe. He had simply stepped out of his gilt frame, and gone back—to his own people; to his own rain-washed, wind-swept plains. . . .

Of course no one knew, *then*, where he had gone. There wasn't the slightest clue, except that the Lawtons found on the floor of the drawing-room next morning a small oblong box of stained "Indian grass," which had surely belonged to him. And I suppose it was that box which really gave rise to the absurd but insistently vivid picture I have always had in my mind of Cordova's going that night. A picture of Cordova slipping noiselessly down through that sleeping house to the deserted drawing-room, where the fire still smoldered in the grate; of his stirring that fire into fitful flame and sitting down there before it cross-legged on the floor; of his having brought with him his box of colored "Indian grass," and, taking out of it then sundry small trinkets—a round mirror, two or three tiny round paint-boxes of horn, some strips of squirrel fur and of bright green and red felt—and arranging them all on the floor before him; of his baring his body then to the waist, revealing on his shoulder the great spread eagle, the tattooed insignia of his tribe; of his parting his black hair carefully in the middle, smoothing it down on each side with his hands; of his dipping his forefinger then into one of the little paint-boxes of hollowed horn, and, balancing the mirror on his knee, while the bright-red streak followed his finger down the line of the part in his hair, from back to front of his head—in short, of his erasing there before that flickering fire every trace of the civilized man, and standing forth at last as God made him, barbaric and primitive, to pause for an instant in that open door, silhouetted against the outer luminous blue, before he disappeared into the May night.

Ridiculous, of course! Utterly absurd.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

He couldn't have gone out like that into the Chicago streets! And yet the picture persists. Sheer unconscious dramatization on my part of the thing which I had conceived to have taken place in Cordova's mind. And even my reason has never been able to convince me that it wasn't really a little like that. . . .

The Lawtons tried to keep it quiet; to pretend that Cordova had gone away on business and that he would soon return. But they were thoroughly frightened, both of them. That was a bit of drama Julia Lawton could very well have done without.

It was not until days later, perhaps a week, when the fact of Cordova's absence began to be apparent, that they acknowledged that he had gone. Meantime, I am perfectly sure, they had searched, pulled every wire. They were afraid he had gone somewhere—Washington, perhaps—to make an exposé. They were afraid of some queer redskin subtlety.

But when, as time went by, that danger seemed well past, and people so readily accepted the disappearance mystery, they showed their relief in a little too obvious denunciation of Cordova.

"Damned renegade race!" Henry Lawton was heard to say at the club. "We might have expected him to abandon a wife and child!"

His wife and child! Poor little Bernice; more than ever in those days did she keep out of the way. She went about saying nothing, making no conjectures, attending her baby, and receiving in silence reports of the fruitless search. For they had to make at least a formal search, although they realized, I think, that if Cordova wanted to go, it was quite useless to try to bring him back.

They braved it out pretty well, I must say. It wasn't an easy situation for them to face. And presently, because there was nothing to say beyond the question, "Has he been heard from?" and the negative answer, people stopped conjecturing.

I remember passing the house one morning, and seeing Bernice cross the veranda with a thermometer in her hand, on her way to test the temperature of the baby's milk. She was slighter, I thought, and she looked, in her preoccupation, her seriousness, like a child playing at motherhood.

They took her away to the country earlier than usual. The baby needed the good air, Mrs. Lawton said.

It must have been the last of August, or the first part of September—at any rate, about the time that the Lawtons came back to town in the fall—that those items about the Indian land fraud began to appear in the daily press; the items which furnished me with the last bits of evidence against Henry Lawton and his crowd. I tried not to see it, but it was too plain; and the attempts to veil the identities of the men involved made them, for me at least, even more conspicuous.

I wondered how the Lawtons were taking it, and particularly I wondered about Bernice. I couldn't help thinking that if it had clarified the whole thing for me, how much more it might have clarified it for her. I did not know, then, that they had come back to town, and so I was surprised, passing their house one evening on foot, to see signs of life about the place, and Bernice sitting on the veranda alone.

Much as I dreaded seeing them just then, I couldn't go by. And Bernice had recognized me, and greeted me characteristically with:

"Mother will be here presently. Won't you come in and wait?"

I knew at once that Bernice at least was unconscious of any new shadow upon their house. And I wondered how they had managed to keep it away from her. I went in and sat beside her on the veranda, and we talked about the summer, and she said that it had done the baby any amount of good. He was asleep just now, she said.

While we sat there a boy rode past on a bicycle and, with a practiced twirl,

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tossed an evening paper in across the lawn so that it fell almost at our feet. Bernice went down the veranda steps to get it, and brought it back, unfolding it idly across her lap as she sat down again.

"The first paper I've seen for days," she said; "we've been so busy getting in."

I think I had a premonition then of what she was going to see, for an impulse came over me to prevent her turning the page. Her eyes roved idly over the head-lines on the first page, and she had turned, as idly, to the next, when I saw her gaze fasten upon an item, saw her attention sink into it. Her hand went up to her cheek in a fumbling, uncertain little gesture of bewilderment—and I saw her read what must have been a third of a column—and stop, though the article was not finished there. Then abruptly she turned her white face to me, and for the first time I heard the real Bernice speaking to me:

"Why do you think he went away?"

Never have I had a more cowardly impulse than at that moment. There is something unnerving about receiving the confidence of a shy young soul like Bernice; the knowledge perhaps that it was the first confidence she had ever given any one in her life, and that it was wrung from her by the force of some sudden urgent need. I wanted to beg her not to go on, not to ask me to answer her. There was no use pretending not to know what she meant. Yet I said, weakly, "Who?" and she ignored it, knowing I knew.

"Why, do you think?" she asked again. "Did you ever hear any one say?"

"They've said all sorts of things, Bernice," I began, and then, of a sudden, the white urgency of her pathetic young face brought me back to myself and I determined to make it no harder, but help.

"You've found something there in the paper. I think I know what it is," I said.

She shifted the paper so that the headline was plain. It was as I had thought, "Indian Land Fraud Exposé."

"You know about it?" she asked.

"It's been in the papers for several days."

"You know whom it means?"

I nodded my head. "I think so," I said.

Her revelation had come like a blow—all at once, devastatingly complete. Her questions were forced from her, breathlessly.

"You don't believe Cordova had anything to do with it, do you?" And here, out of some memory of that last night of his, I found myself coming to his defense.

"No, Bernice," I said, "I *don't* believe Cordova had anything to do with it—but I *do* believe that they tried to get him into it—"

Again the wavering gesture of her hand to her cheek. "That night—" she said, "you were here . . . and they made me go and speak to him— . . . He thought I knew . . . They made me speak to him. . . . He thought I knew. . . "

There was no tremor of her lips or voice—but a kind of sinking seemed to take place inside her. I thought she was going to faint.

"Bernice!" I said. "Bernice, child—" But she was paying no attention to me, and for the first time I realized how alone, how utterly alone, the child had always been, and how more than ever alone, in spite of my sympathy, she was at that moment, when I should have most liked to help. And I knew that, whatever action her discovery might eventually lead her to take, she would ask no one's advice and no one's sympathy. And I think I had from that hour a kind of confident faith in some unrevealed quality in the character of Bernice—a quality which almost revealed itself in the dignity with which, a moment later when her mother's motor stopped at the gate and her mother hurried up the walk to greet me in her most friendly fashion, Bernice, without a word or a glance of good-by to me, left us and went inside.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

She had not asked me to respect her confidence. I do not know to this day whether she meant to ignore me, or whether she counted upon me to do the decent thing, or whether she simply didn't take me into consideration at all.

But whatever she meant me to understand, I kept my own counsel when, just one week after that day, I heard that "Bernice Lawton had disappeared."

I continued to keep it when the Lawtons gave out that Bernice had "gone West for a little trip." She had taken the baby with her, and, in spite of her parents' casual tone when they spoke of her absence, it gave rise to much fresh conjecture concerning the whole affair. People seized upon the romantic possibilities. Perhaps, after all, it had been a love match. Could he have sent for her? There was more than one sentimental platitude on the subject of "fatherhood," and "the power of children over parents' lives."

Weeks passed—four, five, six—and still Bernice remained away.

And after a while a fantastic story floated back to us. It was to the effect that Bernice had all along had an intuition that Cordova had gone back to his tribe, and that she had gone to search for him there, from camp to camp; that (and this is the fantastic, the incredible, touch) she had found him at last—a long-haired, blanketed Indian, who pretended never to have seen Bernice or her baby before! Pretended to speak no English, and not to understand a single word of what Bernice was saying to him!

A fair blow, that, to those platitudes about fatherhood! But sentiment went down gladly before such a smashing piece of drama as this. I don't even remember where I heard it first, but I had it from three different sources at least on the same day. And with additions, improvisations, of course; absurd, some of them, naturally—details no one who hadn't been present could possibly know. Bernice had pleaded with him on her knees. . . . Cordova had never changed the expression of his face! . . . Hadn't betrayed by so much as the flicker of an eyelash the faintest sign of recognition! . . . But then, I confess, it was impossible to keep my own imagination from improvising upon such a theme! And I had more to go on than they.

Remember, that up to this time no one, so far as I knew, had ever suggested that Cordova might have gone back to his tribe. I confess it had never occurred to me.

Well, there was the story, in the air, neither corroborated nor denied. And, as if to stop it short at its climax, the Lawtons suddenly closed up their pretty house and moved away to New York. I don't know whether things had begun to go wrong with them or not. The threatened exposé may have had its effect upon Henry Lawton's standing, for it was well known, to be sure, on the inside who the "certain financial interests" were. However it was, he found it expedient to transfer the field of his operations rather abruptly to New York.

It was generally understood that Bernice would rejoin them when they were settled there.

I think they were glad of an excuse to sever the old relationships, for I know of no one to whom they wrote. And with that shift of the scenes, the Lawtons presently became little more than a colorful memory, a vivid episode to recount now and then in a reminiscent mood.

And as time went on I had an increasing sense of the unreality of that last bit of melodrama about Cordova and Bernice. I believed less and less in the truth of that uncorroborated story, which seemed to have had no beginning to which it could be traced. With the perspective of one or two years upon it, it came to be perfectly clear in my mind that Bernice *had* simply, as her mother said, gone West on a little trip, and that, upon their decision to move to New York, she had merely extended her stay a bit, so that when she returned she could go directly to the new home. I recall that it even occurred to me, when

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

I thought of Bernice, that in all probability she had married again—some one of her father's selection this time, I thought. You see, I still couldn't think of Bernice as making selections for herself. . . .

It was fully six years afterward that I found myself one summer's day, in the midst of a journey west, marooned for a three hours' wait at an unheard-of railroad junction somewhere in Oklahoma. A miserable place of two straggling, dun-colored streets, set in a dun-colored plain which stretched unbroken to the horizon on every side, save for a line of "scrub oaks" off to the left.

For lack of anywhere else to go, I inquired my way, and, bag in hand, trudged up the sandy street to the one hotel of the town. I remember its most irrelevant name, painted in black letters across the front window-glass, "The Iliad," and underneath, "Mrs. Hopkins, Prop'r'ss"; and Mrs. Hopkins herself, stout and motherly, sitting comfortably creaking back and forth in a rocking-chair on the porch. She got up with a smile and a "How d'you do?" as I came up the steps, and held open the screen door for me to go in. I told her I was only waiting for the 4.15.

"Missed the flyer, I s'pose," she said. "Well, just make yourself at home right here on the porch." She brought out a rocker for me, and when we were settled side by side she asked me at once the invariable Westerner's question, "From the East?"

"Chicago," I said.

"Chicago!" She raised her voice and her eyes as if the name had some special significance. "Dear me! so many people come from Chicago!" she said.

It occurred to her presently that perhaps I had had no lunch, and she offered to get me "some little light thing." She *was* a generous soul, and glad of a strange face to break the monotony. But I had had had my lunch on the train, so the two of us sat there on the porch chatting like old friends, and watching the occasional passers-by through the scraggly morning-glory vines that did their poor parched best to shut out the glare from the street.

A man on horseback rode up, swung out of his saddle, dropped the bridle rein over the hitching-post at the edge of the porch, nodded, grinned, said, "Howdy, Miz' Hopkins," and went across the street and into the general store. A dust-covered Ford chugged round the corner and stopped at the general store. A farm wagon, with two motionless figures on a high seat, drove solemnly by the full length of the street. An Indian, wrapped in a dingy white blanket, his hair drawn round to the front in two long braids, and walking with a slight limp in one moccasined foot, crossed diagonally to a spotted pony standing, head down, before a hitching-post, mounted, and rode away, a long rope dragging behind him in the dust. A man in a pink and green striped shirt, stiff collar, and black string tie came out of the barber-shop next the hotel, squinted up at the sun, spat twice off the edge of the curb, and went back into the barber-shop. A red automobile came into sight; a woman in the rear seat waved her hand as they passed. Mrs. Hopkins waved back.

"There's somebody you might know," she said. "The Cordovas lived in Chicago once."

"Cordova! . . . *Cordova?*" I rushed to the end of the porch. The red automobile had vanished down the intersecting street. "Where are they?" I almost shouted. "Where did they go?"

Mrs. Hopkins had stopped rocking in her astonishment. "You *know* them? Dear me, you *do?*"

"If it's the same Cordova," I said. "Was his wife a Bernice Lawton, do you know?"

"Why, yes"—she had come over beside me now and was nodding delightedly—"I think that *was* her name!"

"And she was with him, you say?"

"Yes, indeed!"

I was still trying to see where they had gone.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"They'll be coming right back," she assured me. "They've gone over to the depot after express or something. They always stop in here."

And in the few minutes before the red automobile turned the corner again and drew up before the general store, Mrs. Hopkins managed to fill in for me—sketchily, to be sure—the six years that had come between the last chapter of the Cordovas' story and this.

Cordova had become one of the best-known ranchers in that part of the territory, and held a position of great respect in the community. The people, Mrs. Hopkins said, had wanted to send Cordova to Congress, but Cordova would have nothing to do with politics. He was a rancher, he said, and preferred to remain what he was. They lived on the ranch, five miles out from the town.

The red automobile had come suddenly round the corner again as Mrs. Hopkins turned to me, lowering her voice as if she thought they might hear.

"Of course you know about her coming out here at first, and him pretending not to know who she was?"

I couldn't respond. I could only stare. So the fantastic story was true!

Across the street the red automobile had stopped, and the occupants were getting out. I wanted to get it straight. I wanted to understand. So I managed quickly to say:

"Yes, I've heard about *that;* but what happened then?"

"It seems there was something she'd come to explain—to set right, you know. But she couldn't get him to say he understood. She went twice—my boy Joe took her out—and then she went away, poor thing. I don't know where—"

"What changed him, then?" I demanded. "What brought her here again?"

Mrs. Hopkins signified by her attitude and her expression her inability to fully explain that mystery. She spoke without moving her lips, one eye upon the occupants of that red car across the street.

"Once an Indian's civilized, he can't stand the old life again. *He* thought he could, I s'pose, but it didn't last. All of a sudden he went away; nobody saw anything of him for several months; and then, one day, they got off the train together—that one-fifteen you came in on to-day—and they've been here ever since."

Bernice was coming toward us across the sandy street. And what a different Bernice! Still slight and exceedingly young, there was a new self-reliance in the little figure in the stout homespun suit and the stout boots; a new ring in her voice as she called, "Well, Mrs. Hopkins, how are you to-day?" Bernice had emerged from her background at last, and taken her place.

Mrs. Hopkins had gone to meet her—I could see they were fond of each other, those two—and was bringing her over to me.

"Here's some one you'll be glad to see, my dear!"

And to my relief, when she had stood still long enough to recognize me she *was* glad—surprisingly, honestly glad! She held out both hands to mine, began three questions in the same breath, and finished none of them; and she looked entirely bewildered at seeing me there—so bewildered that we all laughed, and Mrs. Hopkins explained how I had missed my train and that I was waiting now for the 4.15.

"You're not going on the four-fifteen!" cried Bernice, and I knew the dismay in her voice was real. "You must see Cordova! Surely you'll stay over one night at least!"

I said that I didn't see how it was possible, since I had no stop privilege on my transportation.

"Oh, that!" she said. "Cordova will see to that."

The years had wiped out everything for Bernice, except the fact that I was an old friend whom she was honestly glad to see. She was not, of course, half so conscious as I of the change that had taken place in herself. All her old painful

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Drawn by Walter Biggs

"SO THIS IS HOW YOU'VE SOLVED YOUR PROBLEM!" I SAID

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

diffidence was gone. The new Bernice was a personality.

And in the end I stayed. Cordova had added his persuasion to hers and had driven over to the station again to make the arrangement about my ticket. I confess I had wanted to stay from the first. I wanted to see Bernice Lawton happy in her own home. And Cordova, too. For I could see that they had achieved happiness. Had won it, perhaps, as reward for their courage and faith. And I wanted, somehow, to see what manner of life they led.

So I rode out with them in the red automobile, out to what seemed to me surely the ideal ranch house of the world —long and low, built all of great, unhewn logs, with deep verandas around three sides—and set at the head of a green cañon which opened before it like an enchanted wood. "Cordova's Cañon" it was called, and for miles, as we had approached it that afternoon, it had had the appearance of merely a scar cut into the level, dun-colored earth. And then, suddenly, as if by some legerdemain of the spot itself, we had descended abruptly into a place filled with beautiful trees, with delicate ferns, and moss-covered ledges of red rock; a place incredibly cool and green after the dust-ridden plain. Along the floor of the cañon ran a little murmuring, stony stream and the road followed beside the stream, until, at the farther end, the cañon spilled its last trees into the very door-yard of the house itself.

That night as we sat talking on the deep veranda, in the long twilight—Cordova and Bernice, with their little son, now grown to a sturdy, handsome lad of seven, on the steps between them—it came over me that here they had found the perfect solution of their lives. I was frankly envying them.

"So this is how you've solved your problem!" I said.

It had seemed so idyllic to me, and they had seemed so happy and content, that I could scarcely believe it when I heard Bernice answering me:

"Oh, we haven't solved our problem at all. We've only run away from it."

I recalled then, with a sense of revelation, the eagerness with which, on the way out, and all during our excellent dinner, they had asked for and listened to my bits of news, particularly news of small things—of the theaters, of music, what people were saying and doing and thinking in the world; of the fashions, even, in which I was surprised to find Bernice so much interested. And now, suddenly, I was no longer surprised. And the wide, charming room behind us, from which the light streamed softly out, with its open piano, its rugs, its books and magazines, its inviting easy-chairs, held a sudden note of pathos — the pathos of human compromise.

"You see," said Bernice, "we haven't escaped by being cowardly and running away!"

"Cowardly, dear child!" Cordova broke in. "*You* haven't been that; you've been exceedingly brave!"

She laughed a little and patted his hand. They *were* happy, it was true; but their happiness had cost them dearly enough to make them no longer afraid of realities.

"I mean," said she, "that we haven't solved the problem by running away."

"But even if we had—" said Cordova.

"Yes"—she took it up—"even if we *had* solved it for ourselves, here's Sonny. We couldn't solve it for *him*. He can't go on living here all his life." She drew the boy closer into the curve of her arm. "He must go into the world some day."

"Well," said Cordova, half playfully, "Sonny will solve it for everybody, eh?"

"It's the only way he will ever solve it for himself," said Bernice. . . .

Four years have passed since that night, and I often think of those three out there in the quiet and beauty and peace; but always the vision ends with the four of us there in the twilight, and those prophetic words of Bernice:

"It's the only way he will ever solve it for himself!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE LION'S MOUTH

THE SHIFTED STANDARD

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

"ARE you too busy to hear me run through the plot?" asked Novella.

The Editor was in his normal condition. The study fire, instead of being the emblem of relaxation that it seemed, was egging him on to see entirely new side-lights on his work. He had listened to Novella all her life, however, and habits of thought are harder to change than political boundaries, as recent happenings abundantly demonstrate.

"It begins just before the hero is born."

"Can't we skip twenty years?" pleaded the Editor. "They generally disagree with me raw."

"Very well, I'll skip nineteen. If he is old enough to fight he is old enough to have love-affairs," declared Novella, dogmatically. "He strolls around with a girl—just girl, you know, angel-idiot type, all the virtues, does decorative-art things—that kind. I think that I sha'n't let her kiss him; the bloom, you know, is so important."

"Oh, preserve her bloom by all means."

"*His* bloom, silly. Of course this affair is merely tentative."

"Why? She seems so suitable," grieved the Editor.

Novella fixed him with patient contempt. "If we wasted him on a girl like that he'd never be anything but a successful leading citizen. They quarrel because she wants to devote herself to her invalid mother, and he is all for love and mother well lost. That's so modern, isn't it? Think of the watchful waiting of the old-fashioned suitor. Then the real woman comes."

The Editor involuntarily straightened his eyebrows, shoulders, and tie.

"She is quite old, about twenty-five, and world-weary. She has every fault except a genius for living. She is music to hear, but won't play; and interpretation to watch, but doesn't dance. And when a poem is seething under the ice that coats the volcano she doesn't squander it in words—she lives!"

The Editor blinked; the glare was blinding. "He falls in love with her?"

"What's more, he ought to fall in love with her. She's so—developing. The other was one of these but-for-the-grace-of-God women, don't you know. I forgot to say that he is perfectly beautiful and innocent."

"Do I understand that he had been in the army?" queried the Editor, impulsively.

"Certainly. He had had a careful mother and a most particular top sergeant. If you read the newspapers properly you would know that our army led the sheltered life. Well, he wants to marry the woman, but she declines because she is afraid that he will outgrow her. She has the Higher Ethics, you see, so she offers to be his wife in all—but name only," explained Novella, without blinking an eyelash.

The Editor again blinked several. "My dear child!"

"That's so modern, isn't it? You know how they do heroines nowadays, don't you? The author says, 'Now how would a spirited young man with an artistic conscience, if any, behave in this situation?' Then he goes ahead."

The Editor had suspected it. "But the beautiful, innocent young hero?"

"He is scandalized. He walks the streets all night, his mind a chaos. Then at dawn he sees candles shining through the door of a church; you know how they

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

beckon. He slips in and goes to sleep in a pew."

"Natural touch," conceded the Editor.

"When he wakes a pageant is going on in the chancel. Little girls in white, deliciously awkward, like rows of freesias that won't keep the row. The faulty beauty of it pierces his heart. The divine *gaucherie* of nature, don't you know, the absolutely right wrongness of it." A sudden mist surprised Novella's intelligent eyes. "Anyhow, the way he feels is perfectly beautiful. I haven't worked up that bit yet; I'm waiting for a moon. It decides him."

"To refuse. Thank Heaven," sighed the Editor, much relieved.

"*No.* To accept, goose. He understands at last that there is only one virtue and that is tolerance; that the lesson of life is not to be fastidious. That's so modern, isn't it? He flies to her. It is still very early; he finds her—"

"At breakfast," decided the Editor, sternly.

"He throws himself on her shoulder and says, 'My woman, my only, I will reform you!'"

The Editor said nothing. Novella rose, stuffed her papers into a thoroughly modern muff, and held out an absurd hand. "I must run now. I'll send you the manuscript in a couple of weeks. I'm a Junior now, you know, so I haven't any too much time. Thank you *so* much for liking it. Good-by."

After a pause in which his wits seemed to settle the Editor pursued the spiral of faint orris out into the hall. "But Novella," he hissed into the well of the staircase, "Novella, what about his bloom—the bloom that was so important?"

"Oh yes," floated the joyous voice from below, "that was what we were saving it for."

When the story arrived the Editor with deep misgiving sent it down the ways.

It had an enormous success.

SAMPLES

BY PIERCE O'KEEFE

THIS should more properly have been called "A Vision of the Future," for it is concerned with a dream, a bad dream, which comes to me now and then. In it I foresee a time when "efficiency methods" shall have achieved control of the work of writing articles and essays for the magazines. Editors will no longer edit magazines; they will "assemble" them out of standardized parts. Here are specimens of some of those parts as I seemed to see them in my dream.

Intimate Travel Article:

WE DISCOVER RUSTI

It was the Artist who had first discovered it. He had spent a blissful week there in the days before the war, lounging on the plaza of the town's tiny seraglio, watching the sun set behind the hills, or sketching the local beauties—*belladonnas*, as the patois has it—in their picturesque, many-colored pimientos. And now, with the coming of peace, he was going back there, having persuaded us—the Osteopath and myself—to bear him company.

Dawn was just breaking as we left the crawling mountain train at Rusti. We had traveled all night, and, in spite of the constant ministrations of the Osteopath, we were a weary trio as we emerged upon the deserted platform. But a glance at the scenery put all thoughts of fatigue from our minds. We were in the midst of a perfect natural amphitheater, surrounded by mountains which soared upward, five, ten, fifteen, twenty, yes, a hundred thousand feet into the unmitigated blue of the Mediterranean sky. Monte Fiasco, a huge bulk, loomed right ahead of us; Chiaroscuro, a vast mass, growled hard a-starboard. The light increased rapidly. These highest peaks just caught the first rays of the rising sun, but in the valleys all was still dark; for so it is in these regions where daylight-saving is unknown.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The Artist caught his breath. The Osteopath held his. I bated mine.

In a moment we were ourselves again, and, fastening our knapsacks to the Artist's back, we set out along the road which follows the winding course of the little Adagio.

As we walked, the sound of the bullocks being milked came up to us from the pastures below, and the keen morning wind brought the fragrance of the macaroni-groves to our nostrils. All this stimulated our appetites and quickened our footsteps.

The little seraglio was still in the hands of Madame Montessori. She had not forgotten the Artist, and she gave us a breakfast such as only those mountain folk can provide—black coffee, bread blacker than the coffee, and generous plates of asafetida jam made from the berries which grow so luxuriantly on the lower slopes of Monte Fiasco. Refreshed in mind and body, we lay on the plaza gazing out over the tiled roofs and straw hats of the old town. Warm gusts of asafetida (the nux vomica of the ancients) came to us on every breeze. The bullocks lowed, the larks sang, the men swore, and the Adagio tinkled among the reeds. All the drowsy murmur of an Etruscan morning came up to us. We could hear, far off, the noise of a Ford toiling up the slopes of Monte Pistachio. Around us stretched the amphitheater of mountains, rising five, ten, etc. See above. So, we imagined, it must always have been—except for the Ford. For in the days of Nero this had been a walled town, with a water-supply of its own, and a monthly persecution of the one Christian the town could boast of....

The Diplomatic Article:

THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW IN EUROPE

When Bismarck wrote his famous letter to Kirsch on the 14th of May, 1873, he could hardly have foreseen the fate that fifty years hence awaited his most cherished hopes. To all intents and purposes the political structure he had raised was destined to last indefinitely. The Treaty of Vinolia had just been concluded; the Austrian *démarche* was already a *fait accompli*, the *impasse* in the Balkans had yielded to treatment, and the *pourparlers* with the King of Siluria showed that the threatened *risorgimento* in that quarter was a mere *je ne sais quoi*. At home, affairs were even more satisfactory. The Bavarian Diet had dissolved in tears; judicious concessions to the Right and Left had led to their coalescence with the North and South; the Liberals of the Circumference were about to combine with the Conservative Centrists on a policy of aggressive inactivity toward the Peripheral Radicals. Bismarck's policy had been everywhere successful. Well might the grim old Chancellor exclaim in the presence of his creation, "*Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!*"

But it was not to be. To-day his handiwork is not even a memory; it is a suppressed complex. And the question uppermost in all minds is: What of the morrow? And the day after?

The most striking reply yet offered to this question came from the lips of one of the most discerning men in Europe. For many years attaché to the Peruvian embassy in Spitzbergen, and later private secretary to Nastikoff, the then Minister of War, he is *au courant* with the secrets of half the Chancelleries of Europe. He said to me last May, when I met him in Paris: "There is only one European problem. It is this: Who is to have control of the vast chewing-gum deposits of Upper Siluria? Mark my words, whoever gets them will stick to them."

In a moment the whole tortuous course of the negotiations at Paris became clear to me. . . .

The Natural History Article:

A MORNING WITH THE BIRDS

The Connecticut peach crop had just been destroyed for the fifth time that spring when I was awakened one morn-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing by a faint *zeep, zeep, zeep,* outside my window. Hastily slipping on my opera-glasses over my pajamas, I crept to the window. It was as I had guessed. There on the uppermost bough of the apple-tree perched the Flat-footed Upstart, sure harbinger of spring. Soon, I knew, would follow in his train the flocks of chipmunks and the tiny periwinkles, those tireless travelers, flying ten thousand miles to their breeding-ground in the Arctic Circle, beneath the very shadow of the bergs. I gazed long at the delicate articulation of the bill, and watched, fascinated, the new-comer's curious habit of starting up before starting down, which gives to the bird its name.

I have often wondered why so many observers have been misled about this bird's song—if song it may be called. Audubon described it as "a faint *chip, chip, chap.*" Thoreau compared it to the sound of the Jew's harp. John Burroughs renders it "*pip, pip, pee-op,*" "the last note," he says, "rising with a falling inflection." It is not like any of these, being exactly as I have rendered it above.

Breakfast over, I sallied forth to find the nest. My way lay through the old pasturage, and already the Purple Bloodwort was sending forth its slender fronds. Whittier's lines came to my mind:

> The Purple Bloodwort in the dell,
> How fair to see, how sweet to smell.

The wild bees were busy in the Skunk Cabbage, and in a sheltered corner I actually came across a pair of Discarded Ladies' Slippers which had survived the winter.

It was a full hour—an hour which I spent, rapt, listening to the song of the Dusky Pittsburg Warbler (*Dendroica incinerata*), now in the migrating season a thin *cheep, cheep, cheep,* but rising in the molting season to a harsh scream—it was, as I said some time ago, a full hour before I came unexpectedly upon the nest I sought. It was built on the ground, of grass and twigs cunningly fastened together with string and wire and lined with broken glass. The bird has the extraordinary habit of seizing a piece of glass in its beak, flying to a great height, dropping it, and then collecting the fragments, with which it lines its nest. The first act of the young birds on emerging from the shell is to devour these gritty particles; but whether they do so for the same reason that makes a child remove crumbs from its bed or because they enjoy the diet is one of the mysteries of bird lore.

Carefully withdrawing my foot from out of the nest, so as to leave no trace of my presence, I turned homeward well satisfied with those intangible rewards which come to the patient student of our multitudinous bird-life. . . .

The Reconstruction Article:

TOBACCO AND RECONSTRUCTION

Signs are not lacking that the wave of thrift which swept over the country during the last two years is ceasing to sweep. The Garbage Returns for July show a 20-per-cent. increase in the amount of fats. According to the Fall Fashion Plates, the waste line is everywhere rising. The Potato Peeling Curve is also mounting. There is food here—not alone for thought.

This is a serious state of affairs. If it is allowed to continue, the United States will speedily lose its place as a great industrial power. It behooves us to see in what direction economy must be practised. Let us take simply one item and worry it to death.

It is well known that smokers waste one-eighth of every cigarette and one-tenth of every cigar when they throw away the stubs or butts. Consider what this waste amounts to annually in the United States.

The Bureau of Brute Facts in Washington has recently estimated that 50,000,000,000 cigarettes and 5,000,000,000 cigars are smoked annually in the country. By a simple computation we arrive

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

at the amazing result that 7,000,000 pounds of tobacco are wasted every year. This would be sufficient to make a building five times the height of the Woolworth Tower. The stubs, if you could arrange to lay them end to end, would reach from Sandy Hook to the Bight of Benin. If this quantity of tobacco were rolled into one giant cigarette, it would take a hard smoker, smoking continuously, 143 years, 7 months, and 6 days to consume it.

Now let us make a very simple proposal. Let us assume that the manufacturers of tobacco should make cigars three-tenths inch and cigarettes one-fifteenth inch shorter and see what an economy would be effected. The stubs, instead of being wasted, as now, would be smoked to the bitter end. Thus 220,000 men who are now employed in the manufacture of tobacco would be set free to more useful work, provided they could find it; 25,000 acres of land now under tobacco would be available for the culture of string-beans. Even more striking would be the bearing of this proposal upon the match industry. Assuming that the average smoker consumes five average matches in trying to light one average match, and hence ten in lighting a cigarette and twenty in lighting a cigar, one can see at once that the number of matches saved if laid end to end . . .

PROGRESS

BY C. A. BENNETT

THE philosopher was perplexed. In tidying up an accumulation of correspondence he had discovered that in one week he had been asked to support the following movements: the "City Smokeless" Association, an Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign, a Prison Reform Association, a League for the Prevention of International War. All of them appealed to him as one progressive to another, and all of them, of course, were asking for his money. But this last was not the cause of his perplexity. It was a more abstract speculation that brought the puckers to his brow. He read again the reports of two of the associations, then made as if to sweep all four into the waste-paper basket, reconsidered that, and ended by putting them into a pigeon-hole of his desk.

"This habit of reflection is the devil," he thought to himself. "I need a corrective."

But he was wrong. What he really needed was an explosion.

That evening he sought out a practical man and over a quiet dinner unburdened his mind. He told of the four appeals that had come to him, and then went on:

"I know you will wonder why I should have any hesitation in joining all four. Of course, from one point of view, I shouldn't. Less dirt, less sickness, fewer senseless outrages upon human nature in the name of discipline, less war—every one must want to contribute to those ends. Yet, as soon as I examine the principle behind these enterprises I find myself facing an absurdity. Take this business of war, for example. First of all we establish, or passively watch the growth of, nations all of whom propose to themsleves material power as an end, all of them dedicated to the noble task of exploiting the richest portions of the earth's surface. Then a group of people comes along and asks me, in the name of progress, to support a scheme for keeping these untamed national ambitions from ending in that which was inevitable from the start—war. As though one should first collect a number of thieves and then devote one's talents to inventing a device for preventing them from quarreling over the swag. So with these other movements. We build great cities, we pray for more industries and larger factories and increased population; then, having poisoned the atmosphere, we strike a blow for civilization by demanding the elimination of smoke. We first create breeding-grounds for tuberculosis and then form armies to fight the disease. We consent to a system of society and a system of education which generate

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

criminals and then we rack our brains to discover ways of reforming the criminal. And all the time we delude ourselves into the belief that we are making progress!"

The philosopher gave an exclamation of disgust, and the practical man intervened.

"I don't quite see what you're getting at. Don't you believe in progress? Don't you believe we're getting on? Industrialism and internationalism and the suppression of disease—are not all these to the good?"

"Well," was the reply, "*are* we getting on? Why call all this progress? To me it looks more like the method of a drunken man. First he staggers to one side and then gives a compensating stagger to the other. On the whole and in the long run perhaps he manages to keep to the middle of the road—doesn't Emerson say that the voyage of the best ship is a series of tacks?—but does he know where he is going? does he want to go anywhere? Or, put it another way: What we call civilization seems to me like a structure whose equilibrium is daily becoming more perilous. We build out on one side; then we find that makes the thing top-heavy, so we build a projection on the other side to restore the balance. We are past-masters in the art of checks and balances. But, while I admire the ingenuity of the work, I keep asking myself if we know what the building is for."

"Let us get down to brass tacks," said the practical man, using the phrase which quaintly suggests that brass tacks are the bed-rock of every durable argument. "What do you want us to do? Are we to go back to some primitive clamlike way of life, where there are no cities and no machines and no national boundaries?"

"Damned if I know," said the philosopher, irritably. "But I can tell you where I want to go this present minute—to a theater."

They went to a vaudeville performance—an indifferent entertainment, except for one turn. In this an acrobat illustrated his extraordinary skill in many ways, and ended by balancing himself upon his head upon the bar of a trapeze and swinging back and forth in that position the length of the stage. As he swung, his legs and arms swayed beautifully, like long, pliant roots in a stream.

When the philosopher returned to his room he went to his desk and tore up the four appeals with great deliberateness.

"I will *not* join the party of progress," he said, firmly. "To-night I have seen the consummation of the system of checks and balances. I have seen the complete progressive, and *he* was standing on his head!"

THE SPLENDID WORRY

BY HELEN COALE CREW

MY bosom friend and I were discussing the matter of being married, which is not without interest. We had been wondering who said — and when—that love was woman's whole existence, and we laughed up our sleeves and put him down for an Early-Victorian. And then we gave that up and took for a topic "the splendid worry of being married." Chesterton said that, and we agreed with him that marriage was quite worryful and quite splendid.

So many of us marry, and have married from time immemorial, that there exists a world-wide fellow-feeling on the subject, both on the distaff and on the warrior side. My bosom friend and I heaved an understanding sigh and a reminiscent smile. She recalled Dido, who, unsatisfied with the shade of Sychæus, took upon herself the responsibility of Æneas, who worried her to her pyre; and I recalled Cleopatra, who, besides having that trick of unwithered age and infinite variety, must have been a perpetual thorn in the side of her current husband.

Speaking mathematically, (we both agreed) the marriage curve has its crests and troughs as clearly defined as the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

curves of the pulse, and as dependent upon the heart action. Speaking in terms of the loom, it is a more or less enduring fabric, with a warp of underlying principles and instincts to hold the web firmly together, and a woof of humor, tolerance, the desire of joy, the love of laughter, nonsense, vanity, egotism, affection, to make the various changes in the pattern. Humor and tolerance—here are the marriage virtues *par excellence*. Honeymooners have not yet felt the need of them; ex-lovers think they do not exist. But friend wife and friend husband, discovering them to be washable and non-shrinkable, weave them into the matrimonial tissue with generous hand, knotting off worries neatly on the wrong side, and binding the edges raveled by occasional nagging and friction. For if, after tumbling out of infatuation, one is so fortunate as to land upon the plane of friendship, one is well along the road which, though it leads to old age, leads as undeviatingly to "love, obedience, honor, troops of friends." This was the goal which Macbeth saw at last, with poignant regret, to be beyond his reach; and it all came of Lady Macbeth's having an eye to a superabundance of tinsel threads in their mutual weaving. She had more wisely cut them out, for they rust.

Some think a Career a more splendid worry than marriage; others think otherwise; there are many and divers opinions. But each bases his opinion, at bottom, upon that place in marriage where splendor and worry run riot—the nursery. It is when the nursery is empty that a Career beckons. When the nursery is full there's no time to be pulling up the sun and starting the mechanism of the universe, for here is a career of titanic proportions close at hand. Here are shining bubbles that must reflect only heaven, though brought down to earth's level. Here are sphinxes mute with wisdom who must be taught the clogging incumbrance of speech. Here are philosophers who must learn the ways of clowns to earn a living. Here are jesters that must be instructed in prayer. Here are worshipers who must be steered safely through dismal groves of human gods. Here is your Self and my Self in little, from whom you and I must strip off cloudy and unlovely inheritances. Here's worry enough! But oh, what splendor!

THE RETICENCE OF IGNORANCE

BY DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

IS there anything more entertaining than human ignorance and the reticence with which it seeks to conceal itself? Ignorance, wide-spread as it is, everywhere makes evasion or denial of its existence. Why should man be mortified over a universal attribute, or arrogate to himself an omniscience obviously impossible? Yet the effort to deny ignorance is directly in proportion to the extent to which it is present. Only the wise confess without blushes to gaps of information on any subject. Only the initiate fail to assume the fig leaves of complete knowledge of evil as well as of good.

A child asks questions less as if seeking information than as delighting to uncover the ignorance of his victim. His manner shows the candid craft of the oral examiner who propounds unanswerable queries to the candidate, queries which would make uncomfortable boomerangs if turned back toward him. A child will nonchalantly say: "Poof! I know all about that!" even when he hears of a matter for the first time and is rent with curiosity concerning it.

Yet this infantile duplicity is natural and inherited, for do not parents endeavor to surround themselves with an aura of infallibility? What parent enjoys confessing to his offspring that he *doesn't know?* He so loves being regarded as a book of knowledge that he gives wrong answers rather than own to blankness.

And what editorial writer advertises lack of information or admits inability to give offhand advice on world topics?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

What preacher proclaims ignorance rather than conviction of information? And as for teachers, persons paid—though all inadequately—to know things as a profession—are not they the worst of all? Does a young teacher ever acknowledge ignorance if he, or she, can avoid it? Only the wisdom of experience permits of that.

Well do I remember a nightmare I had several years ago. I dreamed that the trustees of the college where I was an instructor in English summoned me before them and told me that for reasons which escape me now—reasons are so lightly passed over in dreams, anyhow! —I was to be made a teacher of the violin.

"But I don't know anything about violin-playing!" I protested, in amaze. "I never even tried to play one."

"We understand that," the chairman replied. "We have arranged for you to take lessons. We plan for you to keep three lessons ahead of your pupils."

As I realized that I hadn't always done that in the teaching of English, I acquiesced in the arrangement, and only the jangle of the alarm-clock saved those violin pupils from being victimized.

Mountain-bred persons are peculiarly sensitive to any imputation of lack of information. When fronted with a fact for the first time, a mountaineer will insist on previous acquaintance, no matter what the topic. I heard the other day of a diverting instance of this.

A woman had employed a young boy from the unlettered hills to do some gardening for her. Fearing he might leave his job, she thought to make things pleasant for him, so she seated herself beside him and talked as he worked. She told him of the proposed transoceanic flight and dilated on the wonders of aviation.

"Have you ever seen an aeroplane?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, planting heavy foot on his spade.

"Where was it?"

"My pa an' me was in Norfolk. We seen an airplane fly over from Germany, with Germans in it."

"Is that so?" she commented, in surprise.

"Yes," he responded, with face as expressionless as the spade. "My pa an' me seen 'em."

"I didn't know the Germans could come over now."

"Yes, my pa an' me seen 'em. They brought influenza germs with 'em. They leaned out o' the airplane an' strowed them germs over the land as they flew. They strowed 'em an' strowed 'em, an' they strowed 'em." He made broad, sweeping gestures with his arms, to show her. "The next day there was a thousand folks sick. An' the next day there was eight hundred folks dead."

"Is it possible?" she murmured.

"Yes; my pa an' me holp bury 'em."

Nonplussed for appropriate answer, she finally came out with, "I think such people as that ought to be hanged!"

"Yes, 'm, they was hung." He dug imperturbably. "My pa an' me holp hang 'em."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

WITHIN a year or so past we took occasion to blame a certain type of English fiction for its complaisance with the life of men and women wrongly living together without apparent shame or sense of sin. We ventured to doubt whether this was a veracious picture of our elder-sister civilization, and we questioned its usefulness even as a study of the ideal. One of the characters who apparently grieved no more than her partner for their transgression, was the daughter of a mother who had erred in her time but who had suffered lasting remorse for her error, and we ventured to doubt whether the daughter's impenitence was not less true to the actual conditions in England. As for the conditions in our own country, they did not come in question at the time, and it is only since reading Judge Robert Grant's studies of *The Law and the Family* that the recognition of our own social faults has contributed to a larger trust of the English realism which we reprobated.

It is true that Judge Grant's view of our society may have been shaped by his knowledge as a probate judge, of the effect of divorce upon the national character. Apparently divorce has become little less frequent than marriage with us, and it seems not much more deleterious. In both the main motive seems to be love, though the course of this popular passion is more circuitous in divorce than in marriage, but Judge Grant's study of it is by no means so cynical as the view which we are falling into in our report of it. He may be somewhat swayed by his larger official experience of the legal human putting asunder of those divinely joined together, but his view of the whole matter is scientific, and, like the other chapters of his very interesting book which relate to feminism—for divorce seems primarily feministic—is past all fiction in the elements of appeal to the intelligent reader. Besides the chapters less directly bearing upon womanhood, such as "Women and Property," "The Third Generation and Invested Property," and "The Perils of Will-making," there are those more entirely devoted to them in "Domestic Relations," "Feminism in Fiction and Real Life," and the "Limits of Feminism Independence and Marriage and Divorce." What it all comes to is the recognition of their influence in our conditions, which seems to have arrived through the prevalence of divorce. If this view of the case is the result of a probate judge's involuntary familiarity with divorce, it seems chiefly through divorce that woman "realizes that she has renounced the static condition of slave, drudge, parasite, plaything," and is "experimenting with herself and with man—experimenting with a vengeance, in our democratic hope of providing a living wage for everybody, abolishing the double standard of morals, and putting an end to war. When women talk of inequality to-day it will generally be found that what they have in mind is the sex relation." Nearly all the fiction in novels and plays he thinks has dealt with it "because of a lurking growth in the feminine mind that the sexual relations may be casual without detriment to the eternal scheme of things." Motherhood outside of marriage may be intentional from the love of it, as in an instance he cites, and there may be a woman who gives herself to it without shame or the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sense of sin or the intention of continuing in her relation with the chosen father of her child.

It is a rather revolting instance, but if our civilization is passing to the rule of a renewed matriarchy, it may not be the most revolting instance of that condition. Such a fact must go far to reconcile criticism to the fiction which we reprobated as an improbable report of English conditions, and it is interesting as a proof of the entire abeyance in New England to the tendency of the strongest feeling and sentiment.

Mr. Brooks Adams, in his *Emancipation of Massachusetts*, has invoked anew our sense of the awfulness of the Puritan ministers in dealing with Antinomianism, Quakerism, Witchcraft, and other unpuritanic question of their right to worship God after their exclusive opinions. They did not go so far as Torquemada or Simon de Montfort, but they went as far as they could, and this was such a long way as banishing Ann Hutchinson and sending her into the wilderness to be killed by the Indians, and whipping Quaker women on their naked backs from town to town, in the freezing winter weather, not to name frequent exile when exile meant scarcely less than death. The ministers were men of strong convictions and relentless consciences, and they would have made short work of the convictions of the equal suffragists whom Mr. Adams himself, indeed, would not willingly suffer to prevail, as Judge Grant forebodes in the body politic.

It is apparently through his official acquaintance with the increase of divorce that this jurist so tolerantly studies the different phases of feminism, which we understand him to regard not as a political advance or an effect of suffragistic opinion, but as the triumph of women's endeavors for personal freedom in the thing nearest her heart. The desire to "live her own life" has its effect in raising her to a selfish supremacy as yet unequalified by those endeavors for moral reform which the friends of her political equality had promised themselves from her. These had hoped that woman's suffrage would, for instance, immediately involve the endeavor to rid civilization of the social evil which neither science nor religion had hitherto availed against. But apparently there has been no generally concerted movement against this horror; women's rule has left this where it found it, or where men's rule had kept it from the beginning of time. What we see is a constant extension of divorce; but whether divorce is a sin in itself, or only a sin against marriage, or against the family, there is no more proof than woman's enjoyment of her greater freedom through its extension as a gift from men or a spoil of her increasing power. One sees more and more divorced people who are often remarried, but in their behavior they do not seem different from people married "of the first intention," as used to be said of the healing of surgical wounds. They are sometimes husbands and wives of repeated remarriages, but one would not surmise the fact from meeting them in society; one might like to find them more obvious than they are, but one does not; and how far the feminine parties to divorce will characterize the feministic rule there is no saying; one had better not try saying; and one learns nothing very different by inquiring into the history of feminine rule in former ages.

Just what the primitive form of feministic predominance through the civic and domestic state known as matriarchy was, the student will not rashly decide. It seems to have established women in a certain supremacy through her uncertain hold upon the father of the children left to her through her impermanent relation with him. Whether something like it may return through the general theory and practice of the young woman whom Judge Grant instances as desiring motherhood so much more than marriage that she preferred to dispense with that means altogether, is very doubtful. Her example

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

is revolting rather than inviting to the imagination, and one rather prefers that the reign of feminism should not involve it. There is no reason why it should, in fact; and the supposition of it offers a gratuitous insult to that ideal. This has been realized through what may be a lingering effect of that allegiance which the sons of men feel that they owe to the mothers of men. Every step toward the independence of woman has been taken with the help of men and she has been established in her supremacy, if she is now supreme, by the loyalty of her sons and brothers, and even husbands. She has been established by these in property rights equal with theirs, as the reader shall learn to his advantage from Judge Grant's interesting book, and if her desire to "live her life" has liberated her from the bonds of matrimony by well-nigh unlimited divorce, she can always say that the men began it. Whether this is entirely true or not, who can tell? Who can tell whether free divorce is an evil or not? Has it been tried long enough to authorize a general opinion on the point such as exists concerning marriage? It has not been generally held that marriage is an evil; if it is, the remedy is almost freely at hand, and if divorce will not satisfy there is always the safeguard of remarriage with some untried partner, or even the husband who has once failed to help the wife "live her life," and who may not yet have experimented in living his own.

Feminism, whether it is a return to something like matriarchy or not, has at least freed itself from the color of "funniness" which it began with. Possibly its political apotheosis has arrived partly through the American man's sense of humor; it has "made him mad" at some moments in the past, but at more moments it has made him laugh. It has struck him as something incomparably droll; even the men who advocated it have seemed as "funny" as the women who demanded it. The swift changes of opinion which women were subject to were as delightfully funny to him as if he had never himself been of more than one mind. The women who in the day of our pacifism used to sing, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier," seemed to him deliciously inadequate to the situation, but it must be owned that in their swift conformity to all the demands of the hour when the boys they had "raised" became soldiers, the mothers' heroic self-devotion lost all tint of absurdity. Now that feminism is to be put to the dry, commonplace tests of civil life it will be seen whether its supremacy will be as "funny" as women's endeavor for equality was. When their failures, selfish or unselfish, begin to work the mischief which men's mistakes have wrought we shall hardly laugh; they will not seem so "funny" as their struggle for power used to seem. If they show that they know how to rule us for our good, as they sometimes have shown in their immemorial quality as wives and mothers, we shall not necessarily smile at our submission to a phase of perfected matriarchy. Some of our feminist rulers, especially those "not over thirty," may call to our faces the derision of other times by their preposterous hats and impossible heels; but the ruling majority among our women rulers will sober us by the good sense and dignity which they will bring to the work of managing a world which many men now freely confess that men have "made a mess of."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE BANDICOOT

BY M. LA PRADE

THE Bandicoot's a lucky brute,
A lucky brute indeed!
He drinks strong tea of Arrow Root
And coriander seed.

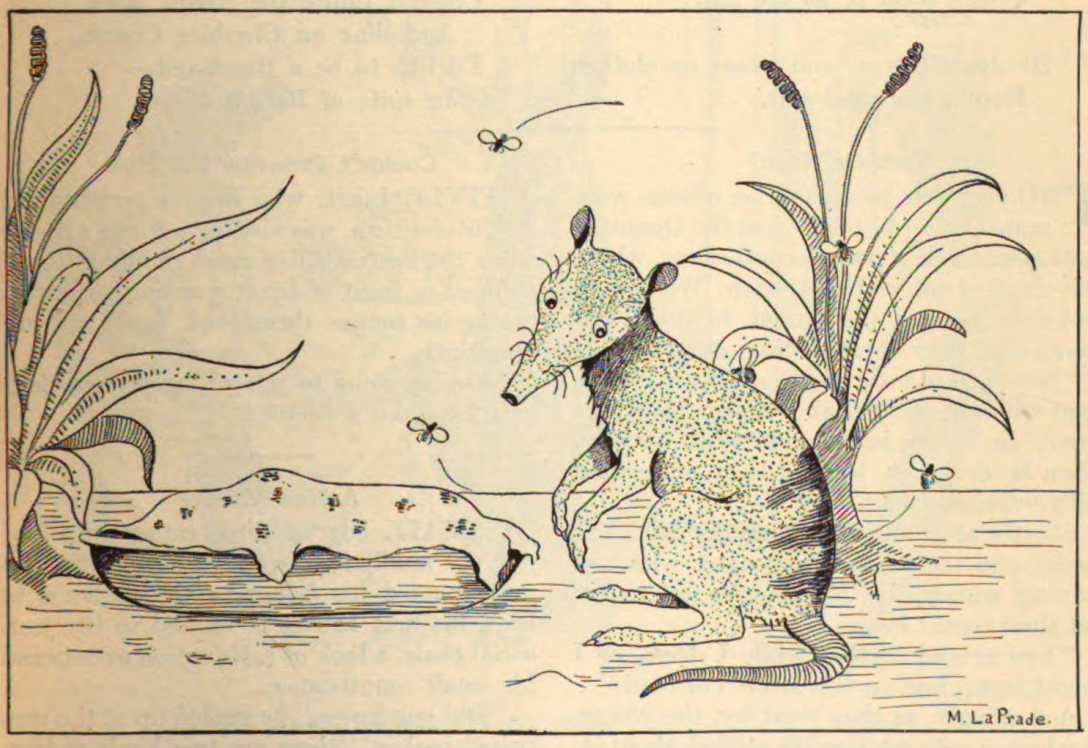
He skins and dries bluebottle flies
And salts them down in brine,
Then bakes them into custard pies
On which he's wont to dine.

He makes his lair most anywhere
In the Antipodes.
His one concern, to keep his hair
Devoid of Rabbit Fleas.

Day in and out he hops about
From Palmerston to Perth
In search of ants, and pokes his snout
Into the loamy earth.

For, well aware a bill of fare
Of ants is luscious food,
He doesn't care if people stare
And think his manners crude.

The Bandicoot is most astute,
It cannot be denied.
He doesn't wish to evolute
And be dissatisfied.



THEN BAKES THEM INTO CUSTARD PIES ON WHICH HE'S WONT TO DINE

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



HE DOESN'T CARE IF PEOPLE STARE AND THINK HIS MANNERS CRUDE

He wouldn't be like you and me,
Who feel that we have got
To try to look like "Somebodee"—
Which most of us are not.

He doesn't pose, and wears no clothes
Except his natal suit,
So every one who sees him knows
He's just a Bandicoot.

Could I dilute the Arrow Root
And dine on Cheshire Cheese,
I'd like to be a Bandicoot—
In spite of Rabbit Fleas.

Verb Or Noun?

TWO very new young marine officers were motoring up to town from the Quantico station when they passed another car, whose driver called out to them to stop. When they had done so they discovered, to their consternation, their commanding officer.

"Never pass your superior officer on the road without saluting and saying, 'By your leave, sir,'" he instructed them, sternly. Then he drove on, leaving them suffocated with embarrassment.

Shortly after they overtook the other car again, and the second lieutenant, who was driving, admonished his comrade not to forget their recent lesson.

"You attend to that while I drive, or I might bump him on this stretch of road."

Accordingly, as they went by, the youngster leaned out and, terribly rattled, shouted:

"We—we—leave—you behind, sir!"

Couldn't Prescribe For Him

LITTLE Janet, who is of a serious and literal turn, was visiting a friend's house when the hostess's dog came running in and stopped in front of Janet, panting violently. Seeing his tongue thrust out, Janet gravely remarked:

"You've come to the wrong person, doggie; I am not a doctor."

A New Variety

A SMALL boy of three rather surprised his family by the alacrity with which he accompanied his father to the barber's to have his first hair-cut. Seated in the tonsorial chair, a look of satisfaction overspread his small countenance.

"Did you know," he smiled up at the surprised barber, "there are two kinds of baa-baas? One is a sheep, and then there's you."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

No Wish-Bone

A SOLDIER was in the hospital with a fractured thigh, and a weight had been attached to one leg to prevent its becoming shorter than the other. Under the doctor's direction, one orderly took the patient by the leg and another by the shoulders and pulled the fracture into position. With the cold sweat of agony on his brow, the sufferer looked up and remarked:

"If you can't decide which one is entitled to have me, couldn't you toss up for it?"

Nothing Serious

APPLICANTS for positions under the municipal government of a certain Western town are obliged to undergo a physical examination. During such an examination of one candidate the physician put to him this question:

"What did your grandfather die of?"

"I can't say that I remember," the applicant hastened to reply, "but I know it was nothing serious."

Hygiene in the Animal Kingdom

LITTLE Janet's mother was an enthusiast for hygiene, and Janet from her very birth had of course heard much of sanitation.

One afternoon, as the cat and its kittens were playing in the nursery, Janet discovered something that alarmed her.

"Mother," said she, as she pointed to the mother tabby, "don't you think that it is very unsanitary for the cat to pick up her kittens in her mouth?"

A Difficult Query

LITTLE Albert. who, being of a philosophical turn, is likewise consumed with curiosity concerning things in general, seemed lost in thought when his mother entered the nursery.

"Mother," he asked, "is it true that we are made of dust?"

"Yes, dearie, that's what we are taught."

"Then, mother," continued Albert, "how is it that we don't get muddy when we drink?"



"It's very pretty. Where did you get it?"
"I won it at the bridge given by the Society for Converting the Heathen. I held such wonderful hands I didn't have to cheat once"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"Why are you so stuck up?"
"I got a right to be. My father's been on strike more'n anybody else on this street"

He Knew

AMONG the regular visitants to the consulting-room of a Philadelphia physician is an elderly extremely garrulous lady. On one occasion the doctor had patiently endured a lengthy recital of her troubles and had written out a new prescription. She got up to leave and was about to pass the threshold when suddenly she turned and said:

"But, doctor, you haven't looked to see whether my tongue was coated."

"My dear lady," wearily replied the physician, "one doesn't look for grass on a racetrack."

Pride Unjustified

LITTLE Ethel seeing a turkey-gobbler for the first time stood and looked at him in wonder. When her mother asked, "Well, what do you think of Mr. Turkey Gobbler?" Ethel replied:

"I think he is a very ugly thing—such a long neck, with his tonsils on the outside, and all swelled up at that."

Inquisitive Isabel

FATHER was particularly tired that evening, so he was not as patient as usual with the questioning of his eight-year-old Isabel. After he had answered a number of questions as well as he could, she finally flung this one at him:

"Dad, what do you do at the office all day long?"

It was at this point that dad's patience became exhausted.

"Oh, nothing," said he, with a sigh.

A few moments were spent by Isabel in pondering upon this answer. Then she returned cheerfully to the inquisition thus:

"But how do you know when you have finished?"

In Commercial Terms

THE Reverend Doctor Blank enjoys a well-deserved reputation in a Southwestern city for a certain agility of spirit which sometimes crystallizes into epigram. At a ministerial meeting in his city the conversation turned on a recent religious work which had excited considerable comment over the country. Doctor Blank ventured to criticize it mildly, whereupon a devout colleague hotly took up the cudgels in its defense.

"I tell you," he cried, "that book bears the marks of having been dictated by the Holy Spirit Himself."

"That may be," said the doctor, quietly, "but I have often read well-meant human interpretations of the divine message which might correctly carry the notation I sometimes see on business letters, 'Dictated but not read.'"

Mathematics Up To Date

LITTLE GIRL: "Four and six are eighteen."

TEACHER: "Eighteen! It was only ten yesterday."

LITTLE GIRL: "Yes, that was yesterday, but it has gone up since."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Home Touches

THEY had returned from the honeymoon and were settled in their very new flat. Dinner was over, and they sat in warm content before the cozy wood fire.

"We were very lucky," he said, "to get so many presents that we could really use; there are scarcely any 'left-overs' or 'don't-wants.'"

"Yes," she replied, "and the checks came in so handy for the plain, necessary things, but"—and here she hesitated, and looked about her critically—"but it isn't *quite* right yet." And with puckered brow she pondered awhile, until a bright thought lighted her face. "It needs a few home touches."

"You're dead right," he cried. "Wait a minute." And he dashed excitedly out of the room, soon returning with arms full. "These Samoan mats—they will look so well on the walls—how lucky no one gave us any pictures! And this embroidered Peruvian sash will lighten up the lounge. Aren't the little figures cunning?" And he spread the long embroidered strip on the back of the sofa.

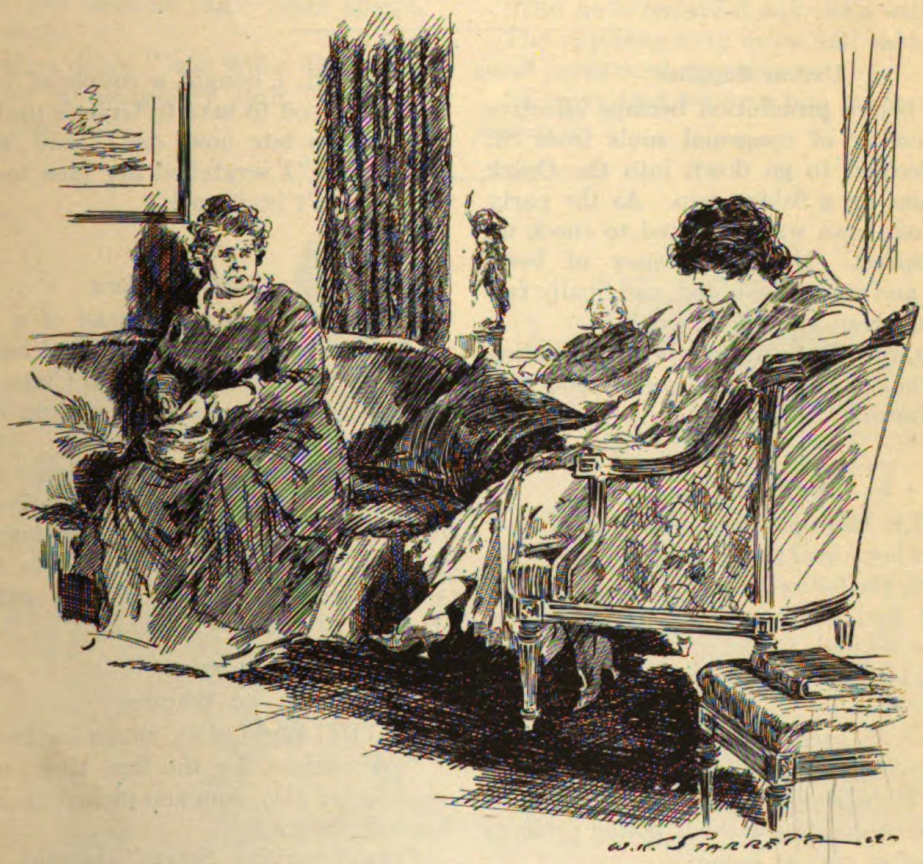
"Lovely!" she exclaimed, "and this Italian cutwork on that little table with the old Dutch brass will look sweet."

"We can put the Guatemalan weaving on the piano, and hang that Chinese square with the storks over the mantelpiece," he said.

"And this piece of Spanish brocade on the mantelpiece, with the Sèvres vases and the French clock," she added, suiting the action to the word.

"These Japanese cushions look fine on those big arm-chairs, and the ivory elephant I got in India can stand on the bookcase, and that basket from Ecuador beside my desk, with this little Russian enamel ash-tray on the teakwood table in the corner."

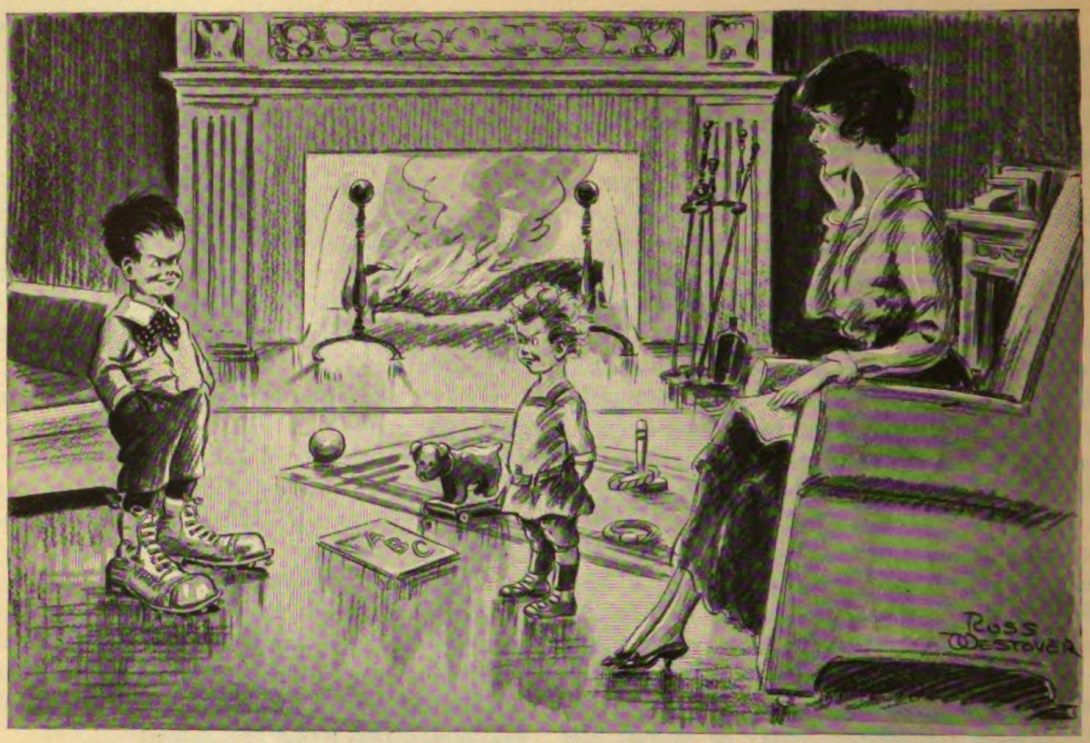
"And now," she said, with a happy sigh, laying a silvered Egyptian scarf on her shoulders as she sank into the fan-backed Philippine chair, and thrust her toes on the old English fender while he lighted a fragrant Havana, "this looks like home!"



MOTHER: "*If you want to ask father for money to buy a hat, I advise you to wait till he's in good humor*"

DAUGHTER: "*But, mother dear, by that time it will probably be out of style*"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



How it seems when the neighbor's boy walks in his new shoes on your hardwood floor

---

Useless Supplies

JUST before prohibition became effective a number of congenial souls from St. Louis decided to go down into the Ozark Mountains on a fishing trip. As the party started one man was delegated to check up the supplies. Numerous cases of beer, whisky, and wine were noted, and finally two loaves of bread were discovered.

"Men, men!" exclaimed the investigating one, "what on earth are we going to do with all this bread?"

Social Strategy

LITTLE Mildred announced to her father that her friend Grace was to give a birthday party the following week, to which event Mildred had every reason to believe she would be invited.

"And I've got to take her a present," she added.

"Present!" exclaimed the father, who had just been wrestling with his income-tax return. "It's always something. If you can't be invited to parties without taking presents you'd better stay at home."

Mildred made no reply. The next day her father, regretting his hasty words to his unhappy-looking daughter, said:

"Mildred, I bought a couple of boxes of things for you to take to Grace's party."

"It's too late now, dad," said Mildred, gloomily. "I scratched her face to-day so she wouldn't invite me."

Civilizing Clara

MORE than once the head of a certain Pennsylvania household had had occasion to rebuke his ten-year-old Clara for her excessive eagerness to begin her dinner before grace had been said.

Finally he determined to teach her a lesson in the presence of friends and relatives. So, in his usual formula, he included this:

"And for what we are about to receive, and for what Clara has already eaten, do Thou make us truly thankful."

A Warning

A LITTLE girl of six, returning from Sunday-school for the first time, went at once to her playroom and picked up her own toy-telephone.

"Good morning, Satan," she said. "I just wanted to tell you that, now that I've started going to Sunday-school, you can just keep off this wire."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A New Dish

DENNIS, on a trip to South America, came across a very pretty Spanish parrot, which he bought and shipped to his old friend Maguire as a pleasant surprise. Upon arriving home he called on his friend, and among the first questions he asked was:

"Well, Marty, did ye get th' fine parrot I sent yer?"

"I did that, Dinny, an' I want to tell ye that I never put me teeth into a tougher bird in me life!"

Willy's Mathematics

"WILLY," said the teacher, "if one banana costs three cents, how much will a dozen cost?"

Willy hesitated, then gave it up.

"Well, do you suppose you could figure it out if we were to play store?"

Willy thought it possible, and was induced to enter the make-believe market and address the clerk:

"Have you any good bananas to-day?"

"Some fine ones at three cents apiece," was the reply.

"I'll take a dozen," said Willy, digging into his pocket for imaginary cash, "and how much 'll that be?"

There's a Reason

A SMALL boy and girl were each striving to outdo the other in an argument, and, in spite of her endeavors, he was winning. Then inspiration came.

"Well, anyway, my father's taller'n yours," she asserted, triumphantly.

He dug his toes in the sand. Undoubtedly, his father was a very small man. Suddenly he straightened. A look of triumph flashed from his eyes.

"Humph! My father 'u'd be twice as tall as yours, but his s'penders hold him down."

A Novel Motion

THE committee had assembled in a small country town to discuss whether the librarian in charge of the town library should be retained in office. Those desirous of getting rid of him used as their argument against him that he was untidy about himself and the books which he handled. One woman arose and emphatically declared him to be a dirty man, whereupon a second sister on the committee arose and said:

"But he is beautiful and clean within."

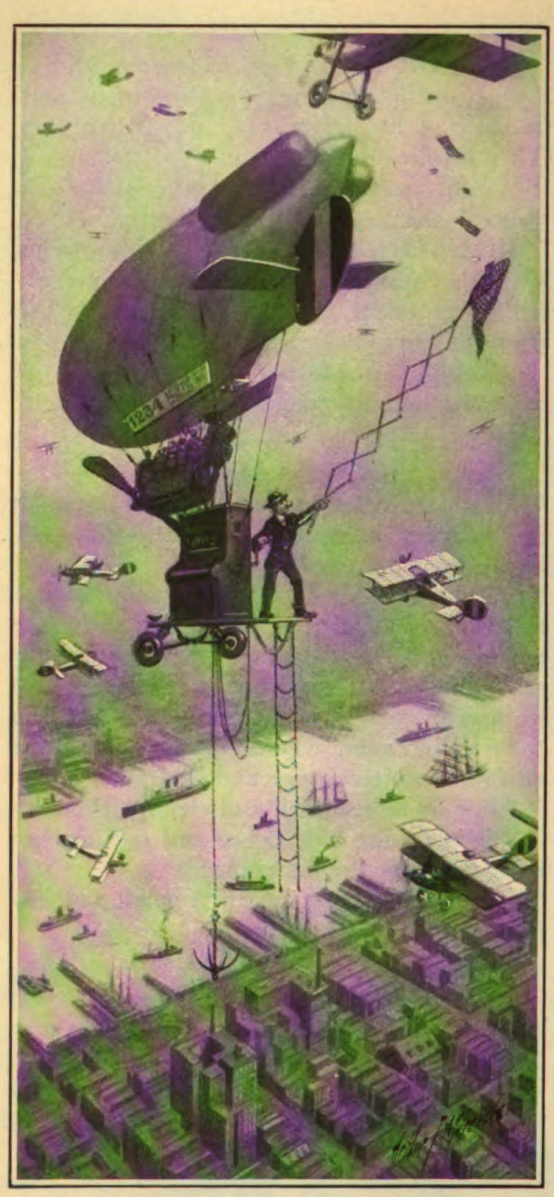
The opposing lady arose and said, in her most parliamentary manner:

"I move that we turn him inside out immediately."



"A Sabbath Day's Journey"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



The first enterprising organ-grinder will reap a harvest

Easier to Live With

THE door closed behind an irate neighbor who had come to complain regarding certain of Tommy's shortcomings. A few moments later, as he was tearfully preparing for a prematurely early bedtime, he called down:

"I wish we lived in heaven, mother."

His mother hastened up-stairs, demanding to know the cause of his sudden aspiration toward better things.

"Oh, well," he sighed, "you know God wouldn't be half as hard to please as the neighbors are."

The Fatal Favor

DENNY was suffering from a severe cold and a friend sympathetically inquired how he had managed to catch it.

"It's all through the bad faith of a friend that I was tryin' to do a neighborly turn for," Denny replied. "It was like this, do you mind. I meets Oswald, who was enjoyin' a peach of a case of the blues. 'Will you do me a favor?' he asks. 'I will,' I says. 'I'm going to commit self-suicide,' says he, 'and it's ag'in' my conscience and religion, but I've thought of a way. I'll go stand at the lakeside with me back toward you, and you come runnin' like mad, knock against me, and bump me in the water. Do you see? In that way I can get drowned and I won't be committin' suicide and you will be doin' me a favor.'

"I was for arguin', but I thinks to myself, if I can do the felly a favor and save his soul, besides, for him, I ought to do it—and I did.

"He stands by the lake just as we agreed. I goes back about a block to get a good runnin' start, puts on full steam, and go crashin' into where he's standin'!"

"Yes, and then?" eagerly asked the friend, as he stopped.

"The dam' Dutchman had changed his mind, and he stepped aside as I reached him and I couldn't stop."

Mass. and Mass

A MOST verdant preparatory student stood up to recite his history lesson. It dealt with the work of the good Father Marquette in the New World, and he ended it with a flourish by saying:

"And at this great gathering of the tribes Father Marquette said Massachusetts before a thousand Indians."

Seeking Divine Aid

MOTHER had just prepared Paulina for bed and the child was kneeling to say her prayers.

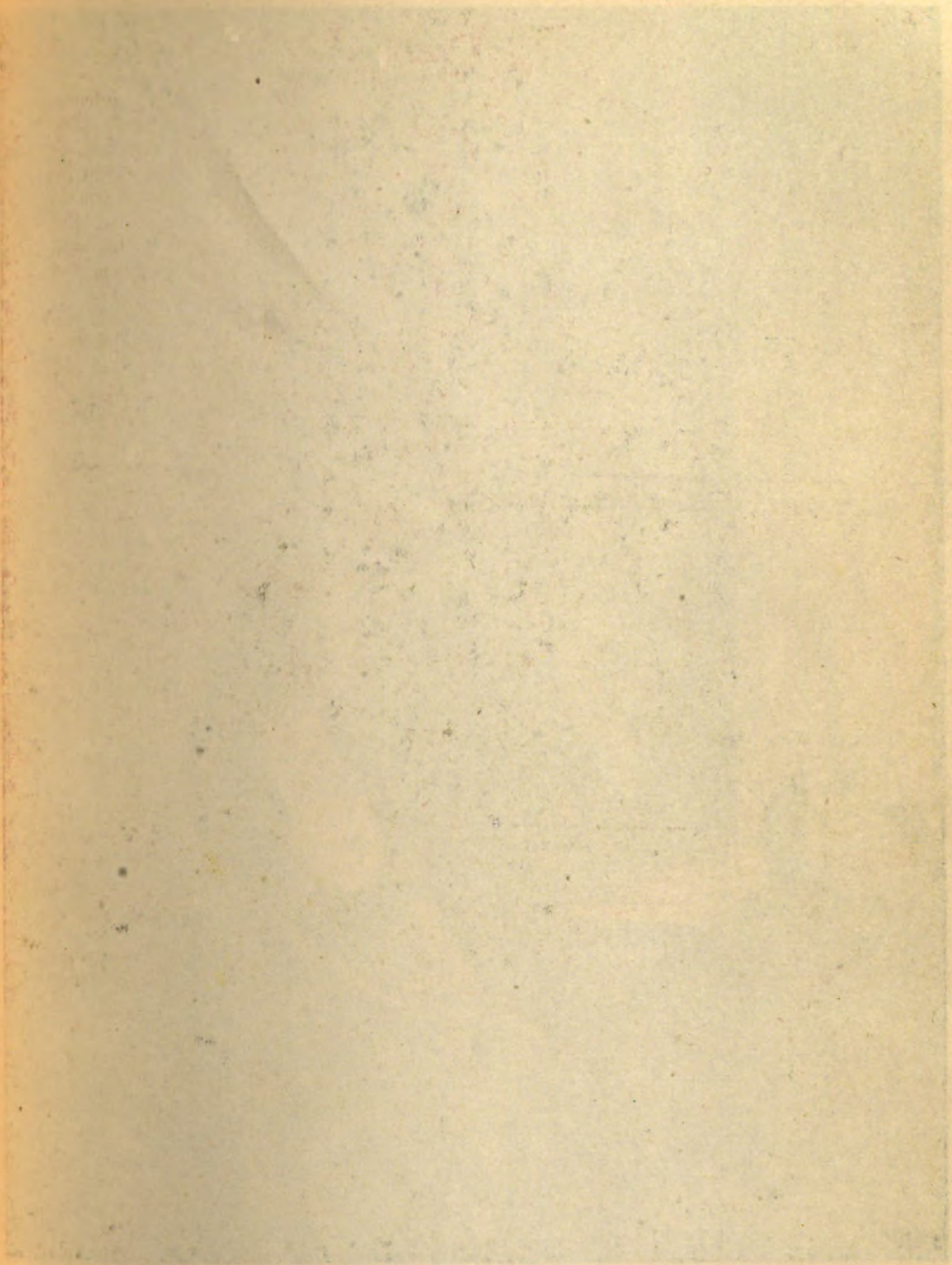
"And, God," she pleaded, earnestly, "please make Baltimore the capital of Maryland."

"Why," exclaimed mother, in astonishment, "why do you say that, Paulina?"

Paulina jumped into bed, waiting until she had explained:

"Because I made it that way in my examination paper, and I must have it right."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by P. A. Carter Illustration for "Tropic Frogs"

"AH!" SHE THOUGHT, "THE SNOW BLOWING IN MY FACE WILL BRING BACK THE COLOR!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXL APRIL, 1920 NO. DCCCXXXIX



THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

I.—THE FACE IN THE TARGET

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

This is the first of a series of detective stories which Mr. Chesterton is writing for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. *The protagonist in these adventures is an oddly original character, as the title of the series implies, and it is to be hoped that his exploits will prove a diverting feature of the Magazine during the current year. Owing to Mr. Chesterton's absence in the Far East, and the irregularity of the mails, it may not be possible to publish the stories in consecutive issues of the Magazine.*—THE EDITOR.

HAROLD MARCH, the rising reviewer and social critic, was walking vigorously across a great tableland of moors and commons, the horizon of which was fringed with the far-off woods of the famous estate of Torwood Park. He was a good-looking young man in tweeds, with very pale curly hair and pale clear eyes. Walking in wind and sun in the very landscape of liberty, he was still young enough to remember his politics and not merely try to forget them. For his errand at Torwood Park was a political one; it was the place of appointment named by no less a person than the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Howard Horne, then introducing his so-called Socialist Budget, and prepared to expound it in an interview with so promising a penman. Harold March was the sort of man who knows everything about politics, and nothing about politicians. He also knew a great deal about art, letters, philosophy, and general culture; about almost everything, indeed, except the world he was living in.

Abruptly, in the middle of those sunny and windy flats, he came upon a sort of cleft almost narrow enough to be called a crack in the land. It was just large enough to be the water-course for a small stream which vanished at intervals under green tunnels of undergrowth, as if in a dwarfish forest. Indeed, he had an odd feeling as if he were a giant looking over the valley of the pygmies. When he dropped into the hollow, however, the impression was lost; the rocky banks, though hardly above the height of a cottage, hung over and had the profile of a precipice. As he began to wander down the course of the stream, in idle but romantic curiosity, and saw the water shining in short strips between the great gray boulders and bushes as soft as great green mosses, he fell into quite an opposite vein of fantasy. It was rather as if the earth had opened and swallowed him into a sort of underworld of dreams. And when he became conscious of a human figure dark against the silver stream, sitting on a

Copyright, 1920, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

large boulder and looking rather like a large bird, it was perhaps with some of the premonitions proper to a man who meets the strangest friendship of his life.

The man was apparently fishing; or at least was fixed in a fisherman's attitude with more than a fisherman's immobility. March was able to examine the man almost as if he had been a statue for some minutes before the statue spoke. He was a tall, fair man, cadaverous, and a little lackadaisical, with heavy eyelids and a high-bridged nose. When his face was shaded with his wide white hat, his light mustache and lithe figure gave him a look of youth. But the Panama lay on the moss beside him; and the spectator could see that his brow was prematurely bald; and this, combined with a certain hollowness about the eyes, had an air of headwork and even headache. But the most curious thing about him, realized after a short scrutiny, was that, though he looked like a fisherman, he was not fishing.

He was holding, instead of a rod, something that might have been a landing-net which some fishermen use, but which was much more like the ordinary toy net which children carry, and which they generally use indifferently for shrimps or butterflies. He was dipping this into the water at intervals, gravely regarding its harvest of weed or mud, and emptying it out again.

"No, I haven't caught anything," he remarked, calmly, as if answering an unspoken query. "When I do I have to throw it back again; especially the big fish. But some of the little beasts interest me when I get 'em."

"A scientific interest, I suppose?" observed March.

"Of a rather amateurish sort, I fear," answered the strange fisherman. "I have a sort of hobby about what they call phenomena of phosphorescence. But it would be rather awkward to go about in society crying stinking fish."

"I suppose it would," said March, with a smile.

"Rather odd to enter a drawing-room carrying a large luminous cod," continued the stranger, in his listless way. "How quaint it would be if one could carry it about like a lantern, or have little sprats for candles. Some of the sea-beasts would really be very pretty like lamp-shades; the blue sea-snail that glitters all over like starlight; and some of the red starfish really shine like red stars. But, naturally, I'm not looking for them here."

March thought of asking him what he was looking for; but, feeling unequal to a technical discussion at least as deep as the deep-sea fishes, he returned to more ordinary topics.

"Delightful sort of hole this is," he said. "This little dell and river here. It's like those places Stevenson talks about, where something ought to happen."

"I know," answered the other. "I think it's because the place itself, so to speak, seems to happen and not merely to exist. Perhaps that's what old Picasso and some of the cubists are trying to express by angles and jagged lines. Look at that wall like low cliffs that juts forward just at right angles to the slope of turf sweeping up to it. That's like a silent collision. It's like a breaker and the back-wash of a wave."

March looked at the low-browed crag overhanging the green slope and nodded. He was interested in a man who turned so easily from the technicalities of science to those of art; and asked him if he admired the new angular artists.

"As I feel it, the cubists are not cubist enough," replied the stranger. "I mean they're not thick enough. By making things mathematical they make them thin. Take the living lines out of that landscape, simplify it to a right angle, and you flatten it out to a mere diagram on paper. Diagrams have their own beauty; but it is of just the other sort. They stand for the unalterable things; the calm, eternal, mathematical sort of truths; what somebody calls the 'white radiance of'—"

He stopped, and before the next word

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

came something had happened almost too quickly and completely to be realized. From behind the overhanging rock came a noise and rush like that of a railway train; and a great motor-car appeared. It topped the crest of cliff, black against the sun, like a battle-chariot rushing to destruction in some wild epic. March automatically put out his hand in one futile gesture, as if to catch a falling tea-cup in a drawing-room.

For the fraction of a flash it seemed to leave the ledge of rock like a flying-ship; then the very sky seemed to turn over like a wheel, and it lay a ruin amid the tall grasses below, a line of gray smoke going up slowly from it into the silent air. A little lower the figure of a man with gray hair lay tumbled down the steep green slope, his limbs lying all at random, and his face turned away.

The eccentric fisherman dropped his net and walked swiftly toward the spot, his new acquaintance following him. As they drew near there seemed a sort of monstrous irony in the fact that the dead machine was still throbbing and thundering as busily as a factory, while the man lay so still.

He was unquestionably dead. The blood flowed in the grass from a hopelessly fatal fracture at the back of the skull; but the face, which was turned to the sun, was uninjured and strangely arresting in itself. It was one of those cases of a strange face so unmistakable as to feel familiar. We feel, somehow, that we ought to recognize it, even though we do not. It was of the broad, square sort with great jaws, almost like that of a highly intellectual ape; the wide mouth shut so tight as to be traced by a mere line; the nose short with the sort of nostrils that seem to gape with an appetite for the air. The oddest thing about the face was that one of the eyebrows was cocked up at a much sharper angle than the other. March thought he had never seen a face so naturally alive as that dead one. And its ugly energy seemed all the stranger for its halo of hoary hair. Some papers lay half fallen out of the pocket, and from among them March extracted a card-case. He read the name on the card aloud.

"Sir Humphrey Turnbull. I'm sure I've heard the name somewhere."

His companion only gave a sort of little sigh and was silent for a moment, as if ruminating, then he merely said, "The poor fellow is quite gone," and added some scientific terms in which his auditor once more found himself out of his depth.

"As things are," continued the same curiously well-informed person, "it will be more legal for us to leave the body as it is until the police are informed. In fact, I think it will be well if nobody except the police is informed. Don't be surprised if I seem to be keeping it dark from some of our neighbors round here." Then, as if prompted to regularize his rather abrupt confidence, he said: "I've come down to see my cousin at Torwood; my name is Horne Fisher. Might be a pun on my pottering about here, mightn't it?"

"Is Sir Howard Horne your cousin?" asked March. "I'm going to Torwood Park to see him myself; only about his public work, of course, and the wonderful stand he is making for his principles. I think this Budget is the greatest thing in English history. If it fails, it will be the most heroic failure in English history. Are you an admirer of your great kinsman, Mr. Fisher?"

"Rather," said Mr. Fisher. "He's the best shot I know."

Then, as if sincerely repentant of his nonchalance, he added, with a sort of enthusiasm:

"No, but really, he's a *beautiful* shot."

As if fired by his own words, he took a sort of leap at the ledges of the rock above him, and scaled them with a sudden agility in startling contrast to his general lassitude. He had stood for some seconds on the headland above, with his aquiline profile under the Panama hat relieved against the sky and peering over the country-side before his companion had collected himself sufficiently to scramble up after him.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The level above was a stretch of common turf on which the tracks of the fated car were plowed plainly enough; but the brink of it was broken as with rocky teeth; broken boulders of all shapes and sizes lay near the edge; it was almost incredible that any one could have deliberately driven into such a death-trap, especially in broad daylight.

"I can't make head or tail of it," said March. "Was he blind? Or blind drunk?"

"Neither, by the look of him," replied the other.

"Then it was suicide."

"It doesn't seem a cozy way of doing it," remarked the man called Fisher. "Besides, I don't fancy poor old Puggy would commit suicide, somehow."

"Poor old who?" inquired the wondering journalist. "Did you know this unfortunate man?"

"Nobody knew him exactly," replied Fisher, with some vagueness. "But one *knew* him, of course. He'd been a terror in his time, in Parliament and the courts, and so on; especially in that row about the aliens who were deported as undesirables, when he wanted one of 'em hanged for murder. He was so sick about it that he retired from the bench. Since then he mostly motored about by himself; but he was coming to Torwood, too, for the week-end; and I don't see why he should deliberately break his neck almost at the very door. I believe Hoggs—I mean my cousin Howard—was coming down specially to meet him."

"Torwood Park doesn't belong to your cousin?" inquired March.

"No; it used to belong to the Winthrops, you know," replied the other. "Now a new man's got it; a man from Montreal named Jenkins. Hoggs comes for the shooting; I told you he was a lovely shot."

This repeated eulogy on the great social statesman affected Harold March as if somebody had defined Napoleon as a distinguished player of nap. But he had another half-formed impression struggling in this flood of unfamiliar things, and he brought it to the surface before it could vanish.

"Jenkins," he repeated. "Surely you don't mean Jefferson Jenkins, the social reformer? I mean the man who's fighting for the new cottage-estate scheme. It would be as interesting to meet him as any Cabinet Minister in the world, if you'll excuse my saying so."

"Yes; Hoggs told him it would have to be cottages," said Fisher. "He said the breed of cattle had been improved too often, and people were beginning to laugh. And of course you must hang a peerage on to something; though the poor chap hasn't got it yet. Hullo, here's somebody else."

They had started walking in the tracks of the car, leaving it behind them in the hollow, still humming horribly like a huge insect that had killed a man. The tracks took them to the corner of a road, one arm of which went on in the same line toward the distant gates of the park. It was clear that the car had been driven down the long straight road, and then, instead of turning with the road to the left, had gone straight on over the turf to its doom. But it was not this discovery that had riveted Fisher's eye, but something even more solid. At the angle of the white road a dark and solitary figure was standing almost as still as a finger-post. It was that of a big man in rough shooting-clothes, bareheaded, and with tousled curly hair that gave him a rather wild look. On a nearer approach this first more fantastic impression faded; in a full light the figure took on more conventional colors, as of an ordinary gentleman who happened to have come out without a hat and without very studiously brushing his hair. But the massive stature remained, and something deep and even cavernous about the setting of the eyes redeemed his animal good looks from the commonplace. But March had no time to study the man more closely, for, much to his astonishment, his guide merely observed, "Hullo, Jack!" and walked past

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I. Engraved by H. Leinroth

"NO, I HAVEN'T CAUGHT ANYTHING," HE REMARKED, CALMLY

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

him as if he had indeed been a sign-post, and without attempting to inform him of the catastrophe beyond the rocks. It was relatively a small thing, but it was only the first in a string of singular antics on which his new and eccentric friend was leading him.

The man they had passed looked after them in rather a suspicious fashion, but Fisher continued serenely on his way along the straight road that ran past the gates of the great estate.

"That's John Burke, the traveler," he condescended to explain. "I expect you've heard of him; shoots big game and all that. Sorry I couldn't stop to introduce you, but I dare say you'll meet him later on."

"I know his book, of course," said March, with renewed interest. "That is certainly a fine piece of description, about their being only conscious of the closeness of the elephant when the colossal head blocked out the moon."

"Yes, young Halkett writes jolly well, I think. What? Didn't you know Halkett wrote Burke's book for him? Burke can't use anything except a gun; and you can't write with that. Oh, he's genuine enough in his way, you know, as brave as a lion, or a good deal braver by all accounts."

"You seem to know all about him," observed March, with a rather bewildered laugh, "and about a good many other people."

Fisher's bald brow became abruptly corrugated, and a curious expression came into his eyes.

"I know too much," he said. "That's what's the matter with me. That's what's the matter with all of us, and the whole show; we know too much. Too much about one another; too much about ourselves. That's why I'm really interested, just now, about one thing that I don't know."

"And that is?" inquired the other.

"Why that poor fellow is dead."

They had walked along the straight road for nearly a mile, conversing at intervals in this fashion; and March had a singular sense of the whole world being turned inside out. Mr. Horne Fisher did not especially abuse his friends and relatives in fashionable society; of some of them he spoke with affection. But they seemed to be an entirely new set of men and women, who happened to have the same names as the men and women mentioned most often in the newspapers. Yet no fury of revolt could have seemed to him more utterly revolutionary than this cold familiarity. It was like daylight on the other side of stage scenery.

They reached the great lodge gates of the park, and, to March's surprise, passed them and continued along the interminable white, straight road. But he was himself too early for his appointment with Sir Howard, and was not disinclined to see the end of his new friend's experiment, whatever it might be. They had long left the moorland behind them, and half the white road was gray in the great shadow of the Torwood pine forests, themselves like gray bars shuttered against the sunshine and within, amid that clear noon, manufacturing their own midnight. Soon, however, rifts began to appear in them like gleams of colored windows; the trees thinned and fell away as the road went forward, showing the wild, irregular copses in which, as Fisher said, the house-party had been blazing away all day. And about two hundred yards farther on they came to the first turn of the road.

At the corner stood a sort of decayed inn with the dingy sign of The Grapes. The sign-board was dark and indecipherable by now, and hung black against the sky and the gray moorland beyond, about as inviting as a gallows. March remarked that it looked like a tavern for vinegar instead of wine.

"A good phrase," said Fisher, "and so it would be if you were silly enough to drink wine in it. But the beer is very good, and so is the brandy."

March followed him into the bar parlor with some wonder, and his dim sense of repugnance was not dismissed by the first sight of the innkeeper, who was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

widely different from the genial innkeeper of romance, a bony man, very silent behind a black mustache, but with black, restless eyes. Taciturn as he was, the investigator succeeded at last in extracting a scrap of information from him, by dint of ordering beer and talking to him persistently and minutely on the subject of motor-cars. He evidently regarded the innkeeper as in some singular way an authority on motor-cars; as being deep in the secrets of the mechanism, management, and mismanagement of motor-cars; holding the man all the time with a glittering eye like the Ancient Mariner. Out of all this rather mysterious conversation there did emerge at last a sort of admission that one particular motor-car, of a given description, had stopped before the inn about an hour before, and that an elderly man had alighted, requiring some mechanical assistance. Asked if the visitor required any other assistance, the innkeeper said shortly that the old gentleman had filled his flask and taken a packet of sandwiches. And with these words the somewhat inhospitable host had walked hastily out of the bar, and they heard him banging doors in the dark interior.

Fisher's weary eye wandered round the dusty and dreary inn parlor and rested dreamily on a glass case containing a stuffed bird, with a gun hung on hooks above it, which seemed to be its only ornament.

"Puggy was a humorist," he observed, "at least in his own rather grim style. But it seems rather too grim a joke for a man to buy a packet of sandwiches when he is just going to commit suicide."

"If you come to that," answered March, "it isn't very usual for a man to buy a packet of sandwiches when he's just outside the door of a grand house he's going to stop at."

"No . . . no," repeated Fisher, almost mechanically; and then suddenly cocked his eye at his interlocutor with a much livelier expression.

"By Jove! that's an idea. You're perfectly right. And that suggests a very queer idea, doesn't it?"

There was a silence, and then March started with irrational nervousness as the door of the inn was flung open and another man walked rapidly to the counter. He had struck it with a coin and called out for brandy before he saw the other two guests, who were sitting at a bare wooden table under the window. When he turned about with a rather wild stare March had yet another unexpected emotion, for his guide hailed the man as Hoggs and introduced him as Sir Howard Horne.

He looked rather older than his boyish portraits in the illustrated papers, as is the way of politicians; his flat, fair hair was touched with gray, but his face was almost comically round, with a Roman nose which, when, combined with his quick, bright eyes, raised a vague reminiscence of a parrot. He had a cap rather at the back of his head and a gun under his arm. Harold March had imagined many things about his meeting with the great political reformer, but he had never pictured him with a gun under his arm, drinking brandy in a public-house.

"So you're stopping at Jink's, too," said Fisher. "Everybody seems to be at Jink's."

"Yes," replied the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Jolly good shooting. At least all of it that isn't Jink's shooting. I never knew a chap with such good shooting that was such a bad shot. Mind you, he's a jolly good fellow and all that; I don't say a word against him. But he never learned to hold a gun when he was packing pork or whatever he did. They say he shot the cockade off his own servant's hat; just like him to have cockades, of course. He shot the weather-cock off his own ridiculous gilded summer-house. It's the only cock he'll ever kill, I should think. Are you coming up there now?"

Fisher said, rather vaguely, that he was following soon, when he had fixed something up; and the Chancellor of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Exchequer left the inn. March fancied he had been a little upset or impatient when he called for the brandy; but he had talked himself back into a satisfactory state, if the talk had not been quite what his literary visitor had expected. Fisher, a few minutes afterward, slowly led the way out of the tavern and stood in the middle of the road, looking down it in the direction from which they had traveled. Then he walked back about two hundred yards in that direction and stood still again.

"I should think this is about the place," he said.

"What place?" asked his companion.

"The place where the poor fellow was killed," said Fisher, sadly.

"What do you mean?" demanded March. "He was smashed up on the rocks a mile and a half from here."

"No, he wasn't," replied Fisher. "He didn't fall on the rocks at all. Didn't you notice that he only fell on the slope of soft grass underneath? But I saw that he had a bullet in him already."

Then after a pause he added:

"He was alive at the inn, but he was dead long before he came to the rocks. So he was shot as he drove his car down this strip of straight road, and I should think somewhere about here. After that, of course, the car went straight on with nobody to stop or turn it. It's really a very cunning dodge in its way; for the body would be found far away, and most people would say, as you do, that it was an accident to a motorist. The murderer must have been a clever brute."

"But wouldn't the shot be heard at the inn or somewhere?" asked March.

"It would be heard. But it would not be noticed. That," continued the investigator, "is where he was clever again. Shooting was going on all over the place all day; very likely he timed his shot so as to drown it in a number of others. Certainly he was a first-class criminal. And he was something else as well."

"What do you mean?" asked his companion, with a creepy premonition of something coming, he knew not why.

"He was a first-class shot," said Fisher.

He had turned his back abruptly and was walking down a narrow, grassy lane, little more than a cart-track, which lay opposite the inn and marked the end of the great estate and the beginning of the open moors. March plodded after him with the same idle perseverance, and found him staring through a gap in giant weeds and thorns at the flat face of a painted paling. From behind the paling rose the great gray columns of a row of poplars, which filled the heavens above them with dark-green shadow and shook faintly in a wind which had sunk slowly into a breeze. The afternoon was already deepening into evening, and the titanic shadows of the poplars lengthened over a third of the landscape.

"Are you a first-class criminal?" asked Fisher, in a friendly tone. "I'm afraid I'm not. But I think I can manage to be a sort of fourth-rate burglar."

And before his companion could reply he had managed to swing himself up and over the fence; March followed without much bodily effort, but with considerable mental disturbance. The poplars grew so close against the fence that they had some difficulty in slipping past them, and beyond the poplars they could see only a high hedge of laurel, green and lustrous in the level sun. Something in this limitation by a series of living walls made him feel as if he were really entering a shattered house instead of an open field. It was as if he came in by a disused door or window and found the way blocked by furniture. When they had circumvented the laurel hedge they came out on a sort of terrace of turf, which fell by one green step to an oblong lawn like a bowling green. Beyond this was the only building in sight, a low conservatory, which seemed far away from anywhere, like a glass cottage standing in its own fields in fairyland. Fisher knew that lonely look of the outlying parts of a great house well enough. He realized that it is more of a satire on aristocracy than if it were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

choked with weeds and littered with ruins. For it is not neglected and yet it is deserted; at any rate, it is disused. It is regularly swept and garnished for a master who never comes.

Looking over the lawn, however, he saw one object which he had not apparently expected. It was a sort of tripod supporting a large disk like the round top of a table tipped sideways, and it was not until they had dropped on to the lawn and walked across to look at it that March realized that it was a target. It was worn and weather-stained; the gay colors of its concentric rings were faded; possibly it had been set up in those far-off Victorian days when there was a fashion of archery. March had one of his vague visions of ladies in cloudy crinolines and gentlemen in outlandish hats and whiskers revisiting that lost garden like ghosts.

Fisher, who was peering more closely at the target, startled him by an exclamation.

"Hullo!" he said. "Somebody has been peppering this thing with shot, after all, and quite lately, too. Why, I believe old Jink's been trying to improve his bad shooting here."

"Yes, and it looks as if it still wanted improving," answered March, laughing. "Not one of these shots is anywhere near the bull's-eye; they seem just scattered about in the wildest way."

"In the wildest way," repeated Fisher, still peering intently at the target. He seemed merely to assent, but March fancied his eye was shining under its sleepy lid and that he straightened his stooping figure with a strange effort.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, feeling in his pockets. "I think I've got some of my chemicals; and after that we'll go up to the house." And he stooped again over the target, putting something with his finger over each of the shot-holes, so far as March could see merely a dull-gray smear. Then they went through the gathering twilight up the long green avenues to the great house.

Here again, however, the eccentric investigator did not enter by the front door. He walked round the house until he found a window open, and, leaping into it, introduced his friend to what appeared to be the gun-room. Rows of the regular instruments for bringing down birds stood against the walls; but across a table in the window lay one or two weapons of a heavier and more formidable pattern.

"Hullo! these are Burke's big-game rifles," said Fisher. "I never knew he kept them here." He lifted one of them, examined it briefly, and put it down again, frowning heavily. Almost as he did so a strange young man came hurriedly into the room. He was dark and sturdy, with a bumpy forehead and a bulldog jaw, and he spoke with a curt apology.

"I left Major Burke's guns here," he said, "and he wants them packed up. He's going away to-night."

And he carried off the two rifles without casting a glance at the stranger; through the open window they could see his short, dark figure walking away across the glimmering garden. Fisher got out of the window again and stood looking after him.

"That's Halkett, whom I told you about," he said. "I knew he was a sort of secretary and had to do with Burke's papers; but I never knew he had anything to do with his guns. But he's just the sort of silent, sensible little devil who might be very good at anything; the sort of man you know for years before you find he's a chess champion."

He had begun to walk in the direction of the disappearing secretary, and they soon came within sight of the rest of the house-party talking and laughing on the lawn. They could see the tall figure and loose mane of the lion-hunter dominating the little group.

"By the way," observed Fisher, "when we were talking about Burke and Halkett, I said that a man couldn't very well write with a gun. Well, I'm not so sure now. Did you ever hear of an artist so clever that he could draw with a gun?

Digitized by Google
Digitized by UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

"MR. JENKINS, I MUST SPEAK TO YOU AT ONCE IN PRIVATE"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

There's a wonderful chap loose about here."

Sir Howard hailed Fisher and his friend the journalist with almost boisterous amiability. The latter was presented to Major Burke and Mr. Halkett and also (by way of a parenthesis) to his host, Mr. Jenkins, a commonplace little man in loud tweeds, whom everybody else seemed to treat with a sort of affection, as if he were a baby.

The irrepressible Chancellor of the Exchequer was still talking about the birds he had brought down, the birds that Burke and Halkett had brought down, and the birds that Jenkins, their host, had failed to bring down. It seemed to be a sort of sociable monomania.

"You and your big game," he ejaculated, aggressively, to Burke. "Why, anybody could shoot big game. You want to be a shot to shoot small game."

"Quite so," interposed Horne Fisher. "Now if only a hippopotamus could fly up in the air out of that bush, or you preserved flying elephants on the estate, why, then—"

"Why even Jink might hit that sort of bird," cried Sir Howard, hilariously slapping his host on the back. "Even he might hit a haystack or a hippopotamus."

"Look here, you fellows," said Fisher. "I want you to come along with me for a minute and shoot at something else. Not a hippopotamus. Another kind of queer animal I've found on the estate. It's an animal with three legs and one eye, and it's all the colors of the rainbow."

"What the deuce are you talking about?" asked Burke.

"You come along and see," replied Fisher, cheerfully.

Such people seldom reject anything nonsensical, for they are always seeking for something new. They gravely rearmed themselves from the gun-room and trooped along at the tail of their guide, Sir Howard only pausing, in a sort of ecstasy, to point out the celebrated gilt summer-house on which the gilt weather-cock still stood crooked. It was dusk turning to dark by the time they reached the remote green by the poplars and accepted the new and aimless game of shooting at the old mark.

The last light seemed to fade from the lawn, and the poplars against the sunset were like great black plumes upon a purple hearse, when the futile procession finally curved round and came out in front of the target.

Sir Howard again slapped his host on the shoulder, shoving him playfully forward to take the first shot. The shoulder and arm he touched seemed unnaturally stiff and angular. Mr. Jenkins was holding his gun in an attitude more awkward than any that his satiric friends had seen or expected.

At the same instant a horrible scream seemed to come from nowhere. It was so unnatural and so unsuited to the scene that it might have been made by some inhuman thing flying on wings above them or eavesdropping in the dark woods beyond. But Fisher knew that it had started and stopped on the pale lips of Jefferson Jenkins, of Montreal, and no one at that moment catching sight of Jefferson Jenkins's face would have complained that it was commonplace.

The next moment a torrent of guttural but good-humored oaths came from Major Burke as he and the two other men saw what was in front of them. The target stood up in the dim grass like a dark goblin grinning at them, and it was literally grinning. It had two eyes like stars, and in similar livid points of light were picked out the two upturned and open nostrils and the two ends of the wide and tight mouth. A few white dots above each eye indicated the hoary eyebrows; and one of them ran upward almost erect. It was a brilliant caricature done in bright dotted lines and March knew of whom. It shone in the shadowy grass, smeared with sea-fire as if one of the submarine monsters had crawled into the twilight garden; but it had the head of a dead man.

"It's only luminous paint," said

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Burke. "Old Fisher's been having a joke with that phosphorescent stuff of his."

"Seems to be meant for old Puggy," observed Sir Howard. "Hits him off very well."

With that they all laughed, except Jenkins. When they had all done he made a noise like the first effort of an animal to laugh, and Horne Fisher suddenly strode across to him and said:

"Mr. Jenkins, I must speak to you at once in private."

It was by the little water-course in the moors, on the slope under the hanging rock, that March met his new friend Fisher, by appointment, shortly after the ugly and almost grotesque scene that had broken up the group in the garden.

"It was a monkey-trick of mine," observed Fisher, gloomily. "Putting phosphorus on the target; but the only chance to make him jump was to give him the horrors suddenly. And when he saw the face he'd shot at shining on the target he practised on, all lit up with an infernal light, he did jump. Quite enough for my own intellectual satisfaction."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand even now," said March, "exactly what he did or why he did it."

"You ought to," replied Fisher, with his rather dreary smile, "for you gave me the first suggestion yourself. Oh yes, you did; and it was a very shrewd one. You said a man wouldn't take sandwiches with him to dine at a great house. It was quite true; and the inference was that, though he was going there, he didn't mean to dine there. Or, at any rate, that he might not be dining there. It occurred to me at once that he probably expected the visit to be unpleasant, or the reception doubtful, or something that would prevent his accepting hospitality. Then it struck me that Turnbull was a terror to certain shady characters in the past, and that he had come down to identify and denounce one of them. The chances at the start pointed to the host—that is, Jenkins. I'm morally certain now that Jenkins was the undesirable alien Turnbull wanted to convict in another shooting-affair, but you see the shooting gentleman had another shot in his locker."

"But you said he would have to be a very good shot," protested March.

"Jenkins is a very good shot," said Fisher. "A very good shot who can pretend to be a very bad shot. Shall I tell you the second hint I hit on, after yours, to make me think it was Jenkins? It was my cousin's account of his bad shooting. He'd shot a cockade off a hat and a weather-cock off a building. Now, in fact, a man must shoot very well indeed to shoot so badly as that. He must shoot very neatly to hit the cockade and not the head, or even the hat. If the shots had *really* gone at random, the chances are a thousand to one that they would not have hit such prominent and picturesque objects. They were chosen because they were prominent and picturesque objects. They make a story to go the round of society. He keeps the crooked weather-cock on the summer-house to perpetuate the story as a legend. And then he lay in wait with his evil eye and wicked gun, safely ambushed behind the legend of his own incompetence.

"But there is more than that. There is the summer-house itself. I mean there is the whole thing. There's all that Jenkins gets chaffed about, the gilding and the gaudy colors and all the vulgarity that's supposed to stamp him as an upstart. Now, as a matter of fact, upstarts generally don't do this. God knows there's enough of 'em in society; and one knows 'em well enough. And this is the very last thing they do. They're generally only too keen to know the right thing and do it; and they instantly put themselves body and soul into the hands of art decorators and art experts, who do the whole thing for them. There's hardly another millionaire alive who has the moral courage to have a gilt monogram on a chair like that one in the gun-room. For that matter,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

there's the name as well as the monogram. Names like Tompkins and Jenkins and Jinks are funny without being vulgar; I mean they are vulgar without being common. If you prefer it, they are commonplace without being common. They are just the names to be chosen to *look* ordinary, but they're really rather extraordinary. Do you know many people called Tompkins? It's a good deal rarer than Talbot. It's pretty much the same with the comic clothes of the parvenu. Jenkins dresses like a character in *Punch*. But that's because he is a character in *Punch*. I mean he's a fictitious character. He's a fabulous animal. He doesn't exist.

"Have you ever considered what it must be like to be a man who doesn't exist? I mean to be a man with a fictitious character that he has to keep up at the expense not merely of personal talents. To be a new kind of hypocrite hiding a talent in a new kind of napkin. This man has chosen his hypocrisy very ingeniously; it was really a new one. A subtle villain has dressed up as a dashing gentleman and a worthy business man and a philanthropist and a saint; but the loud checks of a comical little cad were really rather a new disguise. But the disguise must be very irksome to a man who can really do things. This is a dexterous little cosmopolitan gutter-snipe who can do scores of things, not only shoot, but draw and paint, and probably play the fiddle. Now a man like that may find the hiding of his talents useful; but he could never help wanting to use them where they were useless. If he can draw, he will draw absent-mindedly on blotting-paper. I suspect this rascal has often drawn poor old Puggy's face on blotting-paper. Probably he began doing it in blots as he afterward did it in dots, or rather shots. It was the same sort of thing; he found a disused target in a deserted yard and couldn't resist indulging in a little secret shooting, like secret drinking. You thought the shots all scattered and irregular, and so they were; but not accidental. No two distances were alike; but the different points were exactly where he wanted to put them. There's nothing needs such mathematical precision as a wild caricature. I've dabbled a little in drawing myself, and I assure you that to put one dot where you want it is a marvel with a pen close to a piece of paper. It was a miracle to do it across a garden with a gun. But a man who can work those miracles will always itch to work them, if it's only in the dark."

After a pause March observed, thoughtfully, "But he couldn't have brought him down like a bird with one of those little guns."

"No; that was why I went into the gun-room," replied Fisher. "He did it with one of Burke's rifles, and Burke thought he knew the sound of it. That's why he rushed out without a hat, looking so wild. He saw nothing but a car passing quickly, which he followed for a little way, and then concluded he'd made a mistake."

There was another silence, during which Fisher sat on a great stone as motionless as on their first meeting, and watched the gray and silver river eddying past under the bushes. Then March said, abruptly, "Of course he knows the truth now."

"Nobody knows the truth but you and I," answered Fisher, with a certain softening in his voice. "And I don't think you and I will ever quarrel."

"What do you mean?" asked March, in an altered accent. "What have you done about it?"

Horne Fisher continued to gaze steadily at the eddying stream. At last he said, "The police have proved it was a motor accident."

"But you know it was not."

"I told you that I know too much," replied Fisher, with his eye on the river. "I know that, and I know a great many other things. I know the atmosphere and the way the whole thing works. I know this fellow has succeeded in making himself something incurably commonplace and comic. I know you can't get up a persecution of old Toole or

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Little Tich. If I were to tell Hoggs or Halkett that old Jink was an assassin, they would almost die of laughter before my eyes. Oh, I don't say their laughter's quite innocent, though it's genuine in its way. They want old Jink, and they couldn't do without him. I don't say I'm quite innocent. I like Hoggs; I don't want him to be down and out; and he'd be done for if Jink can't pay for his coronet. They were devilish near the line at the last election. But the only real objection to it is that it's impossible. Nobody would believe it; it's not in the picture. The crooked weather-cock would always turn it into a joke."

"Don't you think this is infamous?" asked March, quietly.

"I think a good many things," replied the other. "If you people ever happen to blow the whole tangle of society to hell with dynamite, I don't know that the human race will be much the worse. But don't be too hard on me merely because I know what society is. That's why I moon away my time over things like stinking fish."

There was a pause as he settled himself down again by the stream; and then he added:

"I told you before I had to throw back the big fish."

A WALKING SONG

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WITH a Shakespeare in my pocket, and a blackened English brier,
With a brook to run beside me, and the morning at its spring,
With the climbing road before me, and the mountains catching fire,
I feel as I imagine it must feel to be a king.

Be it April or October, wild-rose or silk-weed pod,
The larch's tender green or the maple's bannered gold,
With my brier for my comrade, and my Shakespeare for my god,
I wonder what the people mean that talk of growing old.

"The Muses love the morning," wrote Erasmus long ago,
And the only place to meet the gods is on the hills at morn;
There still the sacred asphodel and mystic myrtle grow,
And Memnon sings with joy because another day is born.

O up into the radiance, forever on and on,
Be it hoarfrost on the pasture or blossom on the vine,
With a brier breathing incense, and a song to lean upon,
A song from "As You Like It"—is to lead the life divine.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



ATALAYA STANDS AS THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF TROGLODYTE DWELLINGS

THE CAVE-DWELLERS OF GRAND CANARY

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

NIGHT had breathed a little coolness into the pretty Plaza San Telmo, christened after a near-by chapel, known along the water-front as the Church of the Sailors. Palm fronds above me softly stirred in the gentle, lisping "trade"; strollers-by spoke the tongue of the Spaniards; the murmuring sea plashing against the foot of the plaza whispered of lands far away. In the open roadstead, off the old Castello, riding-lights of merchant-men from distant land blinked through the sub-tropical night.

The place was one of those tucked-away pockets of the world—Las Palmas, capital of Grand Canary — famous enough, though, to long-voyage sailors and travelers to the African West Coast and the "Cape."

Our twenty-two-ton schooner, *Kitty A*, sixteen foot abeam, had weathered the broad reach of the Atlantic and the jagged, lava-cusped coasts of the West-African islands, and was now at Lanzarote, the easternmost. There the rest of the expedition were collecting bird specimens, having left me at Teneriffe, as my work lay in the ethnology of Grand Canary—or Gran Canaria.

On the map, Grand Canary is like a polliwog with a lump on the end of its tail. By this geological appendage, known as the Isleta, the trim Spanish steamer which brought me from Teneriffe docked.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Three of us and baggage were bundled into a two-wheeled rig—a *tartana*—and jogged from the Puerto toward Las Palmas, white and warm-tinted, a town of flat roofs and low houses. Transform its cathedral towers, which accentuate its sky-line, into minarets, and the Oriental aspect would be complete.

Back in the days of the Conquest, the Spaniards found here many of the aboriginal inhabitants, the Canarios (Guanches), living as troglodytes. Their caves, the most perfect examples of ancient cave-dwellings in the Archipelago, served as habitations, ceremonial places, religious devotees' retreats, and tombs—the mummified bodies of their shepherd kings and nobles being placed in the most inaccessible. Even to-day among the present inhabitants there are small cave-dwelling communities.

One can understand such a primitive existence in the interior of a mountainous island six hundred and thirty-four miles square, much of which is wild and uninhabited. But this crude manner of life still exists, side by side with modernity, as in the cave village of Atalaya, six miles from Las Palmas and within sight of the electric light and the automobile.

In pre-Spanish days Atalaya (Watch-Tower) was a Guanche stronghold. Nearly fifteen hundred feet above the sea, overlooking a picturesque ravine, the Barranco de las Goteras, it stands as the largest and most perfect collection of troglodyte dwellings in the Canaries. In recent years some of the more enterprising have pushed additions of white-washed lava stone out on the mountain-side. Most of the habitations in this precipitous, isolated gritstone rock are either open caves or frontal walls under projecting, eroded layers of lava —retiring beneath the shadows as shyly as some of their denizens retreat within their caves. Paths and steps often cut in the solid rock, century-worn by soft tread of countless feet, undulate over and about the dwellings in a most surprising manner, going every way but straight, one man's entrance path likely enough forming the ridge-pole of his neighbor's house.

On the terraces, smoke-smudged pottery-kilns, resembling huge beehives, evidence the community industry, for within every cave-dwelling are the crude utensils for pottery manufacture. The clay, obtained near by, is handled expertly by old and young, the modeling of a well-formed jar often being but a matter of minutes. No wheel is used, the pottery being formed by the hands and a rounded stone, the ancient Canario method, which I also found among the Surinam Caribs. Finished products from this ancient factory, which has existed for hundreds of years, are for the Las Palmas market.

In and about these caverns, honey-combing the mountain-side, within which secret passages undoubtedly lead to mysterious inner chambers and hidden outlets, these half-clad people and their naked children live a life to themselves. For, though pretty Santa Brigida below them is a scant mile away from the brow of their cliff, these dark-typed Atalayans with broad, high cheek-bones, eyes of lighter hazel than the Spaniards, and free primitive manners, are regarded with disfavor by their neighbors. They rarely intermarry with them; in fact, no one, church or state, seems to interfere with these cliff-dwellers. Why this aversion? Is it a legacy, together with their pottery and their caves, left from before the Conquest? A strange old settlement indeed, so old that "it is probable its men and women, alone on the island, perpetuate the blood of the aboriginal Gran Canarians."

The most unusual of these troglodyte settlements was at Artenara, in the interior mountain wilderness. With the kind help of Mr. Davies, of Blandy & Co., my plans were soon completed for crossing the island. I was to go by coach to San Mateo, where a Señor de Vega Nuez, through a preceding letter, was to have a mule and guide ready. Then, crossing the island *via*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

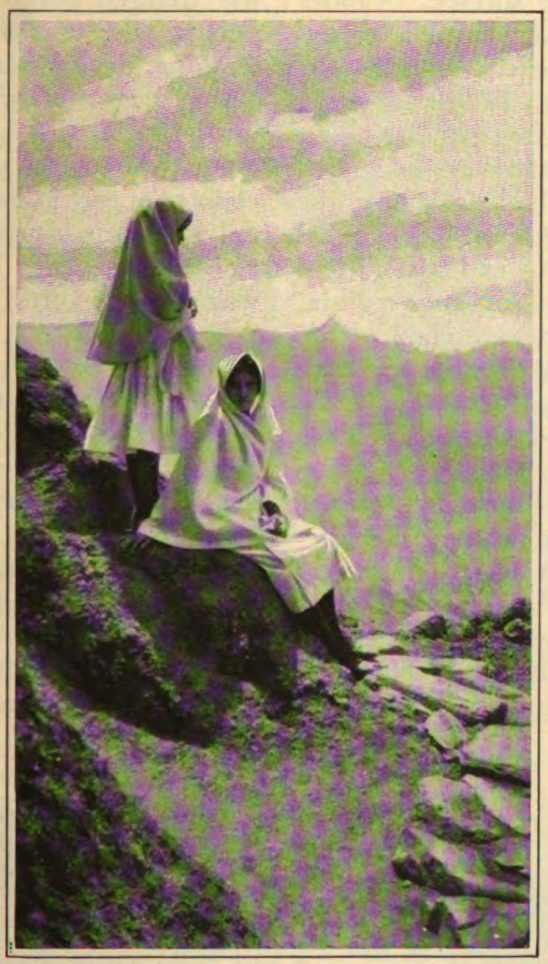
Artenara to Aldea, we were to follow the coast northward, arriving at Agaete (Agayite), the western terminus of the island cart-road, on a certain afternoon some days later, to connect with an automobile sent to take me back to Las Palmas.

Equipped with my knapsack, camera, and letters to Señor Bertrano at Artenara, the *curé* at Aldea, and Mr. Fenoulhet at Galdar, beyond Agaete, I downed early morning coffee at the café "Quatro Naciones," then seated myself by the driver on one of the mule-coaches which journey daily to and from San Mateo.

For a democratic institution, take a Canary Island mule-coach. I have learned more of the thought, character, and daily life of these people during a morning's ride, perched over the shafts of a mule-coach, than in any other way. It is a little village center on wheels.

"*Arre!*" Crack! The four mules strained the harness — we were off. These coaches have a nonchalant tilt forward, like a man with his hat over his eyebrows. Mostly women packed two long seats within; all wore the native black or white mantilla. Men passengers packed the front seat and another just below it; on the foot-board sat the driver. Underneath the coach, baskets swung in the dust; on the top was baggage—trunks, personal effects, baskets of flowers, chickens, and even goats and pigs.

One looks for streams through the *barranco* bottoms; instead, dry river-beds wind their silver serpentine ways from the inland ranges across brown or green valley floors. All of the island's precious water is diverted to irrigate valleys or supply towns. This water from the mountains often follows the roadside in narrow *levadas* or conduits, in which women wash clothes. Carts, people, donkeys, and mules, produce-laden, passed us on their way to town.



TWO LITTLE CAVE-DWELLERS OF ARTENARA, WEARING THE ISLAND HEAD-DRESS

On the constant up-hill climb stops are made to rest the mules, deliver goods and messages, or take on passengers; when in the towns people gather, and personal remarks and jokes are exchanged—a very human way indeed of traveling.

Beyond Tafira the big automobile mail-'bus, the *correo*, lumbered by, loaded to the scuppers with fully two dozen men and women in the somber dress of black felt hats and black mantillas, respectively—like four-and-twenty blackbirds baking in a pie.

About nine o'clock pretty, begar-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

dened Santa Brigida was reached and change of mules made. Just east of it lies the principal crater, Gran Caldera de Bandama, over a mile across, and one of the most perfect known. It is the largest of those ancient molten bubbles which, bursting through the island's crust, solidified, and now in extinct volcanic craters pit the surface. Cinder layers lip its unbroken rim; jet-black patches of charred earth smudge the vivid-colored rocks of its sides.

Euphorbia, nopals, fig-trees, brambles, and wild vines cover sparsely the eroded debris of its slopes, which curve into the bottom of this great cup. There its level floor, subsided to a thousand feet below, is carpeted with soft golden grain, or furrowed as though scratched with a fine-toothed comb. Vineyards terrace a bit up-slope; a few palms, other trees, and huge boulders and cottage dwellings dot this unique farm.

A shrill whistle. We moved on toward the island mountains, whose coloring—old-rose washed with violet—reminded me of the Tunisian Atlas beyond Medjes-el-Bab. Near noon the coach discharged the last of its load before the little *fonda* "Favorita" in San Mateo.

I sought Señor Nuez's house along streets now deserted, as it was siesta time. A few hens readjusted themselves in their dust wallows; a sleeping sow, with her litter, grunted and flicked an ear; two Guardia Civil, sighting through field-glasses some suspects across the valley, pointed out the entrance. Within the trellised *patio* the women folk sat among piles of wool, which they were washing, drying, and carding.

"*El señor* was away; had not received my letter." But his son soon found a guide who could provide a mule and claimed expert knowledge of the interior. Salvador was his name—thus the situation was saved. Lunch at the *fonda* was enlivened by the cheery wit of my sole companion, the smiling priest—Padre Placido, a Franciscan.

The scorching afternoon heat found my mule hoofing along a dusty *barranco* trail; Salvador, somber-visaged and swarthy, trudged behind, for the peasant folk of the West African islands are marvelous walkers. The scattered houses disappeared; peach and apple trees, leaf-laden with dust, petered out; elm-trees, chestnuts, figs, and others spotted the cactus-hedged, heat-shim-



WOMEN RETURNING FROM CHURCH THROUGH A ROCK-CUT STREET

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

mering country. Blackberry-bushes lined this rocky road in places, and yellow-blossoming broom swept softly up from between the low cacti.

Over a high ridge we viewed the valley bottom of a great *cirque*. There lay a little oasis, La Laguoneta. Terraces, like colossal color-carpeted steps, escheloned and paralleled the valley slopes, The thatched and tile-roofed houses were of whitewashed lava stone; hence the art of stone-cutting, which in Grand Canary is the most advanced in the Archipelago.

Caves, used as stables and produce-storing barns, spotted the mountain-sides. People were working in green-patched terraces of tomatoes and potatoes; in patches of turquoise blue of cacti, upon which breed those little balls of carmine, the cochineal; in patches of purple-shadowed cabbages; or in larger patches of yellow-gold grain, garnered from slopes so steep the only way of conveying it down was to carry it on the back and zigzag down their fields.



A TERRACE UNDER AN OVERHANGING CLIFF

Descending, we passed mules smothered in firewood fagots, and a few homing travelers. Through La Laguoneta we crossed its meandering stream. Yellow canaries trilled from wooden cages on the house walls. Dark-eyed, sunny-faced girls smiled greetings from their sewing in *patio* and doorway; swarthy men and black-dressed women, amid heaps of husked orange ears of corn, glanced from beneath their broad yellow hats to bid us "*Adios pues!*" on our way.

Even here in Grand Canary that relentless ogre, taxation, bears heavily under what is known as the *medianero* system. The *medianero* is a profit-sharing tenant, or bailiff, and often the overseer, whose house the proprietor provides, and two-thirds the taxes. The *medianero* generally stands one-third, halves the losses, and, roughly speaking, divides the profits equally; this varying somewhat, however, according to the product.

In inhabited districts one may hear singing at any hour of the day from field, road, or home. When far above this village, I heard the sounds of the happy village life below, and even at the ridge-crest came a zephyr-wafted song—weird, barbaric, in the syncopated *timbre* of the Arab.

A dust storm whirled across the trail, streaking an orange-yellow funnel two hundred feet in the air. Then the crest was reached. Because of a stone cross, they called it Cruz de Tejeda. It is one of the world's *bellas vistas*—all north-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



CAVERNS HONEYCOMB THE MOUNTAIN-SIDES

eastern Grand Canary lies at one's feet. roughed by lower-lying ridges and small crater cones. Due south, the mountains shunt up to an isolated peak, El Roque de Nublo (The Clouded Rock)—a nature-hewn pinnacle. Beneath us lay Tejeda, in the Barranco de la Culata, which held a huge bowlful of golden sunlight, that splashed up on surrounding peaks and selvedged the edges of slope and precipice with gold, against the dark violet of shadowed recess and sheltered plateau.

Westward, the great bowl narrowed into the Gran Barranco de Tejeda. Into this huge cleft—which from Granadilla, in Teneriffe, seems to split Grand Canary in two—clouds drifted up mid-valley, stratifying like a neutralized spectrum in all the delicate colors of the rainbow. These currents of color flowed around the peaks, rising from the *barranco* bottom, leaving the famous Bentaguaya and other crests as castle-crested islands.

Then, across seventy miles of cloud and sea, the southern end of Teneriffe showed beneath the cloud strata, as though in another world from the majestic peak itself, which in its towering, blue triangle crowned the marvelous scene—the Grand Cañon and Yosemite combined, with a touch of Switzerland and of Fujiyama.

Now and again we glimpsed the great Tejeda Valley, clouds and night drifting over it. The trail suddenly zigzagged down into the heart of Artenara, consisting of a church, a *barberia*, two small stores, and a few houses about a wee plaza. A retaining-wall held them from tumbling into the Tejeda Valley.

The largest house, backed against the mountain, was Señor Bertrano's. A rap —the "*señor* was *salido*" (gone out). However, the parish priest, who was enjoying a cigarette with the storekeeper, entertained me until Señor Bertrano appeared. Reading my letters, he bowed, remarking, "*Mia casa es suyo*" ("My house is yours").

After some light refreshment, he suggested that we "take the air," so we promenaded up and down the few yards by the little wall. Even my host's overcoat and poncho scarcely prevented the night wind and high altitude (4,220 feet) chilling me through, though the temperature was but 18° Centigrade.

"Over there," he pointed, "far down

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the *barranco*, is the famous Roque Bentaguaya. In one of its caves was found the body of a Guanche king, now, I believe, in the Museo at Las Palmas. But come, supper will warm you up."

First came a Spanish tomato-and-rice soup. Two wines were served, and the native omelet of eggs with chopped-up onions and potatoes. Then followed a salad of canned salmon, sweet peppers, and onions; lastly, a dessert of island cheese and prickly pears.

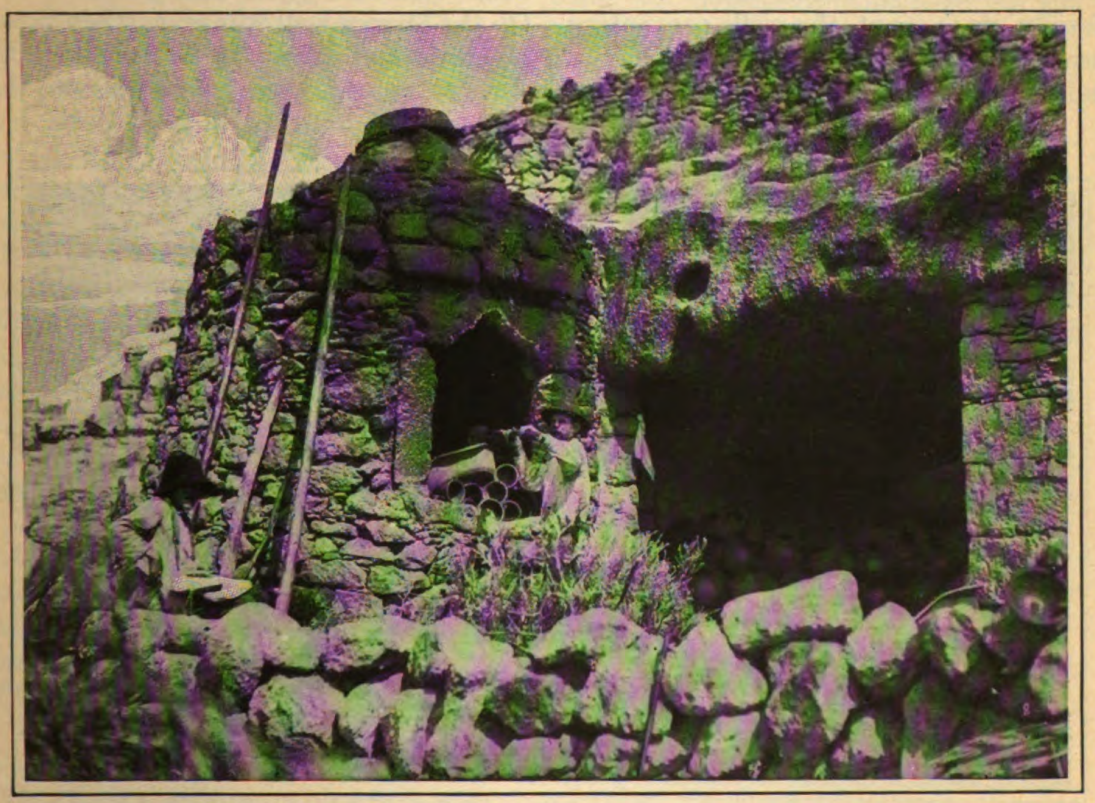
"But the cave-dwellings, *señor*—where are they?"

"You are in one now. Part of this house is in caves. *Venga!*" We stepped into a trellised *patio*. "That wall is the mountain-side, smoothed down. Those doors all lead into caves. See, here are the servants' quarters;" and I looked into a bedroom with rough-hewn side-walls. "And here is the wine-cellar"—a veritable cave, cobwebbed and dust-laden. "These are very old caves; how old, no one knows. Around the corner of this mountain every one lives in caves."

The up-stairs parlor was decorated with a pendant glass chandelier, a family portrait, a chromo of Alphonso XIII, a mirror, a photograph of the family priest, and an imitation begonia. Here Señor Bertrano and his servants puzzled over the set-up of a new bed for my use. This erstwhile carpetless bedroom overlooked the little plaza.

The afterglow had long since changed to night; the two-toned chapel bells had tolled vespers in this little out-of-the-world spot, seemingly so dead that even the bells found no echo. I sank into slumber—but not for long. "Even in the palace of the bishop you will find them," had vouchsafed my friend Dunn, at Las Palmas. "If you want to escape fleas, take my advice and this Spanish powder." Besprinkling it liberally on the homespun sheets, I again sought rest. But they counter-attacked, while the irritating powder nearly suffocated me.

The morrow was Sunday; the plaza was filled early with goers to mass. After service men and women gossiped



AN ATALAYAN POTTERY KILN WHERE THE VESSELS ARE ALL FORMED BY HAND

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in small groups, made purchases at a little store, and finally disappeared around the corner of their mountain-side. Bidding *adios* to my kind host, I was soon going the same way.

A thousand feet above the valley the narrow trail edged by huge masses of mountain wall, beneath which were the cliff dwellings. These resembled the troglodyte habitations of Cappadocia and Tunisia, but particularly the ancient ones of the Mesa Verde and of other cañons of our West. Under overhanging brows of cliff, their entrances were like great black eyes, out of which their inhabitants gazed across the stupendous valley to the distant rock chiselings of nature, El Nublo and Bentaguaya.

Crude retaining-walls formed little terraces in front of many of the dwellings, occasionally hedged about with cactus and yucca. Many cave entrances were faced with frontal walls of irregular stone blocks; the pointings smaller fragments. Primitive stone ovens, like huge beehives, scattered about these terrace compounds, on which much of the family life is spent, the walls preventing small children tumbling down the mountain.

Two small lads, Sabado and Sebastian, took me to their cave home, where I was kindly received. The women had a rare beauty, their soft, pink-tinged, olive complexions, black hair, and dark, smiling eyes heightened by their immaculate, creamy-white mantillas; these, draped in that semi-seductive manner of their Moorish sisters, enshrouded them with a touch of Oriental mystery.

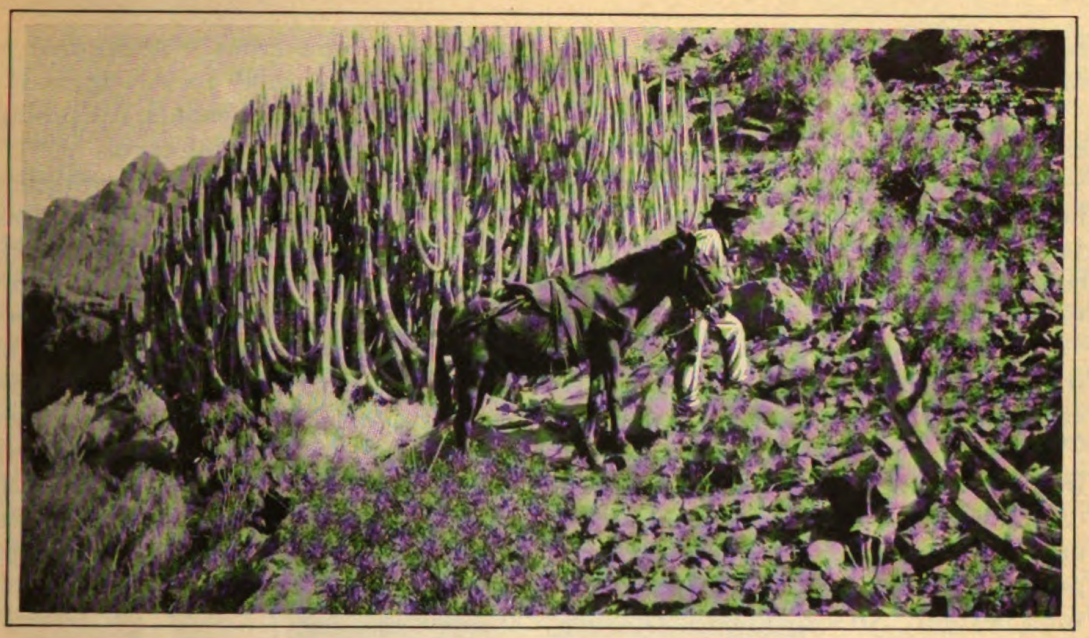
Some of these mountain folk are shepherds, and weave by hand these mantillas from island wool. The men's large, hand-woven, poncho-like white cloak is ornamented with a characteristic stripe of black wool. Wool-washing, drying, carding, and weaving, like most of their simple domestic industries, are carried on just without the cave entrance, on the earth-hardened or stone-flagged terrace which serves as a *patio*.

An overhanging cliff roofed my host's terrace, where three pretty *niñas* busied themselves in the center of a large, orange-gold circle of husked corn, later to be roasted and ground into coarse maize flour for *gofio*, their staple food. On the terrace wall was an earthen bowl of curds and whey, to be turned into *flor de Canaria*, their island cheese. In



HAPPY SOFT-MANNERED, KINDLY-TEMPERED CAVE-DWELLERS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A FERTILE SPOT IN THE MOUNTAIN DESERT

place of rennet, they curdle milk with the blue, thistle-like flower of the cardo, a wild artichoke; its leaves are scraped and eaten as a vegetable, These shepherds and agriculturalists cultivate corn, vegetables, fig and other fruit trees on the precipitous mountain-slope terraces below.

A row of large ears of selected seed-corn gave a brilliant note of orange against the façade of their cave; also gorgeous masses of geraniums, pinks, and other plants in old jars and petroleum-tins on projecting shelves and boxes splotched the neutral walls with color. Though to get water involved long journeys to the nearest springs, their love of beauty made the task worth while. People who love song usually love color, which usually indicates optimism and good health.

So it is with these Artenara cave-dwellers—happy, soft-mannered, kindly-tempered, slow, perhaps, like most of the hundred and sixty-four thousand Grand Canarians, to receive a new idea; slower still to adopt it if at the expense of breaking precedent.

Others of these troglodytes invited me into their dwellings, with which man and nature had punctured their mountain-side, over four thousand feet above the sea. Some were walled-up mountain clefts; others were modifications of natural caves, or possibly very old Guanche ones. Many were rectangular in floor plan, but depending somewhat on the original shape of the cave. Ceilings followed even more closely the original surfaces.

The caves were used mainly as sleeping-quarters, stables, and storage barns. There was little use for kitchens, as cooking was done in the primitive outdoor ovens. The sleeping-quarters comprised one to two rooms, according to the family; the main bedroom often being used for guests; its rough walls were whitewashed, to give greater light, which generally penetrated through a single doorway.

In my host's cave a table, a cooler of spring-water, an oil-lamp, a jar of flowers, a simple picture or two, a few chairs, a chest, and a bed were the appurtenances. Wall-hewn niches took the place of shelves. Often in these hung a cross or crucifix, while beside it candles burned—the family shrine. Under clean, homespun coverlets, beds bulged large and soft, ensconced in an aperture hewn into the rock at the rear, its

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

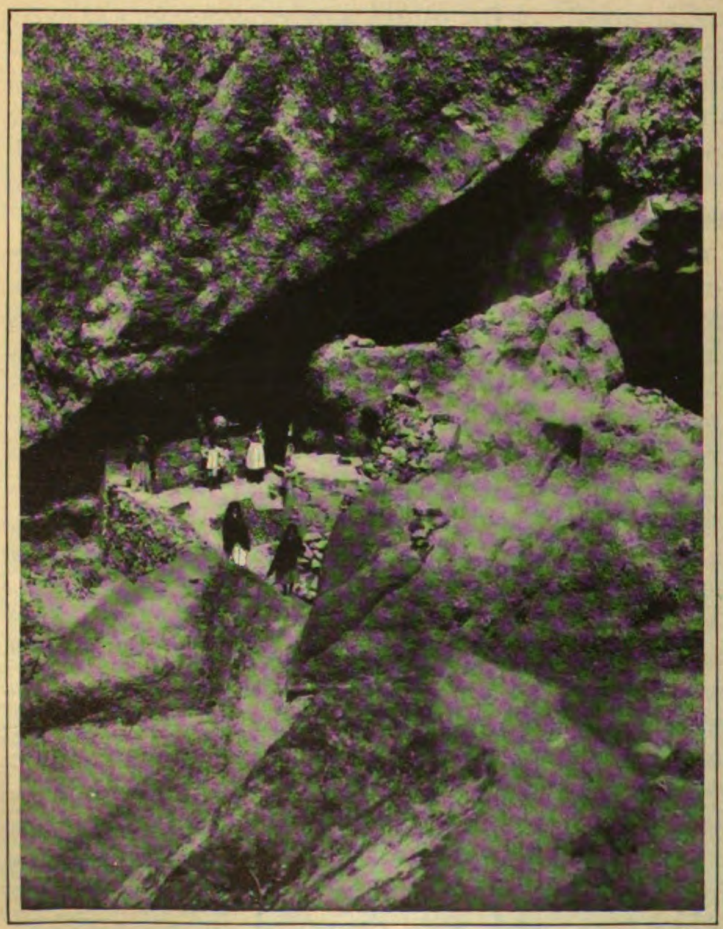
floor half a foot above that of the cave-room.

There was no dampness; in fact, these caves were a "temperamental" blessing—in summer, cool retreats from the heat, having a temperature of about 18° Centigrade; in winter, warm and comfortable, ranging from 10° to 18° Centigrade.

My little couriers and two little girls scampered ahead to where some small swinging doors covered a cave-opening. The children opened them. I stepped from brilliant sunlight into the semi-darkness of a rough-hewn chapel. An antique brass lamp hung like a golden pendant against the mysterious, grim walls beyond. No seats graced the sandy floor rippled by feet, save a quaint, wood-carved chair behind an altar equally quaint. A niche seat had been dug into one wall; beside it a confessional had been crudely sculptured in relief from the solid rock. It was a primitive-looking old chapel, resembling some ancient ceremonial cave.

Though the Guanches were proficient in pottery-making, and sculpturing out caves and stone utensils, yet, strangely enough, they never developed sculpture as an art. In fact, their two sacred mountains, Humiaya, near Telde, and Tirma, which I passed later, contained the only sculptured Guanche images known. One, of stone, is of a youth bearing a globe; the other, of wood, is a fully developed, naked woman; before her are a male and a female goat—the propagation of species evidently being the object of worship.

Completing my investigations of little Artenara, I bade *adios* to my troglodyte friends, who, perched on vantage-points outside their warrens, watched me until a mountain shoulder hid them. We zigged and zagged steeply down toward Tejeda, passing rudely cultivated terraces of the troglodytes, who are as adept at terracing seemingly impossible slopes as are the Azoreans. In some, prickly-pear slips had withered in the intense heat. The fertile oasis about Tejeda below showed green on the brown, scorched landscape. Dry white streaks over rocks where water falls in winter deceive and aggravate the thirsty, yet perhaps encourage the inhabitants with the thought of water there when winter comes again.



SECRET PASSAGES LEAD TO MYSTERIOUS INNER CHAMBERS

Munching ripened almonds which Salvador handed me, we passed through the groves and entered Tejeda, where the *fiesta* of San Miguel, its patron saint, was being held.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Bells rang merrily, then mass and daylight fireworks. Blue-uniformed Guardia Civil with watchful eye, dignified cassocked *padres*, and barefoot children mingled among hooded women and black-hatted men, promenading about. Some matched coppers in games of chance; others purchased sweets, shoes, knicknacks, or little necessaries, spread out by traveling merchants or townsmen on ground-cloths. Siesta dispersed the crowd to home and *fonda*, to continue their simple merrymaking in the cool of eventide and night.

From Tejeda we headed toward Aldea. Our trail wound to where the cañon narrowed to the Gran Barranco de Tejeda.

Two colossal *pitons* of red rock ahead rose from the valley in two isolated peaks like cathedral spires, hole-pitted, time-scarred, and blunted by nature's cohorts—Grand Canary's battered Cathedral of Rheims. The holes proved to be caves, extending to the top of the apparently insurmountable peaks. Some of the lowest ones had been used for stables. I risked a climb to others above, and if those still higher were similar these caves were partially sculptured by man. The upper openings were irregular, and would require rope-ladders and tackle to explore them.



THE WINDOW FRAMED THE WRINKLED FACE OF AN OLD WOMAN

Over a saddle between these we descended the deep south branch of Gran Barranco, through my *vaquero's* error, which necessitated a long climb back to the top of the central ridge. This now followed toward a precipitous plateau, rising above it like a great acropolis.

Along this lonely trail we came upon two mountain girls in the bloom of youth, bearing baskets of grapes on their heads, with the graceful mien of the mountain folk of these islands. They shyly stepped aside to let us pass, but Salvador's cajoleries, who knew the ways of women, if not of mountain trails, brought smiles to their faces and bunches of grapes into our possession.

From now on the trail became bad and dangerous, and we hugged the cliff base of the plateau at the top of the steep, rock-strewn shunt into the *barranco* depths below. Far ahead, from the middle of Tejeda Barranco, a triangular peak, of turquoise blue, higher, more stupendous than all others, gleamed against the brilliant red and saffron clouds of sunset—the Peak of Teneriffe.

We hurriedly stumbled afoot toward the western end of the cliffs before night should shut down on mountain and valley, and at twilight came again onto the ridge-crest. Perched on a ledge, a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lone stone hut lay against the sky-line before us. Plants suspended in an irregular row of tins beneath the one little window showed it was occupied; and the window itself soon framed the wrinkled face of an old woman of whom we inquired the way. Her reply was a liquid flow of language which bade fair to continue indefinitely.

"*Muy malo! Muy riesgo!*" ("Very bad! Very risky!") she repeatedly interjected, in extended accounts of those who had tried and failed along the rocky precipices, or come to grief. "You could not find the trail even by the moon, as it is along the shade side of the mountain —*muy malo!—mucho riesgo!*"

"But send your boy to guide us," referring to a lad who now, with his barking dog, barnacled on a ledge.

"No!"—but her husband would come in a *media hora* (half-hour)—then the boy could go. To reassure the old woman, I went up alone. Only after much good-natured parleying did I break down her reserve and obtain permission to enter her dwelling. The half-hour passed; no husband appeared—doubtless the *media hora* is still being extended.

"*Señora*, you will allow me to sleep overnight?"

"*Imposible, señor!*" A quizzical expression flitted across her watery gray eyes. "*Vea, solo, tengo dos camas*" ("See, there are but two beds").

The hut comprised one room; on a platform at one end were the two beds, broad and white-counterpaned. A few chairs and an old chest completed the furniture.

"But you can give me some food?"

"Ah, *señor*, we are *pobre*. I have nothing. We have not had coffee for months."

"Have you no eggs?" My eyes fell on a few undersized, scrawny fowl, already at roost.

"*Si, señor.*" She held up a lean, hooked forefinger. "*Uno!* [One!] And *una pappa tambien* [and one potato also]. This will make you a *tortilla de huelvos* [omelet of eggs]"—which old Celestina Marina started to prepare.

"*Bueno!*" Calling in Salvador, I busied myself with my notes, shortly to



A PUBLIC LAUNDRY OUTSIDE LAS PALMAS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

be interrupted by the appearance of the two girls, Juana and Maria, whom we met on the trail. Greeting me with that modest courtesy characteristic of these people, they at once proceeded to assist the old *madre*.

These girls often walked, barefoot, five or ten miles daily to and from the valleys, or clambered the mountain-sides to assist their brother Juan with his goats. Yet their feet, like their hands, were small and shapely. Both these Dianas of the mountains were models of health and grace.

There was an inside, cold-weather fireplace, but old Celestina and Maria soon had the omelet sizzling on an outside fire built between three inclined stones.

"Look, *señor!*" Old Celestina held up a small bottle of olive-oil, marking it with her finger to show me how generously she had used up a full half.

My fear of disposing of the only morsel of food was quickly dispelled. Two large earthen bowls were filled with cornmeal. Into these goat's milk was poured, producing a dough. Then, Arab fashion, they seated themselves cross-legged on the floor, and proceeded, after the Moorish manner of eating *coos-coos*, to eat this *gofio* with their fingers from common bowls.

The omelet had but tantalized my appetite; so, promptly following suit, I ate with relish from the bowl of the two girls—my guide from the other—much to the merriment of all. Old Celestina had thought the *caballero* would prefer hunger to the half-raw food of the poor.

There was plenty of conversation and laughter, mostly at my expense, at this unique supper-party at "Los Jonquillos" ("The Jonquils")—for such Celestina had named her lonely cabin. Except for canned flowers suspended on the outer wall, there was nothing but barrenness about; so the old *madre*, and I dare say Juana and Maria, were much pleased when I remarked that it must have been for them she had named it.

"I have another *casa*, *señor*, in which you may sleep. Here is the bed." Celestina produced a crude frame to which had been nailed a stretch of heavy cloth. "Juan will take you to it."

Salvador and I followed in darkness, stumbling amid rocks and thorny shrubs. A quarter-mile back, along the cliff base, we climbed up the rocky wall to the *casa*—a natural cave. Its floor was covered with dried thistles—goat fodder when feed was scarce. On this the cot was placed; cameras, boots, and other gnawable equipment hung up on projecting rocks, out of the way of numerous rats which nested and rustled among the dry thistles.

We were soon asleep, to be aroused by dawn stealing in through the cave-opening—my front door, out of which I gazed across the great *barranco* to the rose-tinted, violet-shadowed mountains beyond.

Only the old woman was at the hut—Juan and the girls had gone to tend their goat herd; we could hear, from a distant somewhere, the liquid tinkle of its leader's bell. There was nothing to eat—"*absolutamente nada.*" Old Celestina had given me of her all, nor looked for the two silver pesos I slipped into her withered hand, which brought forth her blessing.

We dropped, breakfastless, down a precipitous trail to the gorge bottom, where I soon learned the origin of "Los Jonquillos"—a small mass of jonquils growing, almost a phenomenon in this dry wilderness of lava rock and spiny cactus.

"Have some eyes!" yelled Salvador as the mule tried to crowd through a narrow gap. We now traveled between the walls of a narrow defile. The trail could only be discerned by its slightly warmer tone among the bluish clutter of stones. A few pools of warm, stagnant water covered the ledgy bottom with green slime. Save for the lizards, mostly related to the North African fauna, which scurried across our trail, we saw few signs of life, and only several birds of the two hundred and twelve species of this island.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Still the ravines of this Tejeda Barranco are exceedingly picturesque, though it was hard to imagine that down nearly all the dry, bleached ravines and gorges of Grand Canary streams once upon a time had cascaded and rippled. Dense forests of over forty species of trees once cooled its mountain-slopes, holding back and conserving its top-soil and water. Beautiful indeed must have been the shady groves of this Greek Elysium.

But pines and all the great forests have gone. The slopes are washed to barren rock; and the rains and streams, unless caught, diverted, and conserved, shortly disappear in a rush to the sea. Why this denudation of Grand Canary? Wood for charcoal. This, formerly exported, is now imported from Spain. Still the havoc goes on. The Guardia Civil often fail to see the fires of the charcoal poachers on the mountain-sides at night, or the smoke-wreaths by day. Reclamation of top-soil and forests, even where possible, is a slow process. Among the few shrubs and trees adaptable for reclaiming the dry hillsides is the ornamental carob-tree, the seed of which was once used as a goldsmith's weight, from which the word "carat" originated.

About noon we approached the western outlet of the Tejeda Barranco. From Tejeda toward Aldea the trail was of the crookedest, leading over three mountain-ridges. Singing now drifted down on the hot air; a turn brought us suddenly upon the singers—some girls who, like timid wild things, scooted up the gorge and were lost among the rocks.

Soon the sea gleamed azure through a great gap—the Barranco de Aldea; afar rose the Peak of Teneriffe, in paler blue. In the *barranco* mouth lay Aldea, half its inhabitants living in the dry river-bed itself. Even some American windmills but half marred this Oriental-like town, with its white houses and palm-trees.

The sleepy hamlet had pulled the river-bed—a great stone heap—about itself for house sides, and massive field walls five feet thick. Within these cleared spaces tomatoes and corn principally were irrigated by the mills, each of which pumped water into a cistern, to be let out morning and eve into the gardens, after the manner of the East.

After lunching at the house of the kindly *curé*, I instructed Salvador to make careful inquiry as to our direction. Following his lead, the heat of early afternoon found us plodding upward into a mountain wilderness, heading for Agaete. I walked—to save the mule—over a trail of sun-scorched rock.

"You are sure of this trail?"

"*Si, señor*," affably replied Salvador. "*Sito mula*, hey, you fool!" he suddenly yelled. "Haven't you eyes? There's no road where you are going"—which was true, for the trail turned to a goat-track which disappeared in the heat-baked soil at the head of a ravine. A trail far back and across country, he assured me, was the right one. We short-cut across, over a rock-strewn rise, in the withering heat, but brought up on a steep *barranco* edge, and looked down upon a deserted village.

"*Vamos, señor*," and Salvador started.

"You are sure this leads to Agaete?" I queried, as we worked down.

"*No sabe!*" he ejaculated.

"Then why are you taking it?"

"We'll ask some one," was his unconcerned reply. I looked around on the desolate landscape. Beyond the hamlet we came to an inhabited farm-house, where they pointed out the mountains over which we were to pass, favoring us with information we already possessed—that there was *mucho calor*.

"*A camino, mula!*" ("To the road, mule!") Salvador would yell, to the lash of his whip, requiring of the mule an intelligence he himself had failed to show.

Hotter became the ascent. Salvador showed fatigue. Finally down he sat, with head between hands—the heat was getting him. With difficulty I assisted him on to the mule, where, riding limp, he was with difficulty kept from falling.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Up through dry cacti, twisted stems, and wizened plants we scrambled. Little white-bleached snail-shells were scattered among the stones; I could smell the odor of hot rock, scraped when the mule slipped. Steeper grew the climb; Salvador reeled and slouched in the saddle like a drunken man, while the poor mule, requiring constant rests, dripped perspiration on the hot rocks.

At last the top of the pass; a whiff of air, a patch of shadow—but the trail split into three. I decided on one. Soon its indistinctness left Salvador again nonplussed. Thinking we were in another goat-track, despite my calls, he disappeared to the right.

Continuing with the mule, I soon circled high above the vast valley of the Barranco de las Arenas, and glimpsed the sea far below, and headlands to the north, jutting out. Suddenly Salvador appeared over a knoll. More ridges, and we swung around the valley-head and down into the *barranco*.

The trail became a road, now serpentining high up on the mountain-side along the coast, back into ravines, out around headlands. I "spelled" the mule with Salvador, who had recuperated in the cool coast breezes.

"Eh! heh-heh'h! Go toward Agaete, or you'll go the devil!" he would yell, and sometimes include my legs in the lashing, to which I objected for the mule's sake as well as my own.

The automobile was to have met me at Agaete some hours ago, so to make time Salvador rode the greater part of the last six miles. Agaete broke into view, a white-and-pink-gleaming cameo, prosperous-looking in its setting of green plantations. Telling Salvador to follow at will, I rode ahead, arriving at just seven in the public plaza, where the automobile awaited me. Salvador soon jogged in.

"I say, old chap, come right along; you'll be just in time for dinner," was Mr. Fenoulhet's telephone reply from Galdar. Seeing Salvador and his mule well cared for, we cranked up.

"*Gracias, señor. Caramba! Fué un viaje duro, y bastante rapido* [It was a hard journey, and rapid enough]. *Adios, señor!*"

It was but a short run to Galdar. We drew up at Fenoulhet's old mansion, in a little tree-shaded square. After his *mozo* had beaten the dust from my clothes and I had had the joy of a bath, I sat down refreshed to a well-appointed table and delightful conversation. I bethought me of my meal of the previous night, cross-legged on the floor of the hut of kind old Celestina. What contrasts of life—but both pleasant memories to me.

Later, when all Grand Canary slept, I journeyed to Las Palmas. The chauffeur must needs be a skilful driver to make the many turns of that road at night, with often nothing between one and sheer drops of hundreds of feet. We sped by plantation after plantation of banana and cochineal, trees and verdure, now and again broken by little white towns, the big crater, cone of Mt. Cardones, near Arucas, with its outskirting palatial residences—all filmed in blue silver of moonlight.

How different the sun-baked interior about Artenara—how unique the life of its simple people. Yet, after all, the great difference between these troglodytes and those who inhabit the cañons of Manhattan is fundamentally superficial—one builds walls about holes; the other scoops a hole between walls.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HUNGER

BY ANZIA YEZIERSKA

SHENAH PESSAH paused in the midst of scrubbing the stairs of the tenement. "Ach!" she sighed. "How can his face still burn so in me when he is so long gone? How the deadness in me flames up with life at the thought of him!"

The dark hallway seemed flooded with white radiance. She closed her eyes that she might see more vividly the beloved features—the glowing smile that healed all ills of life and changed her from the weary drudge into the vibrant creature of joy.

It was all a miracle—his coming, this young professor from one of the big colleges. He had rented a room in the very house where she was janitress so as to be near the people he was writing about. But more wonderful than all was the way he stopped to talk to her, to question her about herself as though she were his equal. What warm friendliness had prompted him to take her out of her dark basement to the library where there were books to read?

And then—that unforgetable night on the way home, when the air was poignant with spring! Only a moment—a kiss—a pressure of hands! And the world shone with light, the empty, unlived years filled with love!

She was lost in dreams of her one hour of romance when a woman elbowed her way through the dim passage, leaving behind her the smell of herring and onions.

Shenah Pessah gripped the scrubbing-brush with suppressed fury. "Meshugeneh! Did you not swear to yourself that you would tear his memory out from your heart?"

"If he would have been only a man I could have forgotten him. But he was not a man. He was God Himself! On whatever I look shines his face!"

The white radiance again suffused her. The brush dropped from her hand. "He—he is the beating in my heart! He is the life in me—the hope in me—the breath of prayer in me! If not for him in me then what am I? Deadness—emptiness—nothingness!

"You are going out of your head. You are living only on rainbows. He is no more real—"

"What is real? These rags I wear? This pail? This black hole? Or him and the dreams of him?" She flung her challenge to the murky darkness.

"Shenah Pessah! A black year on you!" came the answer from the cellar below. It was the voice of her uncle, Moisheh Rifkin.

"Oi weh!" She shrugged young shoulders wearied by joyless toil. "He is beginning with his hollering already." And she hurried down.

"You piece of earth! Worms should eat you! How long does it take you to wash up the stairs?" he stormed. "Yesterday the eating was burned to coal, and to-day you forget the salt."

"What a fuss over a little less salt!"

"In the Talmud it stands a man has a right to divorce his wife for only forgetting him the salt in his soup."

"Maybe that's why Aunt Gittel went to her grave before her time, worrying how to please your taste in the mouth."

The old man's yellow, shriveled face stared up at her out of the gloom. "What has he from life? Only his pleasure in eating and going to the synagogue. How long will he live yet?" And, moved by a surge of pity, "Why can't I be a little kind to him?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Did you chop me some herring and onions?" he interrupted, harshly.

She flushed with conscious guilt. Again she wondered why ugly things and ugly smells so sickened her.

"What don't you forget?" His voice hammered upon her ears. "No care lays in your head. You're only dreaming in the air."

Her compassion was swept away in a wave of revolt that left her trembling. "I can't no more stand it from you! Get yourself somebody else!" She was surprised at her sudden spirit.

"You big mouth, you! That's your thanks for saving you from hunger."

"Two years already I'm working the nails off my fingers and you didn't give me a cent."

"Beggarin! Money yet you want? The minute you get enough to eat you turn your head with freshness. Are you used to anything from home? What were you out there in Savel? The dirt under people's feet. You're already forgetting how you came off from the ship —a bundle of rags full of holes. If you lived in Russia a hundred years would you have lived to wear a pair of new shoes on your feet?"

"Other girls come naked and with nothing to America and they work themselves up. Everybody gets wages in America."

"Amerikanerin! Didn't I spend out enough money on your ship-ticket to have a little use from you? A thunder should strike you!"

Shenah Pessah's eyes flamed. Her broken finger-nails pierced the callous flesh of her hands. So this was the end—the awakening of her dreams of America! Her memory went back to the time her ship-ticket came. In her simple faith she had really believed that they wanted her —her father's brother and his wife who had come to the New World before ever she was born. She thought they wanted to give her a chance for happiness, for life and love. And then she came—to find the paralytic aunt—housework—janitor's drudgery. Even after her aunt's death she had gone on uncomplainingly till her uncle's nagging had worn down her last shred of self-control.

"It's the last time you'll holler on me!" she cried. "You'll never see my face again if I got to go begging in the street!" Seizing her shawl, she rushed out. "Woe is me! Bitter is me! For what is my life? Why didn't the ship go under and drown me before I came to America?"

Through the streets like a maddened thing she raced, not knowing where she was going, not caring. "For what should I keep on suffering? Who needs me? Who wants me? I got nobody — nobody!"

And then the vision of the face she worshiped flashed before her. His beautiful kindness that had once warmed her into new life breathed over her again. "Why did he ever come but to lift me out of my darkness into his light?"

Instinctively her eyes sought the rift of blue above the tenement roofs and were caught by a boldly printed placard—HANDS WANTED. It was as though the sign swung open on its hinges like a door and arms stretched out inviting her to enter. From the sign she looked at her own hands, vigorous, young hands, made strong through toil.

Hope leaped within her. "Maybe I got luck to have it good in this world. Ach! God from the sky! I'm so burning to live—to work myself up for a somebody! And why not?" With clenched fist she smote her bosom. "Ain't everything possible in the New World? Why is America but to give me the chance to lift up my head with everybody alike?"

Her feet scarcely touched the steps as she ran up. But when she reached the huge iron door of Cohen Brothers a terror seized her. "Oi weh! They'll give a look on my greenhorn rags, and down I go—

"For what are you afraid, you fool?" she commanded herself. "You come not to beg. They need hands. Don't the sign say so? And you got good strong hands that can turn over the earth with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

their strength. America is before you. You'll begin to earn money. You'll dress yourself up like a person and men will fall on their knees to make love to you—even him—himself!"

All fear had left her. She flung open the door and beheld the wonder of a factory — people . . . people — seas of bent heads and busy hands of people—the whir of machinery—flying belts—the clicking clatter of whirling wheels—all seemed to blend and fuse into one surging song of hope—of new life—a new world—America!

A man, his arms heaped with a bundle of shirts, paused at sight of the radiant face. Her ruddy cheeks, the film of innocence shining out of eyes that knew no guile, carried him back to the green fields and open plains of his native Russia. "Her mother's milk is still fresh on her lips," he murmured as his gaze enveloped her.

The bundle slipped and fell to her feet; their eyes met in spontaneous recognition of common race. With an embarrassed laugh they stooped to gather up the shirts.

"I seen down-stairs hands wanted," came in a faltering voice.

"Then you're looking for work?" he questioned with keen interest. She was so different from the others he had known in his five years in this country. He was seized with curiosity to know more.

"You 'ain't been long in America?" His tone was an unconscious caress.

"Two years already," she confessed. "But I ain't so green like I look," she added, quickly, overcome by the old anxiety.

"Trust yourself on me," Sam Arkin assured her. "I'm a feller that knows himself on a person first off. I'll take you to the office myself. Wait only till I put away these things."

Grinning with eagerness, he returned, and together they sought the foreman.

"Good luck on you! I hope you'll be pushed up soon to my floor," Sam Arkin encouraged, as he hurried back to his machine.

Because of the rush of work and the scarcity of help, Shenah Pessah was hired without delay. Atremble with excitement, she tiptoed after the foreman as he led the way into the work-room.

"Here, Sadie Kranz, is another learner for you." He addressed a big-bosomed girl, the most skilful worker in the place.

"Another greenhorn with a wooden head!" she whispered to her neighbor as Shenah Pessah removed her shawl. "Gewalt! All these greenhorn hands tear the bread from our mouths by begging to work so cheap."

But the dumb appeal of the immigrant stirred vague memories in Sadie Kranz. As she watched her run her first seam, she marveled at her speed. "I got to hand it to you, you have a quick head." There was conscious condescension in her praise.

Shenah Pessah lifted a beaming face. "How kind it was from you to learn me! You good heart!"

No one had ever before called Sadie Kranz "good heart." The words lingered pleasantly. "Ut! I like to help anybody, so long it don't cost me nothing. I get paid by the week, anyhow," she half apologized.

Shenah Pessah was so thrilled with the novelty of the work, the excitement of mastering the intricacies of her machine, that she did not realize the day had passed until the bell rang, the machines came to a halt, and the "hands" made a wild rush for the cloak-room.

"Oi weh! Is it a fire?" Shenah Pessah blanched with dread.

Loud laughter quelled her fears. "Greenie! It's six o'clock. Time to go home," chorused the voices.

"Home? The cry broke from her. "Where will I go? I got no home."

She stood bewildered in the fast-dwindling crowd of workers. Each one jostling by her had a place to go. Of them all she alone was friendless, shelterless!

"Help me find a place to sleep!" she implored, seizing Sadie Kranz by the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sleeve of her velvet coat. "I got no people. I ran away."

Sadie Kranz narrowed her eyes at the girl. A feeling of pity crept over her at sight of the outstretched, hungry hands.

"I'll fix you by me for the while," and, taking the shawl off the shelf, she tossed it to the forlorn bundle of rags. "Come along. You must be starved for some eating."

As Shenah Pessah entered the dingy hall room which Sadie Kranz called home its chill and squalor carried her back to the janitor's basement she had left that morning. In silence she watched her companion prepare the "hot dogs" and potatoes on the oil-stove atop the trunk. Such pressing sadness weighed upon her that she turned from even the smell of food.

"My heart pulls me so to go back to my uncle." She swallowed hard her crust of black bread. "He's so used to have me help him. What 'll he do—alone?"

"You got to look out for yourself in this world." Sadie Kranz gesticulated with a hot potato. "With your quickness, you got a chance to make money and buy clothes. You can go to shows—dances. And who knows—maybe meet a man to get married."

"Married? You know how it burns in every girl to get herself married—that's how it burns in me to work myself up for a person."

"Ut! For what need you to work yourself up? Better marry yourself up to a rich feller and you're fixed for life."

"But him I want—he ain't just a man. He is—" She paused, seeking for words, and a mist of longing softened the heavy peasant features. "He is the golden hills on the sky. I'm as far from him as the earth is from the stars."

"Yok! Why wills itself in you the stars?" her companion ridiculed between swallows.

Shenah Pessah flung out her hands with Jewish fervor. "Can I help it what's in my heart? It always longs in me for the higher. Maybe he has long ago forgotten me, but only one hope drives in me like madness—to make myself alike to him."

"I'll tell you the truth," laughed Sadie Kranz, fishing in the pot for the last frankfurter. "You are a little out of your head, plain meshugeh."

"Meshugeh?" Shenah Pessah rose to her feet, vibrant with new resolve. "Meshugeh?" she challenged, her peasant youth afire with ambition. "I'll yet show the world what's in me—I'll not go back to my uncle till it rings with my name in America."

She entered the factory the next day with a light in her face, a sureness in her step that made all pause in wonder. "Look only!" They nudged one another. "How high she holds herself her head! Has the matchmaker promised her a man?"

Then came her first real triumph. Shenah Pessah was raised above old hands who had been in the factory for years and made assistant to Sam Arkin, the man who had welcomed her that first day in the factory. As she was shown to the bench beside him she waited expectantly for a word of welcome. None came. Instead, he bent the closer to his machine, and the hand that held the shirt trembled as though he were cold, though the hot color flooded his face.

Resolutely she turned to her work. She would show him how skilful she had become in those few weeks. The seams sped under her lightning touch when a sudden clatter startled her. She jumped up, terror-stricken.

"The belt! The belt slipped! But it's nothing, little bird," Sam Arkin hastened to assure her. "I'll fix it." And then the quick warning: "Sh-h! The foreman is coming!"

Accustomed to her uncle's harsh bickering, this man's gentleness overwhelmed her. There was something she longed to say that trembled on her lips, but her voice refused to come.

Sam Arkin, too, was inarticulate. He felt that he must talk to her, must know

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

more of her. Timidly he touched her sleeve. "Lunch-time—here—wait for me," he whispered, as the foreman approached.

A shrill whistle, the switch thrown, the slowing down of the machines, then the deafening hush proclaiming noon. Followed the scraping of chairs, raucous voices, laughter, and the rush on the line to reach the steaming caldron. One by one, as their cups of tea were filled, the hungry workers dispersed into groups. Seated on window-sills, table-tops, machines, and bales of shirts, they munched black bread and herring and sipped tea from saucers.

Rebecca Feist, the belle of the shop, pulled up the sleeve of her georgette waist and glanced at her fifty-nine-cent silk stockings. "A lot it pays for a girl to kill herself to dress stylish. Give only a look on Sam Arkin, how stuck he is on that new hand."

There followed a chorus of voices. "Such freshness! We been in the shop so long and she just gives a come-in and grabs the cream as if it's coming to her."

"It's her innocent-looking baby eyes that fools him in—"

"Innocent! Pfui! These make-believe innocent girls! Leave it to them. They know how to shine themselves up to a feller."

Bleemah Levine, a stoop-shouldered, old hand, grown gray with the grayness of unrelieved drudgery, cast a furtive look in the direction of the couple. "Ach! The little bit of luck! Not looks, not smartness, but only luck, and the world falls to your feet." Her lips tightened with envy. "It's her greenhorn red cheeks—"

Rebecca Feist glanced at herself in the mirror of her vanity-bag. It was a pretty young face, but pale and thin from under-nourishment. Adroitly applying a lip-stick, she cried, indignantly:

"I wish I could be such a false thing like her. But only, I'm too natural—the hypocrite!"

Sadie Kranz rose to her friend's defense. "What are you falling on her like a pack of wild dogs, just because Sam Arkin gives a smile on her? He ain't marrying her yet, is he?"

"We don't say nothing against her," retorted Rebecca Feist, tapping her diamond-buckled foot, "only, she pushes herself too much. Give her a finger and she'll grab your whole hand. Is there a limit to the pushings of such a green animal? Only a while ago she was a learner, a nobody, and soon she'll jump over all our heads and make herself for a forelady."

Sam Arkin, seated beside Shenah Pessah on the window-sill, had forgotten that it was lunch-hour and that he was savagely hungry. "It shines so from you eyes," he beamed. "What happy thoughts lay in your head?"

"Ach! When I give myself a look around on all the people laughing and talking it makes me so happy I'm one of them."

"Ut! These Amerikanerins! Their heads is only on ice-cream soda and style."

"But it makes me feel so grand to be with all these hands alike. It's as if I just got out from the choking prison into the open air of my own people."

She paused for breath, a host of memories overpowering her. "I can't give it out in words," she went on, "but just as there ain't no bottom to being poor, there ain't no bottom to being lonely. Before, everything I done was alone, by myself. My heart hurt so with hunger for people. But here in the factory I feel I'm with everybody together. Just the sight of people lifts me on wings in the air."

Opening her bag of lunch which had lain unheeded in her lap, she turned to him with a queer little laugh. "I don't know why I'm so talking myself out to you—"

"Only talk more. I want to know everything about yourself."

An aching tenderness rushed out of his heart to her, and in his grave simplicity he told her how he had overheard one of the girls say that she, Shenah Pes-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sah, looked like a "greeneh yentch," just landed from the ship, so that he cried out, "Gottuniu! If only the doves from the sky were as beautiful!"

They looked at each other solemnly, the girl's lips parted, her eyes wide and serious.

"That first day I came to the shop, the minute I gave a look on you, I felt right away, here is somebody from home. I used to tremble so to talk to a man, but you—you— I could talk myself out to you like thinking in myself."

"You're all soft silk and fine velvet," he breathed, reverently. "In this hard world, how could such fineness be?"

An embarrassed silence fell between them as she knotted and unknotted her colored kerchief.

"I'll take you home? Yes?" he found voice at last.

Under lowered lashes she smiled her consent.

"I'll wait for you down-stairs, closing-time." And he was gone.

The noon-hour was not yet over, but Shenah Pessah returned to her machine. "Shall I tell him?" she mused. "Sam Arkin understands so much; shall I tell him of this man that burns in me? If I could only give out to some one about him in my heart—it would make me a little clear in the head." She glanced at Sam Arkin furtively. "He's kind, but could he understand? I only made a fool from myself trying to tell Sadie Kranz." All at once she began to sob without reason.

She ran to the cloak-room and hid from prying eyes, behind the shawls and wraps. The emptiness of all for which she struggled pressed upon her like a dead weight, dragging her down, down—the reaction of her ecstasy.

As the gong sounded she made a desperate effort to pull herelf together and returned to her work.

The six-o'clock whistles still reverberated when Sam Arkin hurried down the factory stairs and out to the corner where he was to meet Shenah Pessah. He cleared his throat to greet her as she came, but all he managed was a bashful grin. She was so near, so real, and he had so much to say, if he only knew how to begin.

He cracked his knuckles and bit his finger-tips, but no words came. "Ach! You yok! Why ain't you saying something?"

"I'm sorry," Shenah Pessah colored, apologetically, "but I got no place to invite you. My room is hardly big enough for a push-in of one person."

"What say you to a bite of eating with me?" he blurted.

She thought of her scant supper upstairs and would have responded eagerly, but, glancing down at her clothes, she hesitated. "Could I go dressed like this in a restaurant?"

"You look grander plain, like you are, than those twisted up with style. I'll take you to the swellest restaurant on Grand Street and be proud with you."

She flushed with pleasure. "Nu, come on, then. It's good to have a friend that knows himself on what's in you and not what's on you, but still, when I go to a place, I like to be dressed like a person so I can feel like a person."

"You'll yet live to wear diamonds that will shine up the street when you pass," he cried, elated. "America was good to me, but I never guessed how good till now." The words were out before he knew it. "Tell me only, what pulled you to this country?"

"What pulls anybody here? The hope for the better. People who got it good in the Old World don't hunger for the New." A mist filled her eyes at memory of her native village. "How I suffered in Savel. I never had enough to eat. I never had shoes on my feet; I had to go barefoot even in the freezing winter. But still I love it."

The brilliant lights of Levy's Café brought her back to Grand Street.

"Here it is." He led her in and over to a corner table. "Chopped herring and onions for two," he ordered with a flourish.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Ain't there some American eating on the card?" interposed Shenah Pessah.

He laughed indulgently. "If I lived in America for a hundred years, I couldn't get used to the American eating."

"There's something in me—I can't help, that so quickly takes on to the American taste. It's as if my outside skin only was Russian; the heart in me is for everything of the New World, even the eating."

"Nu, I got nothing to complain against America. I don't like the American eating, but I like the American dollar. Look only on me!" He expanded his chest. "I came to America a ragged nothing—and—see—" He exhibited a bank-book in four figures, gesticulating grandly, "And I learned in America to sign my name!"

"Did it come hard to learn?" she asked, under her breath.

"Hard?" His face purpled with excitement. "It would be easier for me to lift up this whole house on my shoulders than to make one little dot of a letter. When I took my pencil— Oi weh! The sweat would break out on my face! 'I can't! I can't!' I cried, but something in me jumped out. 'You can —you yok—you must!' Six months, night after night, I stuck to it—and I learned to twist around the little black hooks till it means—me—Sam Arkin."

He had the rough-hewn features of the common people, but he lifted his head with the pride of a king. "Since I can write out my name, I feel I can do anything. I can sign checks, put money in the bank, or take it out without nobody to help me."

As Shenah Pessah listened, unconsciously, she compared Sam Arkin, glowing with the frank conceit of the self-made man, with that Other One—made ever more beautiful with longings and dreams.

"But in all these black years I was always hoping to get to the golden country," Sam Arkin's voice went on, but she heard it as from afar. "Before my eyes was always the shine of the high wages and the easy money, and I kept pushing myself from one city to another, and saving and saving till I saved up enough for my ship-ticket to the New World. And then, when I landed here, I fell into the hands of a cockroach boss."

"A cockroach boss?" she questioned, absently.

"A black year on him! He was a landsman, that's how he fooled me in. He used to come to the ship with a smiling face of welcome to all the greenhorns what had nobody to go to. And then he'd put them to work and sweat them into their grave."

"Don't I know it?" she cried, with quickened understanding. "Just like my uncle, Moisheh Rifkin."

"I want to forget what's already over. I got enough money now to start for myself—maybe a tailor-shop—and soon—I—I—want to marry, myself—but none of those crazy chickens for me." And he seemed to draw her unto himself by the intensity of his gaze.

Growing bolder, he exclaimed: "I got a grand idea! I'll write over my bank-book on your name? Yes?"

"My name?" She fell back, dumbstruck.

"Yes—you—everything I only got—you—" he mumbled. "You'll hold all my money."

She was shaken by this supreme proof of his devotion. "But I—I can't— I got to work myself up for a person. I got a head. I can catch on to the Americans quicker 'n lightning."

"My money can buy you everything. I'll buy you teachers. I'll buy you a piano. I'll make you for a lady. Right away you can stop from work." He leaned toward her, his eyes welling with tears of earnestness.

"Take your hard-earned money? Could I be such a beggarin?"

"God from the world! You are dearer to me than the eyes from my head. I'd give the blood from under my nails for you. I want only to work for you, to live for you, to die for you." He was spent with the surge of his emotion.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Ach! To be loved as Sam Arkin loved! She covered her eyes, but it only pressed upon her the more. Home, husband, babies, a bread-giver for life!

And the Other—a dream—a madness that burns you up alive. "You might as well want to marry yourself to the President as to want him. But I can't help it. *Him and him only* I want!"

She looked up again. "No—no!" she cried, cruel in the self-absorption of youth and ambition. "You can't make me for a person. It's not only that I got to go up higher, but I got to push myself up by myself, by my own strength."

"Nu, nu," he sobbed, "I'll not bother you with me—only give you my everything. My bank-book is more than my flesh and blood. Only take it, to do what you want with it."

Her eyes deepened with humility. "I know your goodness, but there's something like a wall around me—him in my heart."

"Him!" The world hurled itself at him like a bomb-shell. He went white with pain. And even she, immersed in her own thoughts, lowered her head before the dumb suffering on his face. She felt she owed it to him to tell him.

"I wanted to talk myself out to you about him yet before— He ain't just a man. He is all that I want to be and am not yet. He is the hunger of me for the life that ain't just eating and sleeping and slaving for bread." She pushed back her chair and rose abruptly. "I can't be inside walls when I talk of him. Come out in the air."

They walked for a time before either spoke. Sam Arkin followed where she led through the crooked labyrinth of streets. The sight of the young mothers with their nursing infants pressed to their bared bosoms stabbed anew his hurt.

Shenah Pessah, blind to all but the vision that obsessed her, talked on. "All that my mother and father and my mother's mother and father ever wanted to be is in him. This fire in me, it's not just the hunger of a woman for a man; it's the hunger of all my people back of me for light—for the life higher!"

Sam Arkin's face became lifeless as clay. Bowed like an old man, he dragged his leaden feet after him. The world was dead, cold, meaningless. Bank-book, money—of what use were they now? All his years of saving couldn't win her. He was suffocated in emptiness.

On they walked till they reached a deserted spot in the park. So spent was he by his sorrow that he lost his sense of time or place or that she was near.

Leaning against a tree, he stood, dumb, motionless, unutterable bewilderment in his sunken eyes.

"I lived over the hunger for bread—but this—" He clutched at his bosom. "Highest One, help me!" With his face to the ground he sank, prostrate.

"Sam Arkin!" She bent over him tenderly. "I feel the emptiness of words, but I got to get it out. All that you suffer I have suffered, and must yet go on suffering. I see no end. But only—there is something—a hope—a help out—it lifts me on top of my hungry body—the hunger to make from myself a person that can't be crushed by nothing nor nobody—the life higher!"

Slowly he rose to his feet, drawn from his weakness by the spell of her. "With one hand you throw me down and with the other you lift me up to life again. Say to me only again, your words," he pleaded, helplessly.

"Sam Arkin! Give yourself your own strength!" She shook him roughly. "I got no pity on you, no more than I got pity on me."

He saw her eyes fill with light as though she were seeing something far beyond them both.

"This," she breathed, "is only the beginning of the hunger that will make from you a person who'll yet ring in America!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

FOLLOWING SHERMAN'S FOOTSTEPS TO-DAY

PART I.

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

"YOU cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will. War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it," said Sherman, when he ordered the whole population of Atlanta to flee whithersoever it desired. And the Atlanta folk, who had not realized what war was till then, complained.

"North, if you care to find refuge with an enemy who will not treat you ill; south, if you think there is still a corner safe from our victorious arms."

So north and south they fled, but mostly south, for they were bitter, and the roads filled with the pitiful array of thousands of men and women and children with their old-fashioned coaches, with their barrows, with their servants, with those faithful blacks who did not heed the fact that "the day ob liberation hab arrived"—all under safe conduct to Hood's army.

What complaints, what laments, as the proud Southern population took the road! A lamentation that is heard till now! And, when the people had gone, Atlanta was set on fire. Sherman had decided to march to the sea and he could not afford to leave an enemy population in his rear, nor could he allow the chance that secret arsenals might exist there after he had gone. It was a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle, "the heaven one expanse of lurid fire, the air filled with flying, burning cinders." "We were startled and awed," says a soldier who marched with the rest, "seeing vast waves and sheets of flame thrusting themselves heavenward, rolling and tossing in mighty billows—a gigantic sea of fire." Small explosions arranged by the engineers were punctuated by huge explosions when hidden stores of ammunition were located, and while these added ruin to ruin in the city they sounded as lugubrious and awful detonations to the soldiery on the road. Depots, churches, shops, warehouses, homes, flared from every story and every window.

That was in the fall of 1864. Years have passed and healed many wounds. Now it is Atlanta in the fall of 1919 and the crush of the Fair time. All Georgia is at her capital city. The automobiles are forced to a walking pace, there are so many of them, and they vent their displeasure in a multiform chorus of barking, howling, and hooting. So great is the prosperity of the land that the little farmer and the working-man have their cars—not mere "Ford runabouts" or "flivvers," but resplendently enameled, capacious, smooth-running, swift-starting coaches where wife and family disport themselves more at home than at home. Atlanta's new life has grown from the old ruins and hidden them as a young forest springs through the charred stumps of a forest fire. On each side Atlanta's skyscrapers climb heavenward in severe lines, and where heaven should be the sky-signs twinkle. Every volt that can be turned into light is being used. The shops and the stores and the cinemas are dazzling to show what they are worth. The sidewalks are thronged with Southern youth whose hilarious faces and gregarious movements show a camaraderie one would hardly observe in the colder North. Jaunty negro boys mingle with the crowd and are mirthful among themselves, as well dressed as the whites, sharing in the "record trade"

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and the boom of the price of the cotton. They are not slaves to-day, but are lifted high with racial pride and the consciousness of universities and seminaries on Atlanta's hills, and successes in medicine, law, and business in the city. They roll along in the joyous freedom of their bodies, and make the South more Southern than it is. How pale and ghost-like the South would seem without its flocks of colored children, without those many men and women with the sun shadows in their faces!

"We love our niggers and understand them," say the whites, and you'd think there was no racial problem whatever in the South to see the great "Gate City" given over to merriment unrestrained, and many a negro colliding with many a white youth and yet never a fight—nothing on these crowded streets to exemplify the accepted hostility of one to the other. One has the thought that perhaps Atlanta did not burn in vain, and that the South as well as the North believes in the immortality of the soul of John Brown.

The tobacco-chewing, smiling, guffawing crowds of the street, and Peachtree Street jammed with people and cars! What a hubbub the four jammed-up processions of automobiles are making—like choruses of hoarse katydids crying only for repetition's sake and the lust of noise! But there is more noise and more joy still a-coming! Skirling and shrieking, in strange contrast to the negroes and to the clothed whites and to the color of night itself, comes the parade of college youths all in their pajamas and nightshirts. It is good-humor and boisterousness and the jollity of the Fair time. Up above, all the flags and the bunting wave listlessly in the night air. It seems impossible but that the firing of Atlanta is forgotten, and the pitiful exodus of its humiliated people—forgotten also the exultancy of the soldiers of the North singing while the city burned.

Sherman with 60,000 men and 2,500 wagons, but only 60 guns, marched out and none knew what his destination was. A retreat from Atlanta comparable only to Napoleon's retreat from Moscow was about to commence. The hostile farming population of Georgia and the Carolinas should harass the Yankee army as the Russian peasants had done the French in 1812. That was the Southern belief and the substance of Southern propaganda at the time. Not so the Northern army, which had the consciousness of victory and a radiant belief in its cause and in its general.

Sherman himself had not decided on what point exactly he would march. But he never intended to march against Lee at Richmond, though the South and his own soldiers believed it. He always designed to reach the sea and reopen maritime communication with the North, and kept in mind Savannah, Port Royal, and even Pensacola in north Florida. So universal was the belief that he was marching on Richmond by way of Augusta that in all the country districts of Georgia, where the left wing marched, they will tell you still that the enemy was marching on Augusta.

There is a humane note throughout the whole of General Sherman's orders to his army, but no softness, rather an inexorable sternness. He had no patience with the cause of the rebels nor with their ways of fighting. He and his staff were not averse from the idea of reading the population of Georgia and South Carolina a terrible lesson. While the march was military, it inevitably became punitive. The cotton was destroyed, the farms pillaged, the slaves set free, the land laid waste. It was over a comparatively narrow strip of country, but Sherman was like the wrath of the Lord descending upon it.

The way out from Atlanta is now a road of cheap shops and Jewish pawnbrokers, negro beauty-parlors, bag-shops, gaudy cinema and vaudeville sheds, fruit-stalls, and booths of quack doctors and magic healers, venders of the devil's

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

corn cure, fortune-tellers, and what not. A negro skyscraper climbs upward. It is decidedly a "colored neighborhood," and rough crowds of negro laborers and poor whites frolic through the litter of the street. Painfully the electric cars sound their alarms, and budge and stop, and budge again, threading their way through the masses, glad to get clear after half a mile of it, and then plunge into the comparative spaciousness of villadom outside the city.

It is not as it was of yore. Where the bloody July battle of Atlanta raged a complete peace has now settled down amid the dignified habitations of the rich. Trees hide the view and children play upon the lawns of pleasant houses, while the older folk rock to and fro upon the chairs of shady verandas.

Dignified Decatur dwells on its hill by the wayside and has reared its pale monument to the Confederate dead. On this white obelisk the cause of the South is justified in print. Within sight of it rises an impressive court-house which by its size and grandeur protests the strength of the law in a county of Georgia.

There was a gloomy sky with lowering clouds, and a warm, clammy atmosphere, as if the air had been steamed overnight and was now cooling a little. The road leaving behind Decatur and the suburbs of Atlanta became deep red, almost scarlet in hue, and ran between broad fields of cotton where every pod was bursting and puffing out in cotton-wool. Men with high, spindle-wheeled vehicles came with cotton bales done up in rough hempen netting. Hooded buggies rolled sedately past with spectacled negroes and their wives. Drummers in Ford cars tooted and raced through the mud. Thus to Ingleside, where a turn in the road reveals the huge hump of Stone Mountain, shadowy and mystical like uncleft Eildons. All the soldiers, as they bivouacked there or marched past on that bright November day of '64, remarked the mountain, and their gaze was turned to it in the spirit of curiosity and adventure.

I fell in with a Mr. McCaulay, who was a child when Sherman marched through. He thought the Germans in Belgium hardly equaled Sherman. Not only did his troops burn Atlanta, but almost every house in the country. He pointed out new houses that had sprung up on the ruins of former habitations:

"A fence used to run right along here and there were crops growing. . . . No, not cotton; there was not the demand for cotton in those days and so not nearly so much grown in the state. Over on that side of the road there was a huge encampment of soldiers, and I remember stealing out to it to listen to the band.

"The foragers came to the houses and took every bit of food—left us bone-dry of food. They also took our horses and our mules and our cows and our chickens. Sometimes a family would have a yoke of oxen hidden in the wood, but that would be all that they had. Every one had to flee, and all were destitute. It was a terrible time. But we all stood by one another and shared one another's sorrows and helped one another as we could.

"All the colored folk also stood by us. I expect you've read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Leopard's Spots*, but the picture is terribly overdrawn there."

"I did not know these told the story of the march," said I.

"They do not. But they give an account of the negroes that is entirely misleading. The North has queered the negro situation by sending all manner of people down here to stir the negro up against us. Till we said, 'You and your niggers can go to the devil'—and we left them alone.

"But that was a mistake, and we are realizing it now, and intend to take charge of the education of the negro ourselves and be responsible for him spiritually as well as physically. There never was a better relationship between us than there is now.

"And I—I was brought up among them as a child as an equal, played with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

them, wallowed with them in the dirt, slept with them. They're as near to me as flesh and blood can be."

It was curious to receive this outpouring when I had not mentioned the negro at all and was merely curious concerning Sherman's march. It is, however, characteristic of the South—the subject of the treatment of the negro recurs like an *idée fixe*.

At Lithonia, after a meal of large yellow yams and corn and chicken and biscuits and cane syrup, I called on old Mrs. Johnson, who lived over the way from Mrs. Jones. Lithonia was much visited by the cavalry. Decatur was stripped of everything, and Lithonia fared as badly in the end. Men came into the farm-yards and killed the hogs there and then and threw them on to waiting wagons. These were foragers from the camps outside Atlanta. But one day some one came with the news, "Sherman has set fire to the great city and he'll be here to-morrow." And, sure enough, on the morrow his army began to appear on the road—the vanguard, and after that there seemed no end to the procession. The army was all day marching past with its commissariat wagons and its water-wagons, its horses, its mules, and regiment after regiment. The despoiled farmwives and old folk could not help being thrilled, though they were enemies. General Slocum, who commanded the left wing of the army, wrote his name in pencil on Granny's doorpost when he stopped at her house with one or two of his staff.

The Confederate soldiers were "Johnny Rebs" and the Union soldiers were "Billy Yanks." Neither side was known to have committed any crimes against women or children, and the latter were crazy to watch the Yanks go by, though often their fathers were away in the hard-pressed Rebel armies.

As I walked along the red road betwixt the fluffy cotton-fields from village to village and from mansion to mansion, those stately farm-houses of the South, I was always on the lookout for the oldest folk along the way. The young ones knew only of the war that was just past, the middle-aged thought of the old Civil War as somewhat of a joke, but the only thing the old folk will never laugh over is the great strife, which, with its before and after, made the very passion of their lives. So whenever I saw an old man or woman sitting on a veranda by the wayside I made bold to approach and ask what they knew of the great march.

They told of the methodical destruction of the railways, and of the innumerable bonfires whose flames and smokes changed the look of the sky. Every rail, tie, or sleeper was riven from its bed of earth and burned, and the long steel rails were heated over the fires. To make the fires bigger timber was brought from the woods, and every rail was first made red-hot and then twisted out of shape—the favorite plan being for three or four soldiers to take the hot rail from the fire, place it between two trunks of standing pines, and then push till it was bent nigh double.

They told of the stillness after the army had gone, and of the sense of ruin which was upon them with their cotton destroyed and all their stores for the winter pillaged and their live stock driven off. An old dame told me how the only live animal in her neighborhood was a broken-down army horse left behind to die by the enemy. The folk were starving, but a woman resuscitated the horse and went off with him to try to bring food to the village. She walked by his side for fear he would drop down dead, and first of all she sought a little corn for the horse—for "Old Yank," as she called him. Many a weary mile they walked together, only to find that "Sherman's bummers" had been there before her. She slept the night in a negro hut (a thing no white woman would dream of doing now) and the negroes fed her and gave corn to the horse and sent her on her way. Out of several old buggies and derelict wheels a contraption had been rigged out and tied to the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

old horse, but it was not until beyond Covington and Conyers that a place was found which the foragers had missed, and the strange buggy was loaded for home.

I spent a night in Conyers in beautiful country, and was away early next morning on the Covington road. The road was shadowy and sanguine. The heavy gossamer mist which closed out the view of the hills clothed me also with white rime. Warm, listless airs stole through the mist. On my right, away over to the heaviness of the mist curtain, was a sea of dark green spotted and flecked with white; on my left was the wretched single track of the railway to Covington, rebuilt on the old levels where it was destroyed in '64. Wooden carts full to the rim with picked cotton rolled heavily along the red ruts of the road, and jolly-looking negroes sprawled on the top as on broad, old-fashioned cottage feather-beds. And ever and anon there overtook me the inevitable "speed merchants" hooting and growling and racketing from one side to the other of the broken way. I sat down on a stone in an old wayside cemetery, sun-bleached and yet hoary also with mist. Such places have a strange fascination, and I knew some of those who lay beneath the turf had lain unwitting also when the army went by. What old-fashioned names—Sophronias and Simeons and Claramonds and Nancies! On most of the graves was the gate of heaven and a crown, and on some were inscribed virtues, while on one was written, "He belonged to the Baptist church." The oldest stones had all fallen and been washed over with red mud. Among the old were graves of slaves, I was told, but since the war no black had been buried with the white.

An old negro in cotton rags, grizzled white hair on his black, weatherbeaten face, told me where the colored folk lay buried half a mile away, where he, too, would lay down his old back and rest from cotton-picking at last. "But on de Day ob Judgment dere be no two camps," said he. "No, sir—only black an' white souls." He remembered the joy night and the jubilation after the army passed through, and how all the colored boys danced and sang to be free, and then the disillusion and the famine and the misery that followed. The old fellow was a cotton-picker, and had a large cotton-bag like a pillow-case slung from his shoulders. He was an ante-diluvian piece of Adamite material with only God and cotton and Massa and the Bible for his world.

While sitting on this wayside stone I have the feeling that Sherman's army has marched past me. It has gone over the hill and out of view. It has marched away to Milledgeville and Millen and Ebenezer and Savannah and not stopped there. It has gone on and on till it begins marching into the earth itself. For all that are left of Sherman's warriors are stepping inward into the quietness of earth to-day.

The mist lifts a little, and the hot sun streams through. The crickets, content that it is no longer twilight, have ceased chirping, and exquisite butterflies, like living flames, are on the wing. It is a beautiful part of the way, and where there is a sunken disused road by the side of the new one I take it for preference. For probably it was along that the soldiers went. Now young pines are springing from their footsteps in the sand.

Here no cars have ever sped and for a long while no foot has trod. The surface is smooth and unfooted, like the seashore when the tide has ebbed away, and bright flowers greet the wanderer from unfarmed banks and gullies. So to Almon, where an old gaffer told me how he and some farm-lads, with shotguns, had determined they would "get" Sherman when he came riding past with his staff, and how they hid behind a bush, where the Methodist church is now standing, and let fly. Sherman they missed, but hit some one else, and they fled to the woods. He lost both his hat and his gun in the chase which followed,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

but, nevertheless, got away. Not that I believed in its entirety the old man's story. It was his pet story, told for fifty years, and had become true for him. I came into Covington, a regular provincial town, whose chief feature is its large sandy square about which range its shops with their scanty wares. There I met another old man, a captain who served under Lee, and indeed surrendered with him. He had been beside Stonewall Jackson when the latter died. He was now eighty-four years, haunting the Flowers Hotel.

"This world's a mighty empty place, believe me," said he. "Eighty-four years!"

He seemed appalled at his own age.

"A mighty empty place," repeated the old captain, rocking his chair in the dusk. "Yes, Sherman marched through here. He burned all the cotton in the barns. I was born here and lived here mos' all my life, but I was with Lee then. That war ought never to have been. No, sir. It was all a mistake. We thought Abraham Lincoln the devil incarnate, but knew afterward he was a good friend to the South. It's all forgotten now. We bear the North no grudge except about the niggers—"

He interrupted himself to greet a pretty girl passing by, and he seemed offended if any woman passed without smiling up at him. But when he resumed conversation with me he reverted to, "The world's getting to be a mighty empty place . . . eighty-four years. . . . Threescore and ten is the allotted span, but . . ."

The Twentieth Corps, on the extreme left, went by Madison, giving color to a proposed attack on Augusta. The Fifteenth feinted at Macon, the cavalry galloping right up to that city and inviting a sortie. The Seventeenth Corps was in close support of the Fifteenth, and the Fourteenth kept in the center. It was the route of the Fourteenth that I decided to follow, and it was also the way along which went Sherman himself. It was generally understood by the Fourteenth Corps that Milledgeville was its object at the end of a week's marching. The order of march for the morrow was issued overnight by army commanders to corps commanders and then passed on to all ranks. The men slept in the open, and beside watch-fires, which burned all night. Outposts and sentries kept guard, though there were few alarms. The warm Southern night with never a touch of frost, even in November, passed over the sleeping army. Reveille was early, commonly at four o'clock, when the last watch of the night was relieved. The unwanted clarion shrilled through men's slumbers, blown by urgent drummer-boys. The bugles of the morning sounded, and then slowly, but unmistakably, the whole camp began to rouse from its stertoriousness, and one man here, another there, started up to stir the smoldering embers of the fires and make them all begin to blaze, and then began the hubbub of cleaning and the hubbub of cooking, the neighing of horses, the clatter of wagon-packing and harnessing. Reveille was made easier by the prospects of wonderful breakfasts—not mere army rations, the bully and hard-tack of a later war, but all that a rich countryside could be made to provide—"potatoes frying nicely in a well-larded pan, the chicken roasting delicately on the red-hot coals, the grateful fumes of coffee," says one chronicler of the time—fried slices of turkey, roast pig, sweet yams, sorghum syrup, and corn fortified the soldier for the day's march. Horses and mules also fared astonishingly well, and amid braying and neighing and pawing huge quantities of fodder were provided. Then once more insistent bugles called; knapsacks and equipment were strapped on, the horses and mules were put in the traces, the huge droves of cattle were marshalled into the road, and the army with its wagons and guns and pontoons and impedimenta of every kind (did not Sherman always carry two of every thing?) moved on.

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The procession has all long since gone by, and men speak of the famous deeds as "half-forgotten things." It is a quiet road, over the hill and down into the vale with never a soldier or a bugle-horn. Cotton, cotton, cotton, and cotton-pickers and tiny cabins, and then maize stalks, corn from which long since the fruit has been cut, now withered, warped, shrunken, half-fallen in every attitude of old age and despair. It is a diversified country of hill and dale, with occasionally a huge gray wooden mansion with broad veranda running round, and massive columns supporting overhanging roof. The columns, which are veritable pine trunks just trimmed and planed or sawed, give quite a classical air to the Southern home. Sometimes there will be seven or eight of these sun-bleached columns on the frontage of a house, and the first impression is one of stone or marble.

The Southern white man builds large, has great joy in his home, and would love to live on a grand scale with an army of retainers. The negro landowner does not imitate him, and builds a less impressive type of home, neither so large nor so inviting. Rich colored farmers are, however, infrequent. The mass of the negro population is of the laboring class, and even those who rent land and farm it for themselves are very poor and sunk in economic bondage. Their houses are mostly one-roomed wooden arks, mere windowless sheds resting on four stones, a stone at each corner. Furniture, if any, is of a rudimentary kind. "See how they live," said a youth to me; "Just like animals; and that's all they are."

"Why don't you have windows?" I asked of a girl sitting on the floor of her cabin.

"They jus' doan make 'em with windows," she replied. "But we've got a window in this side."

"Yes, but without glass."

"Ah no; no glass."

"Is it cold in winter?"

"Yes, mighty cold."

Some cabins were poverty-stricken in the extreme. But in others there were victrolas, and in cases where the merest amenities of life were lacking you would find a ramshackle Ford car. On the road negroes with cars were almost as common as white men, and some negroes drove very furiously and sometimes very skilfully. There were no foot-passengers on the road. I went all the way to Milledgeville before I fell in with a man on foot going a mile to a farm. The current Americanism, *Don't walk if you can ride*, seemed to have been changed into *Don't stir forth till you can get a lift*, and white men picked up negroes, and negroes white men, without prejudice, but with an accepted understanding of use and wont. I was looked upon with some doubt, and scanned from hurrying cars with puzzlement. Lonely Jasper County had not seen my like before. But saying, "Good day!" and, "How d'ye do!" convinced most that the strange foot-traveler was an honest Christian. Lifts were readily proffered by men going the same way. Those who whirled past the other way may have reflected that since I was on foot I must have lost my car somewhere.

A common question put to me was, "What are you selling?" and people were a little dumfounded when I said I was following in Sherman's footsteps. That had not occurred to them as a likely occupation on a hot afternoon. I felt rather like a modern Rip van Winkle who had overslept reveille by half a century and was trying in vain to catch up with the army which had long since turned the dusty corner of the road. Still the Southerners were surprisingly friendly. They said they knew nothing about it themselves, and then took me to the old folk who remembered. The old folk quavered forth, "It's a long, long time ago now." It interested them always that I had been in the German war and had marched to the Rhine, and they were full of questions about that. "Oh, but this war was not a patch on that one," they said. "I tell them they

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

don't know what war is yet—what we suffered then, what ruin there was, how we had to work and toil and roughen our white hands, and eat the bread of bitterness like Cain—"

After the Civil War the initial struggle of the settlers and pioneers in the founding of the colony had to be repeated. Every one had to set to and work. The help of the negroes was diminished or entirely cut off. Even the necessary tools were lacking. Nevertheless, there was now a surprising absence of bitterness. "The war had to be. Slavery was bad for the South, and it took the war to end it," was an opinion on all men's mouths. "When President McKinley said that the character of Robert E. Lee was the common inheritance of both North and South he healed the division the war had made," I heard one say. Even of Sherman, though there were bitter memories of him, there were not a few ready to testify to his humaneness—for instance, this from a poor storekeeper:

"I suppose you're not old enough to remember the Civil War?"

"'Deed, sir, I do."

"Do you remember Sherman's march?"

"Yes, I was only a child, but it made a powerful impression on me. My father was killed in the war. And we were scared to death when we heard Sherman was coming. But he never did me any harm. An officer came up, asked where my father was, learned he was dead. And he made all the soldiers march past the house, waited till the last one had gone, then saluted and left us. Captain Kelly was his name, and I shall never forget his face; it was all slashed about with old scars. He was a brave man, I'm sure. . . . No, they didn't do much harm hereabout except to those who had a lot of slaves or to those who had treated their niggers badly. If they found out that a man had been ill-treating his niggers they stripped his house and left him with not a thing."

On the other hand, the rich, the owners of large plantations, remained in many cases still virulent.

"I know Sherman is in hell," said a Mr. R. of historic family. "When my mother lay sick in bed the soldiers came and set fire to our cotton-gin and all our barns. They came upon us like a tribe of Indians and burst into every room, ransacking the place for jewelry and valuable property. I was a small boy at the time, but I shall never forget it. They took the bungs from all our barrels and let the syrup run to waste in the yard because they themselves wanted no more of it. They killed our hogs and our cows before our eyes and threw the meat to the niggers. Yes, sir. A year or so back Sherman's son said he was going to make a tour along the way his daddy had gone—to see what a wonderful thing his daddy had done. Lucky for him he changed his mind. We'd 'a' strung him to a pole, sure."

Such sharp feeling was, however, certainly exceptional. Near Eatonton was a Mr. Lynch of Lynchburg, storekeeper, postmaster, wheelwright, and blacksmith all in one. He averred that they were hugging and kissing the Yankees now just as they would be hugging and kissing the Germans in a few years.

"There's mean fellows on every side," said he. "You don't tell me that there's no mean fellows among the English, the French, and the Italians. I don't believe all the stories about the Germans. I remember what they used to say about the Yankees. They get mighty mad with me when I tell 'em, but there's plenty of mean fellows on both sides."

The village was named after the old man's grandfather, an Irish settler. It is just beside the old Eatonton factory which Sherman burned down. At the next turn in the road there is a roaring as of many waters. A screen of pine and rank green undergrowth hides an impressive sight. A step inward takes you to the romantic stone foundations of the old factory; you can climb up on one of the pillars and look out. The interior of the factory is all young trees and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

moss and tangles of evergreen, but beyond it rushes a mighty stream over a partially dammed broad course, red as blood, but wallowing forward in creamy billows and white foam.

The factory was used to weave coarse cotton cloth, and had evidently been worked by water power. Quite forgotten now, unvisited, it was yet a picturesque memorial of the march, and I was surprised to see no names of visitors scrawled on the walls of its massive old foundations.

I walked into Eatonton by a long and picturesque wooden bridge over the crimson river, a strange and wonderful structure completely roofed, and shady as a tunnel. The evening sun blazed on the old wood and on the red tide and on the greenery beyond, making the scene look like a colored illustration of a child's tale.

Eatonton, where Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox were actually born, is now a hustling "city" with bales of cotton fluff higglety-pigglety down its streets and again beautiful bales of extra quality in the windows of its cotton brokers. There are also modern mills where cotton is being spun. The business men on the streets talk of "spots" and "futures" —spot cotton being apparently that which you have on the spot and can sell now, and "futures" being crops yet to be picked, which, presuming on kind Providence, may be sold and re-sold many times before being grown. What is said of Eatonton may be said of Milledgeville, twenty miles farther on. It is a cotton town. It is a gracious seat as well, with a scent of history about its old buildings, but it impresses one as a great cotton center. The streets of Milledgeville were almost blocked with cotton bales. It would have been easy to fight a battle of barricades there. The principal church looked as if it were fortified with cotton bales, and it would have been possible to walk fifty or a hundred yards, stepping on the tops of the bales. Bales were on the tidy lawns of shady villas or stacked on the verandas, and everywhere the hard-working gins were roaring and grinding as they tore out the cotton seed from the white fluff and left cotton that could be spun. Wisps of cotton lint blew about over all the streets, and cotton-wool was entangled in dogs' fur and children's hair. In the porches of negro cabins it was heaped high till the entrance to the doorway itself was blocked.

Cotton was booming at Savannah and New Orleans, and despite talk of the weevil destroying the pod, and of bad weather and bad crops, it was clear that Georgia was very prosperous. Men and women discussed the price of cotton as they might horse-races or state-lottery results or raffles. Every one wanted room to store his cotton and hold it till the maximum price was raised. My impression of Georgia now was that it was not nearly so rich in live stock and in food as it had been in the time of Sherman. In his day it grew its own food and was the supply source of two armies. To-day it imports the greater part of its food. It sells its cotton and buys food from the more agricultural states of the South. Meat is scarce and dear. There is no plenty on the table unless it be of sweet potatoes. I imagine that after Sherman's raid the farmers felt discouraged and decided never to be in a position to feed an enemy army again. There are many always urging the Georgians to grow corn and raise stock and so make Georgia economically independent, but the farmer always meets the suggestion with the statement that cotton gives the largest return on any given outlay and takes least trouble. It is true, and Georgia has quite recovered from the Civil War now, but she has lost a good many of the compensations of true agriculture. Cotton is so commercial a product that there is no glamour about it, not even about the old plantations unless it be that of the patient melancholy of the cotton-pickers.

(*To be concluded.*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

PERSONAL: OBJECT MATRIMONY

BY MARGARET CAMERON

BEING, of course, a properly-brought-up and irreproachable person yourself, you may find it difficult to believe that a really nice girl would do what Ruth Adams did—unless you happen to have known Santa Barbara before it became the happy hunting-ground of the busy rich; before tennis and golf and polo and afternoon tea had been imported, and when automobiles, flying-machines, auction bridge, and country clubs were unknown.

It began one rainy afternoon, early in January—one of those days of dark, dank, penetrating chill that only a semi-tropical climate can successfully produce—when Ruth's uncle, Theodore Royce, discovered her huddled in a big chair beside a hissing, smoking fire of imperfectly seasoned eucalyptus wood, intently studying a newspaper.

Royce was a bachelor, under forty, and it was partly because he lived in San Francisco and could visit her frequently that his mother had consented to follow her physician's advice and spend the winter in southern California. Ruth, who had looked forward to a gay season in New York, had been sent west with her grandmother on the eve of her expected début, and between her and her humorous young uncle, whom she had not seen before for several years, there had grown a strong friendship.

When she heard his step behind her she folded her paper quickly, but not before he saw that the column absorbing her attention was among the classified advertisements.

"Looking for congenial employment?" he asked. "Or a new cook? Or a baby to adopt? Or what?"

"'What,' I guess," she returned, coloring slightly. "Anything to break the monotony. I am slowly but surely ossifying in this place!" Then, with a roguish upward glance, "Uncle Ted, did you ever answer a 'Personal'?"

"Certainly not!" A dutiful avuncular severity colored his tone, but he looked amused, and following a reckless impulse she flung her challenge:

"Well, I'm going to!"

"Ruth!" This time the severity was not forced.

"Oh, I know! But I'm perfectly desperate! I want to do something *wicked!*"

The twinkle came back to his eye, but he said, dryly, "I've heard that the wicked fall into mischief, but this seems to be less a matter of morality than of taste, doesn't it?"

She flushed at that, but insisted, obstinately: "I don't care! It may be vulgar, but I've got to do *something!* It would be lots more fun, though, if you'd help. Won't you? Oh, wait!" Behind the refusal in his face she saw all the Royce traditions massing themselves. "It isn't that I really want to know anybody like that, you know . . . and it won't do a bit of harm . . . it won't hurt me, nor anybody else, as long as the family doesn't know. Of course, you can go and tell them—but you won't! Not after I've trusted you! And unless something exciting happens pretty soon I shall go crazy! I'm losing my mind!"

"Bad as that?" He pulled up a chair and sat near her, regarding her with affectionate concern.

In those days not even a locomotive's whistle was heard in that languid old town, and the thin stream of visitors came by unpleasant little steamers over seas often choppy, or by rocking red

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

stages over mountain roads choppy at best. There were no pavements and few sidewalks, and one diminutive, ramshackle street-car ambled unpunctually through State Street, from the Arlington to the wharf and back again. Only the clatter of galloping hoofs or the sound of bells—the booming town clock, the harsh clangor from the parish church, or peals from the distant Mission—broke the constant droning of waves on the beach, more audible then than now because trees and shrubberies were scarcer. Invalids and their families came and went, and to most of them the many tile-roofed adobe buildings, the unfamiliar foliage, the gardens brimming with bloom after the rains, the brown-skinned, voluble Mexicans, with their burros and bronchos, their lariats and huge, spiked spurs, the Chinese house-boys and coolies, and the frocked and sandaled Franciscan friars, who still came down now and then to the town, held perpetual exotic charm. But youth and energy soon wearied of the drowsy quiet, and sometimes broke bounds in desperation.

So Royce regarded his niece with quizzical comprehension, repeating: "Bad as that? H'm! I suppose it isn't very gay for you here. Still—we'll have to find some less desperate remedy than answering Personals! You can't do that, you know."

"What may I do, then?"

"Well, we'll see. I'm going to stay two weeks this time, and when it stops raining we'll get some horses—"

"And *ride! When* it stops raining! Uncle Ted, do you realize that it has rained all the time for nine solid days? Of course, I like to ride, but I know every stone in every road for miles around! And I've sat on the beach and counted the sad sea waves until I shriek at the sight of them!"

"You've been to some hops, haven't you?" Thus were informal dances designated in those far days.

"Three—in eleven weeks! It wouldn't be so bad if we were at one of the hotels, where we could see people—even if they *are* all decrepit and half of them invalids! But you know how grandmother feels about hotels. So here we are, marooned in this horrid little house, with weird furniture and a smoky fireplace and no furnace! I do the marketing, and talk Pidgin-English to Fong, and read Emerson and Carlyle and Guizot to grandmother, and huddle in woolly shawls like an old woman to keep from congealing where I sit! When the sun shines grandmother complains of the glare, and when it's foggy she complains of the gloom, and when it rains she goes to bed to keep warm. And she thinks I'm shockingly modern and unwomanly because I'm not perfectly happy keeping a fusty little house, and reading fusty old books to her, and driving her about in a fusty old phaëton, with horseback riding and letters, and once in a while a call by way of amusement. Once a week we play whist with the doctor and his wife—both sixty if they're a minute! Grandmother says that in *her* day young girls—"

Royce checked the flood with uplifted hand as he said, gently, "She's getting old, Ruth, and she's not well."

"Oh, I know! It isn't that. I'm glad to do things for her, but . . . I don't believe grandmother *ever* was young! She couldn't forget all about it!"

"You know some young people here, don't you?"

"Yes. Sometimes I go out with them or they come here. I like them. But there's nothing to do but ride, or drive, or sometimes dance—and grandmother doesn't like me to go to the dances, because she doesn't approve of what she calls 'the Western lack of restraint.' She's afraid evil communications will corrupt my beautiful Royce-Adams manners! Uncle Teddy, I'd sell my immortal soul for a ticket to the theater at home!"

"H'm," said Royce, watching her.

"When you're here it isn't so bad. You're the one bright spot in the whole landscape! But if I don't have some *fun*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pretty soon—something I don't know all about before it happens . . . something exciting . . ." She paused tragically, and Royce continued to watch her with thoughtful eyes, which presently began to twinkle.

"And you think answering a Personal will supply the missing spice of life, do you?" he asked, finally.

"It will help, anyway," was her energetic reply. "Uncle Teddy, will you? Some of them are so funny! Read that!"

She pulled the folded paper from behind her and thrust it into his hand. He read the item she indicated, shaking his head, and ran through the column dubiously.

"No. They won't do," he said. "This thing is altogether irregular, anyhow, but if we do undertake it, let's at least pick out something interesting."

"Oh, Uncle *Teddy!* You are the *dearest!*"

"I'm probably a fool. Mind you, I don't approve of this at all, but . . . I was young myself once, not so long ago." He paused for her smile, and then grinned as he saw how far from young thirty-eight seemed to nineteen. "Well, anyway, I want you to promise me two things. First, that you'll let me pick out the Personal you answer. Second, that you'll confine your cacoethes scribendi to that one."

"I promise. Cross my heart!"

"Good! Now, there are several reasons why it isn't advisable to answer anything in a San Francisco paper"—he flipped the sheet he held—"one of them being that the fellow might take it into his head to come down here and look you up."

"Oh, he wouldn't! How awful!"

"He might. We'd better find one at a safe distance. So you hold your horses, and I'll watch the Eastern papers at the hotels and the club, and when we find something that sounds at least intelligent we'll answer it." Whereupon she rapturously hugged him, declaring that it was heaps more fun to do things with somebody else, if only that somebody understood.

Then came days of eager waiting. Every night when Royce came in before dinner Ruth looked at him and he shook his head. Sometimes he brought the papers, and when Mrs. Royce had gone to bed the conspirators read the Personal columns together, debating the attractions of this or that advertisement. But in the end he always decided against them. There came a night, however, when he met her glance with a slight nod, and his eyes danced. To the girl the evening seemed interminable, but eventually Mrs. Royce left them, and when they heard her door close Ruth whispered, "*Now!*" Laughing, he went to his overcoat in the hall, returning with a paper.

"There you are," he said, handing it to her. "That one will do."

Ruth read the item he had marked:

A YOUNG MAN, of good family, college graduate, recently returned from abroad, stranger in New York, would like to correspond with a young lady of similar education and tastes. Object, matrimony. No triflers. Address P. P., Box 57, *New York Scroll.*

"Oh, no fair!" she laughed. "He's a trifler himself!"

"Well, we live in a glass house, so far as that's concerned. Anyway, he sounds promising, and if he's stupid we'll soon find it out and drop him."

Together, with much laughter, they drafted their letter, which they made at once reserved and intriguing, thoughtful and humorous. When it was finished to their satisfaction Ruth suddenly looked up, wide-eyed, asking:

"How on earth am I going to sign it?"

"You're going to sign your own name," her uncle returned, decisively. "Oh yes, you are! In a little place like this, where everybody is known, and you're likely to dance with the postmaster's assistant at the next hop, you're not going to receive letters under an assumed name through the general delivery. If you're ashamed of this,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

don't do it. If you do it, face the music and see it through."

"Even to the extent of letting the gentleman achieve his 'object?'" she asked, mischievously. But she signed the letter and gave it to him to post, lamenting that she must wait nearly three weeks for a reply—in those days transcontinental trains were slow—and that Royce would not be there when it arrived.

He said he might, however, as he expected to go to Los Angeles within a few days, and would return by sea, if possible, stopping over in Santa Barbara on his way north again. The next night he departed for San Francisco, where events justified his plans, and something less than three weeks later he found himself again approaching Santa Barbara.

As his steamer was slowly warped alongside the wharf he caught sight of Ruth on the outskirts of the waiting crowd, eagerly waving a letter and motioning to him to hurry ashore.

"It's come!" she cried, breathlessly, as she led the way to a carriage. "You're just in time! It came last night. Such a letter, Uncle Ted! Such a delight of a letter! He's a Harvard man, and his name's Prescott Patterson, and he's been abroad for three years, and— . . . Oh yes, grandmother's pretty well, thank you. . . . Yes, everything's all right at home. There!" She thrust the letter into his hands as soon as he had seated himself beside her. "Read it and see for yourself! Don't you like his hand?"

"It's legible," he admitted, whimsically.

"Legible! It's beautiful! So strong and symmetrical, and . . . well-bred. Don't you think it shows character?"

"Look here, Ruth, you're not going to lose your head over this thing?" he asked, eying her somewhat apprehensively. "It's just a game. You'll never meet this fellow, you know."

"Oh no!" She laughed at his evident misgiving. "That would never do! It's just a game . . . but it's so deliciously unexpected. I was afraid to open it for fear he'd be banal and horrid, but—well, you just read it! I'll have to scramble to keep up my end! That's why it's such fun!"

It was a delightful letter, frank, manly, and appreciative in tone. It indicated good taste and a warm sense of humor on the part of the writer—humor that occasionally flashed into wit. Royce perused it chuckling, and said, as he handed it back to her:

"Yes, my child, you've got your work cut out for you, to hold your own with that young man. That's a good letter."

"I wish he wasn't so far away! It takes so long to get an answer."

But evidently Prescott Patterson's appetite for this correspondence was no less keen than her own, for a few days later came a book, with a note asking her opinion of it, and a week after that a box of candy, with his engraved card, each of which she acknowledged. Meanwhile, she had answered his letter immediately, without Royce's assistance, although she submitted it to him before posting it, and she also showed him her letter about the book and her gay note of thanks for the candy. To these Patterson replied at once, and thus was inaugurated a brisk correspondence, with one or more letters always traveling between them, all of which Ruth gleefully shared with Royce whenever he was in Santa Barbara.

Every letter brought fresh revelation. The two in the West learned that the one in the East liked hazel eyes (Ruth's eyes were hazel) and brown hair (Ruth's hair was a golden bronze). He liked all outdoor sports, but cared little for formal society; he was fond of music, but no connoisseur. Occasionally he sent her volumes of new verse and fiction, and some brilliant essays by a writer little known in this country, one Robert Louis Stevenson, all accompanied by penetrating comment, lightly phrased. He liked Tennyson and Marcus Aurelius and Thackeray, and disliked Dickens. He felt at home in London and a stranger in Paris, admired

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"OH, NO FAIR!" SHE LAUGHED. "HE'S A TRIFLER HIMSELF!"

Rome and loved Florence, enjoyed Holland and hated Germany. Sometimes he told her incidentally of adventures in quaint, out-of-the-way places, which he pictured vividly in few words. In these and many other ways he wrote himself upon the page, and Ruth's letters were equally self-revealing.

There could be no question that she had found again the spice of life, even the long, dull days with her grandmother being full-flavored with expectancy. By the end of February, however, Royce began to be aware that the fragments of Patterson's letters now read to him were becoming more and more fragmentary, and he was uneasily conscious of a soft new glow about Ruth, but could not decide whether it was produced by the letters or was merely the effect upon youth of approaching spring. The rains had not wholly ceased, but between downpours there were days of warm sunshine. Yellow blossoms were breaking forth on the acacia-trees and waxy magnolia buds were opening, while in the gardens datura, heliotrope, jasmine, honeysuckle, and mignonette were coming more fully into flower, and over the green hills here and there a faint golden haze of mustard began to spread, all this fragrance mingling with the salt air from the sea. One breathed a subtle intoxication, and Ruth was flowering with the other young things. Was it spring? Was it youth? Was it . . . What was it?

"Look here, Ruth," he said, bluntly,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

one night, "is that fellow Patterson making love to you?"

"No."

The denial was prompt and she met his glance frankly, but . . . was her flush an answer to the more direct question he could not ask?

"Sure?"

"You may read all his letters, if you want to."

"I don't want to read his letters. But neither do I want you . . . You see, dear, this whole affair is reprehensible. I ought never to have let you do it, but . . . well . . . I thought you needed amusement. And I'm responsible for it."

"Are you afraid to be responsible for it now?" she asked, straightly.

"Not if you keep it the game we agreed it was to be. If it gets to be more than that, I shall be very sorry indeed. We agreed, you remember, that it was to be only a game, and that you could never meet him," he insisted.

"Y-yes, but—that was before we knew anything about him."

"You know nothing about him now except what he has told you himself, and you can't meet him, Ruth. It won't do." He spoke gently, but firmly.

"I don't see why not, if he's properly introduced. We must know somebody who knows him, and when I get home—I don't see why not."

"At any rate, you're not at home now, and I'm responsible for this situation. And unless you play fair with me and keep it a game—think of it as a game, to be dropped when you leave here—don't you see the position you'll put us both in with the family?"

"I'll play fair," she said, slowly. "But it's more than a game now, Uncle Ted. It's a friendship . . . and you say yourself he's a gentleman . . . and I don't see why I can't meet him—sometime."

He hesitated a moment, as if about to say something more, but apparently thought better of it and turned away.

That evening the door-bell rang, and Royce himself went to the door, to find an extremely presentable young man on the step.

"How do you do, Mr. Royce?" Ruth heard a pleasant voice say. "Don't you remember me? I'm Jack Bainbridge."

Royce gasped audibly before he exclaimed: "Jack! Come in! What in the name of all the gods brings you here?"

"You," was the laughing reply. "I went to your office in San Francisco and they said you were down here, so I just moseyed along after you."

"When did you get here? And how?"

"By stage, just before dinner."

"But—I had a letter from Kate a day or so ago and she didn't tell me you were coming."

"She didn't know it. I had to come out to Denver about some business for the estate, and . . . well, I just couldn't resist coming the rest of the way to see the coast—and you. So I decided to take you by surprise."

"You succeeded! Jove, I'm glad to see you!"

"Sure you are?"

"Dead sure!"

Both men were laughing when Royce brought his guest into the room where his mother and Ruth were sitting and presented him as an old friend. Later in the evening Mrs. Royce chose a moment when Ruth and Bainbridge were talking together to remark, with an observant eye upon her son:

"I don't remember Mr. Bainbridge's family, Theodore."

"Probably you never met them, Mother."

"You seem to know his sister very well."

"I have known her well for years. You'd like her. I met her in Boston, but the family lived in Philadelphia, when they were not in Washington or abroad."

"Ah, Philadelphia. Frederick Bainbridge had a brother in Philadelphia, I remember."

"Jack's father."

"An excellent family." Her vigilance relaxed a little. "And his mother?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Was born a Cabot." Mrs. Royce nodded contentedly, her caste prejudice satisfied, and her son laughed. "They're conservative and exclusive enough to satisfy even you, Mother."

"And the sister—whom you call Kate. Whom did she marry?"

"Kate has never married." That this was by no choice of his he found irrelevant. "Be nice to Jack, will you, Mother? He's a splendid chap. I haven't seen him before since he left college, but I know all about him. And Ruth needs a good time."

"Ruth has quite as much pleasure as is good for a girl," she began, firmly, but at that moment Bainbridge turned to her with just the admixture of deference and interest that she regarded as her due, and she smiled benignly upon him.

Before Royce walked back to his hotel with him the young man had accepted an invitation to dine with the women the following evening, and Ruth had promised to ride with him in the morning.

Having urged Bainbridge to stay as long as possible in Santa Barbara, the elder man departed at dawn for San Francisco, cheered by the conviction that relief had come to a difficult situation. He argued that however Ruth's youthful fancy might have turned, in her isolation and loneliness, to a man she had never seen—around whose personality, as indicated in the letters, she had undoubtedly built up a romantic ideal of sublimated masculine perfections—a few days of actual association with so attractive a man as young Bainbridge would dispel so vague a dream. "A boy in the flesh is worth two on a page," he told himself, the more comfortably because he was satisfied that, should the boy in the flesh replace the one on the page in Ruth's dreams, no more suitable marriage could be desired for her.

Meanwhile, as his steamer wallowed slowly northward, his niece and Bainbridge galloped over the hard, wet sands to a break in the cliffs near Ortega Hill and returned by the road, chatting blithely. They discovered that he had met during the winter several débutantes who were her friends, and, while disclaiming any desire to be regarded as "a society man," he told her of dinners and plays, skating parties and dances, of which these friends had earlier written her.

"To think that you were there, and that I might have been!" she cried. "It makes me feel like Rip van Winkle! You say Julie van Brunt's cousin was a classmate of yours. What was your college?"

"Harvard."

"Oh . . . was it?"

Her hesitation instantly caught his attention and he turned sharply toward her. "Don't tell me you're for the blue!"

"Is that the only alternative?" she laughed, rallying. "What was your class?"

When he told her she knew that he and Patterson had been classmates, too, but dared not ask if they were friends, since she could not explain how she knew the other man. For the moment it gave her an uncomfortable furtive feeling where before had been only the sense of a delightful secret shared with her uncle. To be unable to speak of one man to another was to Ruth a new sensation, and not a pleasant one. But to be riding in the scented sunshine with some one near her own age, who knew her friends and shared her interests and talked of places she had always known, savored of rapture. The morning was touched with magic.

Passing the post-office, they stopped for the mail, and when she found a thick letter from Patterson the disagreeable furtive feeling returned, to be banished only when she read the letter itself after luncheon—a letter so frank, so humorous, so full of a vigorous and charming personality that a thought of guilt in connection with it seemed absurd. Even her new resentment that she must steal away alone before daring to read it lost its poignancy in the atmosphere of that letter, and there was balm in the thought

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that she had explained to Patterson her reasons for entering upon such a correspondence, the unyielding conventionality of her family, and her uncle's share in the proceeding. For the first time, however, she failed to answer one of these letters on the day it was received. Her grandmother required her attention all the afternoon, and in the evening Bainbridge dined with them, deepening the favorable impression he had made upon Mrs. Royce the night before.

At dinner the talk turned upon travel, and the young man mentioned that he had spent the greater part of the time since his graduation traveling in Europe with friends. Mrs. Royce ascertained that he had felt at home in London from the first moment, but that Paris, while more stimulating in many ways, had seemed less his own. Rome, naturally, presented a tremendous historical appeal, he said, but living in Rome would be like living with Minerva, Mnemosyne, and Atropos rolled into one—rather overpowering at breakfast. Mrs. Royce smiled approvingly at the classical allusion.

"Now Florence," he went on, "notwithstanding her tragedies, has charm, like a lovely woman. But Rome . . . well, Rome's rather too tremendous. Don't you think so, Mrs. Royce?" Which gave the lady an opportunity to intimate tactfully that the impressions of youth were always interesting when modestly expressed, though maturity and experience often corrected them.

"Did you go to Germany . . . or Holland?" Ruth asked, in a casual tone.

"Both," he replied. This, it must be remembered, was more than thirty-five years ago, before Europe had become an American highway. "Holland is delightful. Rather damp, of course, but quaint—picturesque. We liked it. But Germany . . . this may be a superficial impression"—he smiled disarmingly at Mrs. Royce—"and I may get over it when I grow up, though I think I'll be dead first . . . Germany I don't like."

"Which do you like the better, Dickens or Thackeray?" Ruth demanded, suddenly, fixing him with wide, accusing eyes.

"Dickens," he calmly returned, though his lips twitched. "Thackeray's too cynical for me. Why?"

"I just wondered."

"Is that a touchstone with you?" he asked, laughing. "Have I said the wrong thing? Which do you like better?"

"Thackeray," said Ruth. Then, carefully, she took a long breath. Anybody might prefer London and Rome and Holland to Paris and Florence and Germany. Lots of people did. She decided that her guilty conscience must be reaching an acute stage. Presently another disturbing thought occurred to her. Had Patterson been one of those traveling "friends"? She made up her mind to find out.

A day or two later her opportunity came, when they stood on the headland above Castle Rock and Bainbridge made the usual comparison between Santa Barbara Channel and the Bay of Naples.

"Who was with you over there?" she asked. "Anybody I know?"

"I think not. There were quite a lot of us. Some fellows I knew in college happened to be going over, and Steven Bond . . . you don't know him, do you? . . . and we all went by the same ship. A couple of us had sisters already there, and some cousins and aunts turned up. We had no formal party, and we split up into groups all the time, but we kept running across one another, and some of us were generally together. I came home once or twice, and then went back and picked up some of the others."

Failing to obtain the information she sought by direct questioning, Ruth resorted to subterfuge and laid snares for him, but, while he sometimes mentioned one or another of his traveling companions, he never spoke of Patterson, and gradually she ceased to watch for the name, although she never ceased won-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

dering why these men were not close friends.

Meanwhile Bainbridge again and again postponed his departure, and Mrs. Royce, after satisfying herself by various quiet tests, as well as by some talks with her son, that the young man was thoroughly high-principled, of irreproachable manners, and independent means, allowed Ruth more liberty. Together the couple made excursions into the cañons, returning with branches of the delicate wild lilac or with huge bunches of nemophila and brodiæa. They rode, marveling, through the orange-orchards of the Montecito Valley and the olive-groves at Elwood. Sometimes they went alone, sometimes with Ruth's Santa Barbara friends, sometimes with Eastern visitors whom Bainbridge met at the hotel, and whom he always contrived to present for Mrs. Royce's inspection before including them in these jaunts. He and Ruth made collections of sea-mosses, in the fashion of the day, and mounted them on cards. They made friends with the witty Superior of the Mission, who regaled them with tales from Santa Barbara's romantic history, and teased Ruth by taking Bainbridge into the cloistered garden where no woman may set her foot.



SHE SLIPPED DOWN-STAIRS TO THE FIREPLACE AND BURNED THEM

Royce came down from San Francisco once or twice and looked on with amused satisfaction. Ruth gave him Patterson's latest letters to read—letters beginning to complain humorously of neglect—and Bainbridge told him that he wanted to marry his niece, which was duly communicated to her parents, who replied in trepidation that they would come West at once. Indeed, the young man's plight was obvious to him who ran, but not even Mrs. Royce, astute and watchful old worldling though she was, could tell how it was with the girl.

That she liked Bainbridge was evident, but while she laughed and danced, rode and tramped with him, she maintained toward him even more than the maidenly reserve approved by her grandmother. Only Ruth herself knew how his every taste, sentiment, and opinion were weighed against those of a man whom she had never seen, but whom she thought she knew . . . and between them she discovered an astonishing similarity.

Bainbridge felt her critical attitude and walked carefully, even while he lost no opportunity to advance his still unspoken suit. On still nights "white with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"RUTH, I LOVE YOU! WON'T YOU GET OFF AND LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT?"

moonlight" he employed "the Spanish band," consisting of a trombone and two guitars, to serenade her. He ransacked the nurseries, in the absence of florists' shops, for flowers for her, sent to San Francisco for books and sweets, and was careful never to force himself upon her in her remoter moods. April came, with its splendor of blue and gold. Mustard, waist-high, gave its sweetness to the air, and lupines dyed the waysides blue, while roses threatened to choke the gardens, mingling their faint aroma with a hundred other perfumes. And as this combined charm of youth, congenial tastes and propinquity, fragrance and spring, worked its spell upon her, Ruth's problems intensified until they kept her awake o' nights and sobered her by day.

Once, when Bainbridge had been talking of his mother and sister, she said, thoughtfully:

"You're all awfully proper and conventional, aren't you?"

"Aren't you?" he countered, laughing. "You have the best taste of any girl I've ever known. That's one reason I admire you so tremendously." Her glance fell before the warmth of his, and he laughed happily. "I guess

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

you're as 'proper and conventional' as we are."

"We are . . . rather," she soberly admitted. "But . . . why is everybody so hard on a girl's escapades when boys do lots worse things and nobody minds much?"

"What have you been up to?" he asked, mischievously. "'Fess up!"

"I don't need to be 'up to' anything to know that. People *are* hard on girls . . . and it isn't fair! After all, we're human, just like boys!"

"Yes, of course . . . and nobody really minds just a prank. But if a girl really breaks over . . . well, it means a lot more than it does for a fellow, don't you think? The nice ones may do something just for a lark, but they always have good taste about it."

Remembering with a pang the tone in which her uncle had said, "This is less a matter of morality than of taste," Ruth was silent, but within her grew a hot resentment that Royce had permitted her to indulge what now seemed an insane desire. And yet . . . Prescott Patterson had shown impeccable taste.

"Are all Harvard men exactly alike?" she demanded later the same afternoon, breaking into Bainbridge's discourse about salmon-fishing. "Do you all do the same things, and read the same things, and think the same way about them?"

"By no means," he returned, amused. "What put that notion into your head?"

"Well, I only know two. At least . . . I never saw the other one, but I . . . I've read some letters he wrote, and . . . except for two or three things, you might have written them yourself."

"So? Who is he?" He was watching her closely now.

"His name is Prescott Patterson."

Bainbridge shook his head. "Don't know him."

"You don't *know* him! Why . . . he was in your class!"

"Patterson? No." Again he shook his head. "Nobody of that name in my class. I know a whole family of Pattersons, but none of them are Harvard men. Sure it wasn't Princeton?"

"I thought . . . He *said* Harvard," she replied, faintly. "Shall we go home? I'm getting tired."

That night, while her grandmother sonorously slept, Ruth read over every one of Patterson's letters, and then, white-faced and tight of lip, she slipped down-stairs to the fireplace and burned them, sternly stirring their dead ashes until not a fragment remained. The next morning, when she went for the mail, she stopped at the telegraph-office, also, and sent eight curt words to Prescott Patterson, Esq., "Do not dare to write to me again." Two later letters, arriving within a few days, she returned unopened.

After that she avoided Bainbridge when she could, and when they were together he found her listless and silent. Try as he would, he could not win her back to their former footing, and when they heard of the approaching marriage of one of the girls they both knew she said she didn't see how any girl could trust a man enough to marry him. As for herself, she had quite decided to be an old maid. Bainbridge was correspondingly despondent. She devoted a good deal of time to her grandmother, who had been rather neglected lately, and the observant old lady sent for the doctor, who gave Ruth a tonic, which she poured out of her window, a teaspoonful at a time. Mrs. Royce daily gave thanks that the girl's parents would arrive soon and assume responsibility for their daughter's health.

A few days of this and then the blow fell. Fortunately Ruth intercepted the telegraph-boy at the gate or there's no knowing what would have happened. She signed the book, tore open the yellow envelope, and read:

Letter received have known something was wrong cannot lose you am leaving for Santa Barbara tonight due there steamer twentythird.

P. PATTERSON.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Crumpling the telegram in her hand, Ruth opened the gate and walked blindly until she found herself almost at the Mission, when she turned and went back to the Arlington, where she happened to find the little street-car, which bore her leisurely to the telegraph-office. She sent this message to her uncle:

P. P. on way here. Due twenty-third. Must get away. Please be sick or something and send for us. Nearly crazy.

By the first possible mail she received a letter from Royce, telling her that her plan was impracticable, but that instead of coming down with her parents by the steamer arriving on the eighteenth, as had been planned, he would take the next boat and talk to Patterson on the way down. "Don't worry," he wrote, "and don't tell anybody. This situation is largely my fault, and I'll see you through."

Ruth failed to see how Royce's participation in her disgrace would help her position with her scandalized family or with the fastidious Bainbridge, but after a sleepless and tearful night, when she made and rejected one desperate plan of escape after another, she decided that if her world must end so soon, she would make the most of what happiness remained to her. Therefore Bainbridge found himself taken into favor again, and once more Ruth rode and tramped, jested and laughed with him, but her gaiety was feverish. Her parents arrived—her father shrewd and cool, her mother precise, humorless, and worldly



"SO YOU KNEW ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

—and they looked upon Bainbridge and found him desirable.

On the morning of the twenty-third the young people galloped again down the beach toward Ortega Hill, where they had taken that first magical ride together. Ruth seemed in high spirits, but Bainbridge was unusually silent. When they had passed the first point he checked his horse and dismounted.

"Let's sit down in the sand," he suggested, holding up a hand to help her. "I want to tell you something."

She lifted a mutinous chin. "No, I don't want to sit in the sand. I'm not a crab nor yet a sand-flea! I want to ride and ride and ride!"

"With me?"

"I just want to ride . . . away," she said, but her voice shook.

"Never away from me!" He caught the hand with which she was brushing at her habit, pulled off the gauntlet, and kissed her soft palm. "Ruth, I love you! Won't you get off and let me tell you about it?"

"No! You mustn't! I . . . I . . . Oh, you mustn't!"

"But I do! Don't you care . . . a bit?"

"Oh, *please!* I didn't mean . . . You don't know. . . . Oh, you wouldn't if you knew!"

Bainbridge blanched. "You mean . . . there's somebody else?"

"Don't!" she cried. "Oh . . . *don't!*"

With a sob she pulled her hand away and gave her horse a sharp cut, wheeling him toward town. He mounted hastily and gave chase.

When he caught her he said: "Tell me just that much. Is there anybody else?"

But she turned away her face and would not answer. In silence they galloped back to town. At her grandmother's gate she slipped out of her saddle before he could reach her and stepped inside the yard, closing the gate between them.

"Good-by," she said, brokenly. "You'd better . . . go away. I didn't mean . . . Oh, good-by!" She turned swiftly and ran toward the house.

At half past four, lying face down on her bed, she heard the gun with which steamers announced their approach in those days, and shuddered. The rest of the family had gone to the wharf to meet Royce, but she had pleaded a headache. Shortly after five the door-bell rang, and Fong brought her a familiar card: "Mr. Prescott Patterson."

"Tell him I can't see him."

"Missa Loyce, he come, too."

"Aren't the others . . . Mrs. Royce and my father and mother . . . down there?"

"No come. Missa Loyce, he say go dlive."

"I'll come, then."

When she entered the little sitting-room the first person she saw was Jack Bainbridge, looking flushed and somber. Across the room was her uncle, fatuously smiling, and beside him . . . a woman.

"Oh, . . . excuse me," Ruth apologized, wanly. "I thought Mr. Patterson . . ."

"You poor child!" The stranger took her unresponsive hands in a close clasp. "*I'm* Prescott Patterson . . . Kate Prescott Patterson . . . and I'm Jack's half-sister!"

"You . . . *You!*"

"You see, I was bored, too. I'd been awfully ill, and was shut in my room, chafing . . . and Teddy thought it would amuse us both . . . keep us out of mischief"—Kate's gray eyes shot a twinkling glance at Royce and her humorous lips twitched a little—"so he telegraphed to me, and . . . I fell!"

"You!" Ruth repeated, in a daze. "It was you!"

"When your letters began coming I fell head over heels in love with you! And Jack . . . he knew all about it, you see . . . I patterned Prescott Patterson after Jack. . . . He read your letters and fell in love with you, too! That's the reason he came out here."

"So you knew about it all the time!" Ruth recovered her tongue, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

her eyes blazed at Bainbridge over hot cheeks. "You've all been amusing yourselves at my expense!" She turned on her uncle. "Oh, you might have told me!"

"I was afraid to, after you got into the thing. I thought you were in love with the fellow, and . . . I didn't want to give you a shock. You scared me nearly to death! Then Jack turned up . . ."

"And he thought you were in love with me, too!" Kate interrupted, with a humorous glance at her lowering young brother. "He's hated me bitterly ever since!"

"Then why didn't *you* tell me?" Ruth demanded of him.

"Because I didn't choose to play second fiddle! That's why!" he hotly informed her. "I didn't care to be a substitute for Prescott Patterson, even if he was a myth! If I couldn't be first . . . Anyhow, I kept hoping you'd tell *me*. I gave you chances enough!"

"Oh yes, you left it all to me! You all knew . . . you planned it . . ." Her indignant eyes scorched Royce again. "And you . . . *you!* . . . deliberately let me go through all this. . . ."

"I let you take some of the consequences at the last . . . yes," he gravely admitted. "You see what might have happened. Ruth!" She had whirled toward the door. "Don't go! See here, dear. You mustn't feel this way!" He spoke tenderly, and tried to lay his hand on her arm, but she backed away. "We didn't mean to hurt you . . . the thing just grew beyond us. But it started as an amusement for you, and the first suggestion didn't come from us. Remember that. There's something else," he added, even more tenderly. "Kate has promised to marry me, Ruth . . . and I want you to love her!"

"I won't! I hate her! I hate every one of you! You're cruel! You've all conspired . . . fooled me . . . laughed at me . . . and I . . . I've . . ."

"I haven't laughed at you," Kate said, going close to her and speaking softly. "I may have fooled you—a little. But when I found you were in trouble I came across the continent to see you and to ask you with my own lips . . ." She paused, and a gleam of laughter crossed her face. "Ruth, you told me never to write to you again. You've rejected me . . . but I *can't* lose you! Won't you at least . . . oh, my dear . . . *please* . . . be a sister to me?"

For a moment Ruth stared into the whimsical, pleading face, and then broke into peals of hysterical laughter.

"If you knew," she gasped, "if you only knew . . . how I've cried and cried . . . and cried . . . because I thought . . . I never could be!"

"Ruth!" Bainbridge had her by the shoulders. "Do you mean that?"

"Come along, Teddy!" Prescott Patterson called, fleeing. "This is no place for us!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ARE AMERICANS BRAGGARTS?

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

OTHER people have always called us braggarts; but, then, other people have been almost as fond of calling us names as we have been ourselves. We Americans have continually said, and encouraged others to say, that Americans are the crudest, the most uncultured, the most impossible people on earth; that we are money-grubbers and climbers; we are shallow and superficial; we have no taste, no knowledge of life or art. We say, and encourage others to say, that outside our own country we are universally despised, and that it is really not to be wondered at, since we make of ourselves such insufferable braggarts and boors.

Now, I submit that nothing short of an excessive and grossly exaggerated modesty can account for such wholesale admissions as these. We accuse ourselves in a way no braggart would think of doing or of allowing others to do. And the trouble with saying these things is not so much that other people believe them as that we come to believe them ourselves.

In at least a dozen houses during the last few months I have heard the statement made that we have already lost the hard-won friendship of Europe by our ridiculous claim that America won the war.

"*Do* we claim it?" I've asked.

"Why, of course we do!"

"I don't. Do you?"

"Oh no, certainly not. We wouldn't, you and I."

"Then who does claim it?"

"Why, surely you know that it's being said everywhere!"

Now, as a matter of fact, the only American I have ever heard say it was an extremely pretty young thing who couldn't have been more than eighteen, in French heels and gray-squirrel furs, whom I saw one day coming down the Avenue clinging to the arm of a young lieutenant; and as I passed them I heard her say, in her silvery voice, "Of course *we* won the war!" She is positively the only American I've ever heard make the claim, and now, as I recall the tilt of her head, and the confiding way she clung to his arm, and the tone of her voice, I'm not so sure that even she wasn't playing the lieutenant just a little bit.

For, before we go further, I may as well confess what I have to confess, in order that, as they say in the courts, if there are any ladies present who do not care to remain they may leave before the proceedings begin. Here, then, it is: I like my countrymen. I have many friends among them, personal friends, with whom it gives me honest pleasure to associate. I even go so far as to admire some of them—not only their characters or their cheerful dispositions—but I admire their manners. This, I am well aware, is a confession few Americans would care to make, and I shall lose face by doing it. But then, you would have suspected me of it before I had finished, anyway.

I must admit that for years I shared the popular American prejudice against Americans, particularly Americans abroad. I had been persuaded by the unanimity of the reports that Americans, no matter how unassuming they might have been before, underwent some astonishing metamorphosis of character the instant they set foot on foreign soil, and one and all began loudly to boast of our plumbing, our money, our bigness, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

our electric signs. I believed this until I ventured abroad for myself, and there discovered all the Americans I knew still engaged in deploring American brag. To my protestation that *they* didn't seem to be doing much of it, they gave the invariable reluctant reply: "Oh, *we* don't, probably; we're simply not made that way. But you can't deny that most Americans who come over here do!"

Well, there have been times when, if I had been able to discover the whereabouts of any of those bragging compatriots of mine, I should have sought them out as an antidote. They would have been distinctly a relief.

After all, what have we accomplished that we should be so excessively modest about? For modesty presupposes much; becoming only those who have the right to boast. And even then it is, of all the virtues, the most difficult to wear with grace. Like a string of pearls, it should be displayed with due regard to time and place. Yet we Americans wear ours morning, noon, and night, in public places, among strangers—making of our modesty an ostentation in the worst of taste.

One would think that away from home at least we might let bad enough alone; let our shortcomings and our crudities reveal themselves. But no. We are not able to resist. We are like those irritating persons who, being so supersensitive to the opinions of others, and caring so much what people think of them, hasten to say the very worst things, the most derogatory, unjust things, about themselves, lest others say them first. Nothing pleases us so much as to prove our mediocrity. We talk loudest of the things of which we are the most ashamed. Just now we speak of prohibition as if already it had dimmed the bright record of our past. We have forgotten, it would seem, the many years in which we reigned the most spectacular drinking nation of the world. No half-way measures with us, no watered wine with sugar in it, and sobriety.

For we are all or nothing—a people of extremes. Our pendulum has no half-way stop. We are at one end of the swing or the other, never paused midway between. It may even be that there was a time—though it was before my day—when Americans *were* all braggarts, and that this accounts for our present modesty. There may have been a time when America was first in our affections, and now the pendulum has swung and she is last. Some such theory must explain our curious antipathy. For it creates a situation sometimes very hard to meet. When we found ourselves in the war, for example, it was no easy thing to continue as pro-Ally as we were and at the same time remain anti-American. There were occasions when it seemed utterly impossible to avoid speaking well of ourselves. Though most of us developed along that line an astonishing ingenuity. Before we entered the war we were, of course, quite free to speak our minds. Our humiliating position was then the ever-popular theme. I remember in France during that time a story told by Americans, of Americans, for all who happened to hear. I heard it on the very afternoon of my arrival, told in a group of Americans and French. I do not remember the story in detail, the *dénouement* took the beginning quite out of my head, for it turned upon a reference to "the two yellow races: the Chinese and the Americans." It is true that we never know what passions lie hidden just beneath the surface of our every-day calm—and certainly I had never suspected myself of a passion for my native land that would flare into such sudden flame. But suddenly, as the climax of the story brought forth its acclaim, I heard my own voice raised hotly in defense of America. I do not remember with what words or argument, but I do remember the surprise with which, in the midst of my indignation, I felt myself flush; I remember their moment of astonished silence, and then the impact of their unanimous verbal counter-assault. They were outraged

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that I had dared say aught but ill of America; they sought, before I should really say something I should be sorry for, to silence me. But a Frenchman who was present suddenly intervened. "Please! Please!" he said. "It is very interesting. Madame is the first American I have heard say a good word for America. I should like to hear." Seeing their faces, he asked, with a smile in his dark eyes, "Is it then *défendu* to speak well of your country in America?"

I confess that, although I did go on, I did it with embarrassment—the embarrassment Americans always feel when surprised into a betrayal of sentiment. We have long been accused of youthfulness, and, like all youth, we have resented it. And only now, as we are about to grow up, are we willing to admit the charge. For it has been true. We have had youth's cynicism, youth's coldness, and, above all, youth's aversion to sentiment. Sentiment, that is, toward anything that is our own.

For no American hesitates, after a few months abroad, to sigh sentimentally and say, "Ah, my dear old England!" or, "My beloved France!" or, "My adored Italy!" Indeed it is considered quite the thing to do. And American eyes grow moist in sympathetic admiration of the sentiment of the French for La Belle France, or an Englishman's love of England, or an Irishman's soulful rhapsody of his sacred Emerald Isle. But America? Oh well, to be sure, one had to be born somewhere!

There is a probability that if it could be made plain to us that it's really being done in Europe, we should soon be less ashamed of showing a bit of human sentiment. For it might break down that youthful complex which now warps our judgments in all sorts of small, unconscious ways. Here, for instance, is a case of it which comes into my mind. When Jeanette Rankin wept in casting her vote in Congress against our entrance into the war, the incident was, for some reason I could not fathom, given particular prominence by the Parisian press. I think we American women had all been a little more anxious than we realized over the deportment of our first Congressional representative. Not that we knew exactly what we wished it to be. But whether we hoped that she might shed glory on our cause by brilliant speeches on the floor of the House, or by a masterly grasp of the world's affairs, I am sure the chief hope of all of us was that she would, above all, remain completely feminine, womanly; but certainly it occurred to none of us that she would break down and cry! And it gave us a kind of shock. So, on the day when the report appeared in the Paris papers, and a French editor acquaintance of mine called my attention to it, I was inclined to apologize. I began saying that it was to be regretted that she had not, in so great a moment, shown greater dignity and strength—that she had allowed herself to be so weak. But he cut short my apology. "Ah no! It was beautiful! beautiful! A woman weeping as her country goes to war! War, and women's tears. It will be a sad day for humanity when they no longer go together, will it not, Madame? And she must have had a great, a terrible courage, your Miss Rankin, to say 'No.'"

Of course he was right. I had been wrong. His was by far the greater, the more human view. Mine had been a wholly artificial judgment, based on nothing but my fear of sentiment. He gave me the face-about I needed; I very well saw that.

And yet, somehow, although it has nothing whatever to do with it, I cannot help remembering how very short were the vamps of that Frenchman's shoes!

And perhaps it is such irrelevant mysteries as these that keep the peoples of the world from understanding one another. We are all alike—with a difference. We have our artificialities—but with a difference. Our good manners, and our bad—with a difference.

So we are braggarts, too—with a difference. Oh yes, the others brag. Hav-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing so much more than we to be modest about, they yet permit themselves to boast. But they do it with a subtlety, a self-respect, a finesse, that are, we may as well admit it, outside the possibility of the American temperament. They boast with dignity, by indirection, inference, so that we who listen do not realize it until afterward.

Vera, blonde, Russian, improvising at the piano, her long white fingers caressing the keys, her back to Margaret and me, ignoring us, so we are free to be quite our American selves. I have just come from seeing Barlow, a long-absent mutual friend, and Margaret has asked me what we talked of, Barlow and I.

"Oh," I reply, "nothing in particular. We talked, I think, of love, and other trivialities."

At the piano Vera turns her head. One hand still meditates upon the keys. "Love," says she, "love—is *not* a triviality."

Margaret and I, with one accord, express our great surprise.

Vera turns full toward us. (I cannot hope to reproduce the effectiveness of her accent or the weight of her reprimand.) "Ah, that is the trouble with you Americans—you are always so—"

"Superficial," I suggest.

"Shallow," Margaret supplies.

"Yes. You do not face reality. You are afraid of truth. Love"—she spreads her long white hands and turns about now on the piano bench—"love is a *sacred thing*."

Her fingers seek and sound the saddest ninth in the pianoforte.

Margaret and I are silent, properly rebuked. We do not remind Vera of our friend Anderson whose long-faithful love she had found so simple to discard but a week gone by. Nor do we explain that if I had not looked upon love as the solemnest of tragedies, I should never have spoken of it as a triviality. Those are the things we never do explain. And Vera will believe, because of our silence, that she has done us possibly just a little good.

It was, you see, Vera's particular form of brag. Peculiarly Russian, too, in its profundity. Of course Vera would be very much annoyed by my suggestion that she meant to boast. "The truth is the truth," she would probably say, darkly, dismissing the charge with a shrug and turning her back to go on with her improvising.

And now, dare we risk an illustration of the subtle British brag? For here we must, we Americans, tread very carefully indeed! Yet—shall we be accused of cowardice?

Last spring an American was a guest at a certain dinner in London. There was present a very popular and much admired young English lady, whom we shall call Miss G. Miss G. talked a great deal, very briskly, very brightly, superficially. And in a pause the American said, "You are more like an American, Miss G., than any English girl I have ever seen." She paused, flushed, and a horrified silence spread round the table, in which Miss G. managed finally to stammer: "Why, just how do you mean? No one has ever said that to me before." The American answered, "Well, I hardly know; your manner, your way of expressing yourself; I could name a dozen American women of exactly your type." Miss G.'s fiancé being present, now was the time if ever for him to come to her aid. He leaned forward, like a knight tilting his lance for his lady's defense and challenging the enemy, "A very great compliment to America, I should say, Mr. A." And the American said, oh, very rudely, very bad manners indeed, "I had intended the compliment for Miss G." Well, there was nothing they could do. And Englishmen are nothing if not masters of themselves. But shortly after that the ices were brought on. The following day the American met at the club an Englishman who had been present at the dinner the night before. The two had long been friends in America, where the Englishman had spent a great deal of his time, and consequently understood

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

our point of view. "I say," said he, chuckling at the memory, "but that *was* a stiff one you gave Miss G. last night! Good for her, though. She needed taking down a bit! I enjoyed it thoroughly!" . . . It makes one wonder sometimes if English brag can be too subtle for an Englishman to see. . . . The loveliest of English gentlewomen once said to me that the unconsciousnesss of our bad manners was perhaps our greatest charm. It gave us such sincerity.

I could multiply examples—but you see the sort of thing I mean. I could, for instance, tell you of the young Frenchwoman who told me that she would have been a "*femme des lettres*" like myself, except that "ladies of that profession have no position socially." But that would be a sin against our ideal *politesse française*. And I should have to tell you also of Mademoiselle Crozet, who, when I had related the incident to her, remarked, with a twinkle of her black eyes, "So she decided to be a *femme de chambre* instead!"

I could tell you of the Irish writer living over here who shows me his manuscripts and asks me if I think they are "inane" enough to submit to the American editors I know.

But what would be the use? For we shall never learn these subtleties. If we brag at all, we shall brag as children do—openly—our thumbs in our galluses. It is the only way we know.

I have just now gone back and read over from the beginning what I have written here, and it has resulted in a most astounding discovery. From the first word to the last (may my countrymen forgive me!) I've done nothing else but brag!

We have been in turn the biggest, the youngest, the richest, the most idealistic people on earth. But we are no longer any one of these. For, behold us now—the *most modest people* on the face of the earth!

Well—I quote from a this year's novel, whose author sagely says: "A man's work reveals him. In his book or his picture the real man delivers himself defenseless. . . . To the acute observer no one can produce the most casual work without disclosing the innermost secrets of his soul." And I have a suspicion that, if I have done nothing else in these pages, I have succeeded in proving myself, at least, wholly an American.

A SPRING RONDEL

BY DAVID GORDON

"*Le temps a laissé son manteau*"
(The Year has doffed his ashen cloak).
How graciously the words evoke
French spring five hundred years ago.
D'Orléans, the poet, warrior, beau,
Tells how the Loire-side flowers woke:
"*Le temps a laissé son manteau*"
(The Year has doffed his ashen cloak).
This morn I was affected so
By the green buds upon the oak,
That from my lips the soft lines broke,
Telling me, with an accent low:
"*Le temps a laissé son manteau.*"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE HIGH KINGDOM OF THE MOVIES

BY HARRISON RHODES

ENRAPTURED visitors to our Pacific coast sometimes wonder why a kindly Providence sheds upon that land eternal sunshine. There is, however, but one answer to that question—so that you can shoot the moving pictures there. Of course you can shoot the pictures elsewhere, even in New York, though the weather often shows an incomprehensible disregard of what is really due them. But many other things happen in New York; indeed, one is often in danger of forgetting what is of real importance in the world. This is not satire; it is only the movie point of view, amazing, but quite natural.

They make the pictures at a place called Hollywood—the name may be considered as symbolic, since there are also activities elsewhere. Now Los Angeles, which is the best-known suburb of Hollywood, indeed only a few miles away by the trolley, is rapidly becoming one of the largest cities in the world. We must of course wait for the census to be sure, but it has quite possibly already passed its rival San Francisco, and it confidently predicts that it will soon have the most numerous urban population west of the Mississippi. It is not claimed that all these people are in the movies; there must be hundreds of thousands of unfortunate creatures there who have no connection with them. But the pictures are, for all that, the one pre-eminent industry of the great town; they are its obsession, its sun and moon.

In Los Angeles there are a few cave-dwelling ladies (to borrow a Washingtonian phrase) who, deeply intrenched in West Adams Street, the local Faubourg St.-Germain, still struggle to maintain the idea that one may be Angeleno and yet be scornful, or even ignorant, of the movie world. They are magnificent, but they fight a losing fight.

They gain no support from the distinguished visitors from out of town, who indeed fly to the studios like homing doves. And indeed when real royalty arrives, as nowadays may happen in a republic, they know quite what it is in California *they* want to see. Only recently several thousand amiable and blameless school-children waited in the broiling sun for hours, massed in the form of the stranger's national flag, while some miles away at the world's heart a real king and queen met even more real movie kings and queens, whose rule knows no boundaries. Blood is indeed thicker than water.

Of course in the social fight against movie people there are naturally dark and desperate stories of dissipation always abroad. If she believed them, no lady, faubourg or otherwise, could fail to react unfavorably. But such legends grow only too easily. We cannot be *quite* sure that the stars give parties so wild that at regular intervals during the long night the local police pass through the rooms and tearfully plead with the hostess to moderate the gaiety of the guests—of course no mere policeman would dare give actual orders to a really important movie artist. If such parties take place, those who attend them may be felicitated upon seeing Babylon and Imperial Rome revived. But rigid investigation discloses the fact that many a Hollywood social evening consists merely in the decent yet pleasurable experience of hearing some moving-picture director tell the other guests how great he is. In any case these rumors of an

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A FEW OUTSIDERS, BY HOOK OR CROOK, ALWAYS MANAGE TO BE PRESENT

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

extremely full free life scarcely stem the tide of stellar popularity.

It is in vain that gallant golfers rule that no moving-picture actor shall join their most exclusive club. The movie artists merely found a new club, and with the loose change in their pockets buy expensive land and lay out a new course. What are trifling changes in the landscape to them? Any day they may see the tangle of a sub-tropical garden modified by the studio landscape specialists so that it becomes the rocky path in the Canadian Northwest where the hero and heroine first meet and love.

It is equally useless for proud and reactionary owners of furnished houses to refuse to let them to lovely little blonde moving-picture queens. All these ladies have to do is to telephone somewhere and give the order, and on some hill near by palaces rise in the next week or month or so. Why should not the builders from the studio do the job in their off time? What is even an imperial villa to men who have perhaps just that afternoon finished Cleopatra's boudoir where soon the lovely star will entice the world? The houses which owners declined to rent to the moving-picture people are pointed out to you as among the historic sights of the region, but even on the "Seeing Hollywood" automobiles they excite only derisive laughter.

It is not being worldly-minded to say that it is absolutely no use trying to treat as lepers those who are rising upon an irresistible tide of success. It is a little as if you stood upon the bank of the Mississippi which was so in flood as to threaten to engulf your home and snobbishly said that you did not care to make the acquaintance of a river so common and possibly so wayward.

You may possibly, at a Los Angeles dinner-party, keep the conversation off the pictures while the soup is being served; after that it is difficult. As to the people on the street-cars, in the cafeterias and the hotels, they shamelessly adore the topic. They turn to the



A RAVISHING ACTRESS DRESSED, FOR SOME DARK REASON, AS A JOCKEY

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



WHEN REAL ROYALTY ARRIVES *THEY* KNOW WHAT THEY WANT TO SEE

movie stars as sunflowers to the sun. From ten thousand thousand altars incense burned to the favorites streams toward the unstained California blue. And the United States postal service might reasonably excuse its breakdown by making a statement as to the number of letters received daily by the adored ones from every quarter of the civilized and uncivilized globe.

A good day will bring by the morning post to a really beloved movie actress as many as eighteen hundred and sixty-seven letters from unknown remote worshipers. And there are times when the chief secretary for personal letters and her corps of undersecretaries and stenographers faint beneath the burden. The letters are infinite in variety; they range from those of simple admiration and gratitude for assuagement of soul, to the definite statement that the writer is leaving East Esopus by the ten-twenty train on Monday and would like to marry the object of his affections as soon as possible after his arrival by the Santa Fe on Saturday. The colossal scale of the movies may be somewhat guessed at by the fact that there are always at the Los Angeles hotels gentlemen who have just come to marry the leading movie actresses or to reclaim the lovely but evil vamps.

Parenthetically, something more should be said about these letters which are read, answered, and then turned over for study and tabulation by the business-office experts, who are, by this time, more widely learned in human nature than the professors of psychology in our colleges. The "appeal" of each star is reduced to figures, and the results guide the future choice of plays for the protagonist of this correspondence. Some odd things are discovered. It is asserted that a certain famous and virile gentleman is proved by the statistics to be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

loved chiefly by ladies between forty-two and fifty, and that consequently his scenarios must be constructed especially to delight this age in the sex. Another is the children's darling. Another the ideal of "clean-cut" American youth. It is quite possible that there are figures available which would show what chiefly is the delight of cocaine-users or of superannuated clergymen. The point is that from the peaks of Hollywood fame one sees the horizon burst, and can view, as in an Einstein straight line, even the Antipodes. If anywhere, here the movies may seem to be taken lightly, it is only from incompetence to handle the epic quality which it is so freely admitted they have.

Never before, perhaps, in the world has so strange a social landscape existed as in Hollywood, never a scene so tempting to an ambitious philosopher. In a world where the study of royalty in full bloom is becoming increasingly difficult, one need not repine; the picture people live on an eminence and in a solitude which was unknown to royalty even in its prime. Sovereigns of the old day had power, but from the modern point of view their publicity was not well managed. Indeed, publicity in any real sense has never existed until the movies made their favorites known to the world.

Imagine yourself sojourning in, say, some native village in central New Guinea, where the inhabitants repair from their wattled or otherwise exotically constructed huts in the scantiest attire to the local picture-show; you would find that they had not heard of Alexander the Great or Julius Cæsar; that they knew nothing of Napoleon, George Washington, or Abraham Lincoln; that they conceivably were unaware of Kaiser William, or even of Mr. Woodrow Wilson; but that every untutored savage of them—man, woman, or child—knew the name and the look of the well-beloved comic of the films. Of this young gentleman, for example, it is now possible to say things that it was never before possible to say of any one. He is the best-known person in the whole world, and he is better known than any one has ever been in the world's whole history.



THE REFORMER IS AN EVER PRESENT AFFLICTION

Another great man is said to have a clause in his contracts that his salary shall be automatically raised so that it shall *always* be larger than that of any actor in the world! Such thoughts are vertiginous!

Not only are the movie artists the best known; they are, it would appear, the most necessary people in the world. The most violent revolutionist does not conceive of any rearrangement of the world, any dictatorship by the proletariat, which will not leave

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



STIMULATING A VAMPIRE WITH STRAINS FROM STRAUSS

the movie favorites on their thrones. If such unprecedented creatures present any resemblance at all to ordinary human beings, as indeed they do, it can only be explained by the natural and ineradicable niceness of their natures.

You cannot prevent modesty, like a shy violet, from blossoming even under the Hollywood hedges. One adorable goddess corrected an admirer who was asserting that she was the best-known person in the world.

"No," she said, prettily, "I don't think I'm more than the second, or even perhaps the third, best-known person in the world."

True modesty, it must here be passionately protested, has never consisted in ignoring all the facts in the case. Why, in the interests of an obviously false humility, blink at the truth? This new royalty is indeed amazingly democratic.

The court surrounding a movie king or queen is of course informal and untitled except as the masseurs, the scenario-writers, the private valets,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

maids, and secretaries, the special interviewers for the movie papers, the trainers, the Eastern authors temporarily in captivity, the decorators of sets, the teachers of dancing and rhythmic movements, the professors of swimming and diving, the masters of the kennels and the royal stables, the architects in ordinary, the beauty and scalp specialists, and so forth, endlessly may be considered as having titles. In addition there is, of course, the cloud of unexplained and devoted friends who always gather around a throne and pour forth acquiescence in every gem of thought that falls from the royal lips—"yes-men" they are sometimes termed in the local vernacular. Into this category also fall minor actors and actresses, and even extra people, all of whom are glad of any chance to learn how to behave when they, too, shall in time become royal—a hope within the reach of all.

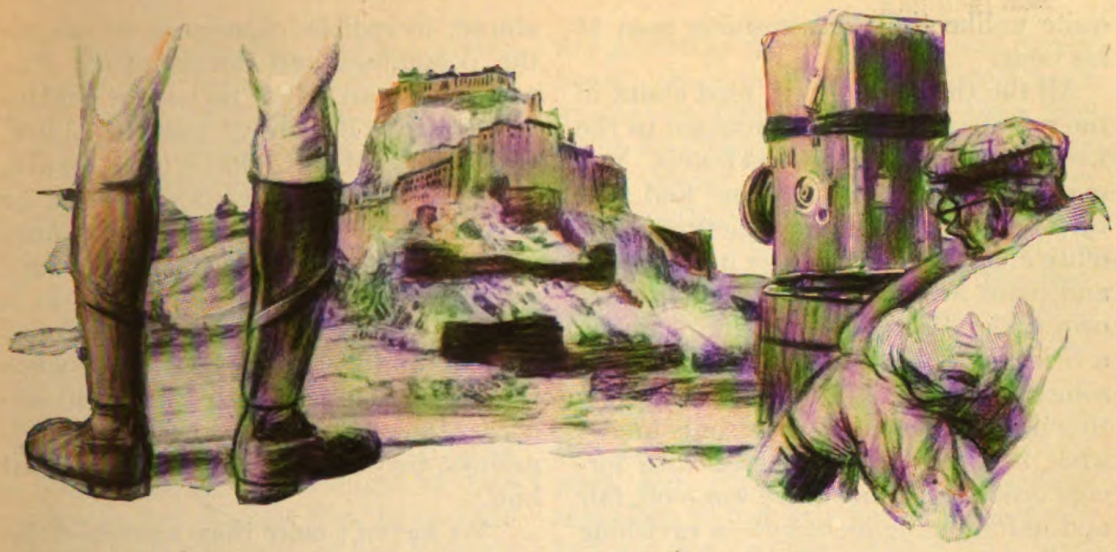
However veiled from the general public's eye, the life at court of a king is singularly open to the courtiers. Queens have, of course, always delicately withdrawn into a certain privacy. But for kings there is always the example of *Le Grand Monarque* with his *grands et petits levers du roi*, and Louis XIV publicly putting on his breeches is no more amazing than one of the athletic stars, at the close of the day's work, running, boxing, jumping, and finally being massaged in presence of the full court and to its soft, pleasant, adulatory murmur.

All this, however, it must be repeated, though not taking place exactly in privacy, happens far from the great beating-hearted public. Of course you could not have lived in Versailles without seeing the *Roi Soleil* occasionally flash by in his chariot, and in the streets of the movie cities you catch glimpses of the great as they break the speed limit in



A MOVIE KING MASSAGED IN PRESENCE OF THE FULL COURT

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE DIRECTOR SEEMS TO BE ASTRIDE THE WORLD!

their high-powered cars. Even so the inhabitants of California are more blessed than those of any other region of the world. Yet such is the perversity of human nature that a small boy was heard taunting another in the Hollywood streets with the fact that, although he might have seen his favorite star often enough in the street, he had never seen him on the screen. Such incidents make you realize how special and curious is the distribution of the good things in life.

Of course minor stars and the smaller fry generally sometimes seem so thick as almost to impede traffic. There are stories, too, which are like those of Haroun-al-Raschid in the romantic night of Bagdad, or some Roman empress bent upon imperial but, so far as may here be asserted, blameless adventure in the Los Angeles of that earlier day. The really great, however, the five or ten or twenty wearers of the purple, do live to some extent behind a shimmering veil of mystery. It may or may not be in their contracts that they shall not dine at restaurants or repair thence to the local theaters; at any rate, they rarely do. Sometimes, indeed, they may grace a first showing of one of their own films, and the arrival and departure need only the traditional crimson carpet to make them perfect. Ordinarily, however, movie stars see movies in the studios at private views, of which one speaks quite as if they were *répétitions générales* at the Comedie Française, or in private theaters at their own palaces where a pleasing survey of the work of other artists may be occasionally enjoyed, or unfavorably criticized, if incompetent.

Of course, for most of us lesser folk the smaller fry are easier to observe. And the sight is both singular and agreeable—agreeable partly because movie-land is, above everything, the land of youth, where success may come overwhelmingly before you are twenty-one. (What terrible thing happens to movie actresses of thirty one cannot imagine, but then few have ever reached that extreme old age.) The fact that the ideal movie actresses are small, dazzlingly blond, and perfectly formed (the type most admired, so it was alleged, by the Prince of Wales), makes them the most delicious little creatures to see. The young men are gallant and handsome, and neither sex shows any hesitancy about making dress fanciful and gay. There is, too, something very piquant about actors and actresses who go to work like other people in the morning, though they return

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

quite unlike the tired business man at his hour.

All the things you have read about in the newspapers do really happen in the Los Angeles and Hollywood hotels. You may come home to lunch and find that they have been shooting a picture in the office and that the company in full finery and paint are lunching all around your own table. There may be, for example, a bride in white satin and orange blossoms, lovely ladies in evening dress, distinguished old men—Heaven only knows what *they* represent—covered with foreign orders, and once there was—oh, fair and unforgetable memory!—a ravishing small actress, dressed, for some dark reason, as a jockey in pale blue, tight-fitting doeskin breeches, a canary-yellow waistcoat, and a smart blue broadcloth jacket! The contrast to the respectable families from the Middle West who occupied the other tables near by was piquant, and the experience, let us hope, for everybody broadening.

This may seem to be taking the movies lightly, but no one can breathe their atmosphere long and not be profoundly conscious that some tremendous force is stirring here. It is for our generation an almost incredible experience to watch the beginnings and development of a wholly new art. It is no use for gentlemen with a Broadway past to assert, with a pungent oath, that it is not an art, but just the "show business." It is, or is going to be, an art and a great one, and in Hollywood they realize the fact with a kind of vague terror. It is a little as if they had somehow unloosed a great and beautiful beast and were wondering whether, with their inexperiences, their ineptitudes, and their vulgarities, they could long hold and control him.

"We haven't more than scratched the surface yet," they say in Hollywood. It is a cant phrase, and they say it with a light, cynical appreciation of the fact that it is used too much. But they say it uneasily, too, as if some of them, who have not become completely megalomaniac, wonder whether, when the moving picture has come to its full development, it will still be they who ride the whirlwind and direct the storm.

The newness of the movie in this golden land of California is something fabulous. It is only about five years ago that the pioneers, lured by the prom-



THE ACCOMPLISHED MONKEY IS NOT AVERSE TO BEING INTERVIEWED

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ise of eternal sunshine, trekked across the plains with their cameras and a few adventurous actors who thought there *might* perhaps be something in the pictures, took barns and such makeshift quarters as studios and began to find out something about the movies. They are now the old aristocratic movie families. Their ancient palaces, built long before 1920, hang upon the hills, and their wives are dripping ancestrally with sables and pearls.

Before the stories are forgotten some one should write the history of this bonanza period. It was like '49 and the rush for California gold, or like Virginia City when fortunes in Nevada silver-mines were made overnight. In January a man was driving a taxicab, in June he was directing moving pictures. In October actors from the East were borrowing five dollars to pay for hall bedrooms, in the spring they were insisting that their employers give them what are termed "open contracts" in which the salary is delightfully left to be filled in by the actor himself. Almost without knowing it, the movie people had stumbled upon unbelievable deposits of the precious metal. It seemed to be there for any one who chose to pick it up. Salaries became princely. Actresses you had never heard of were guaranteed twenty thousand a year, and directors were counted failures if they fell below a hundred thousand. And a frenzy of spending seized upon every one. Automobiles, pipe-organs in the house, horses, dogs, jewels, swimming-pools, and vintage champagne! If cigars were not lighted with hundred-dollar bills it was only because in the days of an earlier boom Coal Oil Johnny had already done it.

And the extravagance attacked the business end of the business. Economy became something almost ignoble, while wild spending was thought to be not only a pleasure and a mental stimulus to all concerned, but a means of charming the public. The press was flooded with wild stories, and the cloudburst of gold over Hollywood was seen to break into fine glittering spray of a thousand lovely forms. It is impossible to spend more money on fake "antiques" than was spent in Hollywood's studios, to make uglier rooms as settings or to admire them more. If one ambitious manager reproduced Babylon, the next toyed with Imperial Rome. And if the first hired a thousand supernumerary slaves, his rival bought at once ten times that number. It became the fashion to engage your company at full salary before you had in hand the scenario of your play, and, even when you commenced shooting, to pay salaries for long weeks to some one you needed only for a brief scene at the end. There are now in Hollywood English actors who are, as it were, permanently and irreparably dazed by such procedure, not being able to realize that it all makes up the kind of confused, turbulent, passionate scene which we in America love.

All this is indeed but the natural result of a business becoming fabulously prosperous before any one has had time to learn how to run it. If the movies are poor things, as they sometimes are, it is because they are made by poor people, as they sometimes are. Why not? There are not enough good people to go round. And the incompetent and vulgar ones, safely intrenched, are not especially anxious to evacuate in favor of some one better.

What has just been set down is, admittedly, *lèse-majesté*, the only offense of that kind universally recognized in our country—Heaven knows what fate awaits the writer of such words. Even under the Espionage Act you may speak ill of anything in America except the movies—they are sacrosanct. Even when, as in this present case, there is in the criticism no wish to exterminate the pictures, only to improve them.

And yet is it not rather in defense of them that one repeats that both pictures and picture people are still experimental? Fortunes come and go. Reputations are made and lost in a day. The land is noisy with the building of new movie

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

theaters; the populace, like starved wolves, wait in lines that would girdle the globe outside the doors. It must be again insisted that all this is without precedent or parallel. Never has any art or alleged art been so known, so widely distributed, so popular. It is no wonder at all that when you are close to the movies you can scarcely see anything else in the world. The strongest head swims at the possibilities of the future. Propaganda, we nowadays believe, builds the history of nations, and no one can yet guess to what extent the movies, once turned to this service, may mold the very destinies of mankind. Why should the movie magnates stop at the idea of absorbing the theater and the queer old spoken drama? Why not add the magazines and the book trade, for what indeed is written literature but the raw material of scenarios? Publicity might well demand the acquisition of all newspapers. And when the mind and the opinions of the world are well in hand, the step to the assumption of all the functions of organized government is not so great as to require a particularly high-vaulting ambition to achieve it. To those who have not seriously considered what moving pictures are, such talk may seem wild and fantastic. But to a movie magnate in Hollywood it should seem almost sweetly reasonable.

If proof of this frame of mind be needed, the attitude of the magnates toward any censorship of the pictures may be taken as evidence. There was lately trouble with the state of Pennsylvania, which is considered in the East a rather powerful commonwealth. But, from the talk that went on in Hollywood picture circles about its outrageous interference with certain favorite films, you might have thought that Pennsylvania was about to be ignominiously obliterated from the map, and its territory, like that of a second Poland, partitioned between the surrounding states which had a more wholesome fear in their hearts of meddling with the movies. Any one who fears that the pictures might be going too far in taking over the complete charge of the world must remember that as a nation gets the kind of a government it deserves, so, too, it probably gets its due in its kind of movies.

Since the movies came there has been more "art" in the world than ever before—the most impassioned detractors of the film will at least admit that if the pictures have not all the merits of the arts, they have at least most of their faults. There is, in consequence, more of the famous "artistic temperament" in existence than the world ever had to cope with before. And here, with permission, a theory will be propounded, that temperament, which may well be considered in the figure of a raging lion, deprived of its natural excitements in the immediate presence and applause of an audience, is always in Hollywood hunting for some other prey.

The whole question of how acting is to be achieved with a cold and unresponsive camera taking the place of an infatuated public might possibly be here discussed. Of course there is always a certain public—the director, the others of the company, and the few outsiders who by hook or crook always manage to be present—yet it is not an adequate audience. And, besides, the conditions of picture-making necessarily permit only a small bit of drama to be done at a time. That is to say there is no long passionate flow of the story, to warm up temperament and sweep the artist emotionally away. For example, suppose they are shooting a great moral-uplift picture to be entitled "The Senses." A beautiful vampire is ready in an evening gown of purple chiffon. Around her middle is bound a small tiger-skin—to indicate that she is not a good woman. In a minute she will be asked to lead astray a fattish, middle-aged fellow who looks like a prosperous broker, but not like a devastator of female hearts. She has nothing to buoy her up, to induce the necessary reprehensible emotion, you may suppose. But when the camera man

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

is ready a small, rather dirty violinist, fully equipped, steals stealthily forward, and almost under the lovely creature's nose draws forth from his instrument the low, thrilling strains which immediately inspire her to have her will of her victim.

Never before have the charms of music, to thrill a savage breast, or to bring tears to the largest, loveliest, forget-me-not blue eyes, been so thoroughly recognized. The sister art is constantly employed, sometimes even at the cost of perfect harmony, as when, side by side in the studio, a bit of Beethoven is being played by a New England ex-schoolmistress on a melodeon to stimulate the actors in "Her Fatal Sin" and a jazz tune super-jazzed by a colored quartet so that the hero of a comic may with greater comicality fall into a coal-hole. It is now even said that one director "cutting" a film feels that his temperament makes it essential that he do so to the melody from a string quartet.

Has any hint been given of why the kingdom of the movies is at once so excited and so exciting, why personal behavior is so often wayward and untrammeled, and why Hollywood at moments has all the more agreeable characteristics of a mad-house?

The assuagement of temperament is not always accomplished by music, nor, indeed, certain fond delusions of the romantic to the contrary, by vice. Breaking contracts always helps, and an occasional divorce from time to time keeps one from stagnating. But there are simpler ways, really more original. The famous star who leaves a standing order with one of his secretaries that at five every afternoon all engagements for that evening shall be, as it were, automatically broken, whether he was to figure in them as host or guest, and something fresh and promising be taken on at six, is only availing himself of his position to gain a sense of liberty and piquant novelty for each night's pleasure which we should all of us like were we as fortunately situated.

Everything is grist that comes to the mill of temperament, if it is no more than having all your meals up-stairs on a tray or wearing sables in August. One does one's best, if it is only the little actress who lets her fellow-guests see that her gentlemen friends always call her at least fifteen times to the telephone during dinner in the hotel dining-room—a matter accomplished by arrangement with a bell-boy if anything goes wrong. There is one great man who would not consider crossing the continent without his private band which plays after dinner in one of his private cars; he is for the moment quenching the fire within his breast. *Chacun à son gout.* Another, a famous comedian, prefers to everything the liquid eloquence of his favorite "yes-men" telling him antiphonally how great he'd be in "Hamlet," if only the damn play were screenable; and legend, so often apocryphal, even says that an agreeable and accomplished monkey who inhabits Hollywood and may generally be seen whenever a scenario contains a good simian part, is himself not averse to the pleasures of being interviewed by some humble and worshiping writer for a moving-picture paper.

The need to satisfy temperament is not confined merely to actors and actresses. There are also to be assuaged the great proprietors and the great directors who now rival the prima-donnas and the tenors of an earlier day. Is there, we may well ask, any good reason why, when a magnate owner has a big exhibitors' contract to sign, involving millions, he should not be temperamental over it? If he should motor by night into the solitude of the great hills, and there, alone with Nature, comparing her grandeur unfavorably with his own, possess his soul and fix his percentages—why not he as well as another?

It is partly by the development of temperament that directors have forged ahead so amazingly in the movie world. When the pictures started it was known that a certain number of actors and actresses were available; nothing was known about directors. Strategically

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

they were excessively well placed, and they took excellent advantage of their position.

They have a very amusing photographic trick in the pictures. They build, for example, a town, which is to be carried away by a flood or destroyed by an earthquake, in miniature, with the hills a few feet and the houses a few inches high. The camera will make you believe it is life-size. A director, directing such operations as these, seems to be seen in his right stature, astride the world!

It has been interesting to see how the "featuring" of directors has kept pace and almost outdistanced that of stars. There is indeed much reason for this, and justice. Theirs is a curiously difficult and complicated *métier*, requiring tact, technical skill, administrative ability, and some touch of the creative imagination. And yet it is amazing that even a director should become so great that the advertisements dare declare that a picture of his is

Greater than Words
Finer than Thoughts
Deeper than Life

even though it be, as it probably is, wholly unlike all three. Such phrases do however, give an idea of the dizzy heights to which directors have now climbed. Here, at the top of the world, they would do well to consider not merely their exalted position, but its responsibilities. It is true that they, more than any one else, can make the movie the fine and beautiful thing it might become.

The director in the flesh—often a robustly abundant amount of it—is a magnificent sight. His silk shirt opens upon an often fine throat. His shapely legs are incased in shining Cordovan leather gaiters—Heaven knows why. He moves as a creature of another race. If exclusion from the local golf club has seared his soul, outwardly it has only seemed to increase his pride. Fortunate are those, for example, who have seen him at a shipwreck scene where he courageously orders scores of wretched actors and actresses to risk exhaustion, pneumonia, and death by plunging into a boiling sea. Thrice blessed those who are invited for great moments—when in the studio, for example, Cleopatra is to entertain Mark Antony, or the Queen of Sheba is to visit Solomon—and are permitted to view the glittering bejeweled cohorts marshaled, and to see scores of women, each more beautiful than the morn, tremble at their master's slightest word. At such moments the director is at his best, a beautiful yet sinister Byronic figure. Upon his scaffolding throne he sits like Xerxes by that Eastern sea, or perhaps, with his dark, passionate pride, like Lucifer upon one of the peaks of hell. He is indeed to-day the protagonist of the movie drama.

Of course there are authors—one is always in danger of forgetting them. They are a comparatively unimportant race, since in the movies even the best paid of them scarcely earn more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Scenario-writing is in its infancy, and there is no reason to suppose that in due time the most admirable scenario-wrights will not be developed—indeed, they are developing now, doing their work direct, as it were, for the screen, inventing their own stories and their characters and putting down their own point of view upon the world. The best will doubtless be those reared, as it were, in the studios, to whom the medium seems neither new nor strange. These young people will probably do better things than either superannuated hacks from that queer old speaking stage, or indeed more robust young Broadway playwrights, who are merely lusting for the profits of the films. All are in danger of discouragement; they have moments when the whole business of providing material for the pictures is contemptuously spoken of as the "canning-factory." And indeed there are moments when ineptitude, banality, and vulgarity seem to be becoming stand-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ardized. But the uneasy sense which pervades Hollywood that the public is constantly demanding not only more but better pictures, should be proof that there is sure to be a field some day soon for every one's best and brightest creations.

The term authors is sometimes used to describe those who, instead of writing scenarios, turn out magazine stories, books, or plays for the speaking stage. And until very recently the chief object of movie activities was to prevent the interference of these "nuts" in the Hollywood change of their work into something rich and strange for the pictures. It may be suspected that the old guard of the film world will fight hard before it will admit these barbarians, who know nothing of "continuity" and such mysteries, into the rich inclosure to loot and pillage. Yet it is a symptom of the uneasiness of these veterans of three or four years' service that you begin to hear talk even among them about getting the author more "into the business."

A slight beginning has of course been made. Authors have been brought in, confined at the studios in pleasant, sun-lit cells, with chintz-covered chairs, and pet canary-birds or goldfish, as best pleased them, and there expected to work. It is not quite certain how much they have worked—there were also chintz-covered sofas. At any rate, there is no real proof that they were actually taken behind the veil and permitted to know the mysteries. But something is stirring in the deep bosom of our greatest art; somewhere in that dim future one sees that our greatest authors may be those who have rid themselves of both the spoken and written word.

Who, however, cares for theories who has journeyed to the high kingdom of the movies and seen that gay, rich, wild, struggling, and striving world? It is a privilege to have seen the human side of royalty; to have learned that they, though triumphant, still dream of higher efforts, better pictures. And, though both cats and authors may look at queens and kings and afterward talk a little banteringly about it all, both must be deeply sensible that to have been received at court is at once a pleasure and an honor. Good luck to Hollywood. It is indeed the capital of the world.

THE QUIET HOUSE

BY D. M. EYRES

THE sun shines out, the birds are gay
After the rain of yesterday,
And buds break on the apple-tree,
But she . . . she folds his things away.

All uneventful swings the door;
His dog sleeps, curled upon the floor;
The days are long. Expectancy
Stirs in the quiet house no more.

The sun shines on the window-pane,
And she . . . she comes down-stairs again.

The children gather round for tea.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE LEECH

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

"I DON'T fancy that it will be as hot to-morrow," Elizabeth Hewitt said, half musingly. "There's a cloud or two in the sky . . . a bit of high fog, I think."

Walter Hewitt left his iced tea to chill further as he joined his wife at the edge of the porch.

"Well, if it's only fog . . ." his voice trailed off into chilling significance.

She let her glance sweep the cloud-flecked heavens and fall appraisingly upon the continuous lines of tree-tops sliding down the hillside. Below them stretched the famous prune-orchards of the Santa Clara Valley, miles and miles and again miles of faded greenery seared to a note of yellow by the prolonged drought of a California summer. Upon trays, between the trees, a plum-purple harvest shriveled to blackness under the sun's hot gaze.

"Oh, it simply won't rain!" she insisted. "And, even if it did, the first rain of September never lasts—a mere sprinkle doesn't do any harm. Drying prunes aren't quite that delicate."

He said nothing. She felt sure that her bravado had not convinced him. She wondered whether it had convinced herself, but she had whistled so many times through the graveyard of his anxieties that she had ceased to take account of her own fears.

"Do you know," she broke out, passionately, "I'm beginning to hate this place. It's—it's taken so much out of us!"

"I've always hated it!" he said, and he went abruptly back to his seat and tinkled the ice in his glass with an air of nervous defiance.

She leaned her head wearily against the iron rod which upheld the gay-striped awning. Like most San Franciscans, reared in the cool lap of a mist-shrouded summer, she detested hot weather. But sunset hour in the Santa Clara Valley brought its compensations. There was always a pageantry about the death of this almost tropical sun which snared her into a complete surrender to its beauty. At such a moment she felt glad, at least, that her father-in-law's dubious legacy was perched upon a height. When everything else failed there was at least a view!

To-night, as usual, the flaming spectacle was hectic instead of wrathful. There were none of the reticences of the seashore landscape to which she was accustomed, shrinking timidly into ocean mists or swallowed up in a maw of smoke-dun clouds flushed to sudden nocturnal anger. Instead, the opposing hills languished behind a veil of palpitant colors, rearing their heads with provocative boldness. The hills, the skies, the plain below, were full of beautiful and cruel subtleties—the subtleties of a magnificence that could be as generous or as niggardly as it fancied. And it struck her that on the surface it was always opulent and alluring.

The first time she had looked down from that height upon the valley it had been snow-white with promise, an unending stretch of satin bloom that held a prophecy of purple harvest. But overnight the blossoming spirit of springtime had been broken utterly by the sharp tooth of a late frost, and yet throughout it all the land has smiled with the indifference of a princess who could squander as she chose, secure in the knowledge of her inexhaustible treas-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ures. Yes, the land was adorable and impulsive and capricious—it made or broke men as it wished! She turned away from the false allurements of this artfully flushed landscape and she went slowly back to her place at the table. Walter Hewitt was still tinkling the lump of ice in his tea-glass.

"I don't quite see how you've made it," she began, boldly. "I mean the financial grade. . . . I've never spoken of it before because—because— Well, I've had my fearful moments. I might as well admit that now . . . a man in your position . . ."

"A man in my position?" he echoed, craftily.

She colored as she put an apologetic hand on his. "You know what I mean, George. You're in a position of trust and you're surrounded by money—and Heaven knows you've been pushed pretty close to the wall."

He laughed, but she could see that the effort hurt him. "Oh, so that's the idea! Couldn't you grant me at least a little more originality? The trusted bank official turning thief has been rather overdone, don't you think?"

She wished that he had not parried the blow with such a dubious weapon as sarcasm. "But this place has fairly eaten up money," she insisted. "One must have pretty good security even for friends. I've never realized until this past week how worried I've been. I suppose it's the old story—one always collapses within sight of the goal."

"Well," he threw back at her, gaily, "it's almost over. In a week every prune on the place will be stewed safely in its own sugar. Unless, of course, it rains!"

She rose impulsively and went over to the railing again. The clouds had vanished, sucked up completely by the warm breath of the shimmering valley.

"It was only fog, after all," she said, quietly. And she drew in a long, deep breath.

They both fell silent, partly from a sense of sharp relief and partly from a desire to let the passing day die in mute dignity. It was George Hewitt who first broke the silence.

"What are you looking at?" he asked, quite suddenly.

Her hand dropped from her forehead. "There's a man coming up the road," she answered. "A machine brought him as far as the first bend. I can't make him out."

Her husband had risen; she felt his breath upon her bare neck.

"It looks like Cranston," he said, almost too evenly.

She turned slowly and faced him. "Cranston!" she whispered. "Why, what can *he* want *here?*"

He walked toward the table again. "Something's gone wrong at the office, I guess."

She wondered if her face were pale.

"You'd better go down and help him with his grip," she said, as calmly as she could. "And I'll see about a bite for him. I fancy he hasn't had dinner."

"He's very fond of wine," Hewitt suggested, significantly.

"I'll see that he has a bottle," she answered, but her voice had a chilling brevity.

Her husband threw her a grateful glance. "I want him to be comfortable . . . you understand . . . *as comfortable as we can make him!*"

She had never liked Cranston, a little, prying man with faded red hair and a clerical stoop, and she liked him less now, sitting at her al-fresco table and smacking his thin lips over the wine. She could not help wondering why her husband had ever picked him for an assistant.

"You've a nice place here," he was saying with a fine air of patronage as she cleared away his empty dinner-plate and set a dish of frozen peaches before him.

"Yes," she replied, "but we're tired of it. A place like this means money and thought and worry. And this is the first good year we've had. Prunes, you know, are nearly fourteen cents a pound."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"So I was told. I got to talking with a man on the train. People don't seem to have anything else on their minds in this section."

She made no reply, but he continued to chatter, throwing out covert inferences—about prices, and labor difficulties, and markets, and the chances of rain. Yes, it seemed that he had weighed even this last possibility to the final fraction. He *had* been talking to people, with a vengeance.

At last her husband stirred. "Oh, I'm not particularly worried about rain, *now*," she heard him lie defensively as she went back into the house for black coffee. "September is a pretty safe month."

She halted at the threshold to catch Cranston's reply: "But they tell me that *once* it rained for a solid week. And even with the trays all stacked, the prunes mildewed. Moist, warm air is always dangerous."

"Well . . . if that happens this year . . . I'm ruined, that's all!"

Cranston said nothing, but he made significant and greedy noises over his dish of frozen peaches. Elizabeth Hewitt continued her movements into the house. They were lighting cigars when she got back.

"I've been telling Hewitt he looks fagged," Cranston said.

The light of a sputtering match at the tip of Hewitt's cigar emphatically confirmed the statement.

Elizabeth drew away into the shadow where she could give her rancor scope without betraying the full measure of her scorn.

"My husband *is* fagged," she retorted, with deceitful coolness. "He needs a good, long rest. And, of course, *this* isn't any vacation—running down here for two weeks with all the anxieties and worries of watching prunes convert themselves into dollars. . . . And you people there at the bank, you who know how things are . . . well, I should think you'd spare him all you could, and not come bothering him with bond and mortgage problems. If he had gone away fishing in the wilderness you couldn't have found him. But here, of course—"

"Yes, you're quite right," Cranston agreed, with a shade of banter. "I've been urging him for five years to take a vacation, a *real* vacation. But doubtless he has his *reasons*, Mrs. Hewitt."

Hewitt laughed harshly. "Why put it in the plural form, Cranston?"

The assistant stared. "You always were a stickler for details," he burst out, finally. And the two laughed in unison.

She did not know just what to do. The obvious thing was to excuse herself and leave them together with their business problems. But a curious reluctance urged her to stay. She had an absurd feeling that she would like to stand forever between these two, and, in a fantastical flash, she pictured the years rolling on and on while she continued to balk any exchange of their confidences by her coolly stubborn presence. . . . The air was growing chilly as it does so often in the California country within range of the sea's nocturnal breath. A few more wisps of fog were laying their cool bodies against the warm bosom of the hills.

"Suppose we go inside," she suggested.

The two men rose and stood facing each other. She passed between them. When she looked back she saw that they were following slowly and that Cranston's arm was locked tightly in the arm of her husband. She felt a renewed distrust, almost a loathing, for her visitor's intrusive presence. It was not possible, she reflected, for George Hewitt to have any affection for this man, and he had never yet been at a loss to keep at bay advances which he found distasteful or inexpedient.

She switched on the lights, arranged the newspapers which were scattered over the rug by her husband's chair, shut out a sharp draft of air from an adjoining room with a quick drawing together of draperies. The men sat down, settling themselves comfortably.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

An impulse to retire fluttered and died. She went to the piano.

"What shall I play?" she asked, almost gaily.

It was her husband who replied, and his voice sounded far away:

"If you don't mind, my dear, Cranston and I have a lot of tiresome things to talk over . . . another night—there'll be plenty of time for music—later!"

She felt suddenly as if a door had been closed in her face, and she had all the indignation of one put to the test of such an affront. She would not leave him alone with that man! She would *not!*

"Why," she pouted, "Mr. Cranston will be running away to-morrow. . . . I know these bankers—they never have time for anything but money-grubbing!"

She had meant to be insulting and she knew that her shaft had struck home, but Cranston shielded his feelings behind a crafty smile.

"And what if I stayed for a week or two—just to disprove your statement, my dear Mrs. Hewitt? I'm anxious to see a prune crop *safely* harvested."

So that was it—he proposed staying, and he did not even intend to wait for an invitation! She rose from the piano shrugging her shoulders, and walked to the door without a word. At the threshold she hesitated. A sense of helplessness came over her. She was sure that her husband needed her, and yet there was nothing to do but leave the room. She waited for some sign from him, halting for the briefest fraction of a second, which seemed to her eternity. He cleared his throat, but nothing further came of it. She passed on, out into the night. The chill seemed welcome to her now.

She crossed the porch and glided down the steps, throwing her spangled after-dinner scarf about her dark hair. Little puffs of warm air came up caressingly from the tawny ground. Before her, row upon row, stretched the quiescent trees, bent and broken, and seared by the weakening burden of fruition. Between them, upon the drying trays, lay the purple yield that mellow springtime had spawned and thick-breathed summer had swaddled to perfect consummation.

"It's almost over," she said to herself, consciously repeating her husband's words.

But the thought no longer thrilled her. What was the use in feasting if a ghost were to sit forever at their table? She did not mind sharing her husband's virtues with another, but his shortcomings . . . She stopped short. What was she thinking of?

The wind veered suddenly.

"It's from the south!" flashed through her mind. "Suppose it should rain, after all?"

And it struck her that she felt curiously undisturbed at this possibility. She went around by a devious path and climbed the back stairs to her bedroom.

She sat in the darkness, by an open window, thinking—reviewing the history of these past five years. How well she remembered the satisfaction with which she had met the news that her father-in-law's prune-orchard was to be their portion! A country place within motoring distance of town! How smart it had all sounded! But her husband had not shared her enthusiasm.

"A pretty expensive luxury!" he had replied, grimly.

But she had refused to be daunted, even with the story of Hewitt, Senior's, failure ringing in her ears. He had been an old man, of course, and too conservative. And he had been bitten unconsciously by the old-fashioned theory that the land's yield was in the hands of Fate. Furthermore, he didn't know how to market his product to advantage. In short, he played the part of country gentleman with perfect consistence, even to the inevitable detail of a steadily encroaching mortgage.

Of course her husband would change all that! He was a man of affairs, and he could command money in a crisis. There was really no reason why, in addition to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

having a delightful summer home, they should not increase their income. Thus had Elizabeth Hewitt reasoned from her comfortable position on the side-lines. Participating in the game was different. She came to think, in due season, that such ventures *were* in the lap of the gods, after all. The first year had come a frost, and the second a drying wind at just the wrong season. Again, a prolonged drought had reduced the crop to a shadow. Finally, the bottom had dropped out of the market, and the returns from a good yield had barely paid for the harvesting. And all the time the sloping hillside sucked up money like a greedy mistress who lured with false promises and mockingly withheld her favors.

Owning a country place was not a delight, but a responsibility, and all through the long, hot, palpitant summer Elizabeth Hewitt found herself chained to a rock of petty cares and worries and details, while George slaved in town for wherewithal to pour into the insatiable maw of this relentless enterprise. Not that his earnings could satisfy the demands upon him! The salary of a bank cashier might be almost opulent as other salaries went, but it had small place in stemming the tide of a horticultural disaster. At first it had all been very poetic—the snow-white springtime of blossoming, the green-gold summer of swelling fruit, the wine-purple autumn of consummation. From bud to final ripening, the prim, slender trees had revealed the seasons colorfully and with fragrant symbols. And in the richness of these dew-starred pageantries Elizabeth Hewitt sometimes forgot to regret the shallower delights in which her first hopes had indulged. But presently this procession from bloom to fruition became blurred by the mists of an ever-increasing anxiety. She began to feel a disquiet at the circumstance that had once reassured her—at the fact that her husband *was* a man of affairs and could command money in a crisis. It bore in upon her that a man lacking easy access to capital might have been less tempted to prolong the agony. At the beginning, she had known the sources of supply—an expansion of the first mortgage, the profit from a quick sale of an active stock, the grudging help from a reluctant relation, a friendly boost or two. But, as time went on, his financial course became blurred and finally lost in a series of quick turns and evasions. She remembered the chill that had swept her on that day when in answer to her usual frank questions about finances he had replied, curtly:

"I've managed to arrange things for a while longer . . . you needn't worry."

Later when she had pressed him, tactfully, though a bit tremulously, he had been less sharp but quite as unyielding:

"Don't think about it. . . . I'll pull through somehow."

You needn't worry! Don't think about it! Did a man fancy that anxiety and fear and loyalty were subject to command? That the blossoms of peace and contentment could flourish in the dark?

Presently she ceased to prod him, and when that moment came she had a sick realization that something had died within her. Could it be that her flame of faith had been blown out?

This year she had followed the usual seasonal progressions, parted - lipped, every nerve strained to anxious attention. Bud, blossom, harvest—she had hung upon each successful unfolding until her very senses ached with the tautness of concentration. As late as yesterday the victory had seemed assured.

She rose from her place before the open window. It was long past midnight. She thrust her hand out into the night. The wind had died. Anything might be possible—a swift downpour or an equally sharp clear-up of the threatening clouds.

She went to the door and opened it, listening. The low rumble of voices came to her. George Hewitt's clipped laugh, the acrid pungency of stale tobacco. Why didn't they break up and come to bed?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"MR. CRANSTON WILL BLESS US IN THE MORNING—WHEN HIS ALARM GOES OFF"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

She stepped back from the threshold and closed the door. Presently she began to undress. She was braiding her hair when she heard the tramp of feet coming up the stairs. She tried to be calm, but her husband's nearness was disturbing.

When he came into the room she pretended to be very busy with the thick black strand of hair in her hand. Sitting before her dressing-table mirror, she caught glimpses of his face. She was not reassured.

"Well," she yawned at last, "I'm glad you've decided to turn in. Mr. Cranston will bless us as it is—in the morning—when his alarm goes off!"

He did not reply at once. "His alarm won't be going off," he answered, throwing aside his collar.

She tossed her braid backward with a quick gesture. "You mean he really intends to stay—*here?*"

"Yes," he flung out, sharply. "Is there anything so extraordinary in that?"

She leaned close to the mirror, drawing her upraised forefinger across her eyebrows. "I didn't know it was policy for two people from the same department to be away from a bank. . . . How long is he going to stay?"

He frowned savagely. "A week—maybe two."

She rose and faced him. "In other words, he intends to see the prunes safely harvested. Just what is Cranston's interest in *our* crop?"

She had never questioned him defiantly before and she could see that her attitude had confused him. He was off guard and unprepared.

"I know he hasn't any money," she went on, relentlessly, "so he can't have any personal financial interest. And I also know that a banking institution doesn't lend to its employees, so he can't be here in the interest of the firm. But I do know one thing—he's not staying for pleasure!"

He made a weary gesture as he leaned against the chiffonier. "Do you really want me to tell you?" he demanded.

Her hands fell from their folded position on her breast. For a moment she stood inactive, gripped with the sudden terror of an impending flash that she knew would blind her.

"No," she answered, weakly, "perhaps you'd better not."

She turned and sank down in her seat before the dressing-table, and she made a pretense of drawing her ivory comb through her imprisoned hair.

He went to the window; he threw it higher. A keen current of air stirred a spent rose upon the casement to swift showering.

"It's clearing up," he cried out, buoyantly. "The wind's from the north!"

She let the comb drop from her fingers and she buried her face in her hands. Presently she felt his nearness—he was infolding her with a gracious tenderness.

"Come . . . come . . ." he urged. "Bear up a little longer. I know it's hard. . . . But, just think, in a week at the most, everything will be over. You're not displeased, are you . . . at . . . at anything I've done?"

She drew his arms closer. "Displeased? No, it isn't that. But you've shut me out so long I've lost courage."

He put his lips to her hair. "There . . . there. . . . You needn't worry! Don't think about it!"

She released herself slowly. "I'm beyond worrying, *now!*" she said. distinctly.

The morning broke clear and cloudless. The effect of the potential rainstorm had been almost as complete as if a sullen torrent had descended to wash the air clean of its dust-golden haze. Elizabeth laid the breakfast-table out in the open, upon the porch, in spite of the air's fresh tang.

Cranston and her husband came down together, arm in arm. Elizabeth gave them a swift sidelong glance and almost at that moment she saw George Hewitt disentangle himself from his friend's proprietary embrace. She put slices of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

melon at each place, humming audibly. The men sat down. Cranston fell upon the cool crescent of melon in front of him, smacking his lips. Already Elizabeth Hewitt was growing accustomed to that audible sound of satisfaction. It was extraordinary how much vitality seemed to express itself in these thin, pale, secretive lips snared to sudden and almost ugly revelations by gastronomic delights.

"It must have been a great relief," Cranston ventured, affably, "for you people to wake up this morning and find the sun shining."

Elizabeth seated herself opposite him and began to pour the coffee. "Oh, I'm not sure that I care one way or the other," she drawled with palpable affectation. "We've experienced every disaster but an untimely rain at the drying season . . . and—well, I'm curious to discover just what the last straw will be."

Cranston dug greedily into his melon. "Well, I guess *any* streak of bad luck would prove the last straw this year, eh, George?"

She flashed a swift glance at her husband; he dropped his eyes.

"There's such a thing as a choice of evils," she said, coolly, transferring her steady glance to Cranston.

He gave an odd chuckling snort and deliberately unbuttoned his vest.

Would he take off his coat, next, she wondered. And how long before he would be slopping about her house in straw slippers? She could have stood such arrogance from a physically vital personality, but somehow this man's pallid insolence seemed an unbearable affront. The Chinese cook brought on shirred eggs and crisp, pungent bacon and thin slices of buttered toast.

"Gad! but you live well!" escaped Cranston, enthusiastically, and the smacking of his bloodless lips began again.

Hewitt, picking at bacon, read the paper between gulps of coffee. Elizabeth fell silent.

Presently the meal was finished and Hewitt rose, flinging his newspaper to the ground.

"Well, I'm off!" he announced. "Want to come with me, Cranston, and look the place over?"

Cranston stretched himself comfortably, and glanced through a rift in the awning at the blue sky. "No, I don't think I'll move about much to-day. It's going to be hot, later on. I'll just stay here and chin with the missus."

An incredulous stare briefly escaped Hewitt. Cranston began to roll a cigarette.

Elizabeth pushed back her chair. Cranston's words had a casual tone, but she fancied that she could sense a distinctly malevolent ring beneath the surface. Should she rise and go with her husband or should she stay and face the music? It almost seemed as if George Hewitt had read her thoughts, for he said, very coldly:

"Perhaps Mrs. Hewitt has other plans."

"Well . . ." stammered Cranston, put out for the moment by Hewitt's bruskness, "in that case . . ."

Elizabeth folded her napkin with slow precision. "No," she said, finally. "I think I'll stay here and listen to Mr. Cranston. I'm sure he must be an entertaining talker."

They were silent for a season. Cranston was busy with his evil-smelling cigarette and Elizabeth was shrouded in deep speculation. Was her apprehension investing the man before her with sinister values out of all proportion to any reality? she asked herself. Superficially, he seemed pallid enough, and perhaps his very neutrality gave her the power to stamp every trivial act of his into a confirmation of her fears. But she had to confess, as she watched him sprawling in perfect physical content over his morning smoke, that he impressed her as a man whose very shallowness was disturbing—he had none of the suavities of either real power or understanding. She withdrew to the mechanical diver-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sion of drumming idly upon the blue-and-white breakfast-cloth, and suddenly, with a directness that surprised even herself, she broke out:

"What is it that you want to say to me, Mr. Cranston?"

He tossed away the spent cigarette stub. "I don't think, Mrs. Hewitt," he began, confidently, "that you quite realize how deeply your husband is involved. A mere financial disaster would be serious enough, but as it is . . ."

She was calm. "You mean that he's been forced into something not quite . . ."

"Precisely."

She felt no emotion save a withering scorn for the man opposite her.

"How long have you known?" she demanded.

"For about two days. . . . I ran into the thing quite by accident. . . . Of course I came down here as soon as I could arrange things without exciting suspicion. . . . I pleaded an impending nervous breakdown. I felt sure it would be well for me to stick close to Hewitt until . . . until everything was over. One never knows what a man will do under such circumstances. . . . Of course, you realize I'm still loyal, still his friend in spite of everything. . . . Most people wouldn't take that view of it, I know, but *I'm* different! . . . After all, what is a little moral lapse between friends? And if what he tells me is true, the crop this year will more than make good the defalcation."

"And if something should happen?"

"In that case . . . Well, you couldn't expect me to keep this affair quiet forever, Mrs. Hewitt, could you, now? . . . And then, I'm not sure that he would stand the strain of another season. . . . It's very unfortunate . . . and I'm sorry for *you*, Mrs. Hewitt, indeed I am!"

She could have stood everything from him except this last smug commiseration. "Why should you feel sorry for me?" burst from her as she rose to her feet. "I'm sure I haven't asked for your sympathy!"

He gave a self-satisfied laugh. "I don't blame you for having pride. Fact is, I admire that quality in a woman. . . . Naturally, you're bowled over for the moment at the news. . . . I understand how you feel."

She drew back scornfully: "*News?* . . . I hope you don't think you've told me anything I didn't know!"

"Do you mean to say that he . . . ?"

"There are some things that women don't have to be told, Mr. Cranston. . . ."

He refused to be disturbed by either her manner or her revelations. Instead, he rolled another cigarette with irritating satisfaction.

"Well," he began, pompously, "I'm glad you knew. It eases my conscience. . . . I wanted to do the right thing by George, and after seeing you here at close range I felt sure that you ought to know the situation. But such a question isn't easy to decide. As it turns out, it wouldn't have mattered whether I spoke or was silent. But at least you have one satisfaction. You know I'm your friend. . . . Don't worry! With the help of the weather, you and I will pull him through, Mrs. Hewitt! You can depend on *me!*"

She sat down suddenly and her peals of laughter rippled the still morning air. "Excuse me, but you don't know how funny you are, Mr. Cranston!"

He shifted about now, a bit uneasily. She stopped laughing.

"He would have understood tears!" flashed through her mind.

And she began to laugh again, glad to find some weapon that could pierce his hitherto impervious self-satisfaction.

She waited until one-thirty for her husband to come in to his midday meal, and then she decided to carry it through without his presence. Cranston was worried, she could see that, but he was cautious in expressing his anxiety. Apparently he had not recovered from the shock of her morning laughter; she still puzzled him to the point of confusion.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

But he did gather the courage to say, finally:

"Doesn't George usually come in to lunch?"

She passed him a plate of crisp salad. "Not always," she lied, blandly.

"I hope," he ventured, "that . . . that nothing has happened."

She closed her eyes for a swift moment. "Nonsense," she threw back with a defiance that would have betrayed itself to a more subtle audience.

He fell upon his salad with a crunching sound that made her shiver. Was the balance of her days to be spent in listening to this man eat? she asked herself. She felt that if she were to live forever she would always recall this visit of Cranston's as a continuous and audible feast.

"I really ought not to have let him go about this morning . . . *alone!*" he insisted, between mouthfuls. "A man under *his* strain needs companionship."

She knew what he was thinking; in fact, the same idea had suggested itself to her as she was freshening up for luncheon. At that moment she had crossed over deliberately to her husband's chiffonier, and, with her hands upraised, she had dared herself to pull open the top drawer and see whether his pistol was in its accustomed place. At the crucial moment she had weakened; she had decided *not* to look.

In spite of the sick disquiet which the memory of her cowardice evoked, she found a delicious irony in the spectacle of this hunter apprehensive as to his quarry. Like all leeches, he needed a virile body upon which to feed—a dead George Hewitt would not serve his purpose. The man before her was many times and in many ways an ignorant fool, but he had instinctive impulses which guided unerringly, and he had made no mistake in ranging himself upon her husband's side. The rôle of informer would place him at best in a position of transient glory, but, as confidential friend and savior, he had his future by the heel. From this moment on Cranston would rise or fall upon the fortunes of his superior.

"With the help of the weather, you and I will pull him through, Mrs. Hewitt. You can depend on *me!*" His complacent words of early morning came to her mind. Did he feel as confident now, as smugly sure, that the only enemy to his rising fortunes was the weather? She knew that he must be cursing his carelessness, chaffing inwardly at the impulses which had persuaded him that an after-breakfast chat with her had been worth the risk of giving his victim any rope.

She would not have found a professional blackmailer so disturbing. After all, such men usually had a definite price. They named the sum that would buy their silence and there was a fair chance that one heard no more of them. But this man was trading upon their gratitude and it was plain that he expected the store to be inexhaustible. To the end of their days they must smile upon him, suffer his patronizing handclasp, convert themselves into tufted footstools for his rough-shod arrogance, become the ladder upon which his mediocrity would climb to otherwise unattainable heights. And he would not even temper the situation with the grace of either tact or understanding! A slight tremor ran through her. She picked up her fork and made a pretense of eating.

She had been acting this morning when she had intimated that an inopportune trick of weather might be less disturbing than some other shift of fortune. She realized now that, while such a circumstance would accomplish its end swiftly, it would be scarcely a vindication of her husband's courage! Yes, courage was always left, even though honor had flown. The thought beguiled her. It was curious to discover the solaces that one could wring from disaster, the fresh point of view glimpsed from the last position that one fell back upon, in an attempt to stem the tide of utter defeat! What if her husband had still enough courage to outwit self-contempt

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by Walter Biggs — Engraved by H. Leinroth

"I HOPE," HE VENTURED, "THAT—THAT NOTHING HAS HAPPENED"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.3121000535458 2
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and the man before her in one swift flight? Cranston, she felt, had acknowledged one more sinister possibility to the chances against establishing for himself a secure foothold upon the ledge of fortune. The weather and a gleaming pistol—either of these agents could destroy his hopes. But did he have the vision to include the third contingency which was flashing so luminously across her black anxiety? . . . No, she felt sure that he did not.

He finished his meal rapidly, but he slighted nothing in either his haste or his uneasiness.

"I think," he said, as he pushed back his chair, "that I'll take a look about the place, after all. It's cooler and perhaps I'll run into George!"

She went to the foot of the steps with him. It *was* cooler, and, as her gaze swept the distant hills, she discovered that a gray film was being drawn across the blue face of the sky. The air was moving restlessly in little aimless gusts, and yellow leaves from the exhausted prune-trees danced in the screened sunlight.

"They ought to be stacking the trays," flashed through her mind.

Cranston's figure disappeared, merging itself into the converging foliage of the orchard. She went into the house and up to her bedroom. This time she did not hesitate—she crossed to her husband's chiffonier and pulled open the upper drawer. . . . *His pistol was not there!*

She wondered afterward how it had been possible for her to sit quietly all that sultry afternoon, waiting for her husband's familiar step upon the stairway, but there had seemed little else to be done. She was not a woman who expressed her concern in physical restlessness, and her seemingly tranquil moments were often her darkest.

She blamed herself a thousand times and in a thousand different ways. Why had she allowed her cowardice to thwart his confidence last night? Wouldn't it have been better to have heard the truth from *him* rather than from Cranston? A word from her might have saved him, while now . . . But she put the very suggestion away with a sharp thrust. The fact that he had succumbed to temptation no longer disturbed her—she had greater hopes and fears for him. She had lost many vague and tremulous ideals along the pathway of reality, but her step was surer and her gaze accustomed to the relentless glare of a spiritual noonday. She felt a responsibility, a sense that in the final analysis her husband would become what she had helped to make him—that only an incorrigible remained impervious to environment and association. And her thoughts flew back swiftly to the day when she had been pleased with her father-in-law's legacy merely because it seemed smart to have a summer place within motoring distance from town. She had wanted it for display more than anything else, snared by the empty grandeur of possession. . . . Well, it had ended by taking them both captive.

When, finally, she did hear the familiar footsteps, she closed her eyes and clutched the arms of her chair. He came into the room cautiously. She could not trust herself to rise and greet him.

"Ah, so there you are!" he said, inadequately, and he went to his chiffonier and stood before it awkwardly, combing out his hair. . . . Presently he opened the upper drawer and she saw him put the pistol back. He turned and faced her. She rose.

"I knew you wouldn't do it!" she said, and her voice quivered.

He kept his place, leaning back with a suggestion of exhaustion.

"Where's Cranston?" he demanded.

"Out looking for you. . . . He's been nervous."

"Naturally," he laughed back, harshly. "He told you, of course . . . but I guess it wasn't really news. . . . I've been figuring things out this afternoon. . . . I'm in pretty bad, but not bad enough to buy my safety at *his*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

price—unless you would rather have it so."

She felt the sudden glow of a warm relief. She went up to him and she took his face between her trembling hands.

He put her from him gently. "Don't!" he entreated. "I mustn't break down now. If you'll find me my overcoat and a decent collar and tie . . . I want to get away before he comes in."

She bustled about, gathering his things, while he freshened up. It was curious how all these trivial commonplaces relieved the strain.

Finally he was ready. She had never seen him look so well, she thought. At the door he infolded her, and she clung for a moment, inert but tearless.

"You realize," he said, "what this *may* mean? I'm hoping that with fair prospects they'll let me make good—and then resign. On the other hand . . ."

She looked into his eyes with a clear, steady gaze. "Nothing matters but just this . . . to know you had the courage to go to them . . . *alone!* Remember that . . . *always* . . . no matter what happens!"

He answered with a swift, passionate embrace.

"To-morrow, if it still looks threatening, have them stack the trays. Everything depends on the crop now."

"Yes . . . yes . . ."

"And make any excuses you think best to Cranston. . . . To-morrow you can tell him what I have done. . . . I'll be back as soon as they'll let me."

He had gone and she stood, wilting for a moment, in the doorway. The flapping of a curtain claimed her attention. She crossed over, thrusting it up sharply. The wind struck her face with cool refreshment and played wantonly with her hair.

"From the south again," she muttered, shivering slightly. She shut the window decisively and threw herself upon the bed. "I'll have to get them at work early to-morrow, stacking trays. We can't afford to take any chances."

She wondered what Cranston was doing at that moment, and a droll picture of him running about the orchard, like an anxious setter sniffing for game to no purpose, rose before her, moving her to inward laughter. She thought with a sharp gasp of satisfaction that, no matter what happened, to-night would be the last time she would be compelled to share her loaf with the man she detested. And she had a sudden sense of the sincerity and fairness in the Far Eastern custom that denied an enemy bread and salt. Well, she would play the game according to Western standards and provide him a good meal. . . . She closed her eyes, thinking over the fare that she would set before him, picking out all the things that would bring the greedy and audible smack to his lips. Yes . . . she wanted to move him to all his irritating tricks so that she could measure the depths of their escape. She would have a piquant soup and a crisp salad again and chicken broiled to a turn. And for dessert . . . something cool and juicy. Had she better serve another melon or would he find a crushed and frozen fruit more to his taste? . . . How about prune whip? Of course, just the thing . . . so appropriate . . . and . . . and . . . My, but she was growing drowsy! . . . Prune whip . . . Well, she had better rouse herself and tell . . . the cook. . . . Yes, in just a minute . . . just a min— . . . Prune whip. . . . What a . . .

She awoke with a sense of stifled confusion. It was dark, and somebody was tapping on her door. She flung herself to her feet and switched on the light.

"Come in!" she called, boldly.

The door flew back. Cranston stood before her at the threshold. He had on his overcoat and his hat and traveling-bag were in his hand.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Hewitt," he began, awkwardly. "But I've decided to catch the next train."

"Going? . . . without *dinner?*" she gasped.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Yes," he spit out, brutally. "It's raining!"

She could hear it now, flinging itself in an angry torrent against the pane, but she refused to surrender.

"Rain?" she echoed. "Why, it's only a shower. . . . In a few moments—"

"Nonsense!" he retorted, bitterly. "It's been coming down for over an hour. Everybody says it will last all night! Your husband is a fool, Mrs. Hewitt; he ought to have been stacking the trays to-day!"

He was turning from her with a gesture of impatient contempt. She roused herself suddenly, drawing up to her full height. She was not exactly a happy woman, but at that moment she knew what it was to be a proud one.

"You might as well stay, Mr. Cranston," she said, distinctly, "and *eat*. My husband is already in San Francisco."

He put his hat on his head and pulled it over his eyes. "A confession won't get him anything now!" he growled, viciously. "He's done for. . . . Big business isn't tender-hearted with paupers!"

She stood motionless, pressing her cold fingers against her throbbing temples. She heard him go down the stairs and out into the night, banging the door. . . . She felt an enormous relief.

SONG IN THE SPRING

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

WHAT is there to sorrow for
When the spring is young?
What are all to-morrows for
But songs to be sung?

When I see the lilacs flower,
And the apple-trees,
Every minute seems an hour
Ripe with ecstasies.

In the wood the ferns unfold
Slow their fronded green,
Little mysteries are told
By little tongues unseen.

Footsteps pass, and on the earth
Leave no impress there;
There are sounds of secret mirth—
Where are they, oh, where?

And yet, within my true love's eyes
Hides a stranger thing,
Mystery of mysteries,
Subtler than the spring.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE HALF-EDUCATED MAN

BY EDWARD L. THORNDIKE

Professor of Educational Psychology, Teachers College, Columbia University

A SCORE of supposedly well-educated men and women were asked to which figure the distance from Petrograd to Vladivostok was nearest—400 miles, 1,400 miles, 4,000 miles, 14,000 miles. Eight did not answer at all. Two answered 400 miles; two gave other wrong answers. They were asked whether the product of $a+b$ and $a-b$ was $a^2-2ab+b^2$, a^2-b^2, $2a-ab+b^2$, or $a(a^2-b^2)$. Two answered correctly. Eleven did not answer at all. Seven gave wrong answers. They were asked whether the two words in each of these pairs meant nearly the same or nearly the opposite: since—before; bankrupt—solvent; incumbent—obligatory; succinct—concise. Only half had the four correct, and seven made actual errors. These were leading business and professional men and their wives.

The readers of *Harper's Magazine* probably represent the top one or two per cent. of our population in respect to education, but if they will spend two minutes on these four tasks: Add .07, 7.94, and 1.6; add $\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{5}{6}$; subtract 1.392010 from 7.040201; subtract $\frac{4}{5}$ from $\frac{9}{10}$, they will show only about half success. One in four of them will not know whether the Ten Commandments are called the decagon or the decalogue or the decament or the decemvirate; or whether light travels in jagged, straight, or wavy lines.

A man need not be ashamed to confess ignorance of such matters, perhaps. One can live happily and usefully not knowing whether Vladivostok is a city, a Bolshevik general, or a college fraternity. For a man to be half-educated in the sense that only a part of him is educated is a relatively innocent defect, provided the man is himself aware of it. When an uneducated part of him needs education he can be aware of the fact and provide for it.

For a man to think his errors are knowledge or to lack all sense of sure distinction between knowledge and ignorance is a more serious matter. One who really thinks that solvent means bankrupt will be misled by his reading of financial items; and a high-school graduate who is sure that $(a+b)\times(a-b)=2a^2-ab+b^2$ will probably be willing to be sure that black is white, or that war is profitable, or that all the troubles of the present are due to the Democratic party (or the Republican party, if his predilections direct). Such a man is often only half-educated all over.

In the face of the details and complexities of modern science and technology and art, it is the fate of all to be half-educated in the sense of having large areas of mind uncultivated, many problems answered only by a question mark. And such has always been the fate of the great majority of men. There is nothing new, and no great public danger in this. We have only in such cases to turn to the doctor, lawyer, engineer, priest, or other specialist who does know. The world has, even in its most successful epochs, got along with its population half-educated, or more truly one-fiftieth educated, in this sense.

In proportion, however, as the man's mind is incompetent all over, in proportion as he has in general only an amateurish semi-knowledge and does not realize its inferiority, there is public

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

danger. Such a man is likely to try (and fail) to understand the specialist instead of obeying him. He does not "know his place" intellectually. He knows enough to criticize and abandon the customs of his fathers, but not enough to preserve their merits or to improve their defective parts. He maintains only a pseudo-independence of mind, being at the mercy of clever charlatans who have an interest in misleading him.

The psychology of such half-educated men and women is perhaps especially instructive at this time, for there are so many of them. There seem to be more than the world has ever had to endure at any one time, though this may be only an appearance. At all events, they represent an intellectual inefficiency and perversion whose cure and prevention are a main part of sound policy in a democracy. And if they have not actually increased in America in the generation past, they have at least not decreased in proportion to the increase in general leisure and the spread of public education. Let us consider, then, this disease of half-education, pseudo-intellect, "fake" thinking.

One of its main features is a belief in magic. Although the great majority of the half-educated would indignantly deny that they believed in alchemy, witchcraft, fairies, or elves, down deep in their make-up there is an active, if unconscious, faith in magic, an expectation that you may with good luck occasionally "beat the game," a willingness to excuse yourself for failure on the ground that "things went against you," a superstition that chance can be induced to favor you this time. A mother says, "I don't see why Mary caught the whooping-cough from Nellie Ames; they were together only a few minutes," meaning that the gods should have been reasonably generous to her and her child. A business man loses ten thousand dollars because of failure to insure his goods and argues: "I ought not to be blamed for that. I had paid insurance a hundred times. Surely I had a right to expect a little luck." A boy thinks that he will pass an examination on a subject in only half of which he is competent. The Germans blame America for disappointing their hopes, instead of blaming themselves for having foolish hopes. The employer thinks that the discontent in his factory will blow over, but it doesn't, and a consideration of all the facts would have shown that it couldn't. The labor leader thinks that the A B C's will surely strike in sympathy, though the actual facts, minus luck and fairies, prove conclusively that they probably won't. The communist really looks to some *deus ex machina* to supply new motives to replace the motives of ownership and independence. He is so sure that state ownership of property is desirable that in his heart of hearts he expects some secret powers of the universe to make it succeed, once he gets it started.

Since hardly any one is fully educated, fully rational, entirely sound in his thinking, hardly any one is entirely free from this resort to magic. A most successful man and, as men go, a most acute thinker, explained European history as a result of a progressive movement producing a reaction, which in turn produced a progressive movement, quite as if a progressive movement were a fairy godmother and reaction a wicked ogre of a folk-tale. Some sociologists of the benevolent sort discuss evolution or development or progress in ways that are defensible only if evolution or progress is a tutelary deity holding human welfare up, and even shoving it gently forward, when all other forces would let it slip back.

During the war this subterranean faith in magic played a large part in the universal cursing of the then Kaiser. Men and women reviled him not only because they felt hate, and because it was a cheap and comfortable way of being patriotic, but also probably because they really thought their curses would hurt him and his cause. Ten thousand years ago the best-educated

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

man would rather be soundly beaten or heavily fined than cursed with a proper magical formula; and this fear of the spoken word persists in the half-educated of to-day.

In the present hopes of the manual workers to gain compensation for the discomforts in which the war involved them magic intrudes amusingly. Two out of four employees half regard the employer as a jinn who can command dollars at his own sweet will. If you can cajole or frighten the jinn he will get more dollars for you out of his magic pot. This fantasy has been counteracted not so much by any clear sense of the facts in the case as by the long-established habits of expecting a plumber or brass-worker, or what not, to receive about so much. The war disturbed these habits by its emergency wages, and gave magical fancies their chance.

The fully educated man knows that nothing happens without a natural, matter-of-fact cause, and forms his hopes and fears and acts in harmony with this knowledge. He controls things, other men, and himself by bringing adequate causes into play; leaving no links in the chain to be forged by fairies. If he wins he knows why, and, even in losing, he learns. The half-educated man works in the dark of luck and magic. So even his successes may work for failure, teaching him nothing, or lies.

A second main feature of the half-educated mind is its restriction of thought to self-justification. The really educated man directs his feelings and actions by reason. The half-educated man lets his passions and desires direct his thinking. He thinks chiefly to justify himself in something he wishes or has done. Since he likes to play golf, he thinks how good it is for his health. Since he likes to drive an automobile, he thinks how pleasant it is to go out with all the family. Since he dislikes music, he thinks how much time and money are spent on music that might better be spent in healthy outdoor games. Since he has failed to make much money, he considers that money-making is a greedy, materialistic sort of career.

The psychologist calls such thinking in defense of one's selfish interests "rationalizing," though "irrationalizing" would perhaps describe it better. We have some desire or aversion and set our reason at work to defend or "rationalize" it. Led by some motive, we have acted in a certain way and set our thinking to work to defend it, not only to others, but to ourselves. All this may be quite innocent, as in the case of the infant son of William James. The child had played gladly with frogs up to a certain date, and then was seized with a pronounced aversion for them. He would not touch one, and when urged said that he could not take it because it was too heavy! So a woman urged to handle a mouse might think of it as too nasty. So saloon-keepers may quite honestly think prohibition is too great an infringement of personal rights; so the man who is comfortably fixed in the world regards any change in it as too radical.

The fully educated man can and, if he chooses, does think impersonally, being led by the naked facts, regardless of the consequences to his own comfort or self-esteem. His observations and logic are not harnessed to his hopes and fears, but are free to follow the trail of truth wherever it leads. The half-educated man thinks only in self-defense.

There are two ways of achieving a satisfying self-respect in this world. One is to meet the world squarely, conquer its difficulties, make friends with its beneficent forces, meet its requirements so far as you can, and get, so far as the world will give it to you, genuine payment in the blessings of health, work, food, friendship, love, mastery, approval, and pride in what the world thinks of you. The man who does this loses nothing by thinking of things as they are, since it is from things as they are that he wrests durable satisfactions of life. He sees himself as others see him, sees others as they are, and, adapt-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing himself to them and the physical world as best he can, gets what he can. What he does get is genuine. Such a man has at least one element of a real education—he has learned to face the world and win or lose on merit.

The other way is to retreat within your own soul whenever it is convenient, avoiding the world's difficulties, blaming it when its requirements are beyond you, and paying yourself by excuses, hopes, explanations, resignation, and the like if the world does not give you the genuine pleasure, power, and prominence that you crave. If you do not get a job, you tell yourself that you are too independent in spirit. If you fail in courtship, you decide that she was not your real love. If you lack friends, you are consoled by thinking that your individuality is too fine to be appreciated by the common herd. You preserve your self-respect, not by genuine success in the real world, but by retreat to an imaginary world which you construct in such fashion that you can respect yourself. The man who does this may be satisfied, but his wife, if intelligent, cannot be, and he is a nuisance to his neighbors and acquaintances. Such men are found among graduates of colleges, but they are of the half-educated—they have not learned to live and win in the real world.

A third characteristic of the half-educated man is his inability to think a problem through. He is like a chess-player who fails to consider all the possible replies to his attack, and to consider any one of them more than a few moves ahead. As a merchant, he buys goods that attract him without thinking whether his customers want such goods or ought to want them. As a manufacturer, he hires a beginner for his factory at eight dollars if she will take eight, nine if she asks for nine, ten if she insists on ten, promotes nobody until he is forced to, and then is surprised that there is so bad a spirit in his factory. As a farmer, he works ten hours a day for a dozen cows without ever thinking out whether the cows are supporting him or he is supporting the cows. As a big business director, he votes for bonuses, installs safety devices, hires social workers, and provides amusements, when the real trouble is the petty tyranny of foremen and the brutality of the thugs who are his works-policemen.

One can hardly ride two hours in a trolley-car or train with working-men without hearing one of them, perhaps in the course of otherwise sagacious remarks, say, "Why shouldn't every working-man receive his fifty dollars a week or his hundred dollars a week?" If you reply, "For the same reason that he can't get fifty eggs a week or fifty quarts of milk a week," he will see no point. If you ask him, "How much is fifty dollars or a hundred dollars multiplied by four hundred million?" he will think you are mildly insane. Since it is easy for him to see where one workman—to wit, himself—could get a hundred dollars a week, and how he could get it without any social or financial miracle, he fails to carry thought on to ask where forty thousand million dollars a week is to come from in the world.

Fully half of our citizens regard it as a mixture of glory and crime that certain men should have great wealth. When they day-dream or read the Sunday supplements they admire the glory. When they read yellow journal editorials or go to the polls they resent the crime. Yet thought pushed just one step further would show that the rich man's crime or glory can be only in how he got wealth or what he does with it.

The educated man may not have thought out any of the matters which I have been mentioning; his mind may not have tackled them at all. If it did tackle them, however, it would fight through to a finish. It would see the issue clear to the end, if it could; and, if it couldn't, it would not claim to have settled the issue. The educated man is full of question marks, but when he does give answers they are bitter-end answers. The half-educated man thinks till he reaches some conclusion that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sounds well or otherwise strikes his fancy, and then makes peace with the issue.

We can sum up these three qualities of the half-educated man by a homely analogy. Suppose that a man, who needed to go from New York to Chicago, instead of buying his ticket, finding the train and boarding it, and staying in it till he reached Chicago, should sit in the station hoping that somebody would offer him a private car! Suppose that, having finally bought a ticket to Chicago and boarded the train, he finds that it is the train to Boston, and, instead of realizing his blunder, thinks, "It's good to go by way of Boston, so as to see my mother-in-law!" Suppose that, misled by the look of the station, he gets off at Cleveland, in spite of the fact that he should know that he has ten hours more to travel!

Pseudo-thinking must probably be endured to a considerable extent until a far better human race is bred. Some of it, however, can be cured. The cure is twofold, consisting of the displacement of pseudo-thinking by real expertness on the one hand or by intelligent refusal to think on the other.

Expert thinking cannot be expected of many men outside of a limited field. Within the limits of human capacity we can have as much expert thinking as we will pay for, in time and money. All our medical schools or business schools can be made to teach the best practices in medicine or business, instead of some antiquated, outworn customs, if we will pay the cost. There is the same cure for plumbers or printers or teachers or electrical engineers or salesmen or cooks who now blunder in thinking about their respective problems that there is for children who think that 4×4 is 8, or that $15 \div \frac{1}{3}$ is 5, or that half of a half of a half is twice as much as a quarter of a quarter of a quarter. In his special field, the size and character of which will vary with his talents, a man may be made a competent thinker. The educated man should be taught to think with approximately 100 per cent. efficiency in his share of the world's job.

Outside that field the intelligent procedure for most of us is to refuse to think, spending our energy rather in finding the expert in the case and learning from him. That is what sagacious men already do almost universally in matters like surgery, chemistry, mathematics, or seismology. They are doing it widely in such less recognized fields of expertness as building construction, philanthropy, advertising, and education. They are beginning to do it in fields that not long ago were supposed to be problems anybody could properly think out, such as the selection of one's employees, the choice of occupation for one's children, the planning of a city's government, the tariff, the expenditure of public money, or the regulation of public morals.

Wherever there is the expert—the man or woman who has mastered the facts and principles on which the best present practice in a certain field is based, and who can adapt this best present practice to special circumstances ingeniously—should we not let him be our guide? Should we not, in fact, let him do our thinking for us in that field? Thought is too precious to be wasted in dilettantism; the issues of the twentieth century are too complex and difficult to be played with by amateurs. The general common sense that was admirable for the tasks of the town meeting of our fathers is hopelessly inadequate for the municipal problems of to-day. It is likely to be an easy prey to the selfishness of politicians, the seductiveness of salesmen, and the enthusiasm of fanatics. Our thought, if we trust it too far, will in fact not be our thinking, but only the ready-made conclusions that have been sold to us by somebody. The question is whether we shall buy from somebody who will play on our vanity and prejudices or from a reputable dealer. The educated man should know when not to think, and where to buy the thinking he needs.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

TROPIC FROGS

BY BLAIR NILES

CLARISSA HOLT stood by the window, looking out into the velvet tropic night. She was thinking of herself. Clarissa was almost always thinking of herself, for, as she put it, "What else was there?"

Below, in the canal, the nocturnal frogs of Georgetown serenaded one another, strident and incessant. Clarissa detested them. In the beginning, that first night, when she had felt her wrong to be insupportable, they had seemed, with that peculiar significance which totally unrelated things often assume, to sharpen the edge of her pain.

Now that resentment had so long been her dull and accustomed background, she was less acutely conscious of vociferous frogs. What she really saw as she stared out into the night was herself in a wide leghorn hat and floating veil. She was leaning over the rail of a steamer and looking for Linton Holt in the crowd waiting on the jetty. It had been difficult to make him out, for the sun had blinded her. She never imagined that a sun could blaze with such fury. She had curved her hands about her eyes in a vain effort to shut out its glare.

It had seemed to take an extraordinary time to make fast the boat.

She remembered thinking it very wonderful that she, little Clarissa Medbury, should be coming alone, all the way to South America, to be married. It was romantic, she had told herself, as romantic as a novel. She had always wanted to be a heroine. Well, now she really was; for had not Linton, in one year, made his fortune and sent for her? The village girls had been envious, especially Mattie. . . .

Behind Clarissa, in the room, a querulous voice had suddenly begun speaking, dispelling abruptly that old dream of hers, which even the frogs had at last become powerless to interrupt:

"Tell again, Clari, how he beat with his cane—"

She went reluctantly toward the bed and sat down beside it, beginning in an emotionless and monotonous tone:

"I was walking along the street. It was very shady under the elms and I did not see him coming."

"It was late and you were on your way to supper," the voice from the bed prompted.

"Yes, I was on my way to supper when he stopped me and said—"

Clarissa had told this tale many times before; she did not hesitate for a word; she ground it out precisely like a talking-machine; as mechanically as the frogs chanted outside in the darkness.

"He said," she went on, "that he'd heard I was going to South America to marry you—"

"What more, Clari? What more?"

"He said then, 'Think better of it, my girl. I've no quarrel with you. I knew your mother before you, and I don't want to see you married to a good-for-naught fly-up-the-creek like my son Linton. . . . In less than a year—mark my words—in less than a year this is what 'll come of it. . . . you'll both be on your knees to me for money.'

"I told him," she went on, wearily, "that you were rich already and that, whether you were or not, I'd no intention of changing my mind."

In her repetition there was left no trace of that long-ago girlish scorn which she'd flung back at Linton's father. How scornful she had been! At the very

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

memory of it she felt her body stiffen, her face flush, and her head tilt back. Scornful in her youth, her pride and her loyalty!

The future was golden. Surely it could be nothing else. It was tiresome of the old man to stand there talking like that! She knew well enough it was just because Linton refused to be treated like a child!

"But, when he beat with his cane, what was it he said, Clari?"

"He pounded on the sidewalk with his cane," she resumed, drearily.

"The heavy cane that had belonged to Grandfather Holt—" the voice supplemented.

"Yes, with the lion's head on the handle. He pounded with it and cried out so that I was afraid Mattie Smith would hear. She was sitting on her stoop, shelling peas. He said, very loud: 'Little fool! Little fool! . . . Well, tell my son from me that I've finished with him, do you hear? Finished!'

"He walked on then, tapping with his cane as he went, and saying, 'On their knees, yes, on their knees!'"

"But we never did, did we, Clari?"

"No, we never did."

Linton Holt closed his eyes and seemed to sleep. Clarissa returned to the window, the frogs, and her own acrid thoughts.

"If he had only trusted me!" she said to herself. "I would have come just the same. He might have known that I wouldn't have minded anything but deception. . . ."

How noisy they were to-night! Was all the world made up of frogs and she and Linton the only human beings left in it?

She recalled the months she'd spent in the jungle, the time when Linton was absorbed in a gold-mine which was sure to bring them in—she'd forgotten now what the fabulous income was to have been.

What she did remember were the frogs of that jungle. The noise they made was like a railroad train; a heavy train that pulled into the station, stopped, got under way again with slow and mighty chugs, increasing in tempo as they diminished in effort, until the train was off, faster and faster.

Half asleep, she would think it was the state of Maine express, stopping, as she'd so often heard it, at the station of her far-off home town. Then she would wake to find herself lying in a hammock, in the depths of a vast tropical jungle, with tears of homesickness rising and overflowing like rivers in flood-time; but silently, always silently, for fear Linton should hear.

However, that was in the days when she could cry. Now her resentment was like a rainless desert, where her scorched spirit dwelt solitary and mute. Yes, it had been good to cry, for the fatigue of it often brought sleep.

Her wandering thoughts came back with a jerk to the present:

"They are certainly noisy to-night. I wonder why frogs have so much to say? And why there are so many different kinds?"

There was one that clicked with little intermittent breaks like a telegraph instrument. This jungle telegraphy, she supposed, had a meaning. Perhaps they were all—the frogs—trying to tell her something very important. She wished she understood their message. Telegrams were always important!

This particular frog she had held responsible for countless wakeful hours. But where had she heard it? Was it at Abary, where Linton had been interested in a rice-plantation? Or was it near Anna Regina, the time he'd put all his faith in sugar? Really she couldn't remember. It might, after all, have been at Bartica on the Essequibo, when sisal hemp was the thing that was going to pour gold into their laps.

Recalled again to the bed, Clarissa found Linton sitting up, his small, pale eyes glittering:

"But we never went—on our knees—did we, Clari, did we?"

"No! no! We never did. . . . Now

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lie down. Doctor Raymond will soon be here. He mustn't find you like this—"

"And we never will?"

"No, we never will."

Clarissa laughed ironically to herself. They would, beyond doubt, never appeal to Linton's father. He had been three years dead.

"You'll send the letters, Clari? . . . Don't forget to send them."

"No, the letters have gone."

"What do they say?"

"They say that we have just come in from a drive through the beautiful streets of Georgetown and that before we dress for the ball I must write and tell them how happy we are. . . ."

"What else?"

"Oh, that I wish they could see my lovely tropical home, set in a garden of flowers where the heliotrope grows actually as high as my head."

"You tell about the ball, don't you?"

"That is in another letter, the one to Mattie, where I described the big reception at Government House. I told how gorgeous it was and what there was to eat, and how the orchestra played; and said I wished she could have been there, too—"

"Did you remember to put in the newspaper clipping, the one that said only the élite of Georgetown were invited?"

"Yes, Linton, I put that in."

"But"—he raised on his elbow and his voice trembled with apprehension—"but you cut off, didn't you, the part at the end where they gave the names of those present? Surely you didn't forget that?"

"Oh no! Of course not."

"Ah, that's good!" he breathed, sinking weakly back on the pillows. "Father will believe it all . . . because . . . you have written it. He wouldn't . . . believe me . . . father wouldn't."

Clarissa winced. Sometimes that was to her the most cruel part of the whole thing. The old man had indeed believed her, for in his will he had stated that his property was to be divided among his daughters, "Not," he'd added, "that I would die unforgiving my son, but because of his wealth I feel that my daughters are the more in need."

To deceive one who trusted you, Clarissa moaned. Ah! She hated herself for that!

Linton had dropped into a fitful sort of sleep, in which from time to time he murmured:

"You are sure you posted the letter, Clari?"

He fell asleep again at once, as soon as he was reassured.

For a long time this semblance of his desire, of his ambition, had satisfied him. It was well, Clarissa thought, marveling, since its realization had become forever impossible. But she could not accustom herself to the incredible fact that Linton had given up—Linton, whose indomitable spirit had stoutly resisted climate and failure, denying their very existence.

Facts had never been facts to him. His little roving, eager, blue eyes had always seen visions and in the light of his futures the present had counted for nothing—that is, so long as back there at home "they" did not know!

"I do not matter," Clarissa was wont to say, bitterly.

Now his once-alert, nervous little figure lay oddly listless, content if Clarissa would only reiterate during his every waking moment that myth which he had induced her to help him maintain. To him the semblance had finally become the thing itself.

Clarissa sat alone and idle.

The swift instant of twilight was gone. Night had swooped down like a great black bird on silent wings, in the shadow of which the little tropical city had vanished.

The white oval of Clarissa's face contributed the one high light; for the rest of her, in a mourning frock of lawn hastily thrown together by the negro dressmaker across the street, was as dusky as the room.

She was utterly pathetic to David

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Raymond, as he stood in the doorway watching her.

"May I come in?"

"Oh, certainly."

He entered the room, as he always did, like a gust of wind, a healing wind that has blown over pine forests.

He sat down beside Clarissa, who even in her lassitude, unconsciously drew a deeper breath, much as one does when a window is suddenly opened.

There was a pause, in which she did not help him. People said of her, the few she'd met in Georgetown, that you never got anywhere with that poor little Mrs. Holt.

What they really meant, although they did not know how to say it, was that Clarissa was so detached, so remote, that talking to her was like calling to some one across a great distance.

They did not realize that behind the detachment a quivering human spirit hid itself. They did not understand that the remoteness was Clarissa's fortress, which she'd painfully constructed for her protection, much as an oyster constructs a pearl. They did not comprehend that aloofness is the last refuge of those who, for any reason, may not be frank. And Clarissa could not be frank. She lived in fear of betraying Linton.

Even David Raymond, with the sharpened sympathies and keener insight which had come to him in the way of his profession, even he had at first failed to classify Clarissa where she belonged. Then one day he had chanced to overhear Linton's:

"He'll believe because you say so. He wouldn't believe me . . . father wouldn't."

After that Doctor Raymond had visited his patient with his eyes open.

He sat down now, heavily and a little awkwardly.

Clarissa replied to his questioning that she was feeling well enough and that she was glad to have him come; it was good of him.

There was another pause which Raymond had to break:

"I have come . . . Several of us have talked it over. You see, Mr. Holt's affairs . . . well, every one knew there'd been reverses. That rubber enterprise . . . Deuced bad luck. What we thought was, knowing how things were . . . We imagined a little something might be realized here and there, and I'd an idea that, after the strain you've gone through, occupation—light occupation, I mean—would be the very best thing for you. . . ."

Raymond hesitated, little lines of worry gathering on his forehead. He was the direct, out-of-door sort of man who is always floored in an attempt at diplomacy. He mopped his brow now with one of the big North-of-Ireland handkerchiefs which his mother sent him in quantities from Belfast. That soothing operation over, he went on hurriedly, as though the sooner he'd said his say the better:

"There's that shop of Mrs. Price's. She's going to Rio to join her son, you know. . . . As to the shop, she hasn't made a fortune out of it, but I understand she has made a living. Now I—we—thought that with what you'll have we could raise a sum to buy out Mrs. Price—stock, good will, and all like that, and that then you—you might run the enterprise for us stockholders!" He finished with an embarrassed laugh.

"Really, Doctor Raymond," Clarissa stammered her amazement, "it's most awfully dear of you all . . . but I'm going home. I've always intended to go home. Oh, of course, I'm going home!"

"We didn't know. I hope we've not presumed. Naturally you would want to go home. I quite understand. If there is anything at all that I can do to help—settling up affairs, booking passage, and all that sort of thing—"

"Oh yes, and I do appreciate—"

Left to herself, Clarissa summoned her forces. She had been completely languid ever since Linton had gone, scarcely knowing whether she lived or dreamed.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"There are so many practical things to be done," she said as she mounted the stairs.

She was glad Doctor Raymond had come. Otherwise she might have gone on indefinitely dreaming. But how could any one have thought she would remain in Georgetown? Why, she hated it! She hated it all! She hated the heat and the dampness. Why, she even hated the flowers! . . . She wanted to feel a snow-storm driving against her face. She wanted to hear sleigh-bells. She even wanted to eat—to eat buckwheat cakes and maple syrup.

Home—she'd longed for fifteen years to go home, ever since the first day when Linton had taken her to live in that little shanty and she'd discovered he'd lied to them all, lied even to her!

Clarissa wondered why she hadn't started packing before, why she'd been sitting idle like that, with folded hands, when there was much to be done. It must have been because she was tired, so tired. But meanwhile she might have missed a boat!

She moved feverishly about the room, emptying closets and heaping their contents upon the bed. When she was quite exhausted she stopped to change to an old dressing-gown. The night was steaming. She loosened her hair, which felt damp and heavy on her head, and braided it in two thick braids.

The face that looked back at her out of the mirror, framed as it was by the dark braids, was like a magnolia petal in its pallor.

As she looked at her wan face, Clarissa remembered that in the old days Linton had called her a rosebud. . . . How silly men were when you were young!

She rubbed her cheeks with the palms of her hands until they glowed faintly.

"Ah!" she thought, "the snow, the snow blowing in my face will bring back the color!" As though the touch of snowflakes could banish the mark of brooding years! For faces bear marks, regardless of whether or not they are lined.

Shaking her head sorrowfully at that colorless replica of herself, she returned to her work, becoming again excited in the turning out of bureau drawers.

Even Linton's clothes, never now to be needed by him, did not depress her. Was she not going home at last? She began to sing softly to herself as she hurried about the room:

"Why, I don't think I've sung since—since the day I landed! I remember singing then, as I pinned on my hat down in the cabin."

She was piling up Linton's white suits. They were not good for much, frayed as they were at the collars and cuffs, and with little circles of iron-rust around each button. Still, Doctor Raymond could give them to some one. . . .

It would be nice to see Mattie again. She wondered if Mattie 'd changed much. She supposed having five children did change one. . .

Clarissa turned to survey her own things heaped on the bed, wondering what she should take with her, and still humming that little air, the air of a music-hall of fifteen years ago.

She inspected her garments one by one. She'd made them all herself. Her sisters would not believe it, for when they had been domestic she had been off skating or paddling or playing tennis.

"No, this old thing is too faded. It's not worth packing. And this must be out of style. I made it four years ago. The materials are cheap, anyhow."

So through the pile; there was nothing worth packing.

"What will they think," she said, "to come home with nothing?"

Then Clarissa reflected that she was in black and that she could explain she'd waited to get home before buying the rest of her mourning. She knew they would wonder she hadn't brought trunks of old finery to her nieces, but Linton's long illness would help there; she could say the things were all out of date. She could picture them laughing over her having been rich so many years that she'd forgotten about "making over."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

In this way Clarissa's mind strayed into the familiar channel which every year her life with Linton had worn deeper, the problem of how to perpetuate the fable of their wealth, involving endless discussion of what must or must not be said in order to make "them" think so and so.

Then, all at once, a thought walked into her mind, stalked in like some sinister person entering a room without even a warning knock. That thought put into words was:

"But when I get home, what shall I do? . . . There'll be no money!"

There would not even be enough to buy out Mrs. Price's little shop. Doctor Raymond had said so. There'd be nothing with which to purchase the fine mourning that was to impress them. She would be poor. From years of association, her thoughts ran as Linton's would have done; so long as they did not know, the people in that town who had seen his stern old father order him out of the house, so long as they did not know, you weren't really a failure, you weren't really poor. If only they thought you had succeeded, that was all that mattered. So Clarissa, surrounded by her garments that weren't worth packing, said to herself:

"If I go back I shall be poor!"

Well, she would bear it. She would bear anything if only she might once more feel the snow in her face.

Then a second grim thought entered and stood beside the first:

"But they will find out that all these years I—I have lied about things."

Clarissa sat down on that heap of forlorn clothing and burst at last into a storm of tears. She cried with great sobs, like a heartbroken child.

She had never intended to be false. It had seemed to be forced upon her, increasing by imperceptible degrees, with time. Each small misrepresentation had involved another and a greater. In the beginning how could she have written truly of her life without betraying Linton? So, gradually, at his instigation, she had filled her letters with tales of gaiety and prosperity. And she had loathed herself and Linton while she did it.

But through the years she had promised herself that the day would come, must come, when she could go home. That day, she now discovered, she herself, unconsciously, had all along been making impossible. Why had she not foreseen?

The very violence of her grief finally exhausted her and she fell asleep among the pitiable garments of her life. The candle, by the light of which she'd been working, flickered and sputtered and finally burned out.

When Clarissa woke she was singularly calm. After all, it would be good, miraculously good, to feel the weight of deception slip from her; never to have to think any more of what "they" would say, or of how careful she must be lest they suspect this or that, while to be at home would be reward enough for any preliminary humiliation! It was surprising she hadn't thought at once of this way out of her difficulty.

She rose and went over to the chair by the window, resting her arms on the cool sill. The stars were bright with the unearthly brilliance of southern skies. The moon was rising, a molten silver sphere, still low, close to the horizon. Through a break in the avenue of saman-trees, it reproduced itself on the gleaming surface of the canal, but less distinct in outline, softer, like a dream moon. It silvered the great white lotus flowers which lay in its path along the water.

In its luminous radiance the eternal chant of the frogs went on as usual, unabated.

Clarissa reminded herself that she was going home. Soon, when she woke in the night, it would be to hear a heavy freight-train laboring up-grade to the station, stopping, and then going on again into the darkness.

Clarissa stirred. Somewhere behind her she seemed to hear a voice . . . a voice which said:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"But we never did, did we, Clari . . . go on our knees?"

She started. The room was empty, a light breeze had sprung up. It lifted the curtains of the window and blew them out into the room, letting the moonlight stream in. Yes, the room was undoubtedly empty. How was it, then, that above the tumult of the frogs she had plainly heard the words:

"But we never did, did we Clari . . . go on our knees?"

There was a throb in the frog chorus outside, like the beating, the measured beating of countless hearts. She longed for them to stop, if only for an instant, that she might listen, that she might be sure. . . . Yet she felt, although she knew it to be very foolish, she felt that if they did stop some catastrophe would come to the pulsating heart of the world.

Throbbing . . . throbbing . . . in measured beats; there was no pause. The cadence of the night was unceasing. But far away, faintly, words came, with such a space between that moments passed before they appeared to her as a sentence:

"And . . . we . . . never . . . will . . .?"

Not until the words had quite melted away did Clarissa feel them as a question, a question that palpitated in the streaming light, a question that she must answer.

She met it, as great crises are always met, in a numbed silence. She dropped back into the chair. For a long space of time she gazed out into the luminous night.

There, in the shining path of the moon, the shadow of her resentment faded. She saw in its place, very clearly, the soul of Linton. In the glory of the night it was to her like a little child, a child who seemed to be in darkness and to be seeking the light, moving with outstretched, uncertain hands. She wanted to go to help it, but she could not stir.

Perhaps, she thought, long ago, when it had been possible to move, she might have been able, had not the sense of her own injury towered so large, she might have . . . might have seen a way to show that groping child. . . .

She felt that she had condemned without understanding. She saw now, for no obliterating specter of resentment fell across the path of light—she saw that the groping child in Linton had always deceived himself first; he had been so sure that the fortune was coming he had simply anticipated it!

Clarissa knew that she was not shrinking with less revulsion from duplicity, but that her repugnance had become of smaller moment than the profound compassion that filled her, that welled up in her like an eternal and fathomless spring. It included the universe, in the foreground of which the soul of Linton, like a blind child, seemed to grope for light. . . .

The question had been answered for her irrevocably, there in the glowing path of the moon. She could never go home, not now that it was too late for Linton to do here on earth what he used to call "make good." For him the game was done. But she could play out his hand. All she had to do was to go on living in Georgetown. Her silence would protect him. Her course lay clear before her; she would not turn back.

As Clarissa Holt bent over her desk, the pucker between her eyes deepened. A shadow fell across her work and a deep, ringing voice cried:

"May I come in?"

"Indeed you may. I'm in trouble again. Those same old pounds, shillings, and pence. I can't make my accounts balance. You see I don't get over having been brought up on the dollar!"

"Well, if that's your only trouble, it's soon set right."

David Raymond's bigness dominated the tiny shop. His white-duck suit was, as always, spotless; his complexion ruddy; his features rugged, and his brown hair crisp, with a wave that resisted the most vicious of military

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

brushes; while his eyes were a cool, dark gray, like some deep and very quiet northern lake.

He drew up a chair and sat down. "Now let's see what's the matter. . . . Six and four are ten, and eight are . . ."

"The half-crowns are so annoying."

"Of course they are. I wish you wouldn't bother with the figures. I've told you that I'll gladly drop in every night and balance them for you."

"Yes, I know, and it's angelic of you, but don't you see that isn't my being a good business woman?"

"You're a marvelous little saleslady. Nobody can be everything. Any one will tell you it's the sales that count. . . . How did things go to-day?"

"Oh, there was a ship in. I'm completely sold out of picture post-cards. The shop was full of customers all day. It was terribly exciting. One woman bought oceans of drawn-work. She's taking it to her daughter who's going to be married."

"Good! Who says you're not a business woman?"

"I do, until I learn to keep my own accounts properly."

"Well, if you won't let me do it, at least let me teach you. May I?"

"You may if you can!" she laughed.

He added up the columns, erasing here, correcting there. "Now I must go," he said, rising. "Old Mrs. Edgar has another attack of fever. I'd hoped this would be a free evening for me. I'd planned to drive, if you had nothing else."

"Thank you just the same and so much . . . for everything and always." Clarissa had risen. She was in a little white-lawn frock, but she'd stuck in her belt one red blossom. A crimson reflection of it swept over her face as Raymond pressed her hand in his powerful grasp.

"You are beginning to look like yourself at last. I am so glad."

"No, not like myself," smiled Clarissa —"like what I ought to have been all along—"

After he had gone the faint odor of antiseptics, which was characteristic of him, made everything—the chair he'd sat in, the account-book he'd handled, the very room—seem somehow fresher and more wholesome.

Clarissa turned back to her work. Yes, she needed a lot more of that drawn-work. She must look over the stock and see which pattern was the most popular. The tea-cloths went best, and the doilies next. For the big table-cloths it took a wedding to make any real sales. The bureau-scarfs never made much of a hit. That rich Mrs. Leach was saying it was because nowadays people used plate glass on their dressing-tables. . . .

When everything was arranged she went out to her hammock, as she frequently did when the day was over. Once more velvet night had blotted out the world. She swung gently back and forth, occasionally giving a little push with her toe to set herself going again.

It was nice, she thought, as she watched the fireflies dart in and out among the dark masses of shrubbery, to be self-supporting—as self-supporting as a firefly!

David—what a comfort he was! Of all that he had done for her, the thing that stood out was that he had never questioned her—not even that first haggard morning a year ago when she'd gone to him to say she'd decided, after all, not to go home. His only comment had been that it would be good not to lose her. He had immediately proceeded to discuss the matter of Mrs. Price's shop.

There had never been a question since. She knew now there never would be. The hammock swung slowly, drowsily.

"Poor Linton!" Clarissa whispered to herself. "Poor Linton! No, we never will . . . go on our knees."

The frog chorus again beat the age-old rhythm of the night, insistent, ceaseless. The hammock barely swayed.

"Ah, I have come . . . to love . . . even the frogs!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by P. A. Carter

"YOU ARE BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE YOURSELF AT LAST"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.3121000535458?
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE ARCHITECTURE OF MATTER

BY ALFRED J. LOTKA

WHICH is the greater marvel, the universe in which we live and in which our solar system, five thousand six hundred million miles in diameter, is but a speck, with our nearest neighbor, the star Alpha Centauri, twenty-five million million miles away; or the human mind that perceives this universe, and not only perceives it, but measures or estimates its dimensions, ranging from many thousands of light-years, the distance of remote stars just faintly visible through the telescope, to the diameter of an electron, about one-ten-million-millionth of an inch?

How you answer this question is perhaps very much a matter of taste; but, at any rate, let us reserve our decision until we have considered some of the evidence.

The recent development of molecular physics—of our knowledge of the intimate structure of matter—is a record of achievement in comparison with which the fairy-tales of our childhood days must appear tame. And the wonders of modern scientific discovery have the advantage over the miracles of fairy lore that, with all their well-nigh unbelievable triumphs, the stage for them is set among essential realities. The fairyland of the nursery stands aloof from our actual abode, with an impassable barrier between. But the fairyland of science is this very world in which we live.

Can you imagine your feelings if, as a child, you had waked up one morning to find that your pet fairy story had come true overnight? Such, almost, is the frame of mind of him who fully appreciates the drama enacted within the last few decades in the realm of molecular physics, an achievement which stands a monument alike to the astuteness of human intellect and to the resourcefulness and skill of the experimenter.

First came an era of shrewd guesses, of abstruse mathematical reasoning and computation. According to an ancient speculation, matter which appears to us as smooth, continuous, homogeneous, such as a stream of limpid water, for example, or the air of the atmosphere, is smooth only by reason of the imperfection of our senses; in reality it has a granular structure, is built up of minute separate and discrete particles, the atoms. Such was the somewhat gratuitous hypothesis of Leucippus, taken over into modern science, for good and sufficient reasons, by Dalton, and developed by the mathematical physicists of the nineteenth century with a genius and skill that command our unbounded admiration.

In this first era the prime problem was to show, as a matter of mechanics, that observed phenomena *can* be accounted for on this hypothesis, and, being thus accounted for, how they give us an insight into the inner structure of matter, *provided the fundamental assumption was true.*

But as more and more facts were found to receive an intelligent interpretation on this hypothesis, the problem soon began to assume a different aspect. Facts *can* be accounted for on the atomic hypothesis. But is the hypothesis *necessary* to account for them? We may be satisfied that the granular picture of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

matter is a *possible* one. Is it a necessary one? Is it the *only* possible one?

Seeing is believing. Yes, if we could only see the atoms or molecules, the question would be settled. But toward the close of the past century the prospects of any such proof as this for the existence of molecules seemed dim indeed. For the estimates reached as to the size of molecules showed them to be well beyond the limits of visibility commanded by the microscope. And the power of the microscope, it was pointed out, is limited, not by the bounds of human ingenuity and skill (these might be extended), but by the very character of light, a fact of nature beyond our control. The microscope can never form an image of an object materially less than a wave length of light in diameter.

But there are few things more hazardous than a negative prophecy. By the time the new century was twelve years old the track of a moving atom had been made visible, not through some wonderful microscope of unheard-of power, but to the *naked eye!*

As for the fabulous number of molecules in a cubic inch of air, the physicists of the last century had to be satisfied with an estimate which, applied to the population of New York City, for example, would give us the rather vague information that it lay somewhere between twenty million and two million souls. To-day we can state with an accuracy greater than that of the census of the population of New York that every cubic inch of a gas (at normal temperature and pressure) contains some four hundred and forty-three billion billions of molecules. And this result is based on an actual count, one by one, of a known fraction of the molecules, much as the doorkeeper of a public building counts the visitors that enter.

Moreover, although the microscope is indeed utterly incapable of forming an image of the molecule or atom, yet the physicist has found means to determine not only their number, but also their arrangement in space—at least in the case of bodies possessing regular structure—namely, crystals.

As for the electrons, eighteen hundred times smaller in mass, fifty thousand times smaller in diameter than the atom, Professor Millikan, of Chicago University, has shown us how we may pick them up one by one and toss them to and fro in a sort of Lilliputian tennis-game on an infinitesimal scale.

Let us now enter the laboratory of that modern wizard, the molecular physicist, and see how these extraordinary results have been achieved.

We may begin with C. T. R. Wilson's ocular demonstration of the track of an atom. In order to understand this we must briefly call to mind some simple facts regarding the moisture content of the air. We all know that moisture can be present in air (or any other gas) in two different forms. There may be actual liquid drops, as in mist or rain, or, even where there is no visible evidence of liquid in any form, the air may still contain varying amounts of water vapor, an invisible gas, indistinguishable to the eye from the air itself.

Now it is largely a matter of temperature whether the moisture in the air assumes the form of liquid (mist) or the form of vapor. On a large scale, in nature, a fall in temperature may cause formation of clouds and rain; on a small scale, in the laboratory, we can, by sufficiently cooling a body of moist air, cause the invisible vapor to condense to a visible mist.

Furthermore, the reader may recall that the condensation into droplets is greatly facilitated by the presence of dust particles or *certain other small bodies* in the air, so that the formation of a mist, under proper conditions, may actually be used as a test for the presence of such particles.

This is the basis of C. T. R. Wilson's ingenious experiment, in which an atom of helium, shooting through moist air with a speed of about twelve thousand

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

miles per second, leaves for evidence of its lightning passage a fine trail of mist plainly visible to the naked eye and readily recorded by the camera.

When you know how it is done it seems simple enough. The apparatus consists of a jar or cylinder connected with a piston in such a way that the volume of air space in the jar can be suddenly increased. The result of this sudden expansion is to cool the air in the chamber of the cylinder and to cause the formation of mist around any particles (condensation nuclei) that may be present.

Such nuclei are provided by inserting a small quantity of radium into the chamber. It is well known that radium continually throws off so-called alpha particles, which have been proved to be atoms of the gas helium. These are shot off with a velocity of some twelve thousand miles per second, about twenty thousand times the velocity of a rifle-bullet. As they travel they collide with air molecules and knock out an electron in the impact.

These electrons, although almost infinitesimally small, have, like dust particles, the power of causing the condensation of liquid drops around them from a moist atmosphere. And so the path of the alpha particle is strewn with fine droplets of water which, to the eye, present simply the appearance of a fine streak of mist.

The radium is continually giving out alpha particles and producing a supply of electrons in the chamber. If these were allowed to remain, they would cause a general formation of mist and obscure the tracks of the individual particles. The top and bottom of the expansion chambers are therefore connected to the opposite poles of a battery. The battery is for catching these undesired electrons and drawing them away, the negative electrons being drawn to the positive pole of the battery, while the positively charged molecules (ions) are attracted to the negative pole. Thus, at the moment of the expansion, when the bottom of the chamber is pulled down, only electrons produced just at that instant by collision of alpha particles are present to cause formation of trails of mist.

C. T. R. Wilson's experiment makes the track of a helium atom visible to the eye as it flits by along a path of its own choosing at a speed of twelve thousand miles per second. Professor Millikan, of Chicago University, has given us a method by which we can not only observe at our leisure the actions of a single electron (weighing about seventy-two hundred times less than a helium atom), but which enables us to toss it up and down, to make it go where we will.

Wilson makes liquid droplets form around an atom provided as a condensation nucleus. Millikan first makes the drop and then waits for an electron to fall into it.

Millikan's apparatus consists of a chamber filled with dust-free air, into which a spray of oil-drops can be injected from an atomizer. Near the bottom of the chamber are two parallel circular metal plates, about half an inch apart. The upper one of these plates has at the center a fine perforation or pin-hole. The fine spray of oil-droplets slowly settles down in the chamber, and eventually one droplet falls through the pin-hole, and thus enters the space between the plates. This space is illuminated by a brilliant beam of light from an arc-lamp. The drop, thus illuminated from the side, is viewed through a telescope pointing at right angles to the beam of light.

The telescope eyepiece contains a graduated scale, so that, as the droplet of oil is observed, its time of fall or rise through a known distance can be accurately timed.

Either the upper plate or the lower plate can, at will, be charged to several thousand volts by connecting it to the pole of a ten-thousand-volt storage-battery. The two plates thus form an electric condenser with a parallel field between. The plates can also be short-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

circuited, so that there is no field between them.

Now what happens in an actual series of observations is this: After blowing the atomizer with dust-free air the experimenter seats himself at the observing telescope and waits for a droplet to fall through the pinhole (the drops used had a diameter of about one-ten-thousandth of an inch). When, presently, such a drop appears in the field of vision he follows it with the eye as it falls slowly toward the lower plate, the two plates being at this stage of the experiment short-circuited so that the drop moves solely under the influence of the force of gravity.

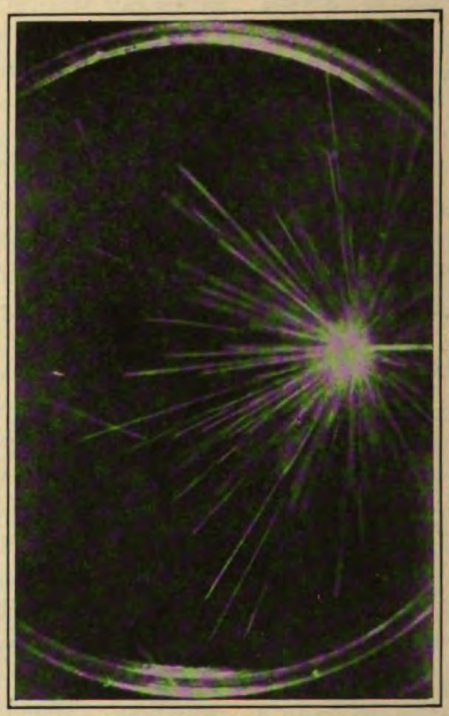


FIG. 1

C. T. R. Wilson's experiment showing alpha particles radiating from radium

Before the drop reaches the lower plate it is jacked up by connecting either the upper or the lower plate to the battery. The drop always acquires an electric charge in the process of atomizing, so that the putting on of the electric field in the requisite direction causes it to travel upward.

The observer watches the drop as it ascends and notes the successive instants at which it passes consecutive divisions of the scale in the telescope eyepiece.

And this is what he finds: For a time the drop moves quite evenly, so many seconds between scale divisions. Then suddenly something happens. The speed of the drop changes. And this is the significant fact. On looking over a series of observations it is seen that these changes are abrupt. The speed does not vary gradually, but jumps from one value to an entirely different one. Sometimes it goes up and sometimes it goes down, but always it proceeds in definite steps, like a man ascending or descending a staircase. And if, after making a few steps up, the speed diminishes again, it does not by any chance assume some new intermediate value, but goes back to one of the values previously traversed. So, in one series of observations, the time of passage jumped from twelve seconds to twenty-two, then to thirty-five and to eighty-five, then back to thirty-five and twenty-two.

The meaning of this is clear to any one conversant with electrical phenomena. The drop must have caught (or, possibly, lost) successive charges of electricity—not by a gradual process, but in perfectly definite installments.

What has happened, in fact, is that each time the velocity of the drop underwent a change this was due to the capture of one (positive or negative) elementary charge of electricity, an "atom" of electricity, the smallest quantity known to possess independent existence. A certain number of such elementary charges are always present in the air.

Now the "atom" of negative electricity is what has been spoken of above as an electron, the smallest thing known in physical science, with a mass nearly two thousand times smaller than that of the lightest atom (hydrogen).

The older molecular theory was able to make a very creditable guess at the size and behavior of molecules in gases,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in which they flit about loose, with large spaces between. Of the inner structure of liquids it could tell us very little, and of the architecture of solids practically nothing.

To-day, through the researches chiefly of Laue and of the Braggs, father and son, we know, in a sense, more about the inner scaffolding of solids than about that of matter in any other form. For this scaffolding turns out to be not so much an arrangement of molecules as a direct arrangement of the atoms themselves. At least, this is true of the crystals which have been successfully attacked with the wonderful new tool devised by these experimenters.

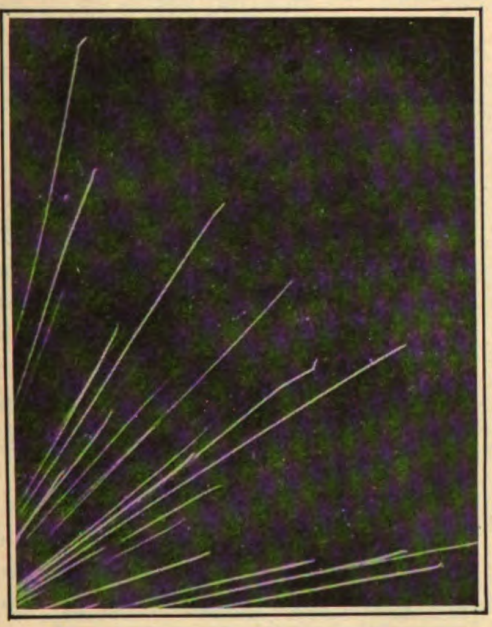


FIG. 2

Radiating alpha particles (a magnified portion of the preceding photograph)

In order to understand this method of prying into the inner structure of a solid body we must briefly call to mind some fundamental facts about waves, and in particular about light waves.

What happens when two sets of waves meet, for instance, if two stones are dropped in a pond some distance apart, each giving rise to a circular wave traveling outward?

The answer, of course, is that wherever two crests unite they rise to an added height, where two troughs coincide there is an extra-deep pit, and where a crest of one wave meets a trough of the other the level of the water is about the same as if no wave had passed. Under certain conditions a definite pattern may thus be produced.

Now light is a wave disturbance, and by suitable arrangement two or more waves of light can be made to meet and produce an "interference pattern." This property of light, in fact, is made use of in determining the length of a wave of light.

One of the best methods of accomplishing this makes use of a so-called "interference grating," a glass plate closely ruled, by a diamond point, with about twenty thousand lines to the inch. Light from a distant source passing through such a grating produces an interference pattern on a screen placed on the farther side.

Now X-rays were suspected of being light waves of very short wave lengths, say about one thousand-millionth of an inch. This conjecture could evidently not be tested by the aid of an ordinary man-made grating, as it would be quite impossible to rule one with several millions of lines to the inch.

Here, then, was an occasion for the exercise of ingenuity. How to make a grating with the lines a molecule or so apart. The problem looks formidable. Suppose we use the molecules themselves? That was the suggestion made by Professor Laue, of Zurich University, carried out by Friedrich and Knipping, and further developed by W. H. and W. L. Bragg, of Cambridge University, and others.

From the regularity of crystal structure it was to be expected that the molecules or atoms in the crystal were spaced evenly and regularly. True, the arrangement would be much more complex than the rulings of the lines in a grating, for a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

crystal is a three-dimensional solid body. It is therefore to be expected that the pattern produced will be more complicated and more difficult to interpret. (One of the patterns thus photographed by Friedrich and Knipping is shown in the illustration, Fig. 4.) But the general principle is the same, and so, from the character of the pattern obtained, it is possible to deduce the arrangement of the atoms in the crystal. The reasoning involved is somewhat complicated and requires the taking into account of a large body of evidence collected in the study of a variety of crystals. It must suffice here to state some of the conclusions, taking for our example what turned out to be the simplest of the structures examined, the crystal of potassium chloride, the next of kin to sodium chloride or common table salt. It was here found that the atoms of potassium and chlorine are arranged alternately, occupying the corners of a cube, as shown in Fig. 5. There is no evidence whatever of the existence of separate molecules. The entire crystal seems to be built up, one large molecule, as it were, of the atoms thus arranged in regular order.



FIG. 3

Interference pattern produced by two sets of circular ripples on a mercury surface.

Having once determined the arrangement of the atoms in the crystal, the distance between atoms can now be computed. For the mass of an atom is known from other sources; the mass of a cubic inch of the crystal can be determined by direct weighing; hence the number of atoms in a cubic inch can easily be found by simple division. The distance between the faces of the ultimate cubes in common salt was thus found to be a little over one one-hundred-millionth of an inch.

We now know the ruling of our grating, the number of lines (or, rather, in this case, planes) to the inch, and the wave length of the X-rays producing a given interference pattern can thence be deduced. It is found to be in the neighborhood of two one-thousand-millionths of an inch, varying according to the source of the rays and their penetrating power. The harder, more penetrating the ray the smaller its wave length.

But the light which has dawned in the last twenty-five years or so on the inner structure of matter has revealed something more than merely the size, number, and arrangement of the atoms. It has given us a number of pointed clues as to the construction of the atom itself.

In C. T. R. Wilson's experiment which has been described, an alpha particle is seen to shoot in practically a straight line through a distance of several inches. There is no difficulty in calculating how many molecules it must strike in such a trajectory; the number figures out to about half a million in a distance of something less than three inches. This strongly suggests a "loose" structure of the atom whereby two atoms can pass literally through each other, with little or no impact, somewhat as a meteor or comet can pass through our solar system and travel on into space without necessarily colliding with the earth or any other member of the system.

But more convincing evidence in the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

same direction is furnished by the behavior of the beta rays of radium. These are known (from their deflection by a magnet and by an electric field) to be electrons moving at a very high velocity, ranging up to about one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles per second. The track of a beta particle can be photographed by Wilson's method in the same way as that of an alpha particle. But, instead of a continuous trail, the beta particle gives a beaded string or a series of disconnected individual droplets. When such a track of a beta particle (electron) is analyzed it is found that the particle may pass through a large number of atoms without affecting them in any way. It is only about every ten-thousandth atom passed through which has an electron knocked out of it in the process.

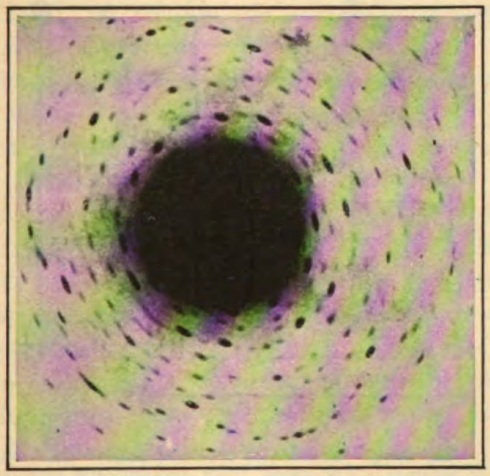


FIG. 4
X-Ray interference pattern produced by a crystal of beryl

Still more conclusive testimony to the effect that the atom consists of particles very small in comparison with its diameter is furnished by the experiments of Marsden and Geiger. Their work represents a brilliant example of the experimental confirmation of a prediction from theory. On the assumption that the atom consists of a small positive nucleus and a number of negative electrons, Rutherford had calculated what fraction of a stream of alpha particles should be deflected (scattered) through a given angle when allowed to fall on a thin gold leaf. The results obtained by Marsden and Geiger were in essentially complete accord with Rutherford's calculations. They give us a means of computing the diameter of the positive nucleus. It comes out about the million-millionth part of an inch, practically the same as that of a negative electron. (The diameter of the electron can be computed from its charge and its mass.)

The experiment of Marsden and Geiger also furnishes the information that the number of free positive electrons in the nucleus is equal to half the atomic weight of the substance.

Our picture of the atom is now becoming concrete. It consists of a positive nucleus about a million-millionth of an inch in diameter and containing a number of positive electrons equal to half the atomic weight of the substance. Distributed about this nucleus are a number of negative electrons each about the same size as the nucleus. The whole atom is contained within a space about one-hundred-millionth of an inch in diameter. How inconceivably small the electrons are can perhaps best be illustrated by saying that an electron bears to the atom something like the same proportion that the earth bears to its orbit around the sun. Thus, although the atom itself is far past the limits of microscopic vision, it contains within itself a world comparable, in its relative dimensions, to our solar system.

So far we have been recording fairly positively ascertained facts. When we come to the question of the *mechanism* of the atom we enter the land of conjectures.

When a radium atom disintegrates an alpha particle is thrown out with a velocity twenty thousand times greater than that of a rifle-bullet. Where does the energy for this high-power artillery come from?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Or, to put the matter in another way, every ounce of radium gives out, each hour, enough heat to raise one ounce of water from freezing-point to boiling. In the course of seventeen hundred years this ounce of radium will have given out as much heat as could be obtained from the burning of nearly four tons of coal, and there would then still be half an ounce of radium left over.

If we could stock a transatlantic liner with radium instead of coal, if we could persuade the radium to give up its energy as wanted instead of at its own chosen snail's pace, then the thousands of cubic feet now given over to coal-bunker space would become available for cargo—the amount of radium required could be carried in a satchel.

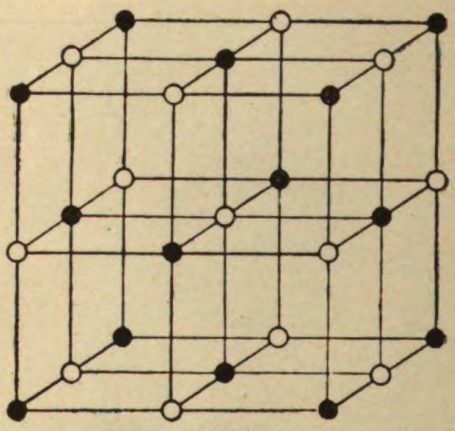


FIG. 5

Atomic arrangement of a crystal of potassium chloride. The black balls representing potassium atoms, the white balls chlorine atoms.

Where does all this heat, all this concentrated energy, in the radium come from?

It must be clearly understood that we have here something radically different from the sources of energy which the chemist is ordinarily accustomed to handle. Weight for weight, the energy resident in radium is about one million times greater than that obtainable from the union of carbon and oxygen, for example.

Perhaps a figurative illustration may best serve to bring out the facts. The chemist may be likened to a building contractor. His business is to build "houses," or sometimes to demolish them. But in any case his materials are given him in the form of bricks. He does not make the bricks; he buys them ready-made, and does not ordinarily concern himself with their inner make-up, for he uses them entire, just as they come to him. For him they are the ultimate units of construction.

So, for example, if he is making guncotton, his "bricks" are atoms of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. The "house" he builds may, as in this case, be constructed for the express purpose of being demolished at the chosen moment. Then it comes down with a crash, carrying with it such other structures as may be in the way. But note that it is just the falling apart of the chemist's brick house that furnishes the energy for the disruption; the bricks themselves remain intact; after the explosion there are just as many "bricks" (atoms) of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen as before.

Now the disintegration of radium is a very different kind of process. Here we have a house built of bricks which themselves are explosive. When radium slowly disintegrates, shooting out alpha particles and liberating heat, the picture is not that of a house falling, but that of one which is slowly crumbling away by the *explosion, one by one, of its individual bricks.* Every second over two thousand million bricks explode from every grain of radium; and yet, so small are these bricks, that even after seventeen hundred years there is still half the original quantity of radium left.

What interests us here, then, is the construction, the inner mechanism, of the bricks themselves. Of their constituents, the positive nucleus and a number of negative electrons, the researches of the last quarter of a century have given us a fairly definite and accurate description, as we have seen. But the manner of assemblage of these constituents, the mode in which the stupendous energy of the atom is locked up in its structure, to determine these is today one of the central problems of physics. Work in this direction is being

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pushed forward intensely at all the leading centers of physical research. Hardly a week passes without the publication of several contributions on the subject, and it may well be that shortly something positive will be ascertained. As yet, however, we can only select from among several speculations the one which seems best to fit the facts.

Broadly speaking, two possibilities present themselves. The electrons, like the planets and satellites of the solar system, may be in rapid motion within the atom. Ordinarily, according to this hypothesis, they revolve, in orderly fashion, in definite orbits. But every now and again, in an element like radium, one of the orbits becomes unstable, there is a cataclysm, an electron is shot out, its orbital velocity now appearing as velocity of untrammeled motion.

This is essentially the picture according to which Bohr of Copenhagen developed his theory of the atom, very successful in accounting for certain properties of the light emitted by substances when in a luminous state, but not so successful in certain other respects.

But there is another type of picture which one can form of an atom. In this picture the electrons may be at rest, or nearly so, and the atom derives its energy from being, as it were, *wound up*, like a watch spring. The spring is held coiled by a ratchet and pawl, say. Every now and again the pawl fails to catch and the spring uncoils by one tooth of the ratchet wheel at a time.

Or, to carry out the simile along a slightly different line, this type of atom might be likened to a loaded crossbow. The spring of the bow has been stretched and is held in place by the trigger, ready to be released by the pressure of the finger.

This, in a sense, is Sir J. J. Thomson's latest model of the atom. Its conception is based on certain reflections regarding the law of repulsion between electric charges. So long as we are dealing with ordinary distances it is well known that the force of repulsion between two similar electric charges falls off in inverse proportion to the square of the distance.

Now there is no evidence that this law holds down to such almost infinitesimal distances as those which separate the electrons in the atom.

Making an assumption seemingly justified by the results, Sir J. J. Thomson supposes that the law of mutual force between electric charges is such that in the immediate vicinity of a charge there are alternate zones of attraction and repulsion.

Such zones of attraction alternating with zones of repulsion would act like a pawl or trigger, holding in an electron in spite of the fact that the atom was "wound up." But if anything should happen to "press the trigger," the spring (to continue the simile) would uncoil by one or more steps of the ratchet wheel. It is in this uncoiling process that an atom of helium, an alpha particle, is flung out. And the "uncoiling" does, actually, take place in steps. It may be mentioned in passing that Sir J. J. Thomson's new model of the atom accounts as successfully as Bohr's for the peculiarities of the light emitted by the atom when luminous.

The coal-fields of the British Isles are approaching exhaustion. Is the energy of the atom going to be their salvation? The atom is like a great treasure-house that has been securely locked and the key thrown away. If science succeeds in finding the key, there may be ushered in a new era which will put all achievements of to-day, great as they are, into the shade.

Where does this stupendous energy of the atom come from? The general tendency of things that are "wound up" is to run down; they do not rewind themselves. How is it that in all the ages that have passed the atoms have not all run down as the radium atom is slowly running down to-day? And how did the atom get wound up in the first place? Another generation of physicists, perhaps, will have something to tell the world about this.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EXTENDING DEMOCRACY

WHAT THE CINCINNATI SOCIAL UNIT HAS ACCOMPLISHED

BY GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY

THE neighbors in the Mohawk-Brighton district in Cincinnati have found something friendly that helps, something expressive and exciting, a practice and an attitude. The practice is, "extending democracy beyond the ballot." The attitude is, "You are as good as I am," instead of the ordinary American, "I am as good as you are." That alone is an important discovery in the Americanization of either native- or foreign-born.

Twelve thousand people have brought into being what one of them happily dubbed, "The Sociable Unit." The Social Unit, truly "sociable," simply by making democracy itself an end, has proved so brilliant, original, and hopeful an experiment in community organization that democrats everywhere are seeking suggestions from it, although, still incomplete, it is too young to be conclusive. A variety of community council, the purpose of the Unit is "to hasten the coming of a democracy, both genuine and efficient, by building up on the basis of population units an organization through which the people can get a clear idea of their common needs and can utilize technical knowledge of skilled groups in formulating and carrying out programs to meet those needs."

No less a person than Edward Devine, "dean of social work in America," gives as his opinion that "the unique feature of the plan seems to be that its founders and supporters are not trying to put over anything except what they announce." Nevertheless, this eminently reasonable, orderly attempt to intensify democracy split Cincinnati into two factions—one determinedly defending what it considered a valuable method of conserving human life and encouraging thinking; the other faction, ardent and definitely aligned, apparently obsessed to prevent democracy from becoming ing more active, more articulate, more difficult to control.

To what does the opposition object? So far as the work is concerned the neighbors cannot tell. Through the Unit they have tried triumphant experiments in public welfare. They have organized each block like a little town, having its own council and executive. All these little worlds send their executives, called block workers, to represent them in the Citizens' Council, which meets every week. The responsibilities the blocks assume through this Council make their Americanism assertive and potent instead of passive.

Mohawk-Brighton folk defend the Unit in the face of strong criticism because they know that practical civics is taught when the plan of representative government within the Unit is explained, since the Unit is a logical substratum-extension of municipal, state, and national systems. They believe that in saving life through preventive medicine, promoting efficiency by public-health nursing, producing better homes by housing activities, in stimulating community interest through the informative neighborhood paper, in creating forums for free speech, and in bringing men, women, and children more pleasure, the Unit is establishing necessary American standards.

The two patent ideas in the Unit plan are the intensive organization of citizens before described, and the organ-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ization of skilled or professional groups in so ingenious a manner that their best thought is constantly at the command of the public. Harnessed to the Citizens' Council, under the rein of its veto, is the Occupational Council, a refreshingly subservient senate whose members are selected on a basis of skill. The groups of physicians, teachers, nurses, social workers, business, labor, and clergymen working in the district are separately brought together, each to act as a trained "mind of the public." Each elects an executive who becomes a member of the Occupational Council, and who is responsible for making programs to express the will of his particular group. To secure the adoption of any plan the Occupational Council must first approve it and then submit it to the Citizens' Council, which makes the final decision.

The Occupational Council is, then, the group of executive experts who are "on tap but not on top," who really occupy the position of an advisory staff to "sovereign citizens." A General Council, made up of the Occupational Council and the Citizens' Council sitting together, controls policy, elects the general executives and shapes the budget.

In 1915 the National Social Unit Organization announced that it wanted a natural laboratory in some city neighborhood in which to try out an experiment in democracy conceived by two practical, daring social thinkers, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur C. Phillips. The organization proposed to finance, for the most part, a three years' attempt to intensify representative government. The experiment was to include the establishment of a health station, and it was understood that no service instituted was to cost residents in the chosen area any fee whatever.

Sixteen cities negotiated to secure the plan, a responsiveness due, perhaps, to the war need of methods to make democracy unchallengeably successful. Cincinnati appealed earnestly, presenting an organized favorable opinion and reasonable conditions. The mayor himself extended an invitation. The Chamber of Commerce, the Associated Charities, the Council of Social Agencies, offered definite and hospitable support. Local contributions of $45,000 toward the expense of the undertaking were promised. The total amount available was $135,000.

Although it was understood that the Unit intended to introduce a plan of preventive medicine, the Academy of Medicine, as well as the Municipal Hospital and the Department of Health, warmly offered assistance. The surprising co-operation of the Academy was gained partly through the previously obtained indorsement of the Unit by doctors of national reputation. Opposed to health insurance, the majority of Academy members found acceptable the Phillipses' analysis that health insurance is a combination of two things, pensions and state medicine. Pensions and state medicine, however necessary, need not be wrapped in the same bundle.

"Why," the doctors were asked, "should not physicians themselves take the lead in determining the manner in which preventive medicine shall be applied in the community?"

The president of the Academy was also the Commissioner of Health, a favoring combination. Upon the suggestion that the Social Unit might serve as a laboratory in which to test preventive medicine, the support of the Academy was won, progressive action of which Cincinnati may be proud.

With a fair field and favoring feeling the Social Unit promoters created a city-wide organization and opened an informal competition between districts to decide which part of the city was the most eager to demonstrate the plan. The people of Mohawk-Brighton caught a glimmer of the vision. The closely knit friendliness usually peculiar to villages, far more than progressive improvements, was what these people craved. Twenty-nine hundred signatures were appended to a petition inviting the Unit to make its first experiment in their midst.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Teachers, clergymen, tradesmen, social workers, appeared at a public meeting. The physicians, pressed by the Academy and neighborhood sentiment, added their invitation. The neighborhood covenanted to incarnate a beautiful idea.

Mohawk's hillsides are dingy, yet debonair. Red brick or weathered houses cling to the bluffs. Prevalent green blinds, an occasional decorative flash of yellow-painted wall, pleasing plumes of Lombardy poplars, temporize with the dirt and angularity of rickety stairs which indicate that tenements are rather the observance than the breach. The hills, mounted by spectacular funicular railways, "stack up well." Beneath them winds an untidy but beautiful canal. Most of the large, flat area of Brighton is on the decline, anciently elegant residences housing from five to twenty families. Yet, differing in no other way from work-enslaved city-dwellers, the people of Mohawk-Brighton seem to derive a traditional adventurousness from their highlands, which may explain their turning chartists of democracy.

Roughly speaking, about a hundred families live in each of the thirty-one blocks in Mohawk-Brighton. Neither men nor women have more leisure than is usual with working families whose incomes average rather less than thirty dollars a week. Nevertheless, key people in each block were found who acted as organizers until a block council of five to nine men and women could be elected. Because the first work of the Unit was to concern babies, it was natural enough that every council elected a woman as a block executive.

This block executive received four (later five) dollars a week, enough to sustain the quality of the work, but by no means to command the services of the sort of women who accepted.

The first task for block workers was to find and send to the health station for examination every baby, sick or well, in their little towns. As they went they had to tell mothers why it was desirable to examine well babies, why this service was not charity, but simply an extension of health-department work unofficially undertaken; why the Unit existed, anyway. Nevertheless, in a short time those block women and their Council assistants started a veritable tide of babies toward the Station's door, a tide which ebbed only to flow again.

At the outset the Physicians' Council announced that the doctors would examine infants, but would give no feeding prescriptions. The general executives of the Unit believed that each skilled group should be self-governing; that was an essential of their democratic plan. Yet a baby station which did not give feeding prescriptions was preposterous!

It was hard to abide by such a decision, but they managed to hold their peace. The situation with the doctors was peculiarly ticklish. A Physicians' Council had been formed in spite of opposition in the West End Medical Society. Certain members fervently believed that even a free diagnostic service would reduce the income of every local physician. The Unit held that the volume of medical cases would increase rather than diminish. A host of overlooked defects would be discovered and directed for treatment to local practitioners. The Social Unit prevailed mainly because it proposed the doctors should control their own policies. A council of nine was finally appointed to represent the twenty-six physicians practising in Mohawk-Brighton, who in turn appointed rotating committees to serve as examiners for a nominal fee.

Not three weeks after the doctors declared that they would not write feeding prescriptions, they began voluntarily to give them. Their hearts could not withstand the onslaught made by those appealing children, many of whom were in critical need of corrected feeding. In six months 87.5 of the neighborhood babies had come in. Perhaps physicians had not realized before that survey how great was the need for preventive medical help.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Examination of pre-school children, the Children's Year program, a pre-natal service, and finally free examination of adults followed the infant-welfare work by quick steps. Doctors, nurses, and block workers labored together. The marvel was, from the doctors' point of view, that private practice was benefited both in the number of cases seen and the treatment given. Closer in touch with the needs of their people, physicians found great stimulation in the public expectation of good work. Not to be caught napping, they asked the Academy to appoint consultant committees to help with group diagnosis. The entire professional group was newly animated by the introduction of a social point of view. All the results strongly support the case for preventive medicine promoted by the doctors themselves.

"Every single service the station started did a wonderful lot of good," confided a particularly able block mother, gratefully. "I was so busy I didn't want to be a block worker at first, but I decided when I heard about the baby work it was something I couldn't be left out of. I love children. My own never want for anything, but I have often slept uneasy nights because of those I knew myself that did."

She also made evident the psychology of the next task the Unit undertook:

"I soon saw, like most of the other block workers, that if the district was to get the full benefit of the Unit we had to learn more about our people. Blocks are different; each one has a body and a mind of its own, you might say. Before we could really help the doctors and nurses we had to know all about the families that made ours different. So we settled on a plan to take a general census."

Naturally the Occupational Councils, especially members representing the social workers, doctors, nurses, and teachers, were immensely interested in getting precise information concerning nationality, age groupings, and the number of children. But the readiness of the block workers and their councilors to see the case in the same light was apparently due in part to a wholesome rivalry between the block towns to bring in the most children for examination, or to put through an investigation quickest. Later they were called on to help to find every foreigner who did not speak English and persuade him to go to night school. Likewise they recruited home-nursing classes, made a satisfactory survey in connection with the Ohio old-age pensions, and instructed foreign mothers. With such needs in view they could see how much time would be saved if each block's fundamental facts were of record.

The discussion in the Citizens' Council on the census questionnaire was important in the life of the Unit because it was the first occasion on which the citizens challenged the experts. They objected to certain questions as intrusive or "dangerous." They struck out inquiries about the amount of income and the place of employment. Then, with the best will in the world, they set themselves to secure the other desired facts. They learned the trick of census-taking: a number are assisting in the official 1920 government census. Besides turning in the written data, many a block worker can give all required facts from memory. Being of the block, they had its point of view and knew its habits; they could go at any hour into the homes of their working neighbors.

"There was just one family out of one hundred and six in my block that I couldn't make understand the Unit," testified a genial block worker. "She was the kind that kept her door chained. She didn't stay in the block but about a month, either. Most of my people were so friendly to the Unit that when I went to any house and they saw who it was they opened the door wide. 'Oh, it's only Mrs. ——. Come right in,' they'd say, just as if I was the man to read the meter. We block workers take a pride in never telling what we find out. We don't even tell our husbands, and if they happen to hear something they are usually

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the first to caution us to be careful. Oh, I tell you it's *something* to be a block worker. It would be hard to give it up. You can help at least a little and you make such friends."

Another block worker reported: "My people ask me everything—how to save money, what to do about this and that in the house, and how to manage Johnnie. One neighbor had me help her decide if she should go out to work and hire some one to look after her child at home. The baby needed her and I saw it wouldn't pay, anyhow. She didn't go. But I've found jobs for other people. One widower went to the Unit and asked that some one find him a housekeeper to look after his two children, a woman he could marry later.

"One woman in my block told me she wasn't going to vote in the 1918 block election—'because my neighbors call me a Hunk,' she told me. I knew who started that. I advised her to vote just to show she was an American. Then I went to see the woman who called her a 'Hunk.' She stopped the others she had started doing it. That foreign woman and her husband made a particular point, I noticed, of voting at the block election. They were always solid with the Unit after that. They were anxious to know about American ways. The block workers learned quite a lot from our twelve hundred foreign-born people."

All the health oragnizations in the city surrendered their nursing work in the district to the Unit, in at least one instance paying the salary of a nurse engaged and controlled by the Unit. The nursing council of five determined upon an enlightened policy of generalized nursing. Instead of having a tuberculosis nurse, a baby nurse, a maternity nurse, a bedside nurse, each going to cases anywhere in the area, a Unit nurse performs every kind of service within a certain district.

To go about with one of them and watch her ministrations on a morning round is to consider in amazement what loss of life might be prevented if such stitch-in-time service were in effect everywhere. In just one block the cases are so thick! In the first house she attends a sick baby; next door a father whose feet were severely burned at the factory and whose wounds she has dressed every day since he was dismissed from the hospital; then a grandfather into whose dull eyes she puts certain drops to improve the sight; then an indispensable wreck of a mother who, without her most careful supervision, might possibly be the cause of communicating a dreadful "social" disease to the children; a charity child whose imperative need for milk must be reported to the social workers' council; a little foreign girl (seen in passing) whose inflamed eyes would have been neglected had she not observed the child and sent her to the Health Station; a young mother predisposed to tuberculosis; a baby with eczema; a two-year-old boy suffering from a running ear; and, last of all, a lusty infant whose bouncing twelve-pound look the nurse who recently assisted it into the world was proud to display.

Such human pictures render credible the figures which show an astonishing amount of relief given at a cost comparatively lower than private organizations spend for approximate results. The relation of the splendid nurses to the block worker and her council assistants is the real secret of such success. The block workers discover the cases, predispose individuals to avail themselves of immediate assistance (for instance, expectant mothers) and inform the nurse of all they find out.

"And we know when we report a need that something will be done," they say, appreciatively. They develop their own methods of social diagnosis and education. In the Citizens' Council every week they take "common council about common affairs" and cheerfully assume responsibilities which ordinary citizens are accustomed to ignore. Merely working together has knit together emotion-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ally the people in many blocks in an almost unbelievable manner. One understands why when one hears stories like that of the four-pound baby.

Recording births and illnesses is part of the block worker's regular measured task. A council woman reported to the block mother that there was a mere morsel of a new child in No. ——. The mother was very ill and the baby hardly expected to live. On the first good day the block mother put that human scrap into her own baby-carriage and took him to the station doctor for examination. Through the special feeding prescribed by the doctor, and oil rubs given by the nurse every day at his home, that Liliputian infant began to thrive. Then the "flu" came, seizing not only the baby, but its father and mother. Probably it was merely an incident in the heroic record of nurses and "household helpers" (also sent out by the Unit) that the lives of all three were saved, but the gratitude of that family and nearly eight hundred people helped similarly is not incidental. It is translated into devotion to the Unit. One father expressed it vividly:

"If it had not been for the Unit my entire family would now be in the cemetery."

An effectiveness heretofore scarcely dreamed of, impossible without community organization, was displayed by the Unit in this first epidemic, in ascertaining the location of cases and inaugurating a campaign of education within a period measurable in hours after the influenza scourge was known to have arrived in Cincinnati. Similarly, in the field of philanthropy, remarkable case work is accomplished, principally by force of block opinion added to expert, co-ordinated guidance.

The first service that the Citizens' Council itself initiated dealt with the buildings in which the people live. Block mothers began to report houses hoodooed by disease. One pointed out a house in which there had been a death, usually from tuberculosis, in every family which had lived there. Investigation proved that the sleeping-rooms were so damp as to be uninhabitable. The Better Housing League of Cincinnati paid an ex-block worker to act as a visiting housekeeper for the district.

While Mohawk-Brighton is not like New York's East Side, there is still congestion. A few streets have no sewers; unsanitary conveniences are used by too many people; cesspools are common; catch-basins go uncleaned; wet walls and cellars menace health. With an awakened community, remedies for bad conditions have been promptly secured. Capital Americanization work evolved from a weekly inspection of three blocks occupied by foreigners. The visiting housekeeper induced the landlord to make improvements; she demonstrated Aerimcan standards of sanitation, persuaded the inmates to reduce the number sleeping in each room, and, although she took up such matters as expectoration, keeping garbage in covered cans, and cleaning rubbish out of passageways, she retained their friendship and secured the desired results.

Lest it be thought that Mohawk-Brighton is merely engaged in doing good to people, it should be recorded that the neighbors caught the recreation bee at the outset. Block parties for children or grown-ups or both, clubs, community sings, lemonade-and-watermelon picnics, afforded genuine pleasure. A smoker for men on the school-house roof was a success. Thirty-one blocks had separate baby shows. To one such party each baby received a tiny gilt-edged invitation, and four 100-per-cent. babies were proudly displayed. Hosts of children were recruited for the summer playschool. A foreign children's band joined in the famous children's parade which was part of the Children's Year. Twelfth-night carolers sang beneath windows where Christmas tapers flared.

The community has a newspaper. The editors are elected. The paper's policy is determined to a large degree by the citizens. Desiring authentic news, they decided that any item or editorial must

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

be signed when turned in, either by a block worker or a member of the Occupational Council. The executive of the Citizens' Council has a veto power on all the proposed contents. *The Bulletin*, as it is called, publishes authoritative articles by executives of the nurses', physicians', teachers', or social workers', and important information reaches the kitchen or the center-table of every foreign or American home.

In such slow, careful ways the Unit, early in 1919, was working toward a vitalized and educated democracy. Community councils had been urged on the country in 1918 with the hope that they might "weld the nation together as no nation had ever been welded before." As a medium for extra-governmental war work they had proved useful in many places. Although started before these councils, the Unit was and is essentially a community council, a first-class Americanization medium, with ambitious additions of skilled and unskilled advisory councils.

Some of these important expert groups were still only names in Mohawk-Brighton, such as the Labor Council, the Business Men's Council. The organization's relation with teachers was still faulty. The task of the church was not fully developed. Worst of all, they had not secured vital working relations with the municipal administration. They were not discouraged, for community councils in New York, with which the Social Unit is now affiliated, had succeeded in establishing fairly effective relations with city departments and with labor. The Social Unit was on the eve of asking support to extend the experiment.

At this critical juncture the new head of the municipal government explosively attacked the organization. In a widely published interview the Unit was denounced as socialistic, "a government within a government—a step from Bolshevism—with dangerous radical tendencies."

The neighbors were dazed at first. A mother whose baby had been brought that day into the world by a Unit nurse, considering the attack a huge joke on the mayor, with ironic spontaneity named her progeny Anthony John for his Honor. "And," gaily testified an abundantly good-natured block worker months afterward at the Unit conference, as though to retort saucily to the still obstinate city executive, "that baby is getting prettier and prettier every day"!

But at the time the organizers of the Unit, fearing a possible disintegration of the several expert councils, which vibrated under the shock, took immediate action.

A mass-meeting was called. The citizens came out strong in the defense of the Unit. It was voted to decide by a referendum whether the Unit experiment should be continued. Before that referendum occurred *The Bulletin* printed on its front page, with corresponding display heads, statements for and against the Unit. The spirit of fairness was amazing. When the first vote was impartially taken by secret ballot, 4,034 voted to retain the Unit and only 120 to the contrary.

The organizers of the Unit look to see it eventually made self-supporting, either by voluntary contribution or taxation, eliminating, of course, such expenses as can be charged to the experimental nature of the work and a consequently disproportionate overhead charge. Any town wishing to adopt the Unit plan because it offers desirable machinery for welfare work might, of course, persuade philanthropic organizations to set aside the amounts spent in a given district. Often these amounts would create a sufficient budget, estimated by the Unit as at lowest $6,300 to $12,700 for fifteen to twenty thousand people.

The National Social Unit Organization hopes before long to institute somewhere a city-wide experiment, developing Units to cover an entire municipal area. If a progressive administration were to approach this plan imagina-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tively and deliberately, a most interesting social change might occur in city government. The people might rightfully demand consideration for social work in the municipal budget. Philanthropy as it now exists might conceivably vanish in time—an old ideal.

But, examining all the possibilities, one sees why politicians object to the Unit. Social changes cannot be made without political changes. The balance of power would shift. Up to a certain point the Unit idea fits very well. Great cities must inevitably move in the direction of decentralizing or more fully districting the operations of municipal departments, and the next quarter-century is bound to see an extension of departmental work. If the intensive local machinery of Units existed all over the city's area, the present routine work could probably be done much more cheaply, even if block workers continued on the pay-roll

There would probably be more offices to fill, and in view of past experience it seems probable that politicians would contrive to control them! Even the cost of organizing a city in this manner might be warranted by probable economies and better resultant citizenship. Preventive medicine alone might justify the expenditure in half a century; it would pay in human life.

The real rub, therefore, comes in the representation secured to all skilled groups. Even if political machines could, when remade, cope with the situation to some degree, politicians' power would never be so great, for heretofore American leadership has been furnished almost exclusively by business men. If other groups, representative of education, ethics, charity, law, labor, employment, should be given adequate representation and real power, and all these groups, including business men, should be put under closer check of the organized citizenry, it is obvious that our political system would change decidedly.

Apply the representative scheme demonstrated in Mohawk-Brighton to an entire city. Every private physician in the city would presumably be linked up to the Health Department and would have a vote to cast for an executive. The city's entire battery of medical minds might be focused, as in massed invention, on devices to meet new needs; but the Health Commissioner would find himself rather the mere health executive than the overlord for the city. And some politician might not be offered a retainer from the milk trust!

Teachers, social workers, ministers, business men, would be bound to the government in the same way as doctors, with new duties in service of the public. All these professionals would have representation in the Occupational Council for the entire city, and each group which must safeguard citizens' welfare, appealing for their portion of public funds, might secure the advantage of mass bargaining. All the doctors would back their executive; all the educators, men of the crafts, would be behind their own, and so on. At present a single commissioner for each department advises with business-politicians concerning the appropriation to be allowed his department. Usually he is at the same disadvantage in dealing with the city corporation (or Board of Estimate) that a non-union man is when he seeks employment from a private corporation. He wants money he hasn't the backing to get. Business men decide on policies which demand expert knowledge they cannot possibly have, policies which affect future generations.

Whether this dream of the Unit will prove thoroughly practicable or desirable is for Americanized Americans, to decide. But whatever else it may or may not finally accomplish, the experiment in Mohawk-Brighton is significant in that it brings general attention to a need to substitute self-help for philanthropy, and to adapt political organization in some manner to make better-advised action possible.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE BIRDS' TABLE

BY WILLIAM J. LONG

LONG before it became the fashion, the excellent fashion, to feed our winter birds, I used to prepare a table under the grape-vines and spread it with crumbs, raisins, cracked nuts—everything a child could think of that feathered folk might like. Scores of wild birds came daily to my table in bitter weather. Squirrels frisked over it, and were sometimes hungry enough to eat before they began to hide things away. Several times a family of bob-whites, graceful and light-footed, came swiftly over the wall, gurgling exquisite low calls as they sensed the feast; and once a beautiful cock partridge appeared from nowhere, gliding, turning, balancing, and hopped upon the table and ate all the raisins as his first morsel.

Unless a door were noisily opened or a sneaky cat crept into the scene, none of these dainty creatures seemed to me to show fear, and such a notion as pity for their tragic existence could hardly enter one's head; certainly not so long as one's eyes were open. Though always finely alert, they seemed a contented folk, gay even in midwinter, and they quickly accepted the child who watched with eager eyes from the nearest window or sat motionless out-of-doors near their dining-table. When their hunger was satisfied many would stay a little time, basking in the sunshine on the grape-vine or the pear-tree, as if they liked to be near the house. Some of them sang, and their note was low and sweet, very different from their springtime jubilation. A few uttered what appeared to be a food-call, since it brought more of the same feather hurrying in; and now and then it seemed that birds which are perforce solitary in winter (because their food must be sought over wide areas) were glad to be once more with their own kind. Among these were certain groups, noticeable because they chattered together after the feast, and I wondered if they were not a mother bird and her reunited nestlings. I think they were, for I have since learned that family ties hold longer among birds than we have been led to imagine.

One of the first things I noticed in the conduct of my little guests was that they were never quarrelsome so long as they were downright hungry. Indeed, unlike our imported house sparrows, very few of them showed a pugnacious disposition at any time; but now and then appeared a thrifty or grasping fellow who, after satisfying his hunger, would get a notion into his head that the food was all his if he could claim or corner it; and he was apt to be a trouble-maker. This early observation is one which I have since confirmed many times, both at home and in the snows of the North: the hunger which is supposed to make wild creatures ferocious invariably softens and tames them.

Another matter which soon became evident was that birds of the same species were not all alike. Their forms, their colors, even their voices, distinguished them one from another. I began to recognize many of them at sight, and presently to note little whims or humors which reminded me of certain of the neighbors; so much so that I called some of these birds by names which might be found in the town records, but not in books of natural history. Some came with grace to the table, eating daintily or moving aside for a newcomer, as if timid of giving offense.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Some swooped in and fed rudely, unmindful of others, as if eating had no savor of the sacrament, but were a trivial matter to be finished quickly, with no regard for that natural courtesy and dignity which we now call manners.

Among these graceful or graceless birds there was constant individual variety. Alert juncos, forever on tiptoe, would be followed by some sleepy or indifferent junco; woodpeckers that seemed wholly intent on the contents of a hollow bone would be replaced by a Paul Pry woodpecker that was always watching the other guests from behind a limb; and sooner or later in the day I would welcome the coming of "Saryjane," a fussy and suspicious bird that reminded me of a woman who had only to look at a boy to make him uncomfortably conscious that his face needed washing or his clothes mending.

No sooner did "Saryjane" light on the table than peace took to flight. Before she picked up a crumb she seemed to lay down the law how crumbs should be picked up, and by her bossy or meddlesome ways she soon drove many of the birds into the grape-vine, whither they went gladly, it seemed, to be rid of her. They soon learned to anticipate her ways; at her approach some dainty tree sparrow or cheerful titmouse would flit away with an air of "Here she comes!" in his hasty exit. She was a nuthatch, one of a half-dozen that came at odd times, peaceably enough, to explore a lump of suet suspended over the birds' table; and whenever I see her like now, or hear her critical *yank-yank*, I always think of "Saryjane" rather than of *Sitta carolinensis*.

One morning—I remember only that the snow lay deep and that all birds were uncommonly eager at their breakfast—a stranger appeared at the birds' table, a sober fellow I had never seen before. Without paying the slightest attention to other guests, he plumped into the feast, ate enough for two birds of his size, and then sat for a long time beside a pile of crumbs, as if waiting for another appetite. Thereafter he came regularly, and always acted in the same greedy way. He would light fairly in the middle of the food and gobble the first thing in sight, as if fearful that the supply might fail or that other birds might devour everything before he was satisfied. After eating he would sit at the edge of the table, his feathers puffed, a disconsolate droop to his tail, looking in a sad way at the abundance of things he could not eat, being too full. I called this bird "Jake" after a boy about my size, one of a numerous and shiftless brood, whom I had brought most unexpectedly to our human table on Thanksgiving Day.

The table happened to be loaded, in the country fashion of that time, with every tasty or substantial thing that the farm provided, and Jake stuffed himself in a way to threaten famine. Turkey with cranberry sauce, sparerib with apple sauce, game potpie, mashed potatoes with cream, Hubbard squash with butter—whatever was offered him vanished in fearful haste, and his eyes were fixed hungrily on something else. He said never a word; as I watched him, fascinated, he seemed to swell as he ate. Then came a great tray of plum pudding, with mince and pumpkin pies flanked by raisins and fruit, and the waif sat appalled, his greasy cheeks puffed out, tears rolling down over them into his plate. "I can't eat no puddin'; I—can't —eat—no—pie!" he wailed; while we forgot all courtesy to our guest and howled at the comedy.

Among the visitors was one gorgeous blue-and-white fellow, a jay, as I guessed at once, who puzzled me all winter. He always came most politely, and would light on the pear-tree to whistle his pleasant *too-loo-loo!* a greeting it seemed, before he approached the table. I took to him at once, with his gay attire and gallant crest, and immediately he proved himself the most courteous guest at the feast. He invariably lit at an empty place; he would move aside for the smallest bird, with deference in his man-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ner; when he took a morsel it was always with an air of "By your leave, sir," which showed his breeding.

The puzzle was that the other birds disdained this handsome Chesterfield, refusing to have anything to do with him. Now and then, when he was most polite, some tiny sparrow would fly at his head or chivvy him angrily from the table; but for the most part they kept him at a distance until they had eaten, when they would move scornfully aside, leaving him to eat by himself. At first I thought they had bad tempers; but a child's instincts are quick to measure any social situation, and when the jay had returned a few times I began to suspect that the fault was with him. Yes, surely there was something wrong, some pretense or imposture, in this fine fellow whom nobody trusted; but what?

The answer came in the spring, and was my own discovery. I am still more proud of it than of the time, years later, when I first touched a wild deer in the woods with my hand. Near my home was a woodsy dell with a brook singing through it, which I named "Bird Hollow" from the number of feathered folk that gathered or nested there. One morning I was at the Hollow alone, watching some nests at a time when mother birds chanced to be away for a hurried mouthful. Presently came my blue-jay, and he seemed a different creature from the Chesterfield I had known. No more polite or gallant ways now; he fairly sneaked along, hiding, listening, like a boy sent to plunder a neighbor's garden. Without knowing why, I felt suddenly ashamed of him.

Just over a catbird's nest the jay stopped and called, but very softly. That was a "feeler," I think, for at the call he pressed against the stem of a tree, as if to hide, and he stood alert, ready to flit at a moment's notice. Then he dropped swiftly to the nest, drove his bill into it, and tiptilted his head with a speared egg. A dribble of yellow ran down the corner of his mouth as he ate. He finished off two more eggs and went straight as a bee to another nest, which I had not discovered. Evidently he knew where they all were. He speared an egg here and was eating it when there came a rush of wings, the challenge of an excited robin, and away went the blue-jay screaming, "Thief! thief!" at the top of his voice.

And then I understood why the other guests had no patience with the jay's comedy when he played the part of a fine fellow at the winter table. They knew him better than I did.

In severe weather, when snow lay deep on the silent fields, a few crows would shyly enter the yard, sitting aloof in trees where they could view the feast, but making no attempt to join it. I did not then know that crows also are nest-robbers, or that the smallest bird at the table was ready to bristle his feathers if one of the black bandits approached too near.

For several days, while the crows grew pinched, I waited expectantly for hunger to tame them, only to learn that a crow never willingly ventures into a flock of smaller birds, being absurdly afraid of their quickness of wing and temper. Then, because any hungry thing always appealed to me, I spread a variety of food, scraps of meat and the entrails of fish or fowl, on a special table at a distance; but the crows would not come near it, probably thinking it some new device to ensnare them. They have waged a long battle with the farmer, and the battle has bred in them a suspicion that not even hunger can heal. As a last resort, I scattered food carelessly on the snow, and within the hour the hungry fellows were eating it. Their first meal was a revelation to me; no gobbling or quarreling, but a stately and courteous affair of very fine manners. Nor have I ever since seen a crow do anything to belie that first impression.

Among the scraps was some field corn, dry and hard from the crib; but the canny birds knew too much to swallow the grain whole, ravenous as they were.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Green or soft corn they will eat with gusto; but ripened field corn seems to call for proper treatment. A crow would take a single kernel (never more than that at one time) to a flat rock on the nearest wall, and there, holding the kernel between the toes of a foot, would strike it a powerful blow with his pointed beak. I used to tremble for his toes at first, remembering my own experience with hammer or hatchet; but every crow proved himself a good shot. Occasionally a descending beak might glance from the outer edge of the kernel, sending it spinning out from under the crow's foot; whereupon he hopped nimbly after it and brought it back to the block. After a trial or two he would hit the kernel squarely in the eye; it would fly into bits, and he would gather up every morsel before going back for a fresh supply.

Once when a hungry crow splintered a kernel in this way, I saw a piece fly to the feet of another crow, who bent his head to eat it just as the owner came running up. The two bandits bumped together; but instead of fighting over the titbit, as I expected, they drew back quickly with an air of "Oh, excuse me!" in their nodding heads and half-spread wings. Then they went through a little comedy of manners, "After you, my dear Alphonse," or, "You first, my dear Gaston," until they settled the matter of precedence in some way of their own, when the owner ate his morsel and went back to the wall to find the rest of the fragments.

Watching these crows with their sable dress and stately manners, it was hard to imagine them off their dignity; but I soon learned that they are rare comedians, that they spend more time in play or mere fooling than any other wild creatures of my acquaintance, excepting only the otters. I have repeatedly watched them play games, somewhat similar in outward appearance to games that boys used to play in country-school yards; and once I witnessed what seemed to be a good crow joke, when a young crow hid and called in distress, and dodged back into hiding when his flock came clamoring over. Indeed, so sociable are they, so dependent upon one another for amusement, that a solitary crow is a great rarity at any season. Twice have I seen a white crow, but never a crow living by himself.

Next I discovered that my dignified crows are always ready for fun or excitement at the expense of other birds or beasts, and especially do they make holiday of an owl whenever they have the luck to find one asleep for the day. To wake him up, berate him, and follow him with peace-shattering clamor from one retreat to another, seems to furnish them unfailing entertainment. I have watched them many times when they were pestering an owl or a hawk or a running fox, and once I saw them squaring themselves for all the indignity they had suffered at the beaks of little birds by paying it back with interest to a bald eagle. These last were certainly making a picnic of their rare occasion; never have I seen crows so crazily happy, or a free eagle so helpless and so furious.

It was on the shore of a river, near the sea, in midwinter. The eagle may have come down to earth after a dead fish, unmindful of the crows that were ranging about; but I think it more likely that they had cornered him in an unguarded moment, as they are themselves often cornered by sparrows or robins. Have you seen a flock of small birds chivvy a crow that they catch in the open, whirling about his slow flight till they drive him to cover and sit around him, scolding him violently for all the nests he has robbed, while he cowers in the midst of the angry crowd, very uncomfortable where he is, but afraid to move lest he bring another tempest about his ears? That is how the lordly eagle now stood on the open shore, twisting his head uneasily, his eyes flashing in impotent fury. Around him in a jubilant circle were half a hundred crows, some watchfully silent, some jeering; and behind him on a rock perched one glossy old bandit, his head

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

cocked for trouble, his eye shining. "Oh, if I could only grip some of you!" said the eagle. "If I could only get aloft where I could use my—"

He crouched suddenly and sprang, his broad wings threshing heavily. "Haw! haw! to him, my bullies!" yelled the old crow on the rock, hurling himself into the air, shooting over the eagle and ripping a white feather from the royal neck. In a flash the whole rabble was over and around the laboring lord of the air, pecking at his head, interfering with his flight, making a din to crack his ears. He stood it for a turbulent moment, then dropped, and the jeering circle closed around him instantly. He was a thousand times more powerful, more dangerous than any crow; but they were smaller and quicker than he, and they knew it, and he knew it. That was the comedy of what might have been imagined a tragic situation.

Twice, while I watched, the eagle tried to escape; and twice the crows drove him tumultuously down to earth, the only place where he is impotent. Then he gave up all thought of the free blue sky, and stood majestically on his dignity, his eyes half closed, as if the sight of such puny babblers wearied him. But under the narrowed lids was a fierce gleam that kept his tormenters at a safe distance. Then a man with a gun blundered upon the stage and spoiled the play.

It was an experience, not a theory of life, that I sought in those early days, when Nature spoke a language that I seemed to understand; and a host of experiences soon confirmed me in the belief that most birds and beasts accept life as a kind of game and play it to the end in a spirit of comedy. Later came the literature and alleged science of wild life, one filling the quiet woods with tragedy, the other with a pitiless struggle for existence; but no sooner do I get out-of-doors, to confront life as it is, than these borrowed notions appear in their true light, the tragic stories as mere inventions, the scientific theories as bookish delusions.

The cheery lesson of the winter birds, for example, is one which I have since proved in many places, especially in the North, where I always spread a table for the birds before I dine at my own. As a rule, the table is a broad and bountiful affair, set just outside the window on the sunny side of camp; but sometimes, when I am following the wolf trails, it is only a bit of bark on the snow beside my midday fire.

When the halt comes, and the glow of snow-shoeing is replaced by the chill of a zero wind, a fire is quickly kindled and a dipper of tea set to brew. Next comes the birds' table, with its sprinkling of crumbs, and hardly has one returned to the fire before Ch'geegee appears, calling blithely as he comes to share the feast. His summons invariably brings more chickadees, each with gray, warm coat and jaunty black cap; their eager voices attract other hungry ones—a woodpecker, a pair of Canada jays (they always go in pairs, as if expecting another Ark), and a shy, elusive visitor who is no less welcome because you cannot name him in his winter garb. Suddenly from aloft comes a new call, very wild and sweet; there is a whirl of wings in the top of a spruce, where Little Far-to-go, as the Indians name him, calls halt to his troop of crossbills at sight of the fire and the gathering birds. A brief moment of rest, a babel of soft voices, another flurry of wings, and the crossbills are gone, speeding away into the far distance. Next to arrive are the nuthatches, a squirrel or two, and then—well, then you never know who may answer your invitation. Before your feast ends you may learn two things: that these silent, snow-filled woods shelter an abundant life, and that the life is invincibly cheerful.

As I recall these many tables, spread in the snow at a season when, as we imagine, the pitiless struggle for existence is at its height, they all speak to strengthen the early impression of glad-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ness, of good cheer, of a general spirit of play among wild creatures. I have counted at one time over sixty chickadees, woodpeckers, grouse, jays, squirrels and other wayfarers around the table beside my camp; but though some of these have their enmities in the nesting season, when jays and squirrels are overfond of eggs, it was still a lively and a happy company, because all the woodfolk seem to have an excellent way of ending an unpleasantness by forgetting it. They live wholly in the present, being too full of vitality to dwell in the past, and too care-free to burden life by carrying a grudge. Some came boldly to the table, some with the exquisite shyness born of the silent places; but all were natural at first, and therefore peaceable. Unlike our mannerless house sparrows, they fed very daintily for the most part, and would chatter pleasantly before going away, to return again when they were hungry; but now and then some abnormal bird or squirrel would insist on having the biggest morsel, or might even try to drive others away while he made sure of it; and it was these exceptional individuals who caused whatever brief, unnatural bickering I have chanced to witness.

I remember especially one nuthatch, a visitor at my winter camp in Ontario, who seemed possessed of the notion that everything I put out-of-doors in the way of food was his private property. Whether he was first at the table, and so had some claim of discovery, I do not know; but the feast had not long been spread before he was serving trespass-notice on all within hearing. He was always first at the table, arriving before the sun, and sometimes, when an angry chatter would break through my dawn dreams, I would go to the window to find him engaged in driving other early-comers away from the relics of yesterday's abundance.

As the sun rose, and more hungry birds appeared for the breakfast I always spread for them, the nuthatch would change his method; finding the guests too many or too lively to be managed, he would proceed hurriedly to remove as much of the food as possible to a cache which he had back in the woods. Returning from one of these hurried flights, he would perch for a moment on a branch over the table, eye the feeding guests angrily, pick out one who was busy with a big morsel, and launch himself straight at the offender's head, *churr-churring* loudly as he made his swoop.

The odd thing is that he always got the morsel he wanted. Though he often charged a jay or a squirrel much larger than himself, I never saw one that had the nerve to stand against his headlong rush. Being peaceable and a little timid, as all wild things naturally are, they dropped what they were eating and dodged aside; whereupon the nuthatch would whirl all over the table like a fury, whirring his wings and crying, "*Churr-churr! Away with you! Vamoose!*" which sent most of the little birds with startled peeps into the trees. Then, with the board cleared, he would drag off his morsel, hide it, and come back quickly to repeat his extraordinary performance.

How the other birds regarded him would be hard to tell. At times they seemed to get a bit of fun out of the game by slipping in to steal a morsel while the nuthatch was chasing some luckless fellow that had claimed too big a crumb. At other times they would wait patiently in the trees till the trouble-maker was gone away to hide things, when they would come down to feed.

This nuthatch, at odds with all his kind, may possibly have been born without the common instincts of sociability and decency. The other birds were sometimes seen watching him curiously, as they watch any other strange thing. Now and then one of them would resent some personal indignity by giving the greedy one tit for tat; but for the most part they seemed well content to keep aloof from the nuisance. They had enough to eat, with a little sauce of excitement, and I think they accepted the nuthatch as a harmless kind of lunatic.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE LION'S MOUTH

THE POOR BOOBS

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

ONE day last autumn, during some sort of strike that forced Mr. J. C. Squire (who, according to the convictions I am about to utter in this article, I believe it necessary to announce is an English poet and critic, and the best and most varied parodist writing) to take a taxicab to his office, a distance of six miles, he gave two young women, who would have had to walk on account of the strike, a lift. They were in, his guess was, what we in America know as the women's-wear line.

"I did not see in their faces," writes Mr. Squire, "any preoccupation with politics, literature, art, music, landscape, football, bridge, or evolution, on all of which subjects I have a reasonable amount of small talk." But the girls were cheerful, and the tone of the piece Mr. Squire wrote that morning, when he reached the office, indicates that he was, too. For he is amusedly tolerant of their obvious ignorance of the things that are his life, an ignorance that might have caused a less cheerful and more foolish writer to ask—thereby showing his own ignorance of the mind of his fellow-man—whither we are drifting and how do such dubs as infest the frequently human race get along.

"I do not suppose these girls," continues Mr. Squire, "had ever heard the words optimism and pessimism. Had I spoken these words they would probably have tittered in a self-conscious manner. Mr. G. K. Chesterton would have been not even a name to them, and as for Baudelaire, Schopenhauer, and Leopardi, they would probably have thought that they were outlandish cheeses eaten by rich people at fashionable restaurants."

And, later in the day, Mr. Squire looked on a moving crowd, and it occurred to him that most people in England had never heard of Mr. Hardy, and never would hear of him. And he wondered what occupied the minds of that crowd.

"Food, drink, rest, and the means of obtaining such; questions, a few, of topical politics; problems, purely personal, of conduct; love; illness; the weather; nothing at all."

I am of Mr. Squire's opinion, but it has been mine ever since I have worked in a newspaper office. For youth was mine, and a reverence—which I still cannot discard, though it often needs retreading—for anybody else's erudition, especially the knowledge that all newspaper men have. And one day—our reference library, like most newspaper reference libraries, consisted of *Who's Who in America*, the Congressional Directory, and the World Almanac—I asked the man at the contiguous desk what the second stanza of "Jabberwocky" was. He didn't know. Nor the first stanza. Nor had he ever heard of the poem, its author, or the book it appears in. Well, I thought, that is just one of those things that man doesn't know, like going on for fifty years thinking that Byron wrote "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." Besides, he's only a copy-reader. But of eight other persons—two editorial writers, one city editor, and five reporters—not one had ever heard of the poem. And since that day I have had a similar shock every week or so.

I scorn the question in general information propounded by old Doc Frank

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Crane every now and then—Doc Crane, who spoke the other day of the Gilbert and Sullivan music; I brush aside the intelligence tests of the universities and the United States army. . . . Late last Wednesday night, between editions, five of our city staff were reading *The Saturday Evening Post.* And I bet one of our editorial writers the chocolate sodas that most of them couldn't tell the name of the editor of that celebrated hebdomadal. Not one knew it—but, of course, you know.

A highly successful but intelligent artist said she didn't care for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. I asked her which of them she had seen. "Only 'Robin Hood,'" she answered.

Five out of six newspaper men I asked didn't know the name of the Chief of Staff of the United States army; and only the efficient pedants of my acquaintance can tell you the members of the Cabinet, initials included.

The day after I read Mr. Squire's animadversions, I listened to three conversations, the first between two girls in the subway:

"I don't care if I'm late."

"Me neither."

"What 'll he say?"

"Him? Oh, I should worry."

"I should worry, too."

"I just simply can't wake up, specially when you're out till eleven or more. Ten pas' twelve it was. An' I can't go to bed at nine. I just simply can't. I gotta have some fun, don't I? I'm intitled to it. I'm intitled to have some fun."

"Sure you're intitled to some fun."

"Sure I'm intitled to have some fun. Say, Bert took me to a movie las' night. Fierce. Oh, honest. Fierce."

"What was it?"

"Oh, I do' know. But it was fierce. Honest. Fierce. An' he was all the time kiddin' it. He's awful funny—cute, y' know."

"I'll say he is."

"Say, you said it. He cert'n'y is funny. Mamma don't like him. She likes those serious kind. I think they're fierce."

"I'll say they are. I like a little fun."

"Sure. You're intitled to it, workin' hard all day."

"I'll say y'are."

Two men at luncheon spoke in part as follows:

"Well, I'm kind o' sorry for him."

"Not me. He knew what he was up against when he ran for President."

"Well, he does his best."

"Well, it ain't good enough."

"Say, I'd like to see you do better."

"That ain't the idea. Take for example the railroads. Look at 'em. His fault. Whose fault high prices? Wilson. Don't tell me he ain't gettin' his out of it."

"You're crazy. He gets seventy-five thousand a year salary."

"Pretty soft, I'll say."

And two women on a Fifth Avenue 'bus:

"High? They asked me three hundred and fifty dollars for a little evening gown."

"I know. It's terrible."

"What can you do?"

"Simply terrible. Twenty-seven dollars for a pair of silk slippers! And you've *got* to pay it. They're so independent."

"Think of it—three hundred and fifty dollars for a little dinner dress!"

"I know. It's terrible. I suppose it's the war, still."

"Yes, and help is so scarce."

"I know. We pay Hilda eighty-five dollars a month and all the laundry out, and she doesn't lift a finger to the cooking."

"I know. I pay a dollar for a manicure that used to cost me thirty-five cents."

"It's terrible."

"And we can't get the house at Deal for next summer. They want four thousand for it and Edgar says he simply will not pay it."

"What 'll you do?"

"Heaven knows. We can't stay in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

town. I'm really ill if I'm here a minute after June."

"Lots of sickness around now."

"Yes, every one's got something."

And there you are. Somewhere in this favored land they are talking of literature, art, music, philosophy, religion, economics, and yachting; but not many of them. The excessively human race, taking it by and large and helter-skelter, is a race of poor boobs. What boobs, as the fellow said, these mortals be!

I got off the 'bus and went to a friend's house for dinner. The talk turned, strangely enough, to some questions propounded a few months ago by a well-known book-worm. I fell down on the authorship of "The Greatest Thing in the World." I didn't know whether it was a book, a play, or a poem. I never had heard of it.

That gave me my come-uppance. And I thought of all who would scorn me for my ignorance, which is large and catholic, even if I do know who the editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* is.

And of *Harper's*.

EFFICIENCY

BY C. A. BENNETT

HE was as concerned to save time as some men have been to save their souls. It was the dominating passion of his life.

In the mornings he shaved with a safety razor, bolted his breakfast, and sat near the door in the trolley-car—all to save time.

In his office you would find all the latest time-saving devices, from special filing systems to self-sharpening pencils. Efficiency experts had gone over his factory with a microscope until a superfluous motion there was as instantly detected as a crumb in the bed. He rarely wrote when he could telegraph, and never telegraphed when he could 'phone. Even then he would protest volubly about the slowness of the service. When he traveled he always selected the fastest trains, and on the journey he would dream from time to time of the coming age of airplanes.

One would have thought that in forty-five years he would have saved enough time to set a wide gap between himself and death. But just as he was about to take a course in memory-training and another in an up-to-date shorthand, pneumonia intervened and, appropriately enough, carried him off with the minimum of delay.

It was fortunate for him that he was unable to be present at his own funeral. There was a good deal of wasted verbiage in the funeral services, and he would have itched to speed up the cortège.

But he was on another journey. At the end of it he arrived at a certain gate and knocked. No answer. He knocked again. After several minutes the Keeper of the Gate opened to him.

"I should think," said the visitor, "you'd have an automatic opener fixed on that gate of yours. All you'd have to do when you heard a knock is press a button and the gate would open of itself. Save you lots of time."

"Why should we want to save time?" asked the Keeper of the Gate. "We have all the time we want here; an eternity of time, in fact, for every action."

The visitor looked aghast. "Would you mind saying that again, slowly?" he said.

The Keeper of the Gate repeated his words.

"An eternity of time!" exclaimed the visitor. "Say, this is hell!"

"On the contrary," was the reply. "First to your right and then straight on down. You can't miss it." And he shut the gate.

THE MYSTERY OF GENIUS

BY PHILIP CURTISS

WILL some reader of The Lion's Mouth kindly send me the name of some crime for which an American citizen can be deported? If it is an unusual crime, one with which I am not

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

likely to be familiar, please inclose complete directions for committing it.

It is not that I have lost my love for my native land, but simply that I want to travel, and to be deported seems to be my only chance. All the crimes that I can think of would give me no more of a trip than to the state's prison at Wethersfield, which I have seen already. What I want is some simple atrocity which any man can commit in his own home, but for which the punishment would be, say, six months in Paris. If any one can even suggest a crime for which the minimum penalty would be a winter in California, I should be glad to hear of it. Failing this, can any one tell me how to be an unsuccessful artist successfully?

These murmurs of discontent are not directed against present conditions. The deportation of a few selected Reds has merely confirmed a conviction which has been growing in me for years that all the fun in this world goes to the exiles. Political exiles have always had a social standing in European capitals which I have envied, but even happier seems to have been the lot of those painters, musicians, and writers who have been unappreciated by their own fellow-countrymen and so have lived abroad. To be an artistic exile of the old school—that has always seemed to me a delightful existence. I have never been able to understand why a prophet who "is not without honor save in his own country" has any cause for complaint. If all other countries give him the glad hand "he should worry." If I could only be sure of free board at the expense of the French Republic and a standing invitation to drop in any time at Buckingham Palace, my native town could call me any name it jolly well pleased, or forget me entirely.

Dante, a fellow-craftsman whose life seems to have been strangely like mine in certain respects, has brought these thoughts to my mind. I have just been reading his life and I learn that on April 11, 1297, Dante was obliged to borrow 227 florins, or $682 in our money. This sounds so like my own experience that it is positively uncanny. With that and a few similar items, however, the resemblance ceases, for, on March 27, 1302, Dante was given his papers by the authorities of Florence and told to beat it.

At that date Dante had never published a solitary line. Not only that, but he was in debt to various local parties to the tune of $2700, but, from the moment that he was given the gate at Florence, that lucky rascal apparently wandered at will from court to court all over Europe, received with honor and acclaim.

Almost every great writer since Dante's time has exhibited this same mysterious knack of being able to live in bitter exile, impoverished and unappreciated, at all the expensive watering-places of Europe; but I know what would happen to me if I should try it. That is probably the single point where I just fall short of being truly great.

I am so familiar with this phase in the life of all famous writers that I know just where to look for it when I open a great man's biography. It comes in Chapter IV, just after the chapters on "Birth and Parentage," "Early Life," and "First Artistic Endeavors." The early part of that fourth chapter is always depressing, but the last part is always, to me at least, an unexplained miracle.

In the first part of that fourth chapter we learn that, up to the age of thirty-six, the future genius was, to all intents and purposes a public pauper. He had no visible means of support; he had no friends, in the financial sense of the word, and from a professional point of view he couldn't even get a paragraph into the "Answers-to-Puzzles" column of *The London Times*. His three-volume novel which had been reluctantly purchased by a Dublin publisher for seven shillings, had just been turned back on his hands by the bankruptcy of the publisher, so even that source of revenue had been cut off.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

And then—that same year, mind you, without one syllable of explanation—we read something like this: "The following winter seems to have been spent largely in Italy, for, on March 24, we find him writing to his friend Mrs. Cox from Milan, and again, on April 3, from Rome. He mentions briefly having met the Pope and describes him as a simple, unaffected sort of man."

Now I ask you, could you do it? Could I do it? It is only when I read chapters like that that I really appreciate what genius means.

Ibsen was one of those with the supreme gift. If you read his life you will find that in his early years Ibsen ranked financially about as a Shakespearian producer does in America today. That is to say that if it were not for the pimento sandwiches handed around after the meetings of the drama league his career would be over. Yet, right when Ibsen's stock was the lowest, when he couldn't find a producer in all Trondhjem, his biographer coolly informs us that "The next four years Ibsen spent in Italy doing practically nothing!" There must be something in Italy that Burton Holmes has never told us about in his travelogues.

And it isn't merely Italy. The minute that Voltaire had a failure at the Paris theaters he used to pop off and visit Frederick the Great. When even Frederick couldn't stand him any longer he went to Switzerland and bought four country places. In their biographies you will find classic writers at the very lowest point of their young careers, when editors were not merely indifferent to them, but positively nasty, writing letters to their future biographers from all the show places of Europe — Saint Moritz, Monte Carlo, Vienna, and Baden, not to mention good old Boulogne; in fact all the spots that, after ten years of faithful work for solvent publishers, the average American writer has never been able to visit even on a Cook's tour.

Possibly that is the trouble. It may be that, in our commercial American blindness to art, we start wrong. If any young writer ever asks me for advice, I am going to reply: "Write three or four wholly impossible manuscripts, it doesn't matter what, and send them to any publisher, it doesn't matter whom. Then, without waiting for an answer, go to Italy, mix in the diplomatic set and write letters to some married lady in Boston. If you can get away with it for four years, or even three, you will have proved yourself a true artist. America will at last have produced a genius equal to those of Europe.

CURIOSITY

BY HELEN COALE CREW

I BURNED the omelet this noon, pan and all, making a smell to high heaven with the going up of much unholy smoke. And all because I was thumbing over Milton to see whether he had said anything that could be mistaken for Shakespeare. And I found exactly one phrase, in "Comus," where the attendant sprite hears

> Strains that might create a soul
> Under the ribs of death.

And what is a saucepan? Mine was certainly no lordly dish such as Jael kept her butter in. I can buy another for a few of Lincoln's portraits on copper. But had my curiosity been left unsatisfied how could I have settled down to the afternoon's mending?

And I remembered the curiosity my little playmate and I used to feel about the lovely world we lived in. How at first we planted June-bugs to get a new crop, and dug up both them and new-planted seeds to compare their progress in sprouting. How we studied comparative anatomy, finding caterpillars full of white juice and beetles full of white strings. How we watched the laying of many eggs and came to our own conclusions in regard to the stork, besides discovering our error in the June-bug experiment. How we lay motionless in the grass to hear, perchance, a whisper of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

flower speech, or jumped suddenly into the nursery at early morning to catch the dolls at play and the soldiers off guard. How we drank the bottle of holy water that nurse kept on her closet shelf to study its effect upon our moral natures. Alas, the effect was purely and unpleasantly physical. How we sought to discover something of value from that uncanny but adorable trick of a snail having or not having horns at will. Indeed, we kept a snailery for the purpose, but possessed no lasso delicate enough for the job—for here's a bull one cannot seize by the horns.

The tent-maker's son, of Persia, sent his curiosity-laden soul into the invisible, to bring back what information she might. She came back presently to say that she herself was heaven and hell; and the good Omar for a while forgot his curiosity in the Grape and Thou, besides a little poetry. I, too, send my soul a-journeying, now that circumstances stand about waiting to hinder a body no longer supple with youth. But she is never sent upon inquiries into *that after-life* that gave the Persian such concern between jugs. She cares no more for the ouija-board than I for the ironing-board. She is even less interested in spooks in shady places than I in spiders in cob-webby corners.

But she has been to the trenches and brought me back a corroboration of the announcement Omar's soul brought to him. She has been *somewhere in France*, and has returned with the tale of a strange, huge palimpsest, where bright uncials of golden grain have been written over ruthlessly with harsh hieroglyphs of pain and ruin. She has walked by the side of the young Shakespeare, over the Clopton bridge and out along the Banbury road, when he made that great hegeira to London Town. She has crossed the Alps with Hannibal (greatest of generals!) and laughed up her shade of a sleeve at the thought of how Livy, writing up the great exploit, used a subjunctive (about the time the army had reached that cold, forbidding summit) which can be explained only by supposing that it represents a mute, reproachful, indirect question on the part of the elephants—poor driven jades of Africa! —as to where are they going, anyway, in all this ice and snow tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees! She is curious about Ur of the Chaldees, and about those far-off creatures who rose from all-fours to an approach to uprightness by means of tools and morals. And she is super-curious about womankind (to whom she is partial) gone dust these myriad years. *How did they feel? What did they think? Of what strange pattern were their souls?*

No, there's no time, even had I the inclination, to search into that after-life that has so peeved many an otherwise wise head by its elusiveness. For, after all, if there be a life to come, how shall we escape it any more than Columbus could have escaped America so long as he headed his prows westward and kept mutinies off his decks? Then, if there be an eternity, there's all of eternity to wonder at it in. But see how little we have here—some seventy-odd niggardly chances to watch this earth go curving around her huge path from snows to snowdrops.

GAINS AND LOSSES IN LANGUAGE

BY ARTHUR COLTON

SINCE Herbert Spencer's death not a few have been busy discovering his limitations. The task has been not only easy, but varied, partly because during the later years of his life he seems to have made a point of displaying those limitations in short essays and fragments full of emphatic opinions on heterogeneous subjects. It seems that extraordinary mind was not an ideally scientific mind, inasmuch as its certainty did not vary with its knowledge.

Among those short essays was one on "A Few Americanisms." Three of these especially irritated him: the use of to *claim* instead of to *say*, *assent* or *affirm* (I *claim* that they are not); to *operate*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

instead of to *work* (to operate a railroad —"automatic couplers that can be operated with ease"); *on* instead of *in* (to meet *on* the street and to get *on* the car.) To *claim*, he says, implies possession, but one who "claims" that A behaved better than B implies no possession by the word. To "operate" he calls "a linguistic outrage—the vice of mere pedantry—an abuse now creeping into England." *On* in place of *in* he denounces as "deliberate abolition of a convenient distinction, which in good English is uniformily observed, between an object shut in, inclosed, or restrained (in) and one with no restraining boundaries about it—as in a field and on a common." "Misapplications — perversions — retrogressions — misuse — corruption" are his further terms of denunciation of these Americanisms.

It is almost safe to say that no Englishman should ever write on American usages. The probability of his incompetence is too great. Certainly Spencer was incompetent to discuss those usages, for he did not know what they were. All three are good, in authority, in logic, and in the vigor of their life.

To *claim* is not the same as to *say*, *assert*, or *affirm*, though it is used in affirmation. It is more emphatic and aggressive. It gives a certain concrete reality to the statement to follow—grips it, champions it, defends and defies, as one does for a personal possession. It contains a subconscious figure of speech. It is a forward step, not a retrogression, and along the line by which the language has always moved. It is misused when the emphasis which it carries is uncalled for. To *operate* does not mean to *work*. It has come to be used mainly in connection with machinery, then derivatively or by analogy, in connection with industrial organizations, and so on to the finances which lie back of those organizations. It is a case of specialization brought about by practical demands. "It is not uncommon for 100,000 *operatives* [mark the word, for words in this sense are things] to be out of employment at once in cotton districts."—Coleridge's *Table Talk*, p. 318, Bohn edition. *Operative* would seem to have been in good usage in England, even in 1820, with a recognized distinction from *workman*, as being especially applied to a machinery-workman. A number of minor distinctions have grown up between the two words. To *operate* a railroad is to manage or conduct it; to *work* a railroad has still a somewhat colloquial status and means to cheat or get the better of a railroad. *Railroad operations* is apt to mean the tactics of financiers for the control of the steering-gear (if that phase may be permitted) of railroad organizations. Railroad *works* usually means buildings, such as repair-shops. The *operators* of a railroad are the higher officers, beginning with the president; *workmen* commonly means the lower class of wage-earners—rather the track-repairers, for instance, than the trainmen. I do not know what, if any, difference there might be between working and operating a coupler, but suspect, if the latter is much used, it comes from its general association with machinery. The usage of *operate* has no connection whatever with "the pedantry which adopts a long word when a short one would be as good or better." The short word *work* would not be as good or better for the services which *operate* performs. It is not a linguistic outrage, but a normal development.

Neither does the American usage of *on* abolish the distinction between the inclosed and the not inclosed. It draws the line differently. Both *on* the street and *in* the street are common, but the impression conveyed differs distinctly. *On* has reference to the street as something underfoot, *in* to the street as something lying between rows of houses or walls. If we say *on* the cars or *on* the street, it is because we think of a car as something conveying rather than something inclosing us, and of a street as something we walk upon rather than as a place where we walk between houses. I should be inclined to say, "I was walk

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing *on* the street," but, "I saw two men quarreling *in* the street," not so justifying as accounting for the usage by supposing that in the one case I was mainly conscious of the street as underfoot, and in the other case as an inclosure. *In* implies inclosure, but *on* does not imply that there is no inclosure. If Spencer described English correctly, then the American usage is better.

It is not the words that either the Americans or the English have added, but the words they have lost, or ceased to use, that rouse regret in the lovers of great language. Americans might profitably envy the English for the country words which they still use and the Americans have lost. *Shaw*, *copse*, *croft*, *thorpe*, *combe*, did not come with the Colonists, or they took no root. *Down*, *moor*, *heath*, *weald* or *wold*—we have lost the words. We have walked miles over the things in America and called them *pastures*, *ridges*, *meadows*, *scrub*, and *woods*, and been vaguely conscious of a certain poverty in our resources. The English language has a royal terminology for them all, but we Americans have lost it. *Holm* is a lifted piece of ground in a swamp or shallow water, a familiar object to our eyes, but the word is gone. We have kept *swamp* but have lost *fen* and therewith lost a value. The Scotch word *scaur* means, or once meant, a bank from which the turf has slid—again, familiar to our eyes, but nameless. *Bracken* or *brake* in the sense of low brush is gone, though *brake* remains in the sense of coarse fern. *Brush*, we say in the East, and the Far West has a noble word for it—*chaparal*. The *towhead* of the Mississippi is good local invention and excellent bit of naming, and the Middle West does well to call its slow, brown streams *creeks*, seeing how different they are from the brooks of the Eastern hill country.

Dingle (a small dip or dimple in the land), *dale*, *dell*, *vale*, are colloquially little used in America. In the East, *valley*, *glen*, *gorge*, and *gully* are the words for the homes of running water, and in the Far West, *valley*, *cañon*, *gulch*, and *arroyo*. What is called a *glen* in Scotland in America would be called a *valley*, *glen* with us meaning a narrow, overshadowed place, *gorge* one still narrower and darker and with rushing water. In Western usage a *valley* implies wide bottom-lands; a *cañon*, on the contrary, steep sides falling to the water. *Arroyo* is a dry-country word, of the Southwest, for a flood course on wide stream-bed, which in dry times has little or no water running through its sandy and stony desolation. The dry West has also *mesa* and *butte*, which mean definite features of that land.

Nevertheless, our language is poorer than the English in distinctive words for distinct features of the countryside. It is not American usages, but dis-usages—not what we have added or altered, but what we have lost—that is so lamentable, especially the old scented and colored words that fit the landscape like woods on the hillside and grass on the meadow.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IT is not long since three or four, or half a dozen, savants declared that certain flamy flickerings or flashings in our atmosphere which apparently reached the earth's material substance and, as it were, bounced against it, were "not impossibly" messages from the planet Mars. None of these savants, however, went farther than that "not impossibly"; but it happens that we are in possession of something much more authentic concerning those flickerings or flashings, for the other night we were vouchsafed an experience quite in the order of the "not impossible" of the savants. What we noticed wavering toward us through the dark was not, indeed, a flashing, but it was certainly a flickering; and quite as sensible to the eye as the lights cast from the perforations of those old-fashioned tin lanterns which people used to carry early in the last century or earlier. As the flickerings came nearer it was more and more interesting to have their source explicitly declare itself such a lantern, carried by one of the quaint couple who defined themselves as distinctly as might be for a pair of Old Dears, and were more convincingly Martians than any celestial visitors who have yet penetrated our atmosphere.

This friendly pair were not only not young in their looks, but were dressed as Terrestrials of their age would be, though rather more bundled up, so to speak. They had distinctly the effect of travelers from a colder clime than ours, and fully justified the scientific conjecture that the prevailing Martian temperature is that of our mountain-tops. As they shed their various outer wrappings, however, they not only gained in an appearance of youth and good looks, but in a certain effect of fashion which, though not of our planet, was quite possibly the last fashionableness of Mars. It did not seem to be a class distinction, for, above all, these people expressed somehow an intense and penetrating democracy such as we were supposed to enter into the recent World War to make the earth safe for—after we were no longer too proud to fight. In the course of our ensuing conversation we fancied that their hesitancy was a scrupulosity concerning the exact truth of what they were saying. They seemed to be pretty well informed as to the main facts of that war, in touching which, more or less, they said our whole Terrestrial being seemed to them almost planetary.

"Ah," we owned, superiorly, "we suppose you have never had anything quite like it in Mars. Now don't pretend," we added, humorously, "that you have never had any war at all there."

"It would be wrong, of course," the lady, as we must call her, "to pretend *anything*, but we never have. And the fact in your case is not so much appalling to our comprehension as impossible."

"We can't take it in," her companion interpreted.

"No, we rather fancy not," we said. "The 'sad variety of pain' which we Earth-folk inflicted upon one another must be more amazing even than the multiple murder." We did not mince our terms as we should have done while the war was still going on, when we should have been obliged to differentiate the facts as phases of heroism and patriotism. "But if you have never had any war at all in Mars," we added, "it is, in a manner, no use talking. We suppose

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the enormous activities of every sort which you see going on about you here in New York," we diverged, "are more comprehensible. The public works which you have carried through at home in the construction of the canals between your vast landlocked seas must have called forth exertions far surpassing the wildest tumults of our continual building up and pulling down here, or even the rush of our women's shopping, on foot or in taxis or private motors."

"We do notice the shopping," the lady said. "We suppose it is the only means you have of dispossessing yourselves of your riches. Do your women regard it as a public function, something like the exercise of the suffrage?"

"Not exactly," we explained. "There has never been any such rush to the polls as there is to the shops, and there probably won't be. You will see something parallel only in the crowding in and out of the theaters; it used to be the churches."

We were aware of keeping the talk as impersonal as possible, but we could not altogether avoid touching on the latest scientific position concerning their visit.

"There will be some misgiving," we said, "in the public mind here as to your planetary identity, because of the fact, or theory which the French scientists have lately adverted to concerning the supposed signaling from Mars. They hold that your conditions do not support or even permit human life. They say you could not have signaled—and still less come—from Mars because you could not have existed there."

"Indeed!" the lady said, sharply, for all comment.

Her companion added, humorously, "But here we are, quite alive, and perhaps our kind of life could have been supported by the Martian conditions, though your kind—to be more specific—could not."

"No doubt," we acquiesced. "We as Americans are peculiarly gratified by your making us your hosts in your first visit to our humble Earth."

The Martian was silent, but the lady said, after a moment, "Well, you know, we rather meant to land first in New Zealand."

"Ah?" we queried.

"Yes. So much more socialized than any other terrestrial country. More in sympathy with our own planet, which is entirely socialized."

"Do you mean socialisticized?"

"Yes," she answered, and again we said, "Ah!" We thought we had better not say anything more, though we could not forbear adding, from the shock the fact gave us, "If we have understood you, Mars is even more pacifist than socialistic, if possible; and wouldn't you be rather disappointed in learning at first hand that the New-Zealanders fought as actively in the World War as all the other subjects of the British Empire—as the Canadians or the Australians?"

"It would be regrettable," her companion said, "but not quite disappointing. We have learned since our Earth knowledge began that your Terrestrial socialists are as warlike as your individualists. We once supposed that the German socialists would not fight the French socialists. But that has proved a mistake."

"Decidedly," we laughed. "They found out they were French and Germans first and socialists afterward." But we thought it best to leave this branch of the inquiry and we remarked: "Then, though your women have the suffrage, do they take much interest in politics—party politics? Ours don't," we explained.

"You know," the Martian gentleman cautioned the lady, "it was much the same with you when you first got the suffrage."

"I believe so," she admitted. "And after the socialization began there was hardly anything like party politics. Is it much the same now in New Zealand?"

"Well, we don't really know a great deal about New Zealand. We hardly suppose the socialization there has gone

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

anything like as far as with you. And," we added, "anywhere on Earth even theoretical pacifism would have brought you into disfavor. It certainly would in the United States. And your socialism would keep some of you out of our legislative bodies."

"But then," her companion asked, "what becomes of your fundamental principle of no taxation without representation? We have understood that your taxes are very heavy. Are they imposed without the consent of the taxed?"

We laughed. "Well, rather! You don't suppose we would vote away the tenth of our incomes voluntarily? It's done somehow, but *we* don't do it."

The Martian suggested, "Perhaps by a stroke of your American humor."

We were silent for a moment. Then we said: "We will tell you what! We must h ve a meeting where you will deliver a lecture on Mars, with illustrative maps, and answer interrogatories from the audience. They will seem mostly rather crude questions, but they'll be very good-natured. Be careful, though, about your socialization. Socialism isn't at all in favor just now. It was some time ago, when it was in the doctrinaire stage—*Looking Backward*, and the like—but now that we see the latter-day socialists really mean it—well, it's another thing. See? Better confine yourselves to your material conditions—your canals and inland seas and polar snow-caps. Don't touch on moral or economical affairs."

"That will be difficult," the Martian said.

"It will be impossible," his companion declared, and the event confirmed her position.

The hall where the Martians were to speak was crowded from the lecture platform to the doors, but the audience was, as usual, in the keeping of our excellent Irish police, who held it well under control. All went very well while the Martians kept to the physical characteristics of their planet. These, as illustrated by the large maps spread on the wall behind them, could not be disputed, but when the Martians could not refrain (especially the lady Martian) from entering upon a glowing account of their civilization, their hearers could not be restrained. The rudest of them began to heckle her and to mock her enthusiastic narrative of the Martian development from competitive to socialistic conditions. To her apparent amazement she found the Martian socialism confounded in the minds of her hearers with all sorts of American incivism, and it was here that our good policemen lost control of them and of themselves, as if somehow confounding the strange Martian system with English rule in Ireland.

We cannot follow the course of popular feeling from the first expression of patriotism in the breaking of chairs and benches pretty well all over the hall. There v ere many arrests; the police did their duty nobly; and the trials filled the papers for days. When these ended, rather indefinitely, there were public receptions for the Martians, and personal interviews until our people got tired of them. It all arrived at nothing, but there began to be question of the Martians' Terrestrial patriotism; it was doubted whether they were good Americans, and the question came up whether it was safe to admit people from other planets indiscriminately. Finally it was decided to make an example of the pair from Mars and they were deported. They could not be returned to their planet, and as the next best thing they were sent to Russia upon the theory that they were Bolshevists.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S DRAWER

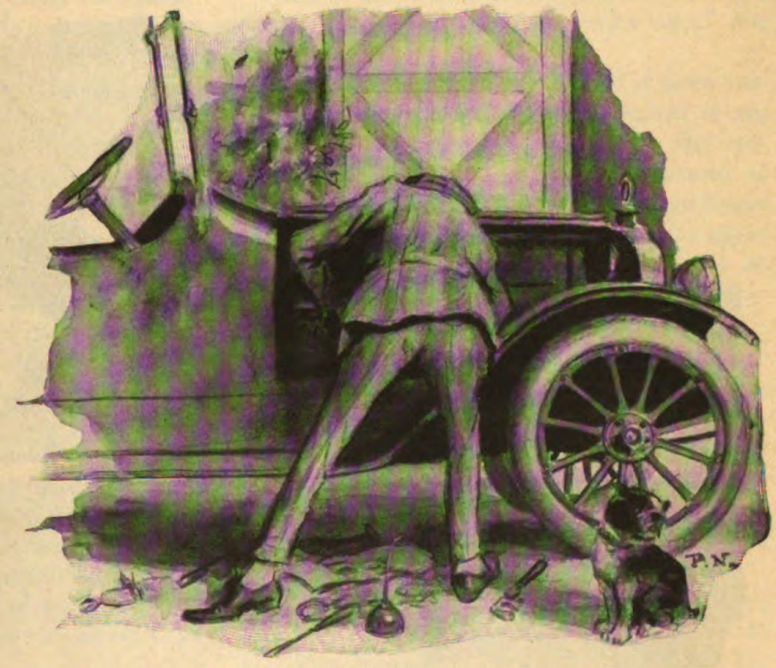
YVETTE

BY ARTHUR P. SCOTT

ONE of the most interestingly futile occupations is speculation on what might have been. The most eminent historians are agreed that another inch added to Cleopatra's nose would have altered the destinies of mankind, and if a gust of wind had sent Newton's apple to the ground unseen, a day too soon, it might have been centuries before we could have enjoyed the benefits of gravitation. In my own life, I tremble as I reflect how many circumstances might have given Yvette to another, and thus deprived me of the mild celebrity and the modest income which resulted from my idea.

My wife has always held that she was responsible for our good fortune. It is at least certain that if my wife's great-aunt Hannah had not died, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, we should not have gone to the metropolis to attend her funeral. And if we had not stayed over a day with some distant cousins we should never have spent part of the afternoon at the Charity Bazaar. Thus far, I concede my wife's agency in the matter. The chief activity at the Bazaar seemed to be the sale of shares in various objects. You bought a coupon which made you part owner, and assigned your share in writing to the directors to dispose of as they pleased. We were informed that they drew a number from a hat and gave the article to the holder. This was in order to avoid the law which made lotteries illegal. The law is a wonderful thing. I have often wished I knew more about it. Before long—I am willing to give Zenobia credit for these, but she demurs—we had become owners of vanishing fractions of title to a pedigreed collie pup, a Circassian walnut electric washing-machine, and a large oil painting, guaranteed in writing to be strictly hand work and a correct imitation of an autumn sunrise. However, when it came to taking a share on, or legally speaking in, the automobile, I must insist that the inspiration was my own. I recalled that the attractive young woman who approached me on the subject had been in my class a year or so before, and it was this fact which induced me to exchange fifty cents for share No. 14,365.

When we returned to our college suburb and reckoned up the cost of our excursion, we felt that the trip had been something of an extravagance. It had developed, when



I PLUNGED INDELICATELY AND RASHLY INTO YVETTE'S INNER WORKINGS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Aunt Hannah's will was read, that she had left all her money to mission work in Madagascar, and that our share of the estate consisted of her second-best canary-bird and a steel engraving of the youthful Washington throwing a dollar across the Potomac River. Zenobia remarked, bitterly, that a dollar went farther in those days. The next week, however, fickle fortune remembered our existence, and a note came with the astounding tidings that the executive committee had decided to transfer all the shares in the automobile to Prof. Q. Horatius Huggins, the owner of share 14,365. The kind husband of a lady on the committee drove the car out—he was coming anyhow to see his son perform in a track meet—and thus it was that Yvette, for so my wife named the little stranger, became ours.

For a time all went well. We both learned to drive, without too many expensive accidents, and a new world of experience opened before us. But ere long, subtly, insensibly, the demoralizing and disintegrating effects of association with a motor-car began to make themselves felt. More and more I found myself taking time from my academic duties to manicure Yvette's spark plugs, or to plunge, perhaps indelicately and certainly rashly, into the inner workings of her magneto. Then, too, a passion for accessories seized us, which I could only compare to my late lamented ante-1920 thirst. My wife and I pored over catalogues and haunted bargain sales. By selling my books I managed to purchase an automatic market-basket to attach to the front axle, which retrieved the chickens I ran over. This saved its cost in less than a month, but the others were not so remunerative. Still they were a great satisfaction. With the aid of a Tentoflat outfit which folded on the running-board, we were provided for week-end excursions in the country with a two-room apartment, with twin beds, a kitchenette with stove which fitted on the exhaust, and a shower-bath which utilized the hot water from the radiator.

One afternoon in July I had plaeed a mortgage on the cottage, and started downtown to investigate a recently perfected electric safety device for country driving which was alleged to play "Nearer my God to Thee" whenever one approached a dangerous hill or railway crossing. As I entered the store, however, my attention was attracted by a sign:

EL DOPO MAGIC TABLETS
PUT THEM IN YOUR GASOLENE
AND SAVE 25%.

The gasolene problem was indeed an acute one, with the precious fluid advancing in price after each of Mr. Rockefeller's benefactions, and I at once decided to try some tablets. Carefully measuring my gasolene, and noting



"MR. MOTORIST!" I READ, "DO YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY ON GASOLENE?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the mileage, I added the tablets and drove off. During the next week I recorded statistics with hypermeticulous scientific precision, and the results proved conclusively that I had indeed saved 25 per cent. of the gas. My wife and I were overjoyed.

For some time I had been dallying with the idea of purchasing a Doodlebat radio-active carburetor, which Simpkins & Co., the manufacturers declared would save 50 per cent. in gasolene or money refunded and no questions asked or answered. I now was encouraged to the point of buying one and having it installed at the repair-shop where I was wont to seek assistance when Yvette's ailments failed to respond to my simple home remedies and vocabulary. The high-grade moron who performed the operation must have left in several sponges, for at first she refused to stir, and I missed my class in Mesozoic Paleontology restoring her to normal. Immediately after lunch Zenobia and I went for a long run in the country for a laboratory test. On returning we were in the seventh heaven to discover from the gauge that the tablets and the carburetor together had reduced our gasolene consumption 75 per cent.



I REMEMBER NOTHING MORE UNTIL I FOUND MY WIFE POURING WATER ON ME

As we sat around the supper-table, eating our simple academic repast of shredded oats and lacto near-milk, we figured happily on the savings we had effected. Then I started to open my mail. A request from the South Side Young Women's Shakespeare Club to address them on the Relation of Psychical Research to the New Dances I accepted; not that I knew anything about it, but they offered an honorarium of three dollars, and I understood they served excellent refreshments. The next envelope I opened contained an advertisement: "Mr. Motorist! Do you want to save money on gasolene? Then attach our Squirto-Steamo device to your manifold! Besides eliminating carbon, and preventing fatty degeneration of the cylinders, it positively saves 25 per cent. of your gasolene! !"

I could scarcely wait until morning to drive to town and have it attached. Filling the gas-tank to the brim, I broke all speed records getting home, and proceeded with feverish haste to drive sixty-two times around the block, thus completing ten measured miles. Then I stopped, and with beating heart and trembling hands unscrewed the cap of the tank. The tank was still full! I had saved the last 25 per cent!

At my cry of joy Zenobia came running out, carrying a parcel in her hand.

"Here are those Multiple-Fire Volcanic Spark Plugs you ordered weeks ago," she said.

And then—I remember it as if it were yesterday; every detail of the situation is engraved on my memory. I can see the red-headed grocery-boy as he left a pound of pickled pigs' feet at the home of the professor of Greek across the way; I can see the slight squint in Zenobia's left eye, which she inherited from her grandfather, and her blue-calico dress which she inherited from her mother; I can hear the chimes of the college ringing the hour of ten. It was then, I say, and under such seemingly simple circumstances, that *the idea* came to me.

"Zenobia," I said, huskily, "what are those spark plugs guaranteed to do?"

"Why, a set will save ten per cent. of your gasolene," she answered.

Without a word I seized the package, tore off the wrappings, and, scarcely able to hold the wrench for excitement, changed the plugs and started the motor. There was a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

moment's pause, and then— Could it be?— It could! It was! The full tank began to overflow. I had now saved 110 per cent. of my gasolene and was obviously running on 10 per cent. less than nothing. . . .

. . . I must have fainted, for I remember nothing until I found my wife pouring cold water on me, and hysterically begging me to stop the motor, which by now had created quite a pool of gasolene in the street.

A Twentieth-century Joseph

A TEACHER was reading to a class that part of Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, where the Yankee is likened to Joseph, steward of Pharaoh. To clarify the parallel, she asked for the story of Joseph, which was given in full by a pupil.

"What position did Joseph hold under Pharaoh?" the teacher asked.

"He was"—the boy groped for a definition—"he was something like—something like—Hoover!"

No Cause for Alarm

AN elderly spinster awoke early one morning to find a burglar ransacking her effects. She did not scream, for she has always prided herself upon her courage. But, with a dramatic gesture, she pointed to the door, exclaiming:

"Leave me at once!"

Whereupon the burglar, who had politely retreated a step, responded:

"Excuse me, lady, but I had no intention of taking you."

A Unique Suggestion

THAT some grown-ups find it hard to understand a healthy child's need for constant physical activity is shown by a story that comes from New England.

In the midst of the "long prayer" at Sunday service a lad of seven or eight leaned over to his mother and whispered:

"Mother, do you think they would care if I went through my setting-up exercises while the minister prays? I am awful tired of sitting still."

The Cruel Modern Mother

A DEAR old lady in Vermont was much concerned by the contents of a letter she had received from her sister in Boston.

"Listen to this, Henry," she said to her husband, as she proceeded to read from the letter. "I call it nothing short of cruelty."

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked Henry.

"In this letter," resumed the old lady, "Abigail tells me she gets help in raisin' her children from a mother's club. I do believe in a slipper sometimes, an' a good birchin' don't do a child any harm, but I never in all my life used a club on any of my offspring!"

An Eloquent Epistle

A CERTAIN soldier and his buddy had waited many days for letters that did not come. Finally one of them did receive a letter. He opened it in the presence of the other, who watched him enviously. In the envelope there was nothing but a sheet of writing-paper, blank on both sides. The one who had received no letter observed:

"Well, you haven't anything on me. That's not a letter."

"Sure it is," the other asserted. "It's a letter from my wife. We're not speaking to each other."

An Oversight

MOTHER had prepared a bowl of custard and had placed it on the sill of the kitchen window, with an admonition to her youngest, Roger, not to disturb it.

Late that afternoon, when she called him from play, she praised him for having remembered her injunction and resisting the tempting dessert.

Whereupon a look of dismay came to the face of Roger.

"Gee! ma," he exclaimed. "I forgot all about it!"

No Light in Darkness

THE census-taker runs up against many amusing experiences. Chief among these are the explanations some people offer for the various answers they make to questions put to them.

One of the census workers in Kansas City asked a woman whether she could read. She answered, rather hesitatingly, that she could not, and then hastened to explain:

"I never went to school but one day, and that was in the evening and we hadn't no light and the teacher didn't come."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A Landmark

THE train was about to start when an enormously corpulent individual hauled himself aboard. A small boy appeared to be fascinated. His ardent gaze eventually began to annoy the fat man, who demanded, in angry tones:

"What are you staring at me for?"

"Please, sir," replied the lad, "there's nowhere else to look."

He Didn't Mind

WHEN Bobby went to see his grandmother he was much interested in whatever went on in the kitchen. One day she said to him:

"I'm going to make you a nice little pie in a saucer, all for yourself. Don't you think I'm pretty good to take so much trouble?"

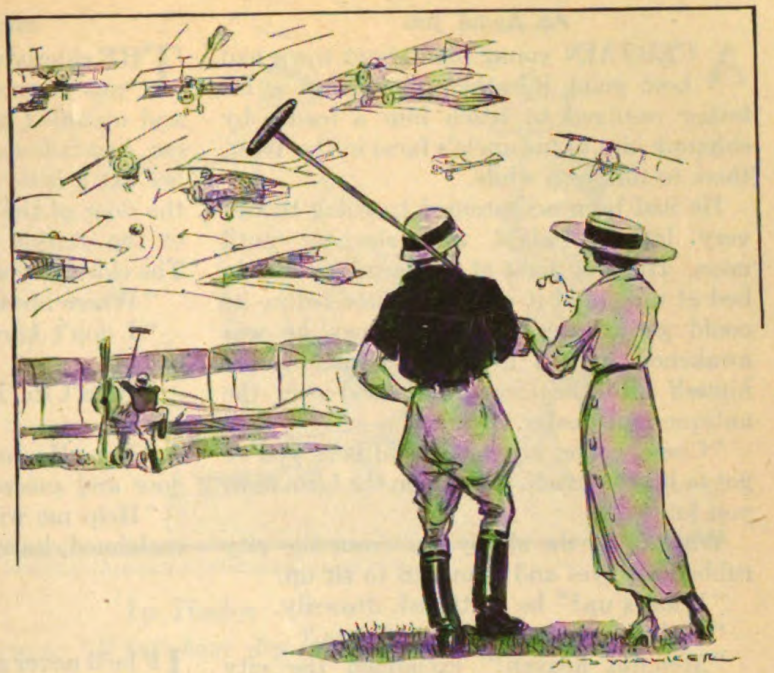
Bobbie pondered. "Grandma," he said, at length, "mother told me not to be a bother, and if it's going to be any trouble, you can just as well make my pie reg'lar size."

The Rule of Contrast

THE late William J. Stone, who for so many years represented Missouri in the United States Senate, was a self-made man. In early life he was very poor and had to work hard for a living, but was always proud of it and delighted in telling the experiences of his youth.

"Once," the Senator related on one occasion, "when I was depot agent in a little village, two negroes came to the office seeking information touching some item of freight. They asked me an intolerable number of questions. I gave them what information I could and returned to my duties. They kept bombarding me with questions. Finally they seemed satisfied, but as they walked away from the window one of the old negroes shook his head and murmured to his companion:

"Yess, dat's de way it is; de littler de station, de bigger de agent."



Auto Polo in 1950

SHE: "*Do be careful, dear, remember you sprained your shoulder in the game last week*"

Dropping the Pilot

MR. OLD-TIMER, Miss Knowall, and Miss Wise stood at the rail of an outgoing steamer as she slowed up to let the pilot off.

"Why are we stopping?" asked Miss Knowall.

The obliging Old-Timer replied, "To drop the pilot."

"Why are they letting him go?" Miss Wise wondered.

"Another case of incompetence, I suppose," Miss Knowall suggested.

"Well, it's lucky the captain found him out right away, before we got out any farther into deep water," and Miss Wise heaved a sigh of relief.

No Sacrifice on the Cow's Part

MOTHER had been seeking by every possible means to stimulate her son's somewhat undeveloped sense of gratitude.

"Now, Harold," said she, on one occasion, "don't you think that you ought to be very grateful to the cow for the milk she gives you every morning?"

"Well, mother," said Harold, "I don't know that I should. She has no use for it herself."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

An Awful Job

A CERTAIN young man about town had been going it rather too strong; so his father resolved to teach him a lesson by shipping him to his uncle's farm in the West, there to toil for a while.

He had been accustomed to going to bed very late at night and sleeping until noon. His first night at the farm saw him in bed at nine, and it was some time before he could get to sleep. About dawn he was awakened by his uncle, who cannonaded himself into the room and stood over the antique four-poster.

"Come, come, my boy," said he, "you've got to h'ist yourself. You're on the farm now, you know.

Whereupon the sleepy one from the city rubbed his eyes and managed to sit up.

"What's up?" he muttered, drowsily.

"We're going out to cut the oats."

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed the city man, now awake. "Do you have to sneak up on 'em in the dark?"

Wrong Number

THE telephone in a well-known surgeon's office rang and the doctor answered it. A voice inquired, "Who is this?"

The doctor readily recognized the voice of his seven-year-old son. Although an exceedingly busy man, he was always ready for a bit of fun, so he replied:

"The smartest man in the city."

"I beg your pardon, sir," answered the child, "but they have given me the wrong number," and hung up the receiver.

She Knew the Place

THE elderly matron with the bundles, who was journeying to a point in Wisconsin and occupied a seat near the middle of the car, had fallen asleep. On the seat in front of her sat a little boy. The brakeman opened the door of the car and called out the name of the station the train was approaching. The elderly woman roused herself with a jerk.

"Where are we, Harry?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandma," said the little boy.

"Didn't the brakeman say something just now?"

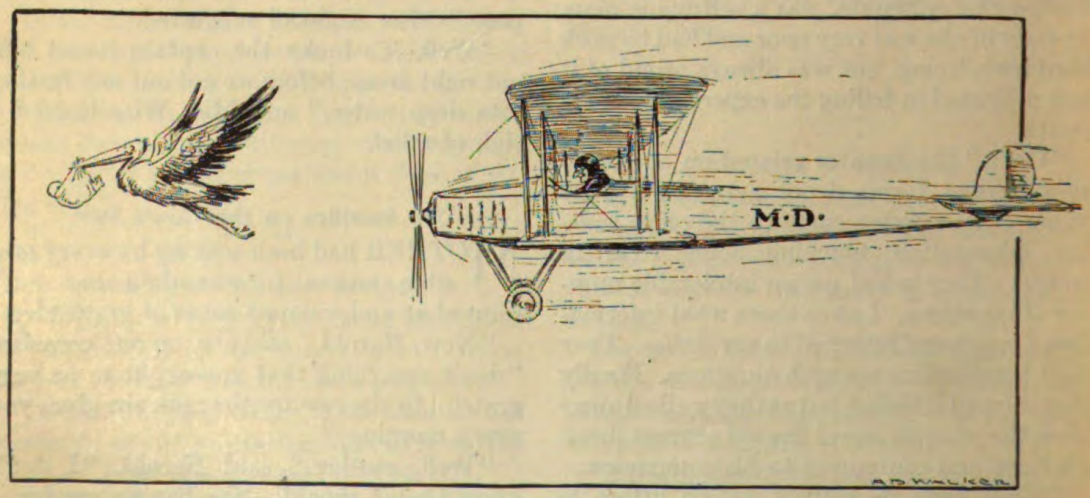
"No. He just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Help me with these things, Harry," she exclaimed, hurriedly. "This is Oshkosh."

A Wish

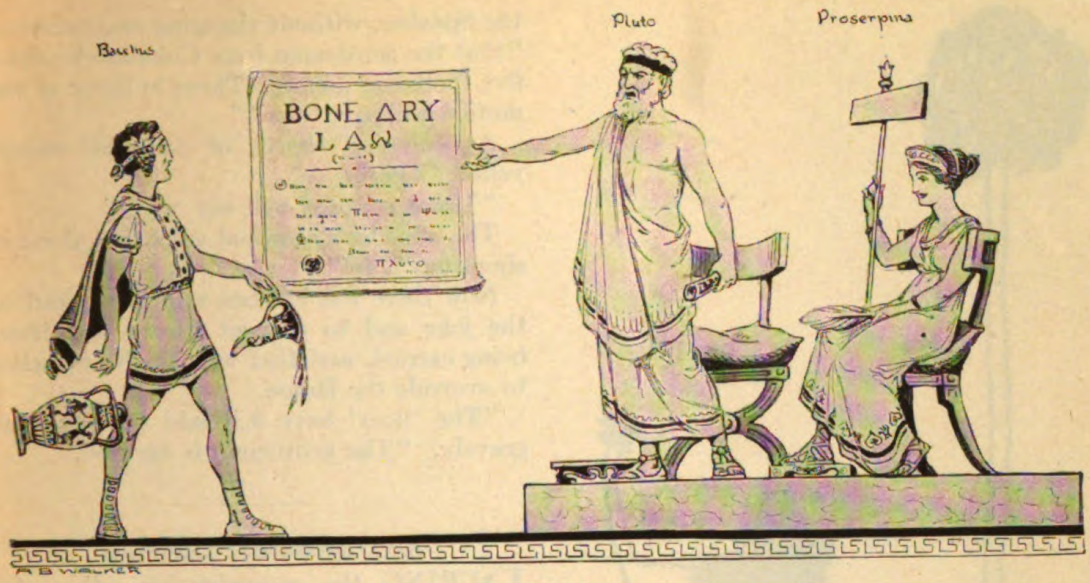
IF he'd never grow up, if he'd never grow up,
If only he'd stay just a wee little pup,
With his tail wiggle-wagglin' as fast as can be,
And his tongue always lickin' an' lappin' at me;
With his short, wabbly legs an' his puckery brows,
With his quizzical eyes an' his funny bow-wows,
With his floppety ears an' his soft, wistful whine,
That dear little puppy! I'm sure glad he's mine!
But I wish, yes, I wish— Aw, say now, Gee whiz!
If he *only* would stay always just like he is!

HELEN MACFARLAND.



The Doctor of the Future

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



In Hades

BACCHUS: *"What! bone dry here, too?"*

Knew His Limitations

"I KNEW a chap," said an artist, telling of some of his youthful experiences in the Latin Quarter, "who painted landscapes, and when opportunity offered he would make a little money to keep him going by decorating the walls of houses with rural scenes, highly colored in glaring tints, as if nature had turned color-blind. There were always cows and always they were represented as standing up to their knees in water.

"'Why do you always put your cows in the water?' some one asked.

"'Well,' confessed the artist, 'you see, I have never learned to paint hoofs.'"

Disciplined

A FRIEND was scolding Greenson for what he termed his neglect of his wife. "Come, now," he said, "confess that you don't pay as much attention to your wife as you did before you were married."

"Lord, yes!" exclaimed Greenson. "I mind twice as quick now."

It Made No Difference

AS the railroad train was stopping, an old lady, unaccustomed to traveling, hailing the passing conductor, asked:

"Conductor, what door shall I get out by?"

"Either door, ma'am," he graciously answered. "The car stops at both ends."

A Different Art

SMALL nose pressed against the window-pane, Betty, aged four, pondered a snow-laden cedar outside, swaying in the wintry blast. Her mother, artistic of taste and ever hopefully alert for like tendencies on her young daughter's part, questioned her eagerly:

"What is it my little girl sees?"

"Tree"—still absorbed in approved contemplation.

"Yes?" delightedly breathed the fond parent. "Tell mother about it!"

"It's shimmyin'," elucidated Betty.

By Way of Proof

A MAN returned home one evening to find his wife somewhat perturbed, and, when he inquired the reason for her uneasiness, she told him that she had lost their marriage certificate.

"Never mind," said the husband, reassuringly, "any of those receipted millinery bills will do for substitute proof."

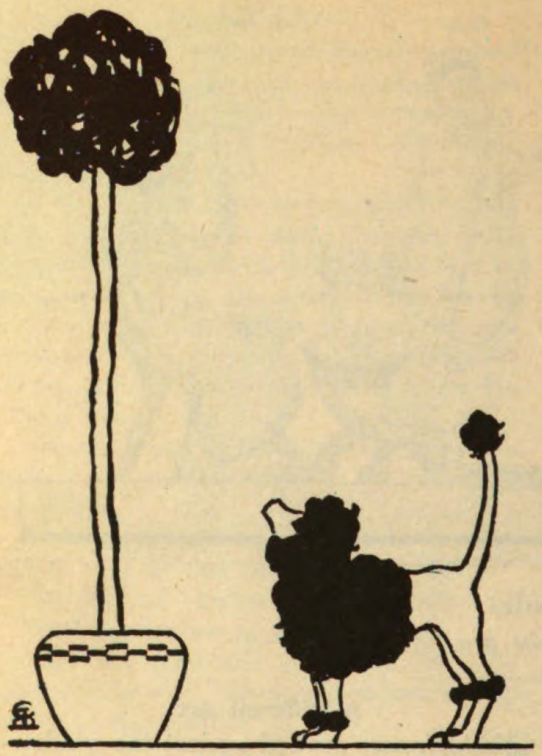
Superior Information

THREE - YEAR - OLD Dick's mother thought it was time he started to learn the Lord's Prayer.

That evening, when she began, "Our Father, Who art in heaven," the child looked up wonderingly.

"But, mother," he protested, "daddy's out in the barn milking the cow."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"Did they do it to you, too?"

A Friend in the Chair

THAT the lawmakers at Washington are not above an occasional bit of foolery is evinced by an incident that occurred some years ago, in which the Speaker of that time himself indulged.

In an all-night session it had been difficult to maintain a sufficient attendance of members, and the House adopted a resolution directing the sergeant-at-arms to compel the presence of absent members. One by one they were brought before the bar of the House, and, after making all manner of excuses and explanations, were permitted to go unpunished.

About midnight a certain Western member, a new-comer in the halls of legislation, was brought before the Speaker. He had, he said, no excuse to offer.

"I was one of a theater party," he remarked, "when I was arrested and brought here."

"I move that the gentleman from Colorado be fined five thousand dollars," was the facetious comment of one of the culprit's colleagues.

"I second the motion!" shouted a dozen or more members, all of them the offender's friends.

"It is moved and seconded," announced the Speaker, without changing countenance, "that the gentleman from Colorado be fined five thousand dollars. Those in favor of the motion will say, 'Aye.'"

A deafening chorus of delighted voices yelled, 'Aye!"

"Those opposed will say 'No.'"

The offender's agonized voice was alone in shouting, "No!"

Now there was but one way to slip out of the joke and to prevent the motion from being carried, and that was for the Speaker to overrule the House.

"The 'noes' have it," said the Speaker, gravely. "The gentleman is excused."

A Congressman's Definition

DURING the campaign preceding the election of a Missouri Congressman it was suggested that, since he posed as a good business man, he might be willing to tell just what a good business man is.

"That's easy," he explained. "A good business man is one who can buy goods from a Scotchman and sell them to a Jew—at a profit!"

Enchantment

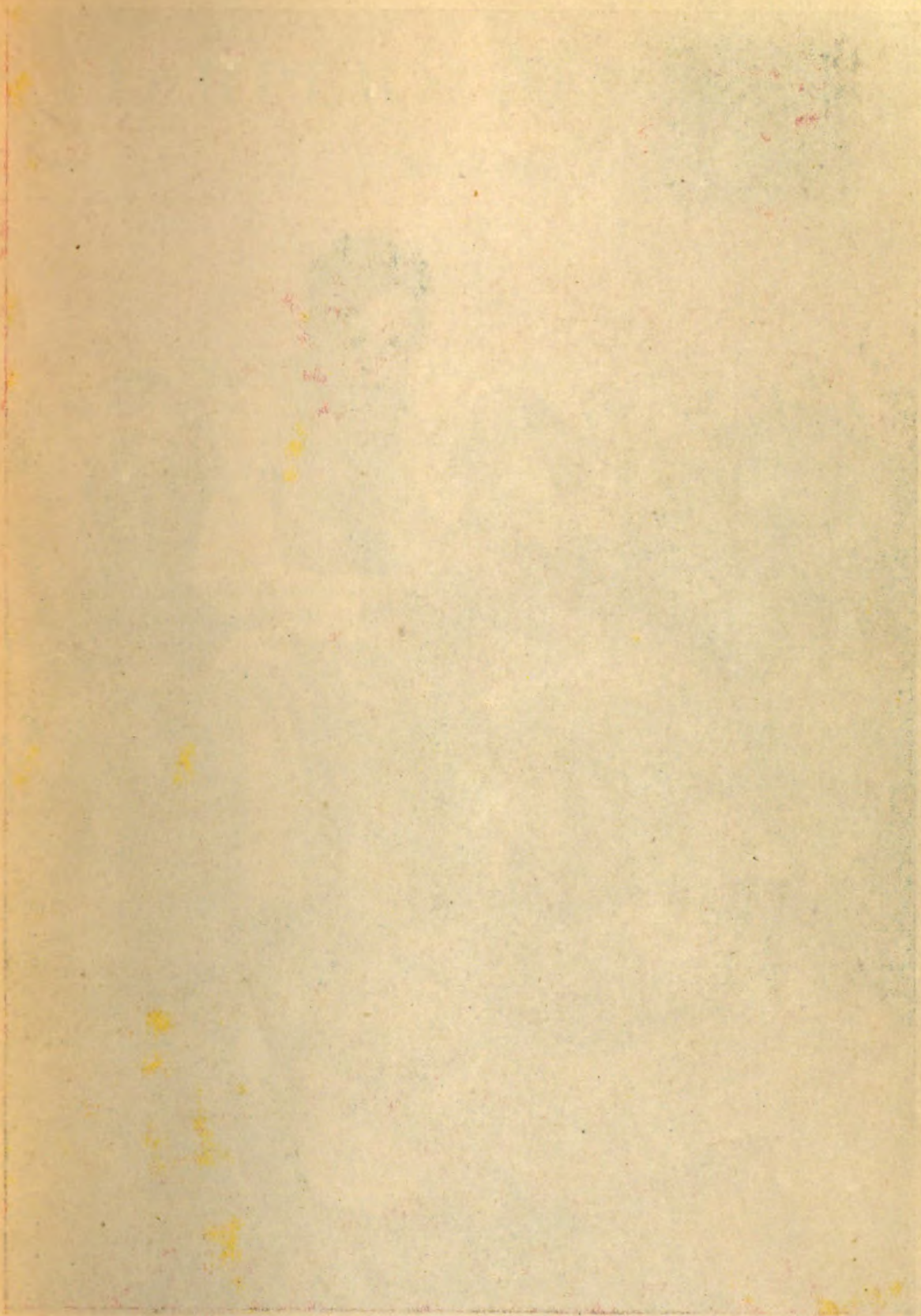
THE fairy tales, the merry tales,
The heavy and the airy tales,
The wistful ones of Andersen, the gruesome ones of Grimm,
The stories old and wonderful
From legends bold and thunderful—
The children see them on the screen and follow them with vim.

For Jack-the-Giant-Killer comes
Exactly as a thriller comes,
And breathlessly the children watch the ogres that he slays;
Or see a pumpkin-shell approach,
Changed to a Cinderella coach,
Before their widely opened eyes in these enchanted days.

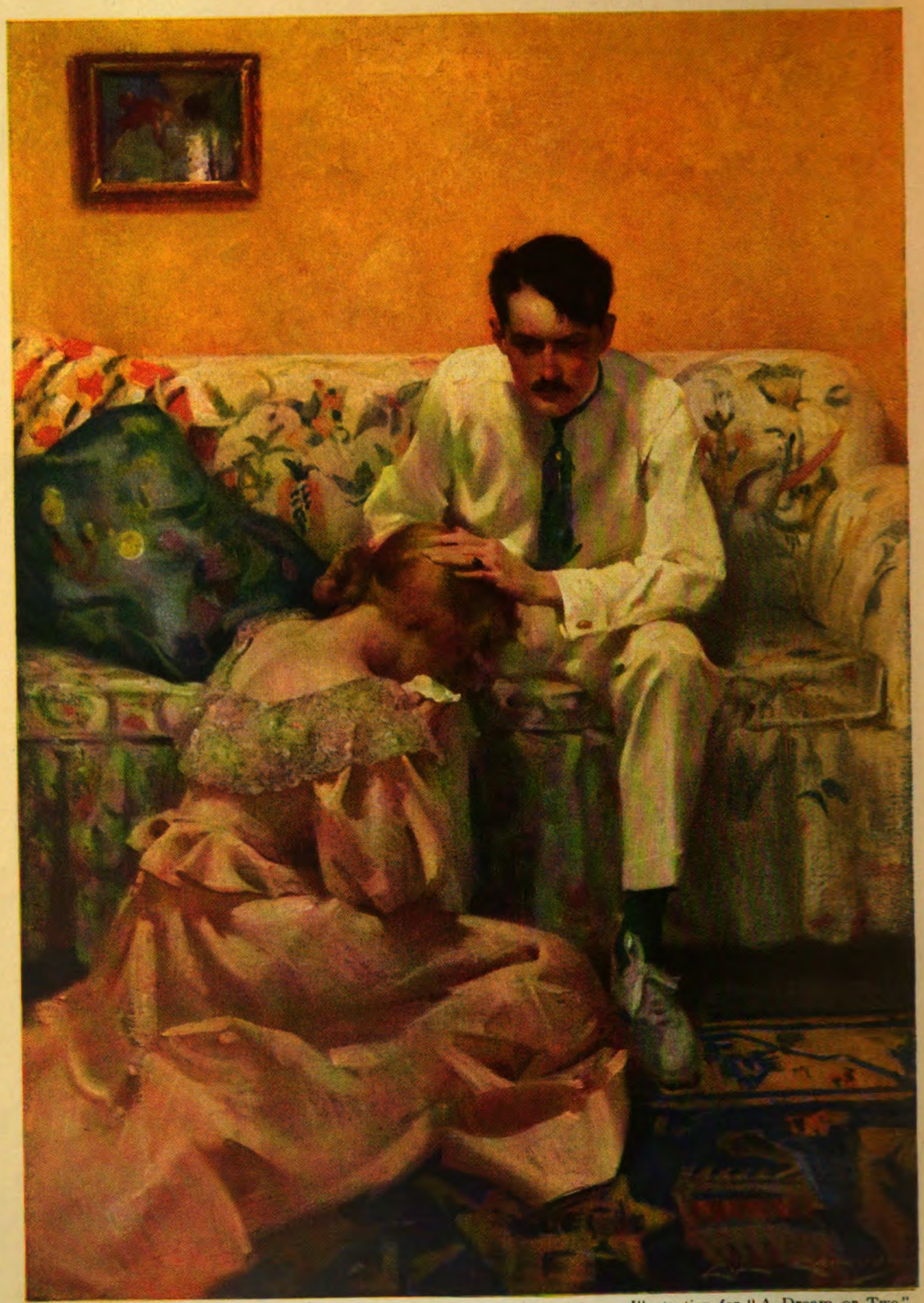
These stories, always glamourous
For which the tots are clamorous,
The wondrous trips of Gulliver and Sailor Sinbad, too,
The joyous and the tragical,
By modern methods magical
Before the children on the screen are fairy tales come true!

BERTON BRALEY.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "A Dream or Two"

"WHAT MORE CAN I GIVE OR PROMISE?"

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXL MAY, 1920 NO. DCCCXL



THE BEAUTY AND THE BOLSHEVIST

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

THE editor of that much-abused New York daily, *Liberty*, pushed back his editorial typewriter and opened one letter in the pile which the office-boy—no respecter of persons—had just laid upon the desk while whistling a piercing tune between his teeth.

The letter said:

DEAR BEN,—I hate to think what your feelings will be on learning that I am engaged to be married to a daughter of the capitalistic class. Try to overcome your prejudices, however, and judge Eugenia as an individual and not as a member of a class. She has very liberal ideas, reads your paper, and is content to go with me to Monroe College and lead the life of an instructor's wife. You will be glad to know that Mr. Cord disapproves as much as you do, and will not give his daughter a cent, so that our life will be as hard on the physical side as you in your most affectionate moments could desire. Mr. Cord is under the impression that lack of an income will cool my ardor. You see he could not think worse of me if he were my own brother.

Yours,

DAVID.

The fine face of the editor darkened. It was the face of an idealist—the deep-set, slowly changing eyes, the high cheek-bones, but the mouth closed firmly, almost obstinately, and contradicted the rest of the face with a touch of aggressiveness, just as in Lincoln's face the dreamer was contradicted by the shrewd, practical mouth. He crossed his arms above the elbow so that one long hand dangled on one side of his knees and one on the other—a favorite pose of his—and sat thinking.

The editor was often called a Bolshevist—as who is not in these days? For language is given us not only to conceal thought, but often to prevent it, and every now and then when the problems of the world become too complex and too vital, some one stops all thought on a subject by inventing a tag, like "witch" in the seventeenth century, or "Bolshevist" in the twentieth.

Ben Moreton was not a Bolshevist; indeed, he had written several editorials to show that in his opinion their doctrines were not sound, but of course the people who denounced him never thought of reading his paper. He was a socialist, a believer in government ownership, and, however equably he attempted to examine any dispute between capital and labor, he always found for labor. He was much denounced by ultra-conservatives, and perhaps their instinct was sound, for he was educated,

Copyright, 1920, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

determined, and possessed of a personality that attached people warmly, so that he was more dangerous than those whose doctrines were more militant. He was not wholly trusted by the extreme radicals. His views were not consistently agreeable to either group. For instance, he believed that the conscientious objectors were really conscientious, a creed for which many people thought he ought to be deported. On the other hand, he doubted that Wall Street had started the war for its own purposes, a skepticism which made some of his friends think him just fit for a bomb.

The great problem of his life was how to hold together a body of liberals so that they could be effective. This problem was going to be immensely complicated by the marriage of his brother with the daughter of a conspicuous capitalist like William Cord.

He pushed the buzzer on his desk and wrote out the following telegram:

David Moreton, Care William Cord,
Newport, R. I.
Am taking boat Newport to-night. Meet me.
Ben.

No one answered his buzzer, but presently a boy came in collecting copy, and Moreton said to him:

"Here, get this sent, and ask Klein to come here. He's in the composing-room."

And presently Mr. Klein entered, in the characteristic dress of the newspaper man—namely, shirtsleeves and a green shade over his eyes.

"Look here, Ben!" he exclaimed in some excitement. "Here's a thousand-dollar check just come in for the strike fund. How's that for the second day?"

"Good enough," said Ben, who would ordinarily have put in a good hour rejoicing over such unexpected good fortune, but whose mind was now on other things. "I have to go out of town to-night. You'll be here, won't you, to lock the presses? And, see here, Leo, what is the matter with our book-page?"

"Pretty rotten page," replied Klein.

"I should say it was—all about taxes and strikes and economic crises. I told Green never to touch those things in the book reviews. Our readers get all they want of that from us in the news and the editorials—hotter, better stuff, too. I've told him not to touch 'em in the book-page, and he runs nothing else. He ought to be beautiful—ought to talk about fairies, and poetry, and twelfth-century art. What's the matter with him?"

"He doesn't know anything," said Klein. "That's his trouble. He's clever, but he doesn't know much. I guess he only began to read books a couple years ago. They excite him too much. He wouldn't read a fairy story. He'd think he was wasting time."

"Get some one to help him out."

"Who 'd I get?"

"Look about. I've got to go home and pack a bag. Ask Miss Cox what time that Newport boat leaves."

"Newport! Great heavens, Ben! What is this? A little week-end?"

"A little weak brother, Leo."

"David in trouble again?"

Moreton nodded. "He thinks he's going to marry William Cord's daughter."

Klein, who was Ben's friend as well as his assistant, blanched at the name.

"*Cord's* daughter!" he exclaimed, and if he had said Jack-the-ripper's, he could not have expressed more horror. "Now isn't it queer," he went on, musingly, "that David, brought up as he has been, can see anything to attract him in a girl like that?"

Ben was tidying his desk preparatory to departure—that is to say, he was pushing all the papers far enough back to enable him to close the roller top, and he answered, absently:

"Oh, I suppose they're all pretty much the same—girls."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Leo, reproachfully. "How can a girl who's been brought up to be a parasite—to display the wealth of her father and husband, and has never done a useful

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

thing since she was born— Why, a woman was telling me the other day—I got caught in a block in the subway and she was next me—awfully interesting, she was. She sewed in one of these fashionable dressmaking establishments—and the things she told me about what those women spend on their clothes—underclothes and furs and everything. Now there must be something wrong with a woman who can spend money on those things when she knows the agony of poverty right around her. You can't compare that sort of woman to a self-respecting, self-supporting girl—"



IT WAS THE FACE OF AN IDEALIST

At this moment the door opened and Miss Cox entered. She wore a short-sleeved, low-neck, pink-satin blouse, a white-satin skirt, open-work stockings, and slippers so high in the heels that her ankles turned inward. Her hair was treated with henna and piled untidily on the top of her head. She was exactly what Klein had described—a self-respecting, self-supporting girl, but, on a superficial acquaintance, men of Cord's group would have thought quite as badly of her as Klein did of fashionable women. They would have been mistaken. Miss Cox supported her mother, and, though only seventeen, denied herself all forms of enjoyment except dress and an occasional movie. She was conscientious, hard-working, accurate, and virtuous. She loved Ben, whom she regarded as wise, beautiful, and generous, but she would have died rather than have him or any one know it.

She undulated into the room, dropped one hip lower than the other, placed her hand upon it and said, with a good deal of enunciation:

"Oh, Mr. Moreton, the Newport boat leaves at five-thirty."

"Thank you very much, Miss Cox," said Ben, gravely, and she went out again.

"It would be a terrible thing for Dave to make a marriage like that," Klein went on as soon as she had gone, "getting mixed up with those fellows. And it would be bad for you, Ben—"

"I don't mean to get mixed up with them," said Ben.

"No, I mean having Dave do it. It would kill the paper; it would endanger your whole position; and as for leadership, you could never hope—"

"Now, look here, Leo. You don't think I can stop my brother's marrying because it might be a poor connection for me? The point is that it wouldn't be good for Dave—to be a poorly tolerated hanger-on. That's why I'm going hot-foot to Newport. And while I'm away, do try to do something about the book-page. Get me a culture-hound—get one of these Pater specialists from Harvard. Or," he added, with sudden inspiration when his hand was already on the door, "get a woman—she'd have a sense of beauty and would know how to jolly Green into agreeing with her." And with this the editor was gone.

It was the end of one of those burning weeks in early August that New York often knows. The sun went down as red as blood every evening behind the Pali-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sades, and, before the streets and roofs had ceased to radiate heat, the sun was up again above Long Island Sound, as hot and red as ever. As Ben went uptown in the Sixth Avenue Elevated he could see pale children hanging over the railings of fire-escapes, and behind them catch glimpses of dark, crowded rooms which had all the disadvantages of caves without the coolness. But to-day he was too concentrated on his own problem to notice.

Since Ben's sixteenth year, his brother David had been dependent on him. Their father had been professor of economics in a college in that part of the United States which Easterners describe as the "Middle West." In the gay days when muck-raking was at its height Professor Moreton had lost his chair because he had denounced in his lecture-room financial operations which to-day would be against the law. At that time they were well thought of and even practised by the eminent philanthropist who had endowed the very chair which Moreton occupied. The trustees felt that it was unkind and unnecessary to complicate their already difficult duties by such tactlessness, and their hearts began to turn against Moreton, as most of our hearts turn against those who make life too hard for us. Before long they asked him to resign on account of his age—he was just sixty and extremely vigorous; but immediately afterward, having been deeply surprised and hurt, he did what Goldsmith recommends to lovely woman under not dissimilar circumstances—he died. He left his two young sons—he had married late in life—absolutely unprovided for. Ben, the elder of the two, was sixteen, and just ready for college; but he could not give four precious years to an academic degree. He went to work. With the background of an educated environment, and a very sound knowledge of economic questions, breathed in from his earliest days, he found a place at once on a new paper—or, rather, on an old paper just being converted into a new organ of liberalism—*Liberty*. It was independent in politics, and was supposed to be independent in economic questions, but by the time Ben worked up to the editorship it was well recognized to be an anti-capitalist sheet. The salary of its editor, though not large, was sufficient to enable him to send his younger brother through college, with the result that David, a little weak, a little self-indulgent, a little—partly through physical causes—disinclined to effort, was now a poet, a classicist and an instructor in a fresh-water college. Ben made him an allowance to enable him to live—the college not thinking this necessary for its instructors. But during the war Ben had not been able to manage the allowance because, to the surprise of many of his friends, Ben had volunteered early.

Although the reasons for doing this seemed absurdly simple to him, the decision had been a difficult one. He was a pacifist—saw no virtue in war whatsoever. He wished to convert others to his opinion—unlike many reformers who prefer to discuss questions only with those who already agree with them. He argued that the speeches of a man who had been through war, or, better still, the posthumous writings of one who has been killed in war, would have more weight with the public than the best logic of one who had held aloof. But his radical friends felt that he was using this argument merely as an excuse for choosing the easy path of conformity, while the few ultra-conservatives who mentioned the matter at all, assumed that he had been drafted against his will. Afterward, when the war was over and his terrible book, *War*, appeared, no one was pleased, for the excellent reason that it was published at a moment when the whole world wanted to forget war entirely. The pay of a private, however, had not allowed him to continue David's allowance, and so David, displaying unusual energy, had found a job for himself as tutor for the summer to William Cord's son. Ben had not quite approved of a life that seemed to him slightly

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"NEWPORT! GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT IS THIS? A LITTLE WEEK-END?"

parasitical, but it was healthy and quiet and, above everything, David had found it for himself, and initiative was so rare in the younger man that Ben could not bear to crush it with disapproval.

Increasingly, during the two years he was in France, Ben was displeased by David's letters. The Cords were described as kindly, well-educated people, fond of one another, considerate of the tutor, with old-fashioned traditions of American liberties. Ben asked himself if he would have been better pleased if David's employers had been cruel, vulgar, and blatant, and found the answer was in the affirmative. It would, he thought, have been a good deal safer for David's integrity if he had not been so comfortable.

For two summers Ben had made no protest, but the third summer, when the war was over and the allowance again possible, he urged David not to go back to Newport. David flatly refused to yield. He said he saw no reason why he should go on taking Ben's money when this simple way of earning a full living was open to him. Wasn't Ben's whole theory that every one should be self-supporting? Why not be consistent?

Ignorant people might imagine that two affectionate brothers could not quarrel over an issue purely affectionate. But the Moretons did quarrel—more bitterly than ever before and that is saying a great deal. With the extraordinary tenacity of memory that develops under strong emotion, they both contrived to recall and to mention everything which the other had done that was wrong, ridiculous, or humiliating since their earliest days. They parted with the impression on David's part that Ben thought him a self-indulgent grafter, and on Ben's side that David thought him a bully solely interested in imposing his will on those unfortunate enough to be dependent on him.

It was after half past four when, having walked up five flights of stairs, he let himself into his modest flat on the top floor of an old-fashioned brownstone

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

house. As he opened the door, he called, "Nora!"

No beautiful partner of a free-love affair appeared, but an elderly woman in spectacles who had once been Professor Moreton's cook, and now, doing all the housework for Ben, contrived to make him so comfortable that the editor of a more radical paper than his own had described the flat as "a bourgeois interior."

"Nora," said Ben, "put something in my bag for the night—I'm going to Newport in a few minutes."

He had expected a flood of questions, for Nora was no looker-on at life, and he was surprised by her merely observing that she was glad he was getting away from the heat. The truth was that she knew far more about David than he did. She had consistently coddled David since his infancy, and he told her a great deal. Besides, she took care of his things when he was at Ben's. She had known of sachets, photographs, and an engraved locket that he wore on his watch-chain. She was no radical. She had seen disaster come upon the old professor and attributed it, not to the narrowness of the trustees, but to the folly of the professor. She disapproved of most of Ben's friends, and would have despised his paper if she ever read it. The only good thing about it in her estimation was he seemed to be able "to knock a living out of it"—a process which Nora regarded with a sort of gay casualness. She did not blame him for making so little money and thus keeping her housekeeping cramped, but she never in her own mind doubted that it would be far better if he had more. The idea that David was about to marry money seemed to her simply the reward of virtue—her own virtue in bringing David up so well. She knew that Mr. Cord opposed the marriage, but she supposed that Ben would arrange all that. She had great confidence in Ben. Still he was young, very young, so she gave him a word of advice as she put his bag into his hand.

"Don't take any nonsense. Remember you're every bit as good as they. Only don't, for goodness' sake, Mr. Ben, talk, any of your ideas to them. A rich man like Mr. Cord wouldn't like that."

Ben laughed. "How would you like me to bring you home a lovely heiress of my own?" he said.

She took a thread off his coat. "Only don't let her come interfering in my kitchen," she said, and hurried him away. He had a good deal of courage, but he had not enough to tell Nora he was going to Newport to stop her darling's marriage.

The Newport boat gets to Newport about two o'clock in the morning, and experienced travelers, if any such choose this method of approach, go on to Fall River, and take a train back to Newport, arriving in time for a comfortable nine-o'clock breakfast. But Ben was not experienced, and he supposed that when you took a boat for Newport and reached Newport the thing to do was to get off the boat.

It had been a wonderful night on the Sound, and Ben had not been to bed, partly because, applying late on a Friday evening, he had not been able to get a room, but partly because the moon and the southerly breeze and the silver shores of Long Island and the red and white lighthouses had been too beautiful to leave. Besides, he had wanted to think out carefully what he was going to say to his brother.

To separate a man from the woman he loves, however unwisely, has some of the same disadvantages as offering a bribe—one respects the other person less in proportion as one succeeds. What, Ben said to himself, could he urge against a girl he did not know? Yet, on the other hand, if he had known her, his objections would have seemed regrettably personal. Either way, it was difficult to know what to say. He wondered what Cord had said, and smiled to think that here was one object for which he and Cord were co-operating—only Cord would never believe it. That was one

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

trouble with capitalists—they always thought themselves so damned desirable. And Ben did not stop to inquire how it was that capitalists had gained this impression.

On the pier he looked about for David, but there was no David. Of course the boy had overslept, or hadn't received his telegram; Ben said this to himself, but somehow the vision of David comfortably asleep in a luxurious bed in the Cord's house irritated him.

His meditations were broken in upon by a negro boy with an open hack, who volunteered to "take him up for fifty cents." It sounded reasonable. Ben got in and they moved slowly down the narrow pier, the horses' hoofs clumping lazily on the wooden pavement. Turning past the alley of Thames Street, still alight at three o'clock in the morning, Ben stopped at the suggestion of his driver and left his bag at a hotel, and then they went on up the hill, past the tower of the Skeleton in Armor, past old houses with tall, pillared porticoes, reminiscent of the days when the South patronized Newport, and turned into Bellevue Avenue—past shops with names familiar to Fifth Avenue, past a villa with bright-eyed owls on the gateposts, past many large, silent houses and walled gardens.

The air was very cool, and now and then the scent of some flowering bush trailed like a visible cloud across their path. Then suddenly the whole avenue was full of little red lights, like the garden in "Faust" when Mephistopheles performs his magic on it. Here and there the huge headlights of a car shone on the roadway, magnifying every rut in the asphalt, and bringing out strange, vivid shades in the grass and the hydrangea-bushes. They were passing a frowning palace set on a piece of velvet turf as small as a pocket-handkerchief—so small that the lighted windows were plainly visible from the road.



"MR. MORETON, THE NEWPORT BOAT LEAVES AT FIVE-THIRTY"

"Stop," said Ben to his driver. He had suddenly realized how long it must be before he could rouse the Cord household.

He paid his driver, got out, and made

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

his way up the driveway toward the house. Groups of chauffeurs were standing about their cars—vigorous, smartly dressed men, young for the most part. Ben wondered if it were possible that they were content with the present arrangement, and whether their wives and children were not stifling in the city at that very moment. He caught a sentence here and there as he passed. "And, believe me," one was saying, "as soon as he got into the box he did not do a thing to that fellar from Tiverton—" Ben's footsteps lagged a little. He was a baseball fan. He almost forgave the chauffeurs for being content. They seemed to him human beings, after all.

He approached the house, and, walking past a narrow, unroofed piazza, he found himself opposite a long window. He looked straight into the ballroom. The ball was a fancy ball—the best of the season. It was called a Balkan Ball, which gave all the guests the opportunity of dressing pretty much as they pleased. The wood of the long paneled room was golden, and softened the light from the crystal appliqués along the wall, and set off the bright dresses of the dancers as a gold bowl sets off the colors of fruit.

Every now and then people stepped out on the piazza, and as they did they became audible to Ben for a few seconds. First, two middle-aged men, solid, bronzed, laughing rather wickedly together. Ben drew back, afraid of what he might overhear, but it turned out to be no very guilty secret. "My dear fellow," one was saying, "I gave him a stroke a hole, and he's twenty years younger than I am—well, fifteen anyhow. The trouble with these young men is that they lack—"

Ben never heard what it was that young men lacked.

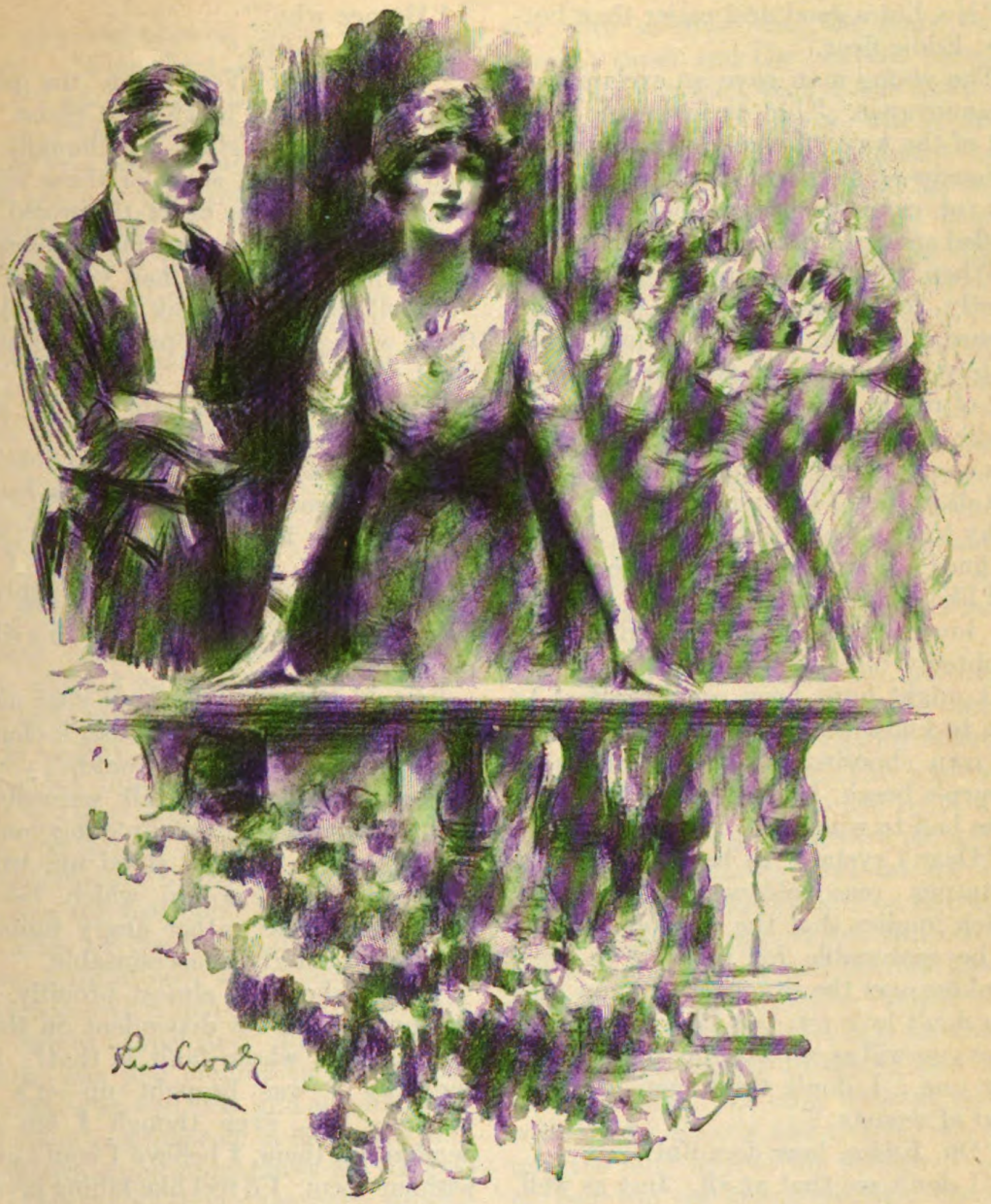
Next came a boy and girl, talking eagerly, the girl's hand gesticulating at her round, red lips. Ben had no scruples in overhearing them—theirs appeared to be the universal secret. But here again he was wrong. She was saying: "Round and round—not up and down. My dentist says that if you always brush them round and round—"

Then two young men—boys, with cigarettes drooping from their lips; they were saying, "I haven't pitched a game since before the war, but he said to go in and get that Tiverton fellow, and so—" Ben saw that he was in the presence of the hero of the late game. He forgave him, too.

As a matter of fact, he had never given the fashionable world enough attention to hate it. He knew that Leo Klein derived a very re-vivifying antagonism from reading about it, and often bought himself an entrance to the opera partly because he loved music, but partly, Ben always thought, because he liked to look up at the boxes and hate the occupants for their jewels and inattention. But Ben watched the spectacle with as much detachment as he would have watched a spring dance among the Indians.

And then suddenly his detachment melted away, for a lovely girl came through the window—lovely with that particular and specific kind of loveliness which Ben thought of when he used the word—his kind. He used to wonder afterward how he had known it at that first glimpse, for, in the dim light of the piazza, he could not see some of her greatest beauties—the whiteness of her skin, white as milk where her close, fine, brown hair began, or the blue of the eyes set at an angle which might have seemed Oriental in eyes less enchanting turquoise in color. But he could see her slenderness and grace. She was dressed in clinging blues and greens and she wore a silver turban. She leaned her hands on the railings—she turned them out along the railings; they were slender and full of character—not soft. Ben looked at the one nearest him. With hardly more than a turn of his head he could have kissed it. The idea appealed to him strongly; he played with it, just as when he was a child in a college town he had played with the idea of getting

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU SERIOUSLY"

up in church and walking about on the backs of the pews. This would be pleasanter, and the subsequent get-away even easier. He glanced at the dark lawn behind him; there appeared to be no obstacle to escape.

Perhaps under the spell of her attraction for him, and the knowledge that he would never see her again, he might actually have done it, but she broke the trance by speaking to a tall, stolid young man who was with her.

"No, Eddie," she said, as if answering something he had said some time ago, "I really was at home, at just the time I said, only this new butler does hate you so—"

"You might speak to him about it—you might even get rid of him," replied the young man, in the tone of one deeply imposed upon.

"Good butlers are so rare nowadays."

"And are devoted friends so easy to find?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"No, but a good deal easier than butlers, Eddie dear."

The young man gave an exclamation of annoyance. "Let us find some place out of the way. I want to speak to you seriously—" he began, and they moved out of earshot—presumably to a secluded spot of Eddie's choosing.

When they had gone Ben felt distinctly lonely, and, what was more absurd, slighted, as if Eddie had deliberately taken the girl away from him—out of reach. How silly, he thought, for Eddie to want to talk to her, when it was so clear the fellow did not know how to talk to her. How silly to say, in the sulky tone, "Are devoted friends so easy to find?" Of course they were—for a girl like that—devoted friends, passionate lovers, and sentimental idiots undoubtedly blocked her path.

It might have been some comfort to him to know that in the remote spot of his own choosing, a stone bench under a purple beech, Eddie was simply going from bad to worse.

"Dear Crystal," he began, with that irritating reasonableness of manner which implies that the speaker is going to be reasonable for two, "I've been thinking over the situation. I know that you don't love me, but then I don't believe you will ever be deeply in love with any one. I don't think you are that kind of woman."

"Oh, Eddie, how dreadful!"

"I don't see that at all. Just as well, perhaps. You don't want to get yourself into such a position as poor Eugenia."

"I do, I would. I'd give anything to be as much in love as Eugenia."

"What? With a fellow like that! A complete outsider."

"Outside of what? The human race?"

"Well, no," said Eddie, as if he were yielding a good deal, "but outside of your traditions and your set."

"My set! Good for him to be outside of it, I say. What have they ever done to make any one want to be inside of it? Why, David is an educated gentleman. To hear him quote Horace—"

"Horace who?"

"Really, Eddie."

"Oh, I see. You mean the poet. That's nothing to laugh at, Crystal. It was a natural mistake. I thought, of course, you meant some of those anarchists who want to upset the world."

Crystal looked at him more honestly and seriously than she had yet done.

"Well, don't you think there *is* something wrong with the present arrangement of things, Eddie?"

"No, I don't, and I hate to hear you talk like a socialist."

"I am a socialist."

"You're nothing of the kind."

"I suppose I know what I am."

"Not at all—not at all."

"I certainly think the rich are too rich, while the poor are so horribly poor."

"*You'd* get on well without your maid and your car and your father's charge accounts at all the shops, wouldn't you?"

Though agreeable to talk seriously if you agree, it is additionally dangerous if you disagree. Crystal stood up, trembling with an emotion which Eddie, although he was rather angry himself, considered utterly unaccountable.

"Yes," she said, almost proudly, "I *am* luxurious, I *am* dependent on those things. But whose fault is that? It's the way I was brought up—it's all wrong. But, even though I am dependent on them, I believe I could exist without them. I'd feel like killing myself if I didn't think so. Sometimes I want to go away and find out if I couldn't live and be myself without all this background of luxury. But at the worst—I'm just one girl—suppose I were weak and couldn't get on without them? That wouldn't prove that they are right. I'm not so blinded that I can't see that a system by which I profit may still be absolutely wrong. But you always seem to think, Eddie, that it's part of the Constitution of the United States that you should have everything you've always had."

Eddie rose, too, with the manner of a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

man who has allowed things to go far enough. "Look here, my dear girl," he said, "I am a man and I'm older than you, and have seen more of the world I know you don't mean any harm, but I must tell you that this is very wicked, dangerous talk."

"Dangerous, perhaps, Eddie, but I can't see how it can be wicked to want to give up your special privileges."

"Where in the world do you pick up ideas like this?"

"I inherited them from an English ancestor of mine, who gave up all that he had when he enlisted in Washington's army."

"You got this stuff," said Eddie, brushing this aside, "from David Moreton, and that infernal seditious paper his brother edits—and that white-livered book which I haven't read against war. I'd like to put them all in jail."

"It's a pity," said Crystal, "that your side can't think of a better argument than putting every one who disagrees with you in jail."

With this she turned and left him, and, entering the ballroom, flung herself into the arms of the first partner she met. It was a timid boy, who, startled by the eagerness with which she chose him, with her bright eyes and quickly drawn breath, was just coming to the conclusion that a lovely, rich, and admired lady had fallen passionately in love with him, when with equal suddenness she stepped out of his arms and was presently driving her small, open car down the avenue.

Under the purple beech Eddie, left alone, sank back on the stone bench and considered somewhat, as the persecutors of Socrates may have done, suitable punishments for those who put vile, revolutionary ideas into the heads of young and lovely women.

In the mean time Ben, who had enjoyed the party more than most of the invited guests, and far more than the disconsolate Eddie, had left his vantage-point at the window. He had suddenly become aware of a strange light stealing in under the trees, and, looking up, he saw with surprise that the stars were growing small and the heavens turning steel-color—in fact, that it was dawn.

Convinced that sunrise was a finer sight than the end of the grandest ball that ever was given, he made his way down a shabby back lane, and before long came out on the edge of the cliffs, with the whole panorama of sunrise over the Atlantic spread out before him.

He stood there a moment, somebody's close, well-kept lawn under his feet, and a pale-pink sea sucking in and out on the rocks a hundred feet below. The same hot, red sun was coming up; there wasn't a steady breeze, but cool salt puffs came to him now and then with a breaking wave. It was going to be a hot day, and Ben liked swimming better than most things in life. He hesitated.

If he had turned to the left, he would have come presently to a public beach and would have had his swim conventionally and in due time. But some impulse told him to turn to the right, and he began to wander westward along the edge of the cliffs—always on his left hand, space and the sea, and on his right, lawns or gardens or parapets crowned by cactus plants in urns and behind these a great variety of houses — French châteaux and marble palaces and nice little white cottages, and, finally, a frowning Gothic castle. All alike seemed asleep with empty piazzas and closed shutters, and the only sign of life he saw in any of them was one pale housemaid shaking a duster out of a window in an upper gable.

At last he came to a break in the cliffs —a cove, with a beach in it, a group of buildings obviously bathing-houses. The sacredness of this pavilion did not occur to Ben; indeed, there was nothing to suggest it. He entered it light-heartedly and was discouraged to find the door of every cabin securely locked. The place was utterly deserted. But Ben was persistent, and presently he detected a bit of a garment hanging over a door, and, pulling it out, he found himself in possession of a man's bathing-suit. A little

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

farther on he discovered a telephone-room unlocked. Here he undressed and a minute later was swimming straight out to sea.

The level rays of the sun were doing to the water just what the headlights of the motors had done to the road; they were enlarging every ripple, and edging the deep purple-blue with yellow light. Except for a fishing dory chunking out to its day's work, Ben had the sea and land to himself. He felt as if they were all his own, and, for a socialist, was guilty of the sin of pride of possession. He was enjoying himself so much that it was a long time before he turned to swim back.

He was swimming with his head under water most of the time so that he did not at once notice that a raft he had passed on his way out was now occupied. As soon as he did see it his head came up. It was a female figure, and even from a distance he could see that she was unconscious of his presence and felt quite as sure of having the world to herself as he was. She was sitting on the edge of the raft, kicking a pair of the prettiest legs in the world in and out of the water. They were clad in the thinnest of blue-silk stockings, the same in which a few minutes before she had been dancing, but not being able to find any others in her bath-house, she had just kept them on, recklessly ignoring the inevitable problem of what she should wear home. She was leaning back on her straightened arms, with her head back, looking up into the sky and softly whistling to herself. Ben saw in a second that she was the girl of the silver turban.

He stole nearer and nearer, cutting silently through the water, and then, when he had looked his fill, he put his head down again, splashed a little, and did not look up until his hand was on the raft, when he allowed an expression of calm surprise to appear on his face.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Is this a private raft?"

The young lady, who had had plenty of time since the splash to arrange her countenance, looked at him with a blank coldness, and then suddenly smiled.

"I thought it was a private world," she replied

"It's certainly a very agreeable one," said Ben, climbing on the raft. "And what I like particularly about it is the fact that no one is alive but you and I. Newport appears to be a city of the dead."

"It always was," she answered, contemptuously.

"Oh, come. Not an hour ago you were dancing in blue and green and a silver turban at a party over there," and he waved his hand in the direction from which he had come.

"Did you think it was a good ball?"

"I enjoyed it," he answered, truthfully.

Her face fell. "How very disappointing," she said. "I didn't see you there."

"Disappointing that you did not see me there?"

"No," she replied, and then, less positively; "No; I meant it was disappointing that you were the kind of man who went to parties—and enjoyed them."

"It would be silly to go if you didn't enjoy them," he returned, lightly.

She turned to him very seriously. "You're right," she said; "it is silly—very silly, and it's just what I do. I consider parties like that the lowest, emptiest form of human entertainment. They're dull; they're expensive; they keep you from doing intelligent things, like studying; they keep you from doing simple, healthy things, like sleeping and exercising; they make you artificial; they make you civil to people you despise—they make women, at least, for we must have partners—"

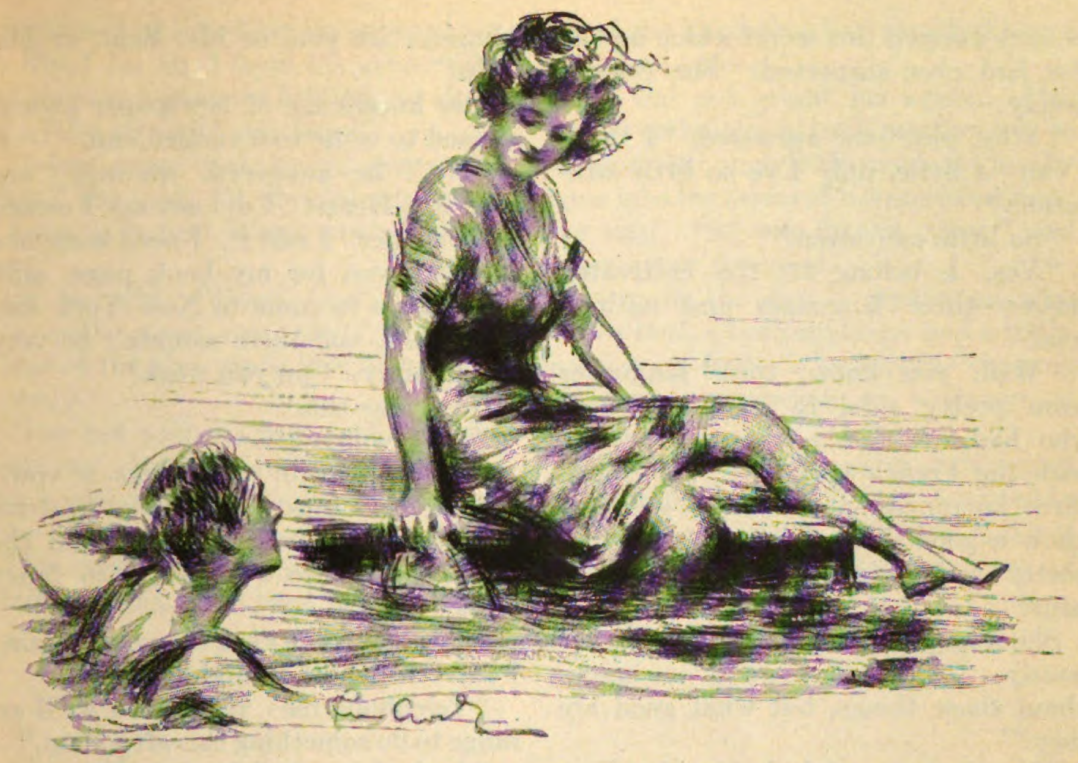
"But why do you go, then?"

She was silent, and they looked straight and long at each other. Then she said, gravely:

"The answer's very humiliating. I go because I haven't anything else to do."

He did not reassure her. "Yes, that's bad," he said, after a second. "But of course you could not expect to have

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"I BEG YOUR PARDON. IS THIS A PRIVATE RAFT?"

anything else to do when all your time is taken up like that. 'When the half gods go,' you know, 'the gods arrive.'"

The quotation was not new to Crystal; in fact, she had quoted it to Eddie not very long before, apropos of another girl to whom he had shown a mild attention, but it seemed to her as if she took in for the first time its real meaning. Whether it was the dawn, exhaustion, a stimulating personality, love, or mere accident, the words now came to her with all the beauty and truth of a religious conviction. They seemed to shake her and make her over. She felt as if she could never be sufficiently grateful to the person who had thus made all life fresh and new to her.

"Ah," she said, very gently, "that's it. I see. You won't believe me, but I assure you from now on I mean to be entirely different."

"Please, not too different."

"Oh yes, yes, as different as possible. I've been so unhappy, and unhappy about nothing definite—that's the worst kind, only that I have not liked the life I was leading."

She glanced at him appealingly. She had tried to tell this simple story to so many people, for she had many friends, and yet no one had ever really understood. Some had told her she was spoiled, more, that there was no use in trying to change her life because she would soon marry; most of all had advised her to marry and find out what real trouble was. Now, as she spoke she saw that this strange young man from the sea not only understood her discontent, but thought it natural, almost commonplace.

She poured it all out. "Only the worst thing," she ended, "is that I'm not really any good. There isn't anything else that I know how to do."

"I doubt that," he answered, and she began to doubt it, too. "I'm sure there are lots of things you could do if you put your mind on it. Did you ever try to write?"

Now, indeed, she felt sure that he was gifted with powers more than mortal—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to have guessed this secret which no one else had ever suspected. She colored deeply.

"Why, yes," she answered, "I think I can—a little, only I've so little education."

"So little education?"

"Yes, I belong to the cultivated classes—three languages and nothing solid."

"Well, you know, three languages seem pretty solid to me," said Ben, who had wrestled very unsuccessfully with the French tongue. "You speak three languages, and, let me see, you know a good deal about painting, and poetry and jade and Chinese porcelains?"

She shrugged ner shoulders contemptuously. "Oh, of course every one knows about those things, but what good are they?"

They were a good deal of good to Ben. He pressed on toward his final goal. "What is your attitude toward fairies?" he asked, and Miss Cox would have heard in his tone a faint memory of his voice when he engaged a new office-boy.

Her attitude toward fairies was perfectly satisfactory, and he showed so much appreciation that she went on and told him her great secret in full. She had once had something published and been paid money for it—fifteen dollars—and probably never in her life had she spoken of any sum with so much respect. It had been, well, a sort of a review of a new illustrated edition of Hans Andersen, treating them as if they were modern stories, commenting on them from the point of view of morals and probability—making fun of people who couldn't give themselves up to the charm of a story unless it tallied with their own horrid little experiences of life. She told it, she said, very badly, but perhaps he could get the idea.

He got it perfectly. "Good," he said. "I'll give you a job. I'm a newspaper editor."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "you're not Mr. Munsey, are you, or Mr. Reid, or Mr. Ochs?"

Her knowledge of newspaper owners seemed to come to a sudden end.

"No," he answered, smiling, "nor even Mr. Hearst. I did not say I owned a newspaper. I edit it. I need some one just like you for my book page, only you'd have to come to New York and work hard, and there wouldn't be very much salary. Can you work?"

"Any one can."

"Well, will you?"

"Indeed I will." (It was a vow.) "And now I must go. I have to drive myself home in an open car, and the tourists do stare at one so—in fancy dress."

"Yes, but when am I to see you again? I leave Newport to-night."

"Telephone me—2079—and we'll arrange to do something this afternoon."

"And whom shall I ask for?"

"Telephone at two-fifteen to the minute, and I'll answer the telephone myself."

She evidently rather enjoyed the mystery of their not knowing each other's names. But a black idea occurred to Ben. She had slid off the raft and swum a few strokes before he shouted to her:

"Look here. Your name isn't Eugenia, is it?"

She waved her hand. "No, I'm Crystal," she called back.

"Good-by, Crystal."

This time she did not wave, but, swimming on her side with long, easy strokes, she gave him a sweet reassuring look.

After she had gone he lay down on the raft with his face buried in his arms. A few moments before he had thought he could never see enough of the sunrise and the sea, but now he wanted to shut it out in favor of a much finer spectacle within him. So this was love. Strange that no one had ever been able to prepare you for it. Strange that poets had never been able to give you a hint of its stupendous inevitability. He wondered if all miracles were like that—so simple—so—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Suddenly he heard her voice near him. He lifted his head from his arms. She was there in the water below him, clinging to the raft with one hand.

"I just came back to tell you something," she said. "I thought you ought to know it before things went any farther."

He thought, "Good God! she's in love with some one else!" and the horror of the idea made him look at her severely.

"I'm not perhaps just as I seem—I mean my views are rather liberal. In fact"—she brought it out with an effort—"I'm almost a socialist."

The relief was so great that Ben couldn't speak. He bent his head and kissed the hand that had tempted him a few hours before.

She did not resent his action. Her special technique in such matters was to pretend that such little incidents hardly came into the realm of her consciousness. She said, "At two-fifteen, then," and swam away for good.

Later in the day a gentleman who owned both a bathing-house and a bathing-suit on Bailey's beach was showing the latter possession to a group of friends.

"No one can tell me that Newport isn't damp," he said. "I haven't been in bathing for twenty-four hours, and yet I can actually wring the water out of my suit."

(*To be continued.*)

LOVELY CHANCE

BY SARA TEASDALE

O LOVELY chance, what can I do
To give my gratefulness to you?
You rise between myself and me
With a wise persistency;
I would have broken body and soul,
But, by your grace, still I am whole.
Many a thing you did to save me,
Many a holy gift you gave me,
Friends and songs and happy love
More than my dearest dreaming of;
And now in this wide twilight hour
With earth and heaven a dark blue flower,
In a humble mood I bless
Your wisdom—and your waywardness.
You led me even here, where I
Live on a hill against the sky,
And look on mountains and the sea
And a thin white moon in the pepper-tree.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MEMORIES OF MEN AND PLACES

SWINBURNE—CARLYLE—JOWETT—BROWNING—BULWER LYTTON

BY W. H. MALLOCK

W. H. Mallock, best known to American readers as the author of "The New Republic," and "A Critical Examination of Socialism," and recognized as one of England's leading economists, is a nephew of Froude, the historian, and has himself long held an enviable position in London's literary and political society.

At Oxford, he was a pupil of the famous Jowett, the Master of Balliol, who early recognized his brilliancy of mind. In these papers he presents a graphic and varied picture of the Oxford of his day and of a brilliant generation of statesmen, men of letters, and social leaders.

OF the men—the noteworthy men—with whom I became acquainted before I had escaped from the torture of my last examination at Oxford, most had a taste for literature, while some had achieved renown in it. Of these, however, the first with whom I became intimate was one whose literary connections were vicarious rather than personal. My friendship with him originated in the fact that he was an old friend of my relatives, the Froudes, and, as soon as Chelston Cross was completed, he would pay them protracted visits there. This was the then Lord Wentworth, who for me was a magical being because he was Byron's grandson. Another acquaintance who brought with him a subtle aroma of poetry was Wentworth's remarkable brother-in-law, Wilfrid Blunt, then the handsomest of our younger English diplomatists, a breeder of Arab horses, and also the author of love poems which deserve beyond all comparison more attention than they have yet received. Others again were Robert Browning, Ruskin, Carlyle, and Swinburne. These I met either at Oxford or in London, but to those whom I came to know through the William Froudes at Torquay, may be added Aubery de Vere, the Catholic poet of Ireland, Lord Houghton, Lord Lytton, the novelist, and the second Lord Lytton, his son, known to all lovers of poetry under pseudonym of "Owen Meredith."

Of the well-known visitors who wintered at Torquay none was more punctual in his appearance than Lord Houghton, who found an annual home there in the house of two maiden aunts. Through these long-established residents he had for years been familiar with my family, and from the first occasion on which I met him he exhibited a friendship almost paternal for myself. Lord Houghton was a man who, as Dryden said of Shadwell, would have been the wittiest writer in the world if his books had been equal to his conversation. Certainly nothing which he wrote, or which a biographer has written about him, gives any idea of the gifts—a very peculiar mixture—which made him a marked figure in any company which his ubiquitous presence animated. He knew everybody of note in the fashionable and semi-fashionable world, and many who belonged to neither, such as the Tichbourne claimant, and Calcraft, the common hangman; and his views of life from whatever point he looked at it,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

were expressed with a weighty brilliance or a sub-cynical humor. He was once sitting at dinner by the celebrated Lady E—— of T——, who was indulging in a long lament over the social decadence of the rising male generation. "When I was a girl," she said, "all the young men in London were at my feet." "My dear lady," said Lord Houghton, "were all the young men of your generation chiropodists?" Mr. C. Milnes Gaskell of Thornes told me of a perplexing situation in which he had once found himself, and of how he sought counsel about it from Lord Houghton, his kinsman. Gaskell's difficulty was this. A friend for whom he was acting as trustee had, without imposing on him any legal obligations in the matter, begged him with his dying breath to carry out certain instructions. These seemed to Gaskell extremely unwise and objectionable, "and yet," so he said to Lord Houghton, "of course a peculiar sanctity attaches itself to dying wishes. What would you do in such a situation as mine?" For a little while Lord Houghton reflected, and then answered, with an air of grave detachment, "I always tell my family totally to disregard everything I say during the last six months of my life."

Of his social philosophy otherwise he gave me in the days of my youth many pithy expositions, with hints as to what I should do when I entered the world myself. One of his pieces of advice was especially appropriate to Torquay. This was to make the acquaintance of old Mr. Bevan, a lifelong intimate of his own. Accordingly, my introduction to this mysterious personage was accomplished.

Mr. Bevan lived in a large villa close to that occupied by Miss Burdett-Coutts. Its discreetly shuttered windows, like so many half-closed eyelids, gave, when viewed externally, the impression that it was asleep or tenantless; but to ring the front-door bell was to dissipate this impression immediately. The portals seemed to open by clockwork. Heavy curtains were withdrawn by servitors half seen in the twilight, and the visitors were committed to the care of an Austrian groom of the chambers, who, wearing the aspect of a king that had stepped out of the Almanach de Gotha, led the way over soundless carpets to a library. This was furnished with a number of deep arm-chairs; and I recollect how, on the first occasion of my entering it, each of these chairs was monopolized by a drowsy Persian cat. For a moment, the light being dim, these cats, so it seemed to me, were the sole living things present; but a second later I was aware that a recumbent figure was slowly lifting itself from a sofa. This was Mr. Bevan. His attire was a blue silk dressing-gown, a youthfully smart pair of black-and-white check trousers, varnished boots, and a neck-tie with a huge pearl pin in it, the pearl itself representing the forehead of a human skull. His hands were like ivory, his face was like a clear-cut cameo. With the aid of a gold-headed cane that had once belonged to Voltaire he gently evicted a cat, so that I might occupy the chair next to him, and said, in the language of Brummel's time, that he was "monstrous glad to see me." He pointed to objects of interest which adorned his walls and tables, such as old French fashion-plates of ladies in very scanty raiment; to musical clocks, of which several were presents from crowned heads; to sketches by D'Orsay, and to framed tickets for Almack's.

"Whenever the dear lady next door," he said, with a glance at the semi-nudities of the French fashion-plates, and alluding to Miss Burdett-Coutts, "comes to have a dish of tea with me, I have to lock those things up. I fear," he said, presently, "I'm in a shocking bad odor with her now." Only last night, he explained, he had received from one of the French Rothschilds a magnificent *paté de foie gras;* and, having himself no parties in prospect, he sent this gastronomical treasure to Miss Coutts, who was about to entertain, as he knew, a large company at luncheon. There was one thing, however, which he did not know—the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

luncheon was to be given to the members of a certain society which had for its object the protection of edible animals from any form of treatment by which they might be needlessly incommoded. What, then, were the feelings of the hostess when she suddenly discovered that a dish which, with Mr. Bevan's compliments, had been solemnly placed before her, was the most atrocious of all the abominations which the company had assembled to denounce! "It was sent back to me," said Mr. Bevan, "as though it were the plague in person. It's a pity that you and I can't eat it together. I'd ask you to dinner if only I were sure of my new cook. My last cook was with me for twenty years. Shall I tell you what he wrote in a letter when he had left me to join the army during the Franco-German War? 'Alas, monsieur,' he said, 'I must now make sorties instead of *entrées*.'" The banquet, however, which Mr. Bevan had suggested—and it was followed by others—took place before many days were over. The guests numbered eight or nine. I cannot recollect who they were; but the cooking, the wines, and the decorations of the table would have satisfied Ouida herself. The china, covered with royal crowns, was a gift from Louis Philippe. The wines, of which the names and dates were murmured by the servants who dispensed them, seemed all to have come from the cellars of a Rothschild or an Austrian Emperor, while every dish was a delicacy unique in its composition and flavor, the last of them being a sort of "trifle," which the artistry of a *chef* had converted into the form of a Pope's tiara. Mr. Bevan, in short, was a model of the ultra-fastidious man of the world as he figures in the novels of Bulwer Lytton and Disraeli. I mentioned this impression of him some time afterward to Lord Houghton, and he said, "There's a very good reason for it. When Bulwer Lytton and Disraeli entered the London world, Mr. Bevan was one of their earliest friends. He privately helped Disraeli in social and other ways. To him Bulwer Lytton owed his first personal knowledge of the then world of the dandies; and Mr. Bevan," said Lord Houghton, "was the actual model from which, by both these writers, their pictures of the typical man of the world were drawn."

My acquaintance with Mr. Bevan, however, and even that with Lord Houghton, were but minor experiences as compared with another meeting of a similar yet contrasted kind. At the time of which I speak there was one British author whose influence as a philosophic moralist eclipsed that of any of his contemporaries. This writer was Carlyle. His fame was then at its highest, and the moral consciousness of ultra-polite drawing-rooms was being stirred to its well-dressed depths, more by his celebrated attack on "the dandies" in his book, *Sartor Resartus*, which many earnest persons were accepting as a new revelation. I was myself sufficiently familiar with its pages, and, though some of them roused my antagonism, I could not deny their genius. One morning, during a brief visit to London, I received a note from Mr. Froude, the historian, asking me to come to luncheon, and I duly arrived at his house, not knowing what awaited me. I presently learned that he was going to introduce me to Carlyle, and, as soon as luncheon was over, he walked me off to Chelsea. In a fitting state of awe I found myself at last in the great philosopher's presence. When we entered his drawing-room he was stooping over a writing-table in the window, and at first I saw nothing but his back, which was covered with a long, shapeless, and extravagantly dirty dressing-gown. When he rose to meet us, his manners were as rough as his integument. His welcome to myself was an inarticulate grunt, unmistakably Scotch in its intonation; and his first act was to move across the room to the fireplace and light a "churchwarden" pipe by sticking its head between the bars. As I watched him perform this rite, I noticed that close to the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

fender was a pair of very dirty slippers. To me these things and proceedings were so many separate shocks, the result of my reflections being this: If you represent fame, let me represent obscurity. But worse was still to come. It was presently proposed that we should all go out for a walk, and as soon as we were in the open air, the philosopher blew his nose in a pair of old woolen gloves. I here saw at once an illustration of a chapter in *Sartor Resartus*, in which the author denounced what he christened, "The Sect of the Dandies," as described and glorified by Bulwer Lytton in *Pelham*. Illustration could not go further.

The next very famous man whom I met after this glimpse of Carlyle was a little later at Torquay—Lord Lytton himself. He was dining at Chelston Cross, and, owing to some lady's defection, I was actually his nearest neighbor. I saw in him everything which the spirit of Carlyle hated. I saw in him everything which was then in my opinion admirable. All the arts of appearance, conversation, and demeanor which in Carlyle were aggressively absent, were in him exhibited in a manner perhaps even too apparent. I was indeed, despite my reverence for him, faintly conscious myself that his turquoise shirt-stud, set with diamonds, was too large, and that his coat would have been in better taste had the cuffs not been of velvet. But it seemed to me that from his eyes, keen, authoritative, and melancholy, all the passions, all the intellect, and all the experiences of the world were peering. To have sat by him was an adventure; to have been noticed by him was not far from a sacrament.

Before very long, and likewise at Chelston Cross, I became acquainted with his son, "Owen Meredith," afterward Viceroy of India. Having heard that, like him, I was touched with the fever of the Muses, he at once showed me signs of an amity which ended only with his life. Treating me as though I were a man of the same age as himself, he would take my arm, when wandering in the Froude's shrubberies, and describe to me the poems to the production of which his future years would be consecrated, or ask me to confide to him my corresponding ambitions in return. Like most poets, he was not without personal vanities; but never was a man more free from anything like jealousy of a rival. To praise others was a pleasure to him as natural as that of being praised himself.

To some of the celebrities associated with my youthful days I was introduced, not at Torquay, but at Oxford. There was one, however, whom, though essentially an Oxonian, I first met at Torquay. This was Jowett, the renowned Master of Balliol, to whose college I was destined to be subsequently either a disgrace or ornament. Jowett was at Torquay frequently, having a sister who lived there, and he was specially asked to luncheon at Chelston Cross to inspect me, and see how I should pass muster as one of his own disciples. His blinking eyes, the fresh pink of his cheeks, his snow-white hair, and the birdlike treble of his voice, have been often enough described, and I will only say of them here that, when he took me for a walk in the garden, I subconsciously felt them—I cannot tell why—to be formidable. He inquired as to my tastes and interests with a species of curt benignity; but to my interest in poetry he exhibited a most disconcerting indifference, and I felt during the whole of our interview that I was walking with a mild east wind. In this he was a marked contrast to Ruskin, Robert Browning, and certain others—especially to "Owen Meredith"—men between whom and myself there was at once some half-conscious bond. There are no estrangements so elusive, and yet so insuperable, as those which arise from subtle discords in temperament. And yet in certain individual acts, to which I shall refer presently, Jowett treated me, when I was safely settled at Oxford, with much sympathetic good nature.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

My experiences at Oxford I may divide into two groups—namely, those belonging to the social life of an undergraduate, and those consisting of the effects — philosophical, moral, or religious—produced in an undergraduate's mind by the influence of academic teaching.

As to my social experiences, my recollections are, on the whole, pleasurable, but they are somewhat remote from anything that can properly be called scholastic. They are associated with the charm of certain cloistered buildings—with Magdalen especially, and the shades of Addison's Walk; with country drives in dog-carts to places like Witney and Abingdon; with dinners there in the summer evenings, and with a sense of being happily outside the radius of caps and gowns; with supper-parties during the race-weeks to various agreeable ladies; and with a certain concert which, during one Commemoration, was given by myself and a friend to a numerous company, and for which the mayor was good enough to lend us the town hall.

From the incubus of mere collegiate discipline I was perhaps more free than nine undergraduates out of ten. At the time when I matriculated there were within the college precincts no quarters available, and I and a fellow-freshman, who was in the same position as myself, managed to secure a suite of unusually commodious lodgings. That particular partnership lasted only for a term, but subsequently I and two other companions took the whole upper part of a large house between us. We were never what is called "in college"; we rarely dined in hall, having, besides a good cook, a very good dining-room of our own, where we gave little dinners, much to our own contentment. We had, moreover, a spare bedroom, in which on occasion we could put up a visitor. One visitor who stayed with us for some weeks was Wentworth. Little things remain in the mind when greater things are forgotten; and one little incident which I remember of Wentworth's visit was this. Those were days when, for some mysterious reason, men, when they smoked, were accustomed to wear smoking-caps. Wentworth had one of Oriental design, which he would somehow attach to his head by means of a jeweled pin. One evening when he was adjusting it the light caught his features at some peculiar angle, and for a fugitive moment his face was an exact and living reproduction of one of the best-known portraits of Byron.

To return, however, to the first week or fortnight which saw me and my original house-mate established as full-blown freshmen; I cannot for the life of me remember by what steps we entered on any course of formal instruction, but he and I were told with very surprising promptitude that we should, without loss of time, give a breakfast to the Balliol Eight. We did so, and never before had I seen on any one matutinal table-cloth provisions which weighed so much, or disappeared so rapidly.

Not many days later I found myself at another breakfast-table of a very different character, in the capacity not of host, but guest. The host on this occasion was Jowett, who asked me to breakfast with him in order that I might meet Browning. Browning by some one or other—I think it was James Spedding—had been shown certain manuscript verses—precious verses of my own. He had sent me a message of a flattering kind with regard to them, and he now held out both his hands to me with an almost boisterous cordiality. His eyes sparkled with laughter, his beard was carefully trimmed, and an air of fashion was exhaled from his dazzling white waistcoat. He did not embarrass me by any mention of my own performances. He did not, so far as I remember, make any approach to the subject of literature at all, but reduced both Jowett and myself to something like complete silence by a constant flow of anecdotes and social allusions, which, though not deficient in point, had more in them of jocularity than wit. He was not, perhaps, my ideal

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the author of "Men and Women," or the singer of "Lyric Love" as "a wonder and a wild desire"; but there the great man was, and when I quitted his presence and found myself once more in undergraduate circles, I felt myself shining like Moses when he came down from the mount.

I was subsequently enveloped in a further reflected glory, due also to Jowett's kindness—a kindness which survived many outbursts of what I thought somewhat petulant disapproval. I received from him one day a curt invitation to dinner, and presented myself, wondering mildly to what this mark of favor could be due. But wonder turned to alarm when, on entering the master's drawing-room, I discovered in the dim twilight no other figure than his own. His manner, however, though not effusive, was civil, and was certainly fraught with no menace of any coming judgment on my sins. We exchanged some ordinary observations on the weather and kindred topics. Then, looking over his shoulder, he uttered a half-audible word or two, which, being plainly not addressed to me, must have been addressed to somebody else. Presently out of the shadows a somebody else emerged. This was a person remarkable for the large size of his head, his longish hair, his insignificant stature, and his singularly sloping shoulders. I was introduced to him without catching his name. Dinner was announced forthwith. It was evident that, except for myself, this person was to be the sole guest. In the candle-light of the dinner-table I realized that this person was Swinburne.

The dinner passed off pleasantly. Swinburne showed himself an intelligent, though by no means a brilliant talker; and as soon as we had returned to the drawing-room, where we drank a cup of coffee standing, Jowett, who had some engagement, abruptly left us to finish the evening by ourselves. On Swinburne the effect of the master's disappearance was magical. His manner and aspect began to exhibit a change like that of the moon when a dim cloud drifts away from it. Of what we discussed at starting I have not the least remembrance, but before very long Swinburne was on the subject of poetry. His observations at first consisted of general criticisms. Then he began to indulge in quotations from various poems—none of them, I think, from his own; but however this may have been, the music seemed to intoxicate him. The words began to thrill me with the spell of his own recitation of them. Here at last I realized the veritable genius who had made the English language a new instrument of passion. Here at last was the singer for whose songs my ears were shells which still murmured with such lines as I had first furtively read by the gas-light of the Brighton theater. My own appreciation as a listener more and more encouraged him. If he began a quotation sitting, he would start from his chair to finish it. Finally he abandoned the restraints of a chair altogether. He began, with gesticulating arms, to pace the room from one end to the other, reciting passage after passage, and appealing to me, who managed to keep pace with him, for applause. "The most beautiful lines that Tennyson ever wrote," he exclaimed, "were these, from 'Maud':

"That like a silent lightning under the stars
She seem'd to divide in a dream from
a band of the blest."

"Yes," he went on, "and what did the dream-Maud tell her lover when she had got him? That the salvation of the world depended on the Crimean War and the prosecution of Lord Palmerston's policy." Finally he strayed into quotations from Sidney Dobell, a writer now hardly remembered, with one of which, describing a girl bathing, he made the master's academic rafters ring:

"She, with her body bright sprinkles the
waters white,
Which flee from her fair form, and flee
in vain,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Dyed with the dear unutterable sight,
And circles out her beauties to the circling main."

He was almost shouting these words when another sound became audible—that of an opening door, followed by Jowett's voice, which said, in high-pitched syllables, "You'd both of you better go to bed now."

My next meeting with Swinburne took place not many days later. He had managed meanwhile to make acquaintance with a few other undergraduates—all of them enthusiastic worshipers—one of whom arranged to entertain him at luncheon. As I could not, being otherwise engaged, be present at this feast myself, I was asked to join the party as soon as possible afterward. I arrived at a fortunate moment. Most of the guests were still sitting at a table covered with dessert-dishes. Swinburne was much at his ease in an arm-chair near the fireplace, and was just beginning, as a number of smiling faces showed, to be not only interesting, but in some way entertaining also. He was, as I presently gathered, about to begin an account of a historical drama by himself, which existed in his memory only—a sort of parody of what Victor Hugo might have written had he dramatized English events at the opening of the reign of Queen Victoria.

The vivacity and mischievous humor with which Swinburne gave his account of this projected play exhibited a side of his character which I have never even seen mentioned, and the appreciation and surprise of his audience were obviously a great delight to him. He lay back in his chair, tossed off a glass of port, and presently his mood changed. Somehow or other he got to his own serious poems; and before we knew where we were, he was pouring out an account of *Poems and Ballads*, and explaining their relation to the secrets of his own experiences. There were three poems, he said, which beyond all the rest were biographical—"The Triumph of Time," "Dolores," and "The Garden of Proserpine." "The Triumph of Time" was a monument to the sole real love of his life—a love which had been the tragic destruction of all his faith in woman. "Dolores" expressed the passion with which he had sought relief, in the madnesses of the fleshly Venus, from his ruined dreams of the heavenly. "The Garden of Proserpine" expressed his revolt against the flesh and its fevers, and his longing to find a refuge from them in a haven of undisturbed rest. His audience, who knew these three poems by heart, held their breaths as they listened to the poet's own voice, imparting its living tones to passages such as the following:

This is from "The Triumph of Time":

"I will say no word that a man may say,
Whose whole life's love goes down in a day;
For this could never have been; and never,
Though the gods and the years relent, shall be."

This is from "Dolores":

"O garment not golden, but gilded,
O garden where all men may dwell,
O tower not of ivory, but builded
By hands that reach heaven from hell."

This is from "The Garden of Proserpine":

"From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

Then, like a man waking up from a dream, Swinburne turned to our host, and said, nervously, "Can you give me another glass of port?" His glass was filled; he emptied it at a single draft, and then lay back in his chair like a child who had gone to sleep, the actual fact being, as his host soon recognized, that, in homely language, he was drunk.

I associate my early days at Balliol with yet another memorable meeting. One of the most prominent and dignified of the then residents at Oxford was Sir

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Henry Acland, who, as a Devonshire man, knew many of my relations, and had also heard something about myself. He was a friend and entertainer of men of all sorts of eminence; and while I was still more or less a freshman he invited me to join at his house a very small company in the evening, the star of the occasion being a university lecturer on art, who was just entering on his office, and whose name was illustrious wherever the English language was spoken. He, too, knew something about me, having been shown some of my verses, and to meet him was one of my cherished dreams. Only half a dozen people were present, and from a well-known portrait of him by Millais I recognized his form at once. This was Ruskin. He had sent me, through Lord Houghton or somebody, a verbal message of poetic appreciation already. I was now meeting him in the flesh. The first thing in him which struck me was the irresistible fascination of his manner. It was a manner absolutely and almost plaintively simple, but that of no diplomat or courtier could be more polished in what was at once its weighty and its winning dignity. Such was his charm for the elect; but here again comes the question of temperament. Between Ruskin and Jowett there was a temperamental antipathy. An antipathy of this kind is a very different thing from any reasoned dislike, and of this general fact Ruskin and Jowett were types. I was myself another. Just as Jowett repelled, so Ruskin attracted me. During my later days at Oxford I grew to know Ruskin intimately, and my sympathy with his genius never lost its loyalty, though for a long time certain of his ideas—that is to say, ideas relating to social politics—were to me barely intelligible, and though, when they became intelligible, I regarded them as perversely mischievous.

RESURRECTION

BY VICTOR STARBUCK

HEART of my heart, I never more will doubt
The miracle of Resurrection Day,
For all the lovely things of life went out
In utter dark the night you went away.
The winds were sobbing in the trees, the rain
Beat down as if all Heaven's archangels cried:
The winking tail-lights of the sullen train
Failed in the darkness. Then all beauty died.

And all the sunlight faded from the skies:
The days went by like shadows on a tomb,
Until you came with warm and tender eyes
And set the birds awing, the flowers abloom.
So lifted up I am and comforted,
How shall I doubt that Love can raise the dead?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A DREAM OR TWO

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

As soon as Welles mentioned her name you realized dimly that you had met her; you did, that is, if you had been born a Philadelphian, or had been a frequenter of that surprising city during the late 'nineties. Slowly your first vague recollections took more definite form, resolving themselves into memories of a figure, tall and graceful, of a small head, rather proudly carried, of blond hair and of blue eyes. Perhaps, more than anything else, you remembered her neck and shoulders; slim and white, and modeled with a directness of line and firmness of texture essentially American—perpetually virginal; *at least they seemed so*. They were not a warm neck and shoulders; there was no tenderness about them, but they were very lovely. The emotions they stirred were classic, not those associated with a goal or refuge. Certainly not the sort of person whom you would imagine expanding eventually into what Welles was disconnectedly trying to describe. . . .

Yes, of course. Her name had been Elsa Sloane, and she was the daughter of an alarming, repressed, iron-gray man, a banker or something, solidly rich in the way of Philadelphians, who had stood about starched and rigidly polite at parties. There had been a dinner or two where you had sat next to her, and a ball or two where you had danced with her—those delightful old balls, where they played the waltzes of Strauss and Berger and there was a shimmering unreality of flowers and lights and manners that seems to have vanished with this armor-plated age. For one thing, you were not constantly depressed by the feeling that all gaiety insulted in some roundabout way some one else's social theories—and once you had whispered to her through the darkened moments of a dull theater party . . . after which, collecting all these memories and assigning them to their positions of respective importance, you came back once more to Welles, seated before your fire, gesturing in his languid, rather embarrassed fashion, and to the later years of Elsa Sloane.

"He's getting very famous."

"Who?"

"Raphael Fortescue, her husband. They place him on a par with Sargent. His portraits of women—even better, they say. The English, of course, since he's English, place him above Sargent. Rather a thing—"

"What is?"

"Well, rather a thing—born rich and the son of an old country family, and all that, and then to make of himself a great artist."

You remembered the neck and shoulders. "She couldn't have been much of a help."

Welles smiled cryptically; possibly he knew something you didn't, but his thoughts hastened to other matters. He recalled the day they were married. She was the most lovely bride he had ever seen—well, up to that time, anyhow. After the ceremony he had waited on the steps—old Holy Trinity, if you recollected—to see her come out. It was a spring day—May—and Rittenhouse Square was filled with sunlight and birds. There was a wonderful smell of new green leaves. He would never forget her when she did come out, slim and cool. It made you feel rather sorry for young girls. But then, of course, you were an awful ass at that age.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Exactly, you were! Ancient irritation once stirred by Elsa Sloane and all her immured kind in their immured city assailed your mind with renewed vigor. Yes, he had been an awful ass—Welles. Why sorry for the girl and not just as sorry for the bridegroom—Fortescue, or whatever his name was? Wasn't marriage just as terrifying for the man as for the woman? Good Lord! the idea American women of that period had about themselves, and still had, as far as that went! The great gift they thought they made when they consented to bestow their hand on a man! . . . What was Fortescue like?

"Very charming." Welles was a trifle hurt and muffled. How intolerant you were getting, as you got older! Couldn't you wait a little while to hear what had happened to Elsa Sloane? As to Fortescue—one of those dark, quick Englishmen. Welles saw a lot of him since he himself had gone to live in London.

With which, except as a background, you leave Welles for the most part behind. Not that he isn't interesting, for he is; and not that he isn't greatly concerned with this recital, for he is that, too, as you shall see, but as the direct narrator of a story Welles is difficult. To repeat him literally would be to write all broken sentences and stars like the preceding paragraphs. One must take his verbal staccatocisms as a point of departure and beyond that use intuition. Welles is a modern man, and Welles, for the past fifteen years, has lived in England, and as a result, he talks elliptically cally and is much alarmed lest you should think him too explanatory and too imaginative. Poor Welles, it is fairly obvious that his desire to be mentally correct has cut him off from whatever happiness might have been his. . . . And so, gathering up the disassociated allusions that he has let drop about you, you discover, with a little shock of pleasure at your own intelligence, that it was a night in Florence when Elsa Fortescue's story really begins. Up until then it had been all maidenhood—Philadelphia maidenhood at that—and a year of honeymoon. She had had no chance, you see, to realize that life, far from being a silken ribbon, was a tangled skein, very puzzling to unravel.

But before the night there had been an afternoon. There usually is. Fate sets the stage perfectly—or else we set the stage for Fate. Tragedy follows a pinprick; indigestion is the mother of irreconcilable quarrel.

It had been hot; it was late April. In the gardens of the Pitti Palace, back of the apartment Fortescue had taken for the winter, the cypresses silhouetted slender coolness against a cloudless sky. One felt the languor of Italian spring; the lazy relaxation of mind and muscle that follows surrender to embracing sunlight and embracing smells distilled by the warmth—the smell of almond-trees, of old walls, of earth turned over these many years, of closed rooms with their shutters at length flung open. Elsa and Fortescue had gone to a tea-party of a Mrs. Williams, an Englishwoman, widow of one of those queer Englishmen who live all their lives in foreign places constantly annoyed by the ways of foreigners; a small, round, plump, gray-haired woman, collector of writers and painters and musicians. Elsa did not like her; Fortescue did. But then, after four o'clock of the afternoon, when he stopped work, Fortescue apparently liked almost every one. He had an avidity for people and gaiety—a grim worker, you understood, and, like most grim workers, an almost faunlike amuser of himself afterward; one of those children of the sun in whose company dusk takes on more romance, lights spin in mystery. But on this particular afternoon, this mood of his, usually to Elsa so baffling but so exciting, found with her little response; rather, the opposite. It had been a bad day; it had started wrong. She had spent the morning lonely and unoccupied, dawdling over a book, writing a letter, pottering over flowers. She had not seen her husband until luncheon, and then he had been in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

one of those abstracted, distant states of mind that were her despair. It was as if she were a creature of another plane. She had been insulted. She had determined that he could not pick her up again in any light and casual manner. Poor Elsa! The growing-pains of the only child of a rich American family, particularly a female child, are acute. There had been too much of this of late; of this absent-mindedness of his. A man's work was all very well, but—! And because Fortescue seemed so blithely unaware of the feelings surging in her breast, her anger had hardened to a settled irritation. The heat irritated her; the thought of Mrs. Williams; the Italian voices passed on the way across the Arno and across the square of the cathedral; even Fortescue's own soft English accents were foreign and distasteful. She was homesick and unamused, tired of meeting people who thought of her only as Raphael Fortescue's wife. She longed for the quiet assurance and the instant prestige of her former life. But as she was very young she did not think all this out clearly, but rather in a vague, troubled way, and as she was very young she did not realize that her hidden anger only added to the luster of her eyes and the color of her cheeks. She was altogether sapphire—her eyes, and her light dress, and her hat, and the little sunshade with which impatiently she tapped the sidewalk.

Fortescue, at her elbow, sighed and chuckled and regarded her obliquely with teasing violet eyes.

"How can any one as pretty as you," he said, "be quite so ungetatable? You ought to have a little cave up in these Italian hills and be worshiped for your beauty, not your temper. You would like that, wouldn't you? Oh, Philadelphia, what queer things you do to your children!"

As they were at the moment ascending a half-lighted stone stairway, and as they had, the next moment, come to Mrs. Williams's tea-party, Elsa found no opportunity for adequate reply. Recalcitrant, blue hat and blue dress and blue, unfriendly eyes, she was swept up by a crowd of temperamental Swiss and Poles and English and Italians, who inwardly oblated themselves before this beautiful "American icicle" and pictured themselves as possible future thawers of a frigidity bitterly intriguing. It was not, therefore, until an hour later that she made the discovery that was to be to her so extremely important; the most important discovery of her life.

At the time it did not seem important; she was only a little puzzled, because previously, in the few months of their marriage, her husband had never come across an old friend of his without at once dragging him or her off in pursuit of Elsa. He had still the feelings of pride natural to a showman who has caught a rare and beautiful animal in a strange country. But now, apparently, he had overlooked her entirely. His face disclosed as much when, searching him out, she found him sitting on a carved bench in a corner, talking to a woman whom she had never before seen. An orange shaded lamp made a pool of soft light; comparative quiet reigned; to Elsa the corner seemed oddly apart from the rest of the room, these two people she was interrupting very much encompassed in a circle of their own thoughts and words. She experienced a queer little flutter and tightening of the heart, a flutter and tightening she could not account for; as if, a naughty child, she had come into a place where she was not wanted.

Fortescue, arising to his feet, spoke a trifle lamely and absent-mindedly. "My dear," he stammered, "this is the Marchesa di Arcoli—I grew up with her."

"Oh," said Elsa, awkwardly, "so you're English." And then she felt abrupt and school-girlish. She realized that she was showing to a disadvantage. She grew angry with herself; a little frightened, too. She realized that she had been showing to a disadvantage all day, and there was something about it malign; something of Nemesis pushing

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

SHE FOUND HIM TALKING TO A WOMAN WHOM SHE HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

her on to the wrong gesture and the wrong phrase. This was a most finished woman who was holding her hand, at least so it seemed to Elsa's agitated glance—a tall woman dressed in black, but so slim and beautifully made that her height was gracious and not easily discerned. A woman of dark, restless eyes and twisted, red mouth—a lovely, if not altogether pleasant, mouth—and a hint of something pathetic, perhaps, about her finely modeled, fresh-colored cheeks; and, above all, a woman who had evidently known Fortescue intimately for years, for she called him by a nickname and studied Elsa with the delicate analysis with which women greet the new wives of old friends. Now she laughed.

"Yes," she said—she had a sweet, rather husky voice—"English; only Italian by adoption. And I'm so glad to have discovered you two. You must come to see me often. I shall be in Florence all the rest of April and May."

That was all. Not very much. But afterward Elsa and Fortescue had walked home unusually silent through streets overlaid with the shadow of tall, windowless buildings and the night, until, obeying the demon of inopportunity that had stood at her elbow all day, Elsa broke the silence. She was not jealous, she told herself; she would have scorned jealousy. As a young and lovely American she believed that once she had given herself to a man, that man, worshipful, attentive, grateful, was irrevocably hers; moreover, she had the calm insolence of youth, and this woman, this old friend of Fortescue's, was at least ten years her senior; but she had, none the less, securely fixed in her mind, the notion that any undue attention, even of the most platonic kind, given by her husband to any one or anything else was an infraction of her own sovereignty. She had felt, a few hours earlier, the same way towards Fortescue's painting.

"Who is this friend—this Marchesa di Arcoli?" she asked, and, although she meant to ask it gently, she asked it with a crispness that was irritating.

Fortescue came back to his immediate surroundings abruptly.

"Her name," he answered, "was Violet Harrington. I knew her years ago in London—then she married this Italian. I think she's very unhappy."

Elsa hesitated, chose the wrong posture, and plunged.

"She ought to be."

"What?" Fortescue's voice whistled sharply in the dusk.

"She ought to be."

Fortescue laughed incredulously. "What in God's name do you mean?" he said.

Elsa, trembling inwardly, spoke with the assured cruelty of sudden fear. "Just that. She is either a bad woman, or will be." She hurried on, half unaware of what she was saying, and yet dimly cognizant that she was speaking the truth. This Marchesa di Arcoli was a bad woman; a grasping, selfish, unsatisfied woman. She knew it. What fools men were! Why wouldn't they hear facts? She realized her husband's anger as she blindly finished her speech. "I have no patience with women who make their own beds and then won't lie in them. Oh yes, you think me very young, but I can tell from a woman's face— She has hungry eyes."

For a moment Fortescue was silent, as if struck dumb with amazement at the outrageous words, then he spoke in a voice Elsa had never before heard—precisely, coldly, and finally.

"If you don't mind," he said, "you'll leave my friends alone. I made them long before even I knew you."

Her mood of the day passed; she could have sunk down on the pavement and wept. But it was too late, and she recognized the fact. Perhaps for the first time in her heretofore admired life she perceived the irrevocableness of words; their fatal finality. One is to gather from Welles that this was the first symptom on her part of growing up.

She walked beside her husband in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

silence with tightened lips, and, in equal silence, passed through a miserable dinner, where, in the great paneled room in which they dined, the four candles on the table seemed inadequate to hold back the shadows surrounding her and unequal to making clear the figure of Fortescue, strangely nebulous and unfamiliar.

Later she went out onto the balcony that ran the length of the apartment. A great full moon was up. The night was tender and filled with small sounds. She hoped her husband would come to her soon. She was entirely ready to forgive him. Then she heard his step and sank back into the long chair in which she was lying. He stood with his back to the moon so that she could not see his face clearly, but she knew his eyes were searching her. The glow of his cigarette illumined from time to time his white shirt-front. Finally he spoke softly.

"What silly asses we are!" he said. "I'm sorry. But you mustn't, sweetheart, say cruel things. It isn't right. What do we know of any one else's life? No one even knows what goodness is. And Violet Harrington is a good woman —an exceptional woman. I know all about her."

So it had been altogether her fault, not his? She, Elsa, had been utterly to blame! Her spirit drew apart a little. Long ago she had realized the folly of her speech of the walk homeward, but had provocation been lacking? At all events, she was not prepared to shoulder entire responsibility. Proud people so thoroughly castigate themselves that further correction seems to them unnecessary. Yes, Fortescue could kiss her; he was doing so now; but— Suddenly he stood back and thrust his hands into his pockets. When he spoke it was in a curious, tired, half-laughing voice.

"Would you mind telling me," he asked, "what I have married?"

Elsa faltered. "Why—" she began. "Why—I don't understand."

"It's very simple," answered Fortescue, and his words tumbled over one another, as if he was giving rein to thoughts long repressed. "I thought I had married a woman, but it seems I haven't. Oh yes, I know you're young, and I know I may be cruel, but I can't wait all my life for you to grow up. Besides, I don't think you ever will. Your trouble isn't youth; it lies much deeper. You're a narcissan, my dear; in a world of reality you are interested solely in your own reflection. Well—I can't go on wooing you forever, you know. It grows stale. Sometimes you must woo me, too, just a little. Besides, I have a life. Every now and then it would be becoming in you to evince a little interest in it even if you fail to feel it." He turned and disappeared through one of the long windows; Elsa heard his footsteps dying away down the stone-flagged hall within.

She lay looking at the moon through tear-blinded eyes. She was trembling with fatigue and wounded feelings and anger; a new anger. Fortescue's last words had brought an unexpected, stunning confusion into the situation; an unprepared for element. Every ideal carefully cherished had been outraged; and, crowning injury of all, her husband, the man she had picked out from all the world, had, it seems, suddenly, horribly, chosen to divest himself of the aureole with which she had endowed him. She was disconcerted. What did he mean? What did he want of her? Could he possibly think decent women made open love to men? Why should she—why should they? Hadn't she given him all she had to give—everything? It was unbearable. She felt as if she had been touched by an unknown vulgarity, by a fierceness the presence of which in life she had never before suspected. She was uncomfortable with thoughts she could neither co-ordinate nor interpret. Clocks striking midnight aroused her before she went back into the apartment. . . . One gathers from Welles that this was her second step towards growing up.

Subsequently, Elsa's first reaction was toward cool dignity; toward a sweet,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

hurt, patient frame of mind. That is the usual baffled feminine attitude; particularly when under the bafflement is a feeling that one is in the wrong, isn't it? She showed her husband as best she could, without becoming too transparent, that she was waiting, was entirely receptive to the apologies he might wish to make. He wanted that, didn't he? Receptiveness? She was astonished that he seemed so oblivious to her attitude. For all one could tell, the quarrel of the moonlit night had passed him by as if it had never occurred. He was altogether his usual amused self, alternately silent and completely absorbed, or gay and adventurous, except that for a week or so, it was true, he had been restless and had spoken of leaving Florence.

"Let's get away," he suggested, irritably. "I'm fed up with Italy. We'll sublease this apartment and go home."

Elsa had the domestic instincts of a cat; household change appalled her.

"But we're just getting really settled," she objected.

"Very well," said Fortescue, with an odd finality.

And so they did not go until the end of May. Later Elsa wished that she had acquiesced in the original plan, for the Marchesa di Arcoli, you understand, began to assume a position of importance in her life. It had been clear to every one else that this would be the case, but it had not been clear to Elsa. Youth and beauty cannot imagine defeat until the defeat actually has occurred. Youth is particularly insolent; its weapons, moreover, are clumsy. Elsa became aware of the fact that her husband was seeing a great deal of this old friend of his only after all Florence had had at least a week or two to smile and nod and grimace, and it was even a week later before she discovered that he was quite willing to see her alone, unsupported by a wife. When she had summoned up enough courage to speak to him about this, it was with a new meekness and uncertainty in her voice. She was beginning to be rather afraid of her husband. Their relationship seemed to have undergone a subtle change; he was exhibiting the "ungetatableness" of which he had accused her. He met her objections with amused tolerance.

"Whatever you may think, my dear," he said, "I have every intention of seeing from time to time an old friend—particularly an old friend who has a particular interest in my work and who is in trouble. I hope some day that you will learn that this is not America."

"Perhaps I shall," she had flashed back at him.

He had stared at her with wide and displeased eyes.

"I don't want to say anything rude," he said, "but I should beware of unpleasant thoughts, if I were you."

Elsa was troubled with the feeling that she was abroad upon unknown and uncharted seas. She was very unhappy. She wanted very much to do the right thing, but what the right thing was, she could not discover—again she felt the irrevocableness of words; the inability to take back what has been said, the inability so to frame a sentence that it will convey instantly to one you love that you love him, or her, and wish to forget, to wipe off, all that has been done.

Two weeks later, however, Fortescue had been neither tolerantly amused nor displeased when, one night, returning late for dinner, he had announced his intention of leaving Florence at once. To the contrary, he had been obviously, although mysteriously, disturbed. To Elsa's newly oversensitive intuitions it seemed, although she chided herself and was shocked at her own imaginings, as if his life were disconcerted with something far too warm for mere friendship. She did not dare allow herself to go further.

"Get ready!" he had said. "I must return to England."

London proved a new world to Elsa. For one thing, she had never before seen her husband in his native land except for the month, just after their marriage, they had spent with his family in the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

country. She realized him, therefore, more completely and with a new respect. He was an important man, a much-sought-after man. The two of them were swept up in a round of engagements. She found England greatly to her liking; there seemed a franker air here than on the Continent; this place, like her own country, was a place of known antecedents and of assured positions. She began to forget completely Poles and Swiss and Italians and uncertain British and even, to some extent, the Marchesa di Arcoli; perhaps she would have been able to forget the last forever, would have been able to delude herself into thinking the whole dark episode in Florence a passing, easily obliterated madness on her husband's part—she was still, you see, so very sure of the ultimate invincibility of her youth and looks—had it not been for the unfinished letter she found in her husband's handwriting on his desk. The letter marked the second momentous period of her life; it also marked, incidentally, the first time in all her life when she really knew what shame was, shame at herself. When the proud fall it is with a tearing and bruising of fiber the softly padded jesuitical cannot imagine; yet it is very good for them. One is also to observe here that Welles is apparently trying to convey to you the impression that this was Elsa's third mile-stone in her somewhat stumbling progress toward maturity.

July had come and gone, but Fortescue, at work upon some portraits, still lingered on in his London studio. The city slumbered restlessly in the dusty heat of August. And it was on a blue, arid morning, when a rainless breeze stirred the trees outside the open windows, that Elsa, going to her husband's library for some writing-material, found the letter on his desk.

A sentence caught her eye, and she picked up the closely written sheet and continued to read. Her heart was beating with stifling rapidity; at first she was unaware of the baseness of her act. Her impulse was primitive; it was not until later that she realized, among other things, that the very fact of her husband having left his letters about so openly was proof that her guilt of reading one would be entirely beyond the pale of his comprehension.

"You have asked me," ran the letter, "why I left Florence so hastily. Surely you know? It was because I was afraid of myself. I am no fool or prude about life, but I am an artist, and, as an artist, I know that you cannot destroy beauty and survive as you were before—no, no matter for what moments of unimaginable bliss. You have taught me a knowledge of the beauty of personal relationships of which, before, I was ignorant, and I fled from you lest the crescendo of this would carry us into regions I dare not contemplate. Dreams are better, my dear, unless they can be translated into honest action. Dishonesty marks the ending of beauty. For my work I need dreams, but I must be sure never to replace them by anything save clear-eyed reality. Soiled reality is the death of both dreams and dreamer.

"Besides, my situation is not as simple as even the situations of most. I am devoted to my wife; she is very fine even if she is very young, and I cannot desert her and I cannot betray her. Surely I would be a poor sort of man if I were to take her conception of life and distort it into something base, and bring this memory and accusation to you as my first gift. It is not her fault if she cannot give me what I need, or what, I sometimes feel, all creatures must have of happiness. She does her best; I must be content. But sometimes—yes, that cannot be prevented—many times, you will walk and talk with me in my thoughts. You will be the horizon to which always I can compare the things near at hand when they seem so far from the perfection that I believe is dormant in everything. . . . Once a year write me—tell me all that you think, or have done. . . ."

Elsa put down the letter. Her face was white and drawn; her eyes were like

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lonely pools under a parching sun. Very slowly into her whirling brain had been filtering a small stream of ice-cold thought, a vision that she knew would be there always. She had done a shameful thing, she, Elsa Sloane; and—and, strangely enough, this was much more important, although only a few months before it would not have been—she realized this curious change in her point of view, even as she stood there she was in love, yes, completely, with a man who from now on could give her only part of himself, unless—and even her untrained intuitions knew him too well to imagine such a thing possible—he forgot, or unless a miracle happened, a Paul of Tarsus revelation. She stood with her hands up to her cheeks, staring out of the window at the trees stirred by the rainless breeze.

How strange men were! How strange! That was really a very fine letter of her husband's, and yet he was completely ignorant of the fact that through what he had said in it he was as unfaithful to her as he would have been through some grosser physical malfeasance. But the woman to whom he was writing would not be unaware. Oh no! Women are unable to separate their minds and bodies as men do. They know that love is a matter of completeness, or else that it is nothing at all. They are not satisfied with half measures.

Afterward she went down-stairs with a new calmness and interviewed her butler about the dinner-party she was giving that night. Only when it was very late on that day—at midnight, after her guests had gone—lying in her bed, was she able to relinquish herself to tears.

It was about this time that Welles reappeared upon the scene. He had been sent to London permanently by the firm for which he was working. Immediately he hunted Elsa out with the soft avidity of the socially inclined bachelor temperament. It was more or less clear that he had always been in love with her in a non-brilliant way, and it was entirely clear that, from this moment on, unless Welles had been Welles and Elsa just what she was, their history might have had a very different ending. A lonely woman, with a desperate thought as her constant companion, is inclined to be reckless, even if she is in love with the man she is hurting. That she talked a great deal to Welles and in detail, goes without saying; she belonged — may still belong, for all that—to the large division of completely honest womankind who fail to discover any disloyalty, even toward good taste, in the disclosing to an intimate friend of intimate secrets. As a result, there came a warm summer night two years later when, at Fortesque's little place down in Surrey, Elsa's future trembled in the balance. But not for long.

She and Welles had left Fortesque reading in the sitting-room and had gone out through one of the long windows into the perfumed darkness of the garden. The smell of grass and of yew and of a multitude of flowers touched them with invisible fingers. There was no light at all.

"The letter came to-day," said Elsa.

"You mean—"

"Regularly—every year." She made a sweeping gesture with her arms into the shadows. "It is a big, thick letter, with a coronet. I suppose this will go on until I die."

An overpowering sense of her nearness, and of a new pathetic quality about her, took possession of Welles; he could bear it no longer.

"It will not go on!" he said, between his teeth, and stepped forward.

For a moment she allowed his arms with a trembling uncertainty, then she put them gently away from her. "My poor friend," she said quietly, yet with timid lips, "how very wicked I am becoming." And she turned and walked slowly back into the house, leaving Welles astonished at the sudden maturity that seemed to have become part of her.

Once in the house, however, she fled up the stairs. Fortesque had left the sitting-room and she hunted him out in

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

his bedroom where he was standing before the mirror. She paused with her hand on the knob of the door, trying to control the throbbing of her heart.

"Raphael!"

Fortesque half turned about, smiling questioningly at her wide eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Raphael."

"My dear?" His smile grew fixed.

Her thoughts whirled suddenly in the aching confusion of her brain.

"You must love me!" she panted. "You—you must love me!"

His eyebrows went up. "What—" he began, but her self-control deserted her. She gave a little hoarse cry and fell at his knees and embraced them.

"More!" she sobbed. "More! you must love me!"

He had never seen her this way before; he had not imagined her capable of such a scene; he was bewildered and horrified. He drew her over to a lounge and sat her down beside him and patted her shoulder, but she slipped away from him and hid her head once more on his knees.

"I cannot go on!" she said.

"With what?" He was unprepared for the broken sentences that tumbled from her lips.

For a long while they remained this way, Fortescue staring straight in front of him, stroking with unheeded hand the bowed head. Finally he spoke with effort.

"I do love you," he said, gently. "I love you greatly, as you should know. I forgive your reading that letter—what difference does it make? I love you and always shall. I love you point for point. All that you give me I return, gift for gift, thought for thought. Isn't that enough? What more can I give or promise?" For a moment he was silent, as if considering deeply his next words. Suddenly he, too, flung out his arms as Elsa had done in the garden an hour before. "Can you not grant me as well," he asked, "a dream or two?"

Elsa did not raise her head for a long instant; then she got to her feet. "Certainly," she said, softly, and kissed him. "Good night. Yes, it is all right. Quite all right." She felt much older than he.

She went up to her own room and stood by the open window, staring out into the liquid obscurity of the night. The young air touched her young bare shoulders. So this was the end of youth, was it, and of all her visions? To love all her life a man who in return could love her only lamely. And yet it had been her own fault, she saw that now clearly enough. Or, no, not her fault, but the fault of those before her; wearisome generations of those before her! Dull! Dull! Dull!—She could not think back so far! How could they expect her to hold, with the starched little precepts they had willed to her, such a man as her husband? How? She had tried to confine quicksilver to a small, unyielding crystal platter. And now—? Suddenly she leaned forward and gripped the window-sill. Well, she would do that, anyway! She had failed so far, but she would not fail in this essential. If dreams were necessary for her husband he should have them and she would guard them. It would be a fitting immolation for the mistakes she had made. She would clasp the determination to her as a flagellant clasps his crucifix of thorns. . . . But so many years; and she felt herself so young! . . . So, you will say, here were two fools with their dreams! . . . Possibly. . . .

What, after all, is one to do with dreams?. . . Live with them, I suppose. Strive to make the best of them and fail to do so; pray, no matter how high your spirit of self-sacrifice was originally, that time will obliterate them and find, as is usually the case, that time does not; those dreams, that is, where no outlet of normal consummation is given —hate each 4th of August because on that day comes with unfailing regularity a thick envelope wearing a coronet. . . .

And so, because it has to be done, we skip fourteen years and a multitude of Welles's elusive sentences and come to

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the spring of 1912 and the Riviera, and the Hôtel Esplanade at Nice. That is, we skip all but a few of Welles's sentences, and these are too significant to skip and are short and, for him, extraordinarily definite. He becomes metaphorical—an unheard-of thing; he reminds you that he has spoken of Elsa Fortescue as always wearing blue, hadn't he—of her turquoise effect, a little hard and brilliant? Well, she got over that. Odd, wasn't it? You somehow never thought of her as turquoise any more, you thought of her, rather, as amethyst—that's the stone, isn't it? Softer, complete in color. . . . Imagine, Welles becoming metaphorical! . . .

It hasn't an esplanade, the Hôtel Esplanade, but it has beautiful gardens, and is on the outside of the town on the edge of a hill where a footpath goes up to a wall that overlooks the valley of the river. It is supposed to be the quietest and most careful hotel in that part of the world, and for these reasons Elsa and Fortescue, and Welles, as an acquiescing third, had picked it out. Fortescue was very much overworked and had been ordered a holiday; Welles had become that most harmless and not unnecessary thing, a ubiquitous bachelor friend. The life of a kindly barnacle is, after all, not a bad one. Unrewarded faithfulness is better than none at all.

In the gardens of the Hôtel Esplanade where they narrow into a strip of thick verdure between the buildings and the rising hill beyond, there is a bench of stone, with carved ends and a Medusa head at the back. Over the bench hangs a mimosa-tree, so that you sit in a little circle of shade with the white sunlight just beyond the tips of your shoes. And the bench and the mimosa-tree are just outside the window of the second-story sitting-room which for the time being was Fortescues'

Welles and Elsa—they had just finished luncheon—stood at the window and looked down into the mid-day quiet of the garden. It was so still they saw a lizard creep out of an interstice in the bench, run up the back, over the Medusa head, and down. Fortescue stuck his face in at the door.

"Made up your mind yet," he asked, Elsa, "about going to the Grays' tonight for bridge? If so I'll order the motor for half after seven. They're to have a sort of stand-up supper, I believe."

Elsa made a dissenting motion with her hand. "Let's put it off," she begged. "That is, the decision. I'm so lazy; it's—I can't tell yet. About five I'll know how Mrs. Gray's stridencies are going to affect me. There will be a lot of other people, so our coming or not won't make any difference."

"Oh, very well," said Fortescue, irritably, rather as if life had suddenly become unbearable. "I'm off to Mentone. I'll be back in time to dress. By then you'll know." And he slammed the door behind him.

He had grown rather irritable lately. Great personal charm coupled with fame is a devastating combination; one is too much sought after, too much torn between the conflicting passions of work and gregariousness.

"You think he's better?" said Welles.

Elsa sighed. "Oh, lots," she said, and turned back to the window. When she and Welles looked down again into the garden there was a woman sitting on the stone bench. She must have just that moment come out of the hotel.

Welles heard Elsa take a sharp breath and he saw her body stiffen. You must watch now very closely what Elsa did. "Wait!" she commanded suddenly, and laid a hand on Welles's arm, and was gone.

The door closed behind her, and there was an interval of quiet, and then Welles saw her come out below him and go up to the woman on the bench. The latter looked up, but remained sitting for an instant longer before she got to her feet. She was a slim, dark woman with a large hat that shaded her face. After awhile she and Elsa walked away into the shadows of a path hidden in wistaria.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Welles went back to a table and picked up a magazine, and began to read. Fortescue, in a motoring coat, passed through the room whistling. "For God's sake," he said, "wake Elsa up! I can't get her to do anything any more."

"All right," nodded Welles, absently. "Yes, I will."

A clock ticked. Drowsy sunlight crept across the floor. Through the windows came the scent of wistaria. Then, unexpectedly, Elsa was back again, leaning against a table, her hands behind her, staring with unusually brilliant eyes at Welles, who had risen to his feet.

"Take me out for a walk," she said, quickly.

"Who was the woman?" asked Welles.

Elsa made a gesture of dismissal. "No one," she said—"yes, one of my very oldest friends. I haven't seen her for years. I have asked her to dine with us—to—to surprise Raphael. She is here only for the night—she's motoring down to Italy to join her husband—" A queer little chuckle bubbled up from her as if she had had nothing whatsoever to do with its inception. "Her third husband," she amended.

"Third?" queried Welles.

"Yes, third." Elsa's eyes contracted. "Over here one must live, you know; marry or starve. Come! I'll introduce you to her at half past seven. Meet me," she said, laying a hand on his arm, "at half past seven at the foot of the stair-case where it goes into the lounge. Not a minute later! You understand?"

"Yes," said Welles, "I understand."

But he didn't; nor did he understand any better as the afternoon progressed. They walked down into the town and along the sea front; they had tea in a little café where a red-coated orchestra played waltzes with undue rhythm. Over a cup she was taking from her lips Elsa looked at Welles with a sudden lowering of eyelashes.

"Beautiful eyelashes!" interjects Welles. "Oh, by Jove!"

"Tell me," she asked, and her voice was a little unsteady, "do you think cruelty is ever justified?"

Welles felt that he was skirting the confines of the mystery, but his understanding was no clearer than before.

"It depends," he answered; "in some instances it seems unavoidable in this tangled world."

"Oh yes!" she said. "Just that! That is the point. An operation, for instance, to cure a secret illness"—she laughed uncertainly—"mental or physical." She suddenly became grave. "But the shock is very great, even in the most necessary of operations, isn't it?" She spread out her hands. "I wonder!"

In the dusk, she and Welles walked slowly back to the hotel.

"At half past seven!" she said, with a trembling gaiety, and was gone.

In the Hôtel Esplanade the main staircase debouches with a slow curve into a large room where there are many chairs and many little tables, and here people sit before they dine, and here, afterward, they come to sip coffee and to dislike the strangers about them. Just where the staircase ends is a chandelier of draped crystals forming a pool of radiance through which step ladies, hastily or slowly, according to their notion of how on that particular night they look. It is an uncompromising radiance.

At the foot of the staircase, Welles, in a dinner-jacket, waited. He heard a whisper of skirts above him and looked up. Elsa was descending, slowly, a faint, reflective smile on her lips. She had made an unusually brilliant toilette. She was wearing a gown of sapphire and sapphire ear-rings were in her ears, and her cheeks were flushed and she was carrying her head with the pretty, proud carriage of a woman who knows that at the moment she is beautiful. It came to Welles with a shock he had not experienced for years how really beautiful she was. Her thirty-six years had treated her kindly.

"Wait a moment," she whispered, as she passed him, and she went over into

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the crowd and came back with the tall, dark woman of the afternoon.

"Forgive me," she said, "for bringing you here, but it is the most convenient place to await my husband. Mr. Welles —the Marchesa di"—she corrected herself—"the Principessa di Vitelli." And then Welles knew what was going to happen.

With a sudden flash of intuition he realized that he was at the beginning of a momentous moment, and then he realized that, however uncomfortable such moments were for a person of his temperament, there was about this particular moment an extreme degree of equity; a stimulating sense of the nearness of the wings of the Eumenides. After fourteen years, Elsa's hour of consummation had arrived, and, more than any one else in the world, he knew what those fourteen years had been to her; knew better, perhaps, than did Elsa herself; knew the dark, unaided struggle, the slow agony, the maimed pride; the gift so constantly held out and, on Fortescue's part, accepted with so many reservations. We are to imagine that at this second of time Welles loved Elsa with a sharp clearness that had heretofore been foreign to his inarticulate nature. He admired, too, although he still shrank a little from the prospective expression of it, the precision with which she had made her own the opportunity given by the unexpected turn of the wheel of fate. He looked at the two women standing under the austere light of the chandelier. How clever! Even this particular position Elsa had chosen at the foot of the staircase, where Fortescue, coming down, would be able to see them with distinctness and uninterruptedly. He would be indeed a fool if he did not understand immediately what life meant him to understand; if he did not perceive immediately the difference with which these two women had handled the gifts that were theirs; Elsa —the amethyst Elsa, you understand— cool and sweet and ripening toward a rich maturity, and this other woman— "burnt out," Welles called her. Life had burned her out. Her dark, lovely eyes were still there, but beyond that she was altogether burned out; only her eyes and a certain unconscious wistfulness, perhaps, with which nature compensates for its injuries were left. And yet, apparently, she was unaware of this, as faded beauty is inclined to be; she was altogether self-possessed, imperturbed, possibly a trifle patronizing. This accounted, then, for the ease with which Elsa had set the stage for her duel. The Principessa di Vitelli felt that she was still dealing with an awkward child.

"Raphael," smiled Elsa—she spoke with a quick calmness—"will be down soon. He is always late. So you must go early to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, very early."

"I'm so sorry. But then we were very lucky to run across you as we did. I haven't told Raphael—it will be a complete surprise to him."

"Oh!" The Principessa di Vitelli's dark eyebrows suddenly went up. Welles, watching intently, was aware that into her mind, for the first time, had flashed a tiny suspicion of something untoward. But Elsa's manner was disarming.

"He will be so delighted," she said. "He has been very much overworked lately. That is why we are here. To see an old friend like you will be to him particularly rejuvenating."

"You are very kind," murmured the Principessa di Vitelli.

"No!" Elsa became grave. "No! Your rare letters have meant more to him, perhaps, than anything else in the world."

"You mean—?" The dark eyes grew round and a faint color stirred in the Principessa's cheeks.

Elsa laughed ingenuously. "Of course! Why not? We are much more modern now in England, my dear, than we used to be. Why should I object to your letters, when they meant so much to him?" She drew closer to the other woman, her manner friendly, faintly

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

smiling, earnest. "I dare say," she said, "I am as new-fashioned a woman as most, but when it comes to the life of the man I happen to care for, I do not agree with numerous friends of mine. I think it is a woman's work to make a man's life complete, particularly if he happens to be a genius—they say Raphael is—and you are not; when, in fact, you yourself are only rather fumbling and stupid. And you see, your letters have done that—have made Raphael's life ever so much completer than it would have been." She hesitated, as if a little confused, then hurried on. "You understand, I know," she said; "I'm sure you feel the same way. Perhaps—" She paused—"perhaps I should even have written you long ago telling you this. Should I? I should have made myself clearer."

She was so innocent, so much in earnest, that even Welles found himself for a while puzzled as to her ultimate meaning. The entire lack of misgiving on the part of the Principessa di Vitelli added to this confusion on his part. These might have been two smiling women discussing the most ordinary of things. For a moment he felt that his initial intuition had been incorrect; that for some unknown feminine reason Elsa was conducting an unlooked-for reconciliation. Her next words, however, corrected this impression.

"Raphael," she said, with a curious little licking of her lips, as if they were dry with a hidden fever, "lives more than most men in his dreams. I have noticed at times that it takes a great shock to awaken him to reality."

"That is the way with all of us," said the Principessa, lightly, as if not greatly interested in what threatened to become a philosophical conversation.

"All?"

"Yes."

"No," said Elsa, abruptly, "not all. Few, if any, women. Women are more practical. Their dreams bolster their vanity; or they are warm dreams, dreams of physical nearness that they may bring true—or, perhaps, may not. Oh no, women dream differently."

There was for the first time an undercurrent of challenge in her voice, and she apparently realized this, for she turned and looked up the staircase. "Raphael is always so late!" she complained.

But the other woman had at length awakened to some realization that Elsa's words were not entirely unrehearsed. Beauty, even after it has long faded, is not intuitive. It does not expect defiance; it is too complacent to regard it seriously. Now, however, the dark eyes of the Principessa di Vitelli fastened themselves with a puzzled expression upon Elsa's averted face.

"He must have been very happy, then," she said, slowly, and Welles was aware that here was an attempt to make Elsa unmask her intentions more clearly.

Elsa turned toward them. "Who?"

"Your husband."

Elsa flushed. "Why?"

The other's dark eyes were regarding her steadily. "One hears that American women alone do not, perhaps, dream the dreams you say most women do. They are too intellectual; too—too cool."

"Ah!" Welles saw the fingers of Elsa's hands, hanging at her sides, clench themselves. She gave a little laugh and stepped forward. "How odd," she said, "that over here one knows so little of American women!" He feared that the moment he had dreaded was about to emerge. "How very odd! Perhaps the only difference between them and others is that their dreams are a trifle kinder; a little—" She stopped abruptly and stared over the other woman's shoulder, as if, in some cold and absent-minded way, a thought had occurred to her which troubled her and made her uncertain. "It seems," she said, "that I must tell you more, since you ask—" She stopped abruptly again. "He lives on dreams," she concluded, lamely, but as if talking to herself.

Then, according to Welles, a strange thing happened; a physical change seemed to come over her; a certain

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

shining precision that had been hers receded from her like a cloak of air made visible; she shrank into herself, and her eyelashes dropped. She turned to him.

"I am very ill," she stammered in a small, hopeless voice. "Take me away please. No!" She summoned back her strength. "First stop Raphael! Quick! He mustn't come this way!"

But Welles did not move. "I will wait," he said. He had plenty of time to stop Raphael. He cast an eye up the empty staircase.

Elsa turned back to the woman beside her. "You must forgive me," she begged. "I do not know what is the matter—I—I am not myself. I—"

The Principessa's red lips twisted into the faintest of ironic smiles. By some convolution of fortune she did not comprehend she found herself unexpectedly in control of the situation.

"Of course," she said. "Naturally! I am so sorry." Her sympathetic tones did not conceal a gentle amusement, nor a well-bred note of interrogation.

Elsa turned upon her, the shining precision reborn for a fleeting moment. Welles, standing there, knew what she wanted to say: "You fool! You poor wretched fool! If you are in doubt—look in your mirror and you will see. Do you think God lets people off scot free?" But instead she murmured: "It is very good of you. Perhaps you will understand."

She took Welles's arm and went slowly up the stairs. She walked as if she was very tired and the color had left her cheeks and her eyes. Welles, looking back, saw the Principessa di Vitelli still watching them, the same faint amused smile on her lips. He was very angry. The fool! So she did not understand, after all! She still thought Elsa was afraid of her as she had been for these last twelve years.

He turned toward Elsa. "Are you feeling better?" he asked.

She did not answer him directly. "You must get hold of Raphael," she said, "and tell him that I have changed my mind; that we will go on to the Grays', after all."

"The Grays! Why, I thought you were ill?"

"I am, but can I leave him here, about this hotel? Hurry!" She raised her head with a desperate little laugh. "It is a pity, too," she said. "Raphael hates me so when I'm not as pretty as he thinks I should be." . . .

You are never quite sure when one of Welles's stories end. You have been, you see, so preoccupied with your own ideas, so engrossed in the building up of the tale from the disjointed material vouchsafed you—on the surface, Welles, you understand, tells you practically nothing. Besides, he has a trick of rumbling on expletively and breathing rather heavily through his nose long after actual sentences have ceased to come. It is almost like awakening from a trance to find him knocking out his pipe.

"They're so queer," he complains.

"Who?"

"Women. So damned silly and so wonderful."

"Of course." You're not in for a discussion of that sort. "She saved his dreams, though, didn't she?"

"Oh yes!" Welles takes no particular interest.

"Well, anyway, it was a far cry from Philadelphia."

Welles lights a cigarette.

"Rather!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

DEATH VALLEY

BY ZANE GREY

OF the five hundred and fifty-seven square miles of desert land in the Southwest, Death Valley is the lowest below sea-level, the most arid and desolate. It derives its felicitous name from the earliest days of the gold strike in California, when a caravan of Mormons, numbering about seventy, struck out from Salt Lake, to cross the Mojave Desert and make a short cut to the gold-fields. All but two of these prospectors perished in the deep, iron-walled, ghastly sink-hole, which from that time became known as Death Valley.

The survivors of this fatal expedition brought news to the world that the somber valley of death was a treasure mine of minerals, and since then hundreds of prospectors and wanderers have lost their lives there. To seek gold and to live in the lonely waste places of the earth have been and ever will be driving passions of men.

My companion on this trip was a Norwegian named Sievert Nielson. On most of my trips to lonely and wild places I have been fortunate in my comrades or guides. The circumstances of my meeting Nielson were so singular that I think they will serve as an interesting introduction. Some years ago I received a letter, brief, clear, and well written, in which the writer stated that he had been a wanderer over the world, a sailor before the mast, and was now a prospector for gold. He had taken four trips alone down into the desert of Sonora, and in many other places of the Southwest, and knew the prospecting game. Somewhere he had run across my story, *Desert Gold*, in which I told about a lost gold-mine. And the point of his letter was that if I could give him some idea as to where the lost gold-mine was located he would go and find it and give me half of it. I wrote him that to my regret the lost gold-mine existed only in my imagination, but if he would come to Avalon to see me perhaps we might both profit by such a meeting. To my surprise he came. He was a man of about thirty-five, of magnificent physique, weighing about one hundred and ninety pounds, and he was so enormously broad across the shoulders that he did not look his five feet ten. He had a wonderful head, huge, round, solid like a cannon-ball, and his bronzed face, his regular features, square, firm jaw, and clear gray eyes, fearless and direct, were singularly attractive to me. Well educated, with a strange, calm poise, and a cool courtesy, not common in Americans, he evidently was a man of good family, by his own choice a rolling stone and an adventurer.

Nielson accompanied me on two trips into the wilderness of Arizona, on one of which he saved my life, and on the other he rescued all our party from a most uncomfortable and possibly hazardous situation—but these are tales I may tell elsewhere. In January, 1919, Nielson and I traveled around the desert of southern California, from Palm Springs to Picacho, and in March we went to Death Valley.

Nowadays a little railroad, the Tonapah and Tidewater Railroad, runs northward from the Santa Fé over the barren Mojave, and passes within fifty miles of Death Valley.

It was sunset when we arrived at Death Valley Junction, a weird, strange sunset in drooping curtains of transparent cloud, lighting up dark mountain ranges, some peaks of which were clear-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

cut and black against the sky, and others veiled in trailing storms, while still others were white with snow. That night in the dingy little store I heard prospectors talk about float, which meant gold on the surface; about high-grade ores—zinc, copper, silver, lead, manganese—and how borax was mined thirty years ago and hauled out of Death Valley by teams of twenty mules. Next morning, while Nielson packed the burros with our outfit, I visited the borax-mill. It was the property of an English firm, and the work of hauling, grinding, roasting borax ore went on day and night. Inside it was as dusty and full of a powdery atmosphere as an old-fashioned flour-mill. The ore was hauled by train from some twenty miles nearer the valley, and was dumped from a high trestle into chutes that fed the grinders. For an hour I watched this constant stream of borax as it slid down into the hungry crushers, and I listened to the chalk-faced operator who yelled in my ear. Once he picked a piece of gypsum out of the borax. He said the mill was getting out twenty-five hundred sacks a day. The men, he said, did not last long at such labor, and in the mines six months appeared to be the limit of human endurance. How quickly I had enough of that choking air in the room where the borax was ground! And I found intolerable the place where the borax was roasted in huge, round, revolving furnaces. When I got out into the cool, clean desert air I felt an immeasurable relief, and that relief made me thoughtful of the condition of men who labored, who were chained by necessity, duty, habit, or by love, to the hard tasks of the world. It did not seem fair. These laborers of the borax mines and mills, like the stokers of ships, and coal-diggers, and blast-furnace hands—like thousands of men—killed themselves outright or impaired their strength, and when they were gone or rendered useless others were found to take their places. Whenever I come in contact with some phase of this problem of life I take the meaning of the lesson of it to myself, and as the years go by my respect and reverence and wonder increase for these men of elemental lives, these horny-handed toilers with physical things, these uncomplaining users of brawn and bone, these giants who breast the elements, who till the earth and handle iron, who fight the natural forces with their bodies.

That day about noon I looked back down the long gravel and grease-wood slope which we had ascended and I saw the borax-mill now only a smoky blot on the desert floor. When we reached the pass between the Black Mountains and the Funeral Mountains we left the road and were soon lost to the works of man. How strange a gladness, a relief! Something dropped away from me. I felt the same subtle change in Nielson. For one thing, he stopped talking, except for an occasional word to the mules.

The blunt end of the Funeral Range was as remarkable as its name. It sheered up very high, a saw-tooth range with colored strata tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. Zigzag veins of black and red and yellow, rather dull, ran through the great drab-gray mass. This end of the range, an iron mountain, frowned down upon us with hard and formidable aspect. The peak was draped in streaky veils of rain from low-dropping clouds that appeared to have lodged there. All below lay clear and cold in the sunlight.

Our direction lay to the westward, and at that altitude, about three thousand feet, how pleasant to face the sun! For the wind was cold. The narrow, shallow wash leading down from the pass deepened, widened, almost imperceptibly at first, and then gradually until its proportions were striking. It was a gully where the gravel washed down during rains, and where a scant vegetation, grease-wood, and few low cacti and scrubby sage struggled for existence. Not a bird or lizard or living creature in sight! The trail was getting lonely. From time to time I looked back, because as we could not see far ahead

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

all the superb scene spread and towered behind us. Finally our wash grew to be a wide cañon, winding away from under the massive, lowering wall of the Funeral Range. The high side of this magnificent and impressive line of mountains faced west—a succession of unscalable slopes of bare ragged rock, jagged and jutted, dark drab, rusty iron, with gray and oblique strata running through them as far as eye could see. Clouds soared around the peaks; shadows sailed along the slopes.

Walking in loose gravel was as hard as trudging along in sand. After about fifteen miles I began to have leaden feet. I did not mind hard work, but I wanted to avoid over-exertion. When I am extremely wearied my feelings are liable to be colored somewhat by depression or melancholy. Then it always annoyed me to get tired while Nielson kept on with his wonderful stride.

"Say, Nielson, do you take me for a Yaqui?" I complained. "Slow up a little."

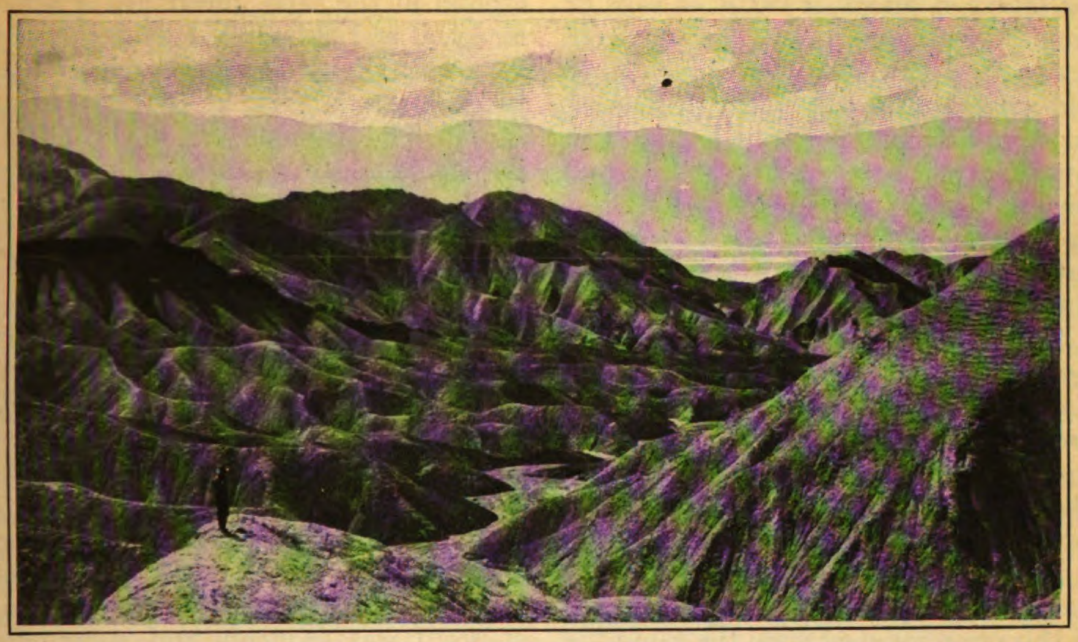
He obliged me, and to cheer me up he told me about a little tramping experience he had in Baja California. Somewhere on the east slope of the Sierra Madre his burros strayed or were killed by mountain-lions, and he found it imperative to strike at once for the nearest ranch below the border, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. He could carry only a portion of his outfit, and as some of it was valuable to him, he discarded all his food except a few biscuits and a canteen of water. Resting only a few hours, without any sleep, he walked the hundred and fifty miles in three days and nights. I believed that Nielson, in telling me such incidents of his own wild experience, intended to inspire me to more endurance.

As we traveled on down the cañon its dimensions continued to grow. It finally turned to the left and opened out wide into a valley running west. A low range of hills faced us, rising in a long, sweeping slant of earth, like the incline of a glacier, to rounded spurs. Half-way up this slope where the brown earth lightened, there showed an outcropping of clay—amber and cream and cinnamon and green, all exquisitely vivid and clear. This bright spot appeared to be isolated. Far above it rose other clay slopes of variegated hues, red and russet and mauve and gray, and colors indescribably merged, all running in veins through this range of hills. We faced the west again, and, descending this valley, were soon greeted by a region of clay hills, bare, cone-shaped, fantastic in shade, slope, and ridge, with a high, sharp peak dominating all. The colors were mauve, taupe, pearl-gray, all stained by a descending band of crimson, as if a higher slope had been stabbed to let its life blood flow down. The softness, the richness and beauty of this texture of earth amazed and delighted my eyes.

Quite unprepared, at a time approaching sunset, we reached and rounded a sharp curve, to see down and far away, and to be held mute in our tracks. Between a white-mantled mountain range on the left and the dark-striped lofty range on the right I could see far down into a gulf, a hazy void, a vast, stark valley that seemed streaked and ridged and cañoned, an abyss into which veils of rain were dropping and over which broken clouds hung, pierced by red and gold rays.

Death Valley! Far down and far away still, yet confounding at first sight! I gazed spellbound. It oppressed my heart. Nielson stood like a statue, silent, absorbed for a moment, then he strode on. I followed, and every second saw more and different aspects, that could not, however, change the first stunning impression. Immense, unreal, weird! I went on down the widening cañon, looking into that changing void. How full of color! It smoked. The traceries of streams or shining white washes brightened the floor of the long, dark pit. Patches and plains of white, borax flats or alkali, showed up like snow. A red haze, sinister and somber, hung over the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



AN UPHEAVED AND FURROWED WORLD OF ROCK

eastern ramparts of this valley, and over the western drooped gray veils of rain, like thinnest lacy clouds, through which shone gleams of the sun.

Nielson plodded on, mindful of our mules. But I lingered, and at last checked my reluctant steps at an open high point with commanding and magnificent view. As I did not attempt the impossible—to write down thoughts and sensations—I could remember later only a few. How desolate and grand! The far-away, lonely, and terrible places of the earth were the most beautiful and elevating. Life's little day seemed so easy to understand, so pitiful. As the sun began to set and the storm-clouds moved across it this wondrous scene darkened, changed every moment, brightened, grew full of luminous red light and then streaked by golden gleams. The tips of the Panamint Mountains came out silver above the purple clouds. At sunset the moment was glorious—dark, forbidding, dim, weird, dismal, yet still tinged with gold. Not like any other scene! Dante's Inferno! Valley of Shadows! Cañon of Purple Veils!

When the sun had set and all that upheaved and furrowed world of rock had received a mantle of gray, and a slumberous, sulphurous, ruddy haze slowly darkened to purple and black, then I realized more fully that I was looking down into Death Valley.

Twilight was stealing down when I caught up with Nielson. He had selected for our camp a protected nook near a spot where the cañon floor bore some patches of sage, the stalks and roots of which would serve for firewood. We unpacked, fed the mules some grain, pitched our little tent and made our bed all in short order, but it was dark long before we had supper. During the meal we talked a little, but afterward, when the chores were done and the mules had become quiet and the strange, thick silence had settled down upon us, we did not talk at all.

The night was black, with sky mostly obscured by clouds. A pale haze marked the west where the afterglow had faded; in the south one radiant star crowned a mountain peak. I strolled away in the darkness and sat down upon a stone. How intense the silence! Dead, vast, sepulchre-like, dreaming, waiting, a silence of ages, burdened with the history of the past, awful! I strained my ears

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

for sound of insect or rustle of sage or drop of weathered rock. The soft, cool desert wind was soundless. This silence had something terrifying in it, making me seem a man alone upon earth. The great spaces, the wild places as they had been millions of years before—I seemed to divine how through them man might develop from a savage to a god, and how, alas! he might go back again.

When I returned to camp Nielson had gone to bed and the fire had burned low. I threw on some branches of sage, the fire blazed up, but it seemed different from other camp-fires. No cheer, no glow, no sparkle! Perhaps it was owing to scant and poor wood. Still I thought it was owing as much to the place. The sadness, the loneliness, the desolateness of this place weighed upon the camp-fire as it did upon my heart.

We got up at five-thirty. At dawn the sky was a cold leaden gray, with a dull gold and rose in the east. A hard wind, eager and nipping, blew up the cañon. At six o'clock the sky brightened somewhat and the day seemed less threatening.

An hour later we broke camp. Traveling in the early morning was pleasant, and we made good time down the winding cañon, arriving about noon at Furnace Creek, where we halted to rest. This stream of warm water, flowing down from a gully that headed up in the Funeral Mountains, had a disagreeable taste, somewhat acrid and soapy. A green thicket of brush was indeed welcome to the eye. It consisted of a rank, coarse kind of grass, and arrow-weed, mesquite, and tamarack. The last-named bore a pink, fuzzy blossom not unlike pussy-willow, which was quite fragrant. Here the deadness of the region seemed further enlivened by several small birds, speckled and gray, two ravens, and a hawk. They all appeared to be hunting food. On a ridge above Furnace Creek we came upon a spring of poison water, clear, sparkling, with a greenish cast, which deposited a white crust on the margins. Nielson, kicking around in the sand, unearthed a skull, bleached and yellow, yet evidently not very old. Some thirsty wanderer had taken his last drink at that deceiving spring. The gruesome and the beautiful, the tragic and the sublime, go hand in hand down the naked shingle of this desolate desert.

While tramping around in the neighborhood of Furnace Creek I happened upon an old, almost obliterated trail. It led toward the ridges of clay, and when I had climbed it a little distance I began to get an impression that the slopes on the other side must run down into a basin or cañon. So I climbed to the top.

The magnificent scenes of desert and mountain, like all the splendid things of life, must be climbed for. In this instance I was suddenly and stunningly confronted by a yellow gulf of cone-shaped and fan-shaped ridges, all bare, crinkly clay, of gold, of amber, of pink, of bronze, of cream—all tapering down to round-knobbed lower ridges, bleak and barren, yet wonderfully beautiful in their stark purity of denudation, until at last, far down between two widely separated hills, shone, dim and blue and ghastly, with shining white streaks like silver streams—the Valley of Death. Then beyond it climbed the league-long red slope, merging into the iron-buttressed base of the Panamint Range, and here, line on line and bulge on bulge, rose the bold benches, and on up the unscalable outcroppings of rock, like colossal ribs of the earth, on and up the steep slopes to where their density of blue-black color began to thin out with streaks of white, and thence upward to the last noble height, where the cold, pure snow gleamed against the sky

I descended into this yellow maze, this world of gullies and ridges where I found it difficult to keep from getting lost. I did lose my bearings, but as my boots made deep imprints in the soft clay I knew it would be easy to back-track my trail. After a while this labyrinthine series of channels and dunes opened into a wide space inclosed on three sides by

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

denuded slopes, mostly yellow. These slopes were smooth, graceful, symmetrical, with tiny tracery of erosion, and each appeared to retain its own color, yellow or cinnamon or mauve. But they were always dominated by a higher one of a different color. And this mystic region sloped and slanted to a great amphitheater walled on the opposite side by a mountain of bare earth, of every hue, and of a thousand ribbed and scalloped surfaces. At its base the golds and russets and yellows were strongest, but ascending its slopes were changing colors—a dark, beautiful mouse color on one side and a strangely pearly cream on the other. Between these great corners of the curve climbed ridges of gray and heliotrope and amber, to meet wonderful veins of green—green as the sea in sunlight—and tracery of white; and on the bold face of this amphitheater, high up, stood out a zigzag belt of dull red, the stain of which had run down to tinge the other hues. Above all this wondrous coloration upheaved the bare breast of the mountain, growing darker with earthy browns, up to the gray old rock ramparts.

This place affected me so strangely, so irresistibly, that I remained there a long time. Something terrible had happened there to men, I felt sure. Something tragic was going on right then — the wearing down, the devastation of the old earth. How plainly that could be seen! Geologically, it was more remarkable to me than the Grand Cañon. But it was the appalling meaning, the absolutely indescribable beauty which overcame me. I thought of those who had been an inspiration to me in my work, and I suffered a pang that they could not be there to see and feel with me.

On my way out of this amphitheater a hard wind swooped down over the slopes, tearing up the colored dust in sheets and clouds. It seemed to me that each gully had its mystic pall of color. I lost no time climbing out. What a hot, choking ordeal! But I never would have missed it, even had I known I should get lost. Looking down again, the scene was vastly changed. A smoky, weird, murky hell with the dull sun gleaming magenta-hued through the shifting pall of dust!

In the afternoon we proceeded leisurely, through an atmosphere growing warmer and denser, down to the valley,

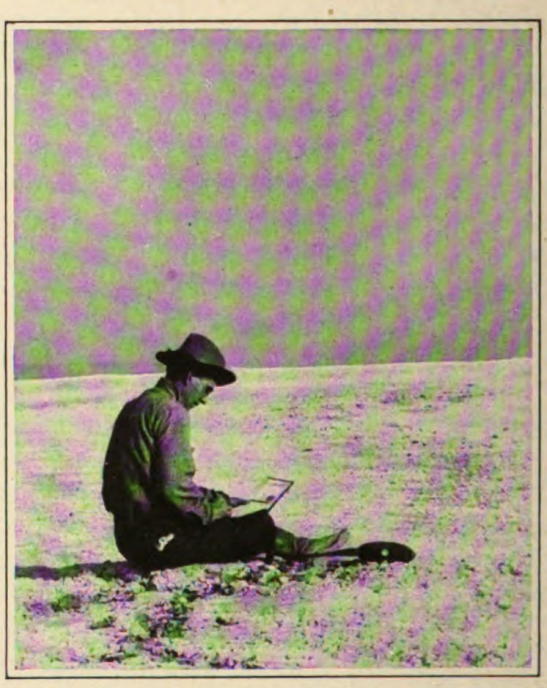


MELANCHOLY, NAMELESS GRAVES ON THE WINDY DESERT SLOPE

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

reaching it at dusk. We followed the course of Furnace Creek and made camp under some cottonwood-trees on the west slope of the valley.

The wind blew a warm gale all night. I lay awake awhile and slept with very little covering. Toward dawn the gale died away. I was up at five-thirty. The morning broke fine, clear, balmy. A flare of pale gleaming light over the Funeral Range heralded the sunrise. The tips of the higher snow-capped Panamints were rose-colored, and below them the slopes were red. The rest of the range showed dark. All these features gradually brightened until the sun came up. How blazing and intense! The wind began to blow again. Under the cottonwoods with their rustling leaves, and green so soothing to the eye, it was very pleasant.



IN MID-DESERT

Beyond our camp stood green and pink thickets of tamarack, and some dark, velvety-green alfalfa-fields, made possible by the spreading of Furnace Creek over the valley slope. A man lived there, and raised this alfalfa for the mules of the borax miners. He lived there alone and his was indeed a lonely, wonderful, and terrible life. At this season a few Shoshone Indians were camped near, helping him in his labors. This lone rancher's name was Denton, and he turned out to be a brother of a Denton, hunter and guide, whom I had met in Lower California.

Like all desert men used to silence, Denton talked with difficulty, but the content of his speech made up for its brevity. He told us about the wanderers and prospectors he had rescued from death by starvation and thirst; about the terrific noonday heat of summer, and the incredible and horrible midnight furnace gales that swept down the valley. With the mercury at 125 degrees at midnight, below the level of the sea, when these furnace blasts bore down upon him, he was barely able to live. No man could spend many summers there. As for white women—Death Valley was fatal to them. The Indians spent the summers up on the mountains. Denton said heat affected men differently. Those who were meat eaters or alcohol drinkers could not survive. Perfect heart and lungs were necessary to stand the heat and density of atmosphere below sea-level. He told of a man who had visited his cabin and had left early in the day, vigorous and strong. A few hours later he was found near the oasis unable to walk, crawling on his hands and knees, dragging a full canteen of water. He never knew what was the matter with him. It might have been heat, for the thermometer registered 135, and it might have been poison gas. Another man, young, of heavy and powerful build, lost seventy pounds weight in less than two days, and was nearly dead when found. The heat of Death Valley quickly dried up blood, tissue, bone. Denton told of a prospector who started out at dawn strong and rational, to return at sunset so crazy that he had to be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tied to keep him out of the water. To have drunk his fill then would have killed him. He had to be fed water by the spoonful. Another wanderer came staggering into the oasis, blind, with horrible face and a black, swollen tongue protruding. He could not make a sound. He also had to be roped, as if he were a mad steer.

I met only one prospector during my stay in Death Valley, a rather undersized man he was, yet muscular, with brown wrinkled face and narrow, dim eyes. He camped with us and seemed to be smiling to himself most of the time, and liked to talk to his burros. He was exceedingly interesting. Once he nearly died of thirst, he said, having gone from noon one day till next morning without water. He fell down often during this ordeal but did not lose his senses; finally the burros saved his life. This old fellow had been across Death Valley every month in the year. July was the worst; in that month crossing should not be attempted during the middle of the day.

I made the acquaintance of the Shoshone Indians, or rather it was through Nielson I met them. Nielson had a kindly, friendly way with Indians. There were half a dozen families, living in squalid tents. The braves worked in the fields for Denton and the squaws kept to the shade with their numerous children. They appeared to be poor; certainly they were a ragged, unpicturesque group. Nielson and I visited them, taking an armload of canned fruit and boxes of sweet crackers, which were received with evident joy. Through this overture I got a peep into one of the tents. The simplicity and frugality of the desert Piute or Navajo were here wanting. These children of the open wore white men's apparel and ate white men's food, and they even had a cook-stove and a sewing-machine in their tent. Nevertheless, they were trying to live like Indians. For me the spectacle was melancholy—another manifestation added to my long list of degeneration of the Indians through the whites! The tent was a buzzing beehive of flies. Never before had I seen so many. In a corner was a naked Indian baby asleep on a goatskin, all his brown, warm-tinted skin spotted black with flies.

Later in the day one of the Indian men called upon us at our camp. I was surprised to hear him use good English. He said he had been educated in a government school in California. From him I



THE AIR HELD A SOLEMN STILLNESS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

learned a great deal about Death Valley. As he was about to depart, on the way to his labor in the fields, he put his hand in his ragged pocket and drew forth an old beaded hat-band, and with calm dignity, worthy of any gift, he made me a present of it. Then he went on his way. The incident touched me. I had been kind; the Indian was not to be outdone. How that reminded me of the many instances of pride in Indians! Who yet has ever told the story of the Indian —the truth, the spirit, the soul of his tragedy?

Nielson and I climbed high up the west slope to the top of a gravel ridge swept clean and packed hard by the winds. Here I sat down while my companion tramped curiously around. At my feet I found a tiny flower, so tiny as almost to defy detection. The color resembled sage-gray and it had the fragrance of sage. Hard to find and wonderful to see was its tiny blossom! The small leaves were perfectly formed, very soft, veined and scalloped, with a fine fuzz and a glistening sparkle. That desert flower of a day, in its isolation and fragility, yet in its unquenchable spirit to live, was to me as great as the tremendous reddening bulk of the Funeral Mountains looming so sinisterly above me.

Then I saw some large bats with white heads flitting around in zigzag flights, new and strange creatures to me.

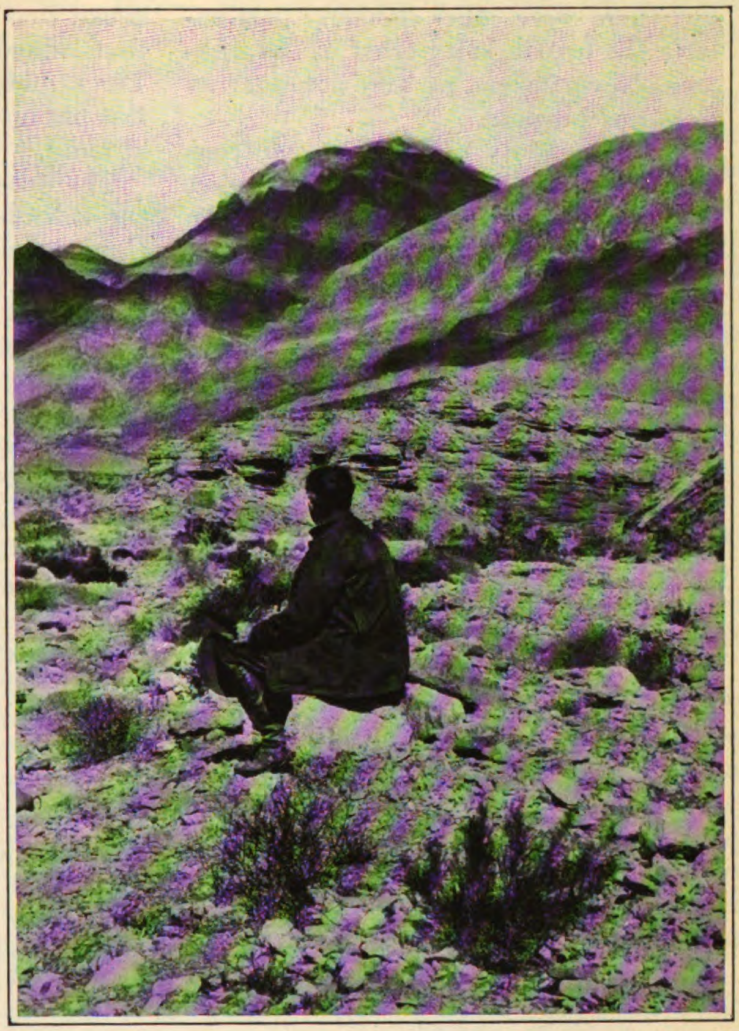
I had come up there to this high ridge to take advantage of the bleak, lonely spot commanding a view of valley and mountains. Before I could compose myself to watch the valley, I made the discovery that near me were six low, gravelly mounds. Graves! One had two stones at head and foot; another had no mark at all. The one nearest had for the head a flat piece of board, with lettering so effaced by weather that I could not decipher the inscription. The bones of a horse lay littered about between the graves. What a lonely place for graves! Death Valley seemed to be one vast sepulchre. What had been the lives and deaths of these people buried here? Lonely, melancholy, nameless graves upon the windy desert slope!

By this time the long shadows had begun to fall. Sunset over Death Valley! A golden flare burned over the Panamints—long, tapering, notched mountains with all their rugged conformation showing. Above floated gold and gray and silver-edged clouds; below shone a whorl of dusky, ruddy bronze haze, gradually thickening. Dim veils of heat still rose from the pale desert valley. As I watched all before me seemed to change and be shrouded in purple. How bold and desolate a scene! What vast scale and tremendous dimension! The clouds paled, turned rosy for a moment with the afterglow, then deepened into purple gloom. A somber smoky sunset, as if Death Valley were the gateway of hell, and its sinister shades upflung from fire. The desert day was done and now the desert twilight descended. Twilight of hazy purple fell over the valley of shadows. The black bold lines of mountains ran across the sky and down into the valley and up on the other side. A buzzard sailed low in the foreground—fitting emblem of life in all that wilderness of suggested death. This fleeting hour was tranquil and sad. What little had it to do with the destiny of man! Death Valley was only a ragged rent of the old earth, from which men in their folly and passion had sought to dig forth golden treasure. The air held a solemn stillness. Peace! How it rested my troubled soul! I felt that I was myself here, far different from my habitual self. Why had I longed to see Death Valley? What did I want of the desert that was naked, red, sinister, somber, forbidding, ghastly, stark, dim, and dark and dismal, the abode of silence and loneliness, the proof of death, decay, devastation, and destruction, the majestic sublimity of desolation? The answer was that I sought the awful, the appalling, and terrible because they harked me back to a primitive day when to my blood and bones was bequeathed their heritage of

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the elements. That was the secret of the eternal fascination the desert exerted upon all men. It carried them back. It inhibited thought. It brought up the age-old sensations so that I could feel, though I did not know it then, once again the all-satisfying state of the savage in nature.

When I returned to camp night had fallen. The evening star stood high in the pale sky, all alone and difficult to see, yet the more beautiful for the difficulty. The night appeared to be warmer, or perhaps it was because no wind blew. Nielson got supper and ate most of it, for I was not hungry. As I sat by the camp-fire a flock of little bats, the smallest I had ever seen, darted from the wood-pile near by and flew right in my face. They had no fear of man or fire. Their wings made a soft, swishing sound. Later I heard the trill of frogs, which was the last sound I might have expected to hear in Death Valley. A sweet, high-pitched, melodious trill, it reminded me of the music made by frogs in the Taumalipus Jungle of Mexico. Every time I awakened that night—and it was often—I heard this trill. Once, too, my listening ear caught faint mournful notes of a killdeer. How strange, and still sweeter than the trill! What a touch to the infinite silence and loneliness! A killdeer—bird of the swamps and marshes—what could he be doing in arid and barren Death Valley? Nature is mysterious and inscrutable.



HOW BOLD AND DESOLATE A SCENE

Next morning the marvel of nature was exemplified even more strikingly. Out on the hard, gravel-strewn slope I found some more tiny flowers of a day. One was a white daisy, very frail and delicate on long, thin stem with scarcely any leaves. Another was a yellow flower with four petals, a pale miniature California poppy. Still another was a purple-red flower almost as large as a buttercup with dark-green leaves. Last and tiniest of all were infinitely fragile pink and white blossoms on very flat plants, smiling wanly up from the desolate earth.

Nielson and I made known to Denton our purpose to walk across the valley. He advised against it. Not that the heat was intense at this season, he explained,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

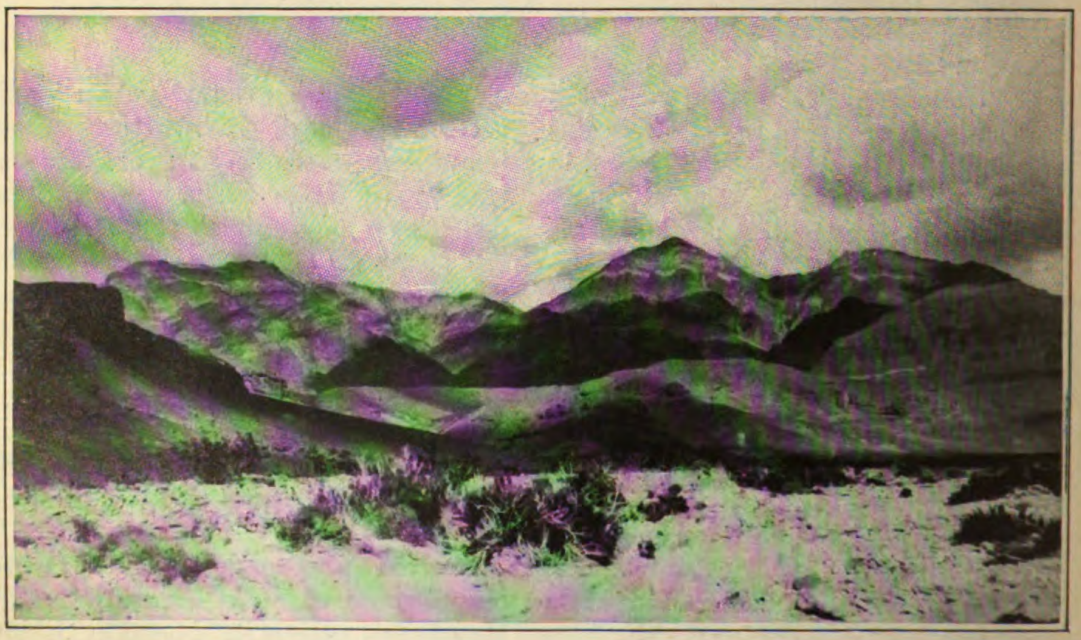
but there were other dangers, particularly the brittle, salty crust of the sink-hole. Nevertheless, we were not deterred from our purpose.

So with plenty of water in canteens and a few biscuits in our pockets we set out. I saw the heat veils rising from the valley floor, at that point one hundred and seventy-eight feet below sea-level. The heat lifted in veils, like thin smoke. Denton had told us that in summer the heat came in currents, in waves. It blasted leaves, burned trees to death as well as men. Prospectors watched for the leaden haze that thickened over the mountains, knowing then no man could dare the terrible sun. That day would be a hazed and glaring hell, leaden, copper, with sun blazing in a sky of molten iron.

A long, sandy slope of mesquite extended down to the bare, crinkly floor of the valley, and here the descent to a lower level was scarcely perceptible. The walking was bad; little mounds in the salty crust made it hard to place a foot on the level. This crust appeared fairly strong, but when it rang hollow under our boots I stepped very cautiously. The color was a dirty gray and yellow. Far ahead I could see a dazzling white plain that looked like frost on a frozen river. The atmosphere was deceptive, making this plain seem far away and then close at hand.

The excessively difficult walking and the thickness of the air tired me, so I threw myself down to rest and used my note-book as a means to conceal from the tireless Nielson that I was fatigued. Always I found this a very efficient excuse, and, for that matter, it was profitable for me. I have forgotten more than I have ever written.

Rather overpowering, indeed, it was to sit on the floor of Death Valley, miles from the slopes that appeared so far away. It was flat, salty, alkali, or borax ground, crusted and cracked. The glare hurt my eyes. I felt moist, hot, oppressed, in spite of a rather stiff wind. A dry odor pervaded the air, slightly like salty dust. Thin dust devils whirled on the bare flats. A valley-wide mirage shone clear as a mirror along the desert floor to the west, strange, deceiving, a thing both unreal and beautiful. The Panamints towered a wrinkled, red, grisly mass, broken by rough cañons, with long declines of talus like brown



THE LAND OF PURPLE VEILS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

glaciers. Seamed and scarred! Indestructible by past ages, yet surely wearing to ruin! From this point I could not see the snow on the peaks. The whole mountain range seemed an immense red barrier of beetling rock. The Funeral Range was farther away and therefore more impressive. Its effect was stupendous. Leagues of brown, chocolate slopes, scarred by slashes of yellow and cream, and shadowed black by sailing clouds, led up to the magnificently peaked and jutted summits.

Splendid as this was and reluctant as I felt to leave, I soon joined Nielson and we proceeded onward. At last we reached the white, winding plain that had resembled a frozen river, and which from afar had looked so ghastly and stark. We found it to be a perfectly smooth stratum of salt glistening as if powdered. It was not solid, not stable; at pressure of a boot it shook like jelly. Under the white crust lay a yellow substance that was wet. Here appeared an obstacle we had not calculated upon. Nielson ventured out on it and his feet sank in several inches. I did not like the wave of the crust. It resembled thin ice under a weight. Presently I ventured to take a few steps, and did not sink in so deeply or make such depression in the crust as Nielson. We returned to the solid edge and deliberated. Nielson said that by stepping quickly we could cross without any great risk, though it appeared reasonable that by standing still a person would sink into the substance.

"Well, Nielson, you go ahead," I said, with an attempt at lightness. "You weigh one hundred and ninety. If you go through I'll turn back!"

Nielson started with a laugh. The man courted peril. The bright face of danger must have been beautiful and alluring to him. I started after him, caught up with him, and stayed beside him. I could not have walked behind him over that strip of treacherous sink-hole. If I could have done so the whole adventure would have been meaningless to me. Nevertheless I was frightened. I felt the prickle of my skin, the stiffening of my hair, as well as the cold tingling thrills through my veins.

This place was the lowest point of the valley in that particular location, and must have been upward of two hundred feet below sea-level. The lowest spot, called the Sink Hole, lay some miles distant and was the terminus of this river of salty white.

We crossed it in safety. On the other side extended a long flat of upheaved crusts of salt and mud, full of holes and pitfalls, an exceedingly toilsome and painful place to travel, and, for all we could tell, dangerous, too. I had all I could do to watch my feet and find surfaces to hold my steps. Eventually we crossed this broken field, reaching the edge of the gravel slope, where we were very glad indeed to rest.

Denton had informed us that the distance was seven miles across the valley at the mouth of Furnace Creek. I had thought it seemed much less than that. But after I had toiled across it I was convinced that it was much more. It had taken us hours. How the time had sped! For this reason we did not tarry long on that side.

Facing the sun, we found the return trip more formidable. Hot indeed it was —hot enough for me to imagine how terrible Death Valley would be in July or August. On all sides the mountains stood up dim and obscure and distant in haze. The heat veils lifted in ripples, and any object not near at hand seemed illusive. Nielson set a pace for me on this return trip. I was quicker and surer of foot than he, but he had more endurance. I lost strength while he kept his unimpaired, so often he had to wait for me. Once when I broke through the crust he happened to be close at hand and quickly hauled me out. I got one foot wet with some acid fluid. We peered down into the murky hole, Nielson quoting a prospector's saying, "Forty feet from hell!" That broken sharp crust of salt afforded the meanest traveling I had ever experienced. Slopes of weathered

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

rock that slip and slide are bad; cacti, and especially choya cacti, are worse; the jagged and corrugated surfaces of lava are still more hazardous and painful. But this cracked floor of Death Valley, with its salt crusts standing on end, like pickets of a fence, beat any place for hard going that either Nielson or I had encountered. I ruined my boots, skinned my shins, cut my hands. How those salt cuts stung! We crossed the upheaved plain, then the strip of white, and reached the crinkly floor of yellow salt. The last hour taxed my endurance almost to the limit. When we reached the edge of the sand and the beginning of the slope I was hotter and thirstier than I had ever been in my life. It pleased me to see Nielson wringing wet and panting. He drank a quart of water apparently in one gulp, and I took the longest and deepest drink of water that I had ever drunk.

We reached camp at the end of this still hot summer day. Never had a camp seemed so welcome! What a wonderful thing it was to earn and appreciate and realize rest! The cottonwood leaves were rustling; bees were humming in the tamarack blossoms. I lay in the shade, resting my burning feet and aching bones, and I watched Nielson as he whistled over the camp-chores. Then I heard the sweet song of a meadow-lark and after that the melodious, deep note of a swamp blackbird. These birds evidently were traveling north and had tarried at the oasis.

Lying there, I realized that I had come to love the silence, the loneliness, the serenity, even the tragedy, of this valley of shadows. Death Valley was one place that could never be popular with men. It had been set apart for the hardy diggers for earth's treasure, and for the wanderers of the waste lands—men who go forth to seek and to find and to face their souls. Perhaps most of them found death. But there was a death in life. Desert travelers learned the secret that men lived too much in the world—that in silence and loneliness and desolation there was something infinite, something hidden from the crowd.

DANGER

BY E. E. SPEIGHT

BEAR with me, dear ones, for have I not seen
Red roads that lead where love hath never been?

Where ye have played upon the meadow grass
I have known ancient treachery come to pass.

And in the words of them ye thought were true
My heart hath heard most bitter hate of you.

Bear with me that I cannot take my ease
Nor leave my guard amid such challenges.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

WHAT BOLSHEVISM HAS BECOME

BY JOHN SPARGO

Author of *Bolshevism* and *The Psychology of Bolshevism*

NO small part of the difficulty encountered by the ordinary citizen who seeks to form just judgments upon the great challenge which Bolshevism has brought to the heart and brain of the world, arises from the fact that the conflicting accounts which tempt him to cry out that "all men are liars" are faithful attempts to describe *different stages of the same movement.* He does not remember —indeed, it is not always made clear to him—that since November, 1917, Bolshevism in Russia has passed through a remarkably rapid evolution, the several stages of which present violent contrasts.

Of course, there have been liars a-plenty. There has been a vast amount of propaganda and counter-propaganda. Paid perjurers have served both sides. More numerous by far have been the entirely honest witnesses who have been the innocent dupes of one side or the other, the "eye-witnesses" who have so befogged most of us. A small army of superficial observers, most of them ignorant of politics in the large sense of the word, of economics, of the Russian language, and, most important of all, of the historical background, have seen and recorded just what they have been permitted to see and to record. It is perhaps not too much to say that of all testimony concerning such a bitterly contested subject that of eye-witnesses is, upon the whole, of least value. Only when the character and competence of the eye-witness are thoroughly known should his testimony be relied upon—and then only in so far as it is supported by other, independent testimony, or coincides with properly authenticated knowledge already possessed.

In much the same way that the actual battle-front was, as a rule, the worst possible place for gaining an intelligent idea of the World War and its progress, so Russia has been, and still is, about the worst place in the world for gaining an intelligent idea of Russian Bolshevism, paradoxical as this statement may appear. There the strife is too intense and bitter to permit the formation of unbiased opinions. In such an atmosphere rumor is received as reality; hatred and partizanship distort every incident. It is safe to say that no profound, illuminating definitive study of Russian Bolshevism will be produced in Russia, or by any Russian, for very many years to come.

How, then, it may be asked, are we to form our opinions and our judgments? At the risk of being quite as generally misunderstood by my anti-Bolshevist friends as by my pro-Bolshevist opponents, I venture to suggest that we are safe only in so far as we rely upon a fairly full knowledge of economics and history, especially Russian history, supplemented by the following: (1) The literature of Bolshevist theory, expository and critical; (2) texts of official documents illustrative of the manner in which the Bolsheviki sought to give concrete expression to their theories—proclamations, constitutions, laws, decrees, reports, and the like; (3) authoritative criticisms by responsible parties and the replies made thereto by accredited representatives of the Bolsheviki; (4) the statements of witnesses of acknowledged competence, properly tested.

Confining myself strictly to the method of investigation just described, I

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

propose to trace, briefly, the principal outlines of the evolution of Bolshevism as a practical experiment from the overthrow of Kerensky to the present time. (Written in March, 1920.) In order to do that most effectively, it is necessary to begin with a very definite mental picture of the circumstances attending the *coup d'état* of November 7, 1917:

Czarism had been overthrown in March. There was a Provisional Government, representing a coalition of parties, Socialists being in a majority and Kerensky, a Socialist, at its head. Arrangements were well under way for holding a democratic, representative constitutional convention, the Constituent Assembly, elected upon the basis of universal, equal, direct, secret suffrage and proportional representation. Every political party and faction in Russia—including the Bolsheviki—was pledged to the holding of this constitutional convention, and, implicitly at any rate, to acceptance of its decisions. Like other parties and groups, the Bolsheviki nominated their candidates and sought the suffrage of the electorate in support of their program. Just when the elections were about to be held, however, the Bolsheviki—then a faction of the Social Democratic party of Russia, but now separated from it—raised the cry, "All power to the soviets!" and by a *coup d'état* seized the reins of power, overthrowing the Provisional Government.

At the outset we must understand the significance of the slogan, "All power to the soviets!" and the nature of the soviets themselves. These latter were very loosely organized councils of city workmen, peasants, and soldiers which sprang up during the March revolution and had become loosely federated. In almost every large factory there was such a council—that is, a factory soviet. There were similar councils of peasants in many villages and of soldiers in many regiments. They were organized in the most haphazard manner; in a factory employing hundreds, or even thousands, of workers a few dozen might assemble, without the knowledge of their fellows, and in open meeting, by show of hands, elect the council for that factory and its representatives upon the central soviet of the city. In the same way a score of soldiers belonging to a regiment might hold an impromptu meeting and "elect" the regimental soviet. Of course the attendance was sometimes much greater. It was necessary to point out that the soviets were not really responsible, representative bodies. It is necessary to observe, also, that the representatives elected by a factory soviet to the central soviet might not be factory workers at all, or the representatives of peasant soviets peasants. Lawyers, editors, college professors, and professional politicians were frequently chosen.

Such bodies could be easily swayed by the arts of the demagogue and easily manipulated. It requires no great amount of political knowledge to make these facts obvious. From 1903, when they emerged as a definite faction under the leadership of "Nicolai Lenine," the Bolsheviki had made it quite clear that they did not believe in political democracy, and that they had no intention of relying upon electoral majorities. They had boasted that they would trust to "daring, militant minorities." In the city and village soviets, which were cooperating with the Provisional Government, they saw a chance to realize their avowed aims. They set about alienating the soviets from the Provisional Government, and, when they had done this, raised the demand that all the powers of government, political and economic, be taken over by these loose and inchoate groups. They had developed a theory, closely akin to certain types of syndicalism, that these soviets represented a force of great constructive value and importance, "the conscious, creative power of the revolutionary masses."

In the time of the Provisional Government the workmen's councils in the factories filled a rôle quite similar to that long filled by "shop meetings" and the shop stewards of the unions in England.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

They did not call into question the owners' rights of ownership. They had no part in the determination of the prices of raw materials or finished goods, the making of contracts, or similar matters of business management. They were concerned only with such matters as wages, piece-work rates, labor conditions in the factory, and the like.

The Bolsheviki issued a decree, immediately after the *coup d'état*, which, while it left the owners in nominal possession, transferred practically the entire substance of the rights of ownership to the workmen's councils in the factories. All power was given to these factory soviets. They had absolute control of the factories, the superintendence of production, selection of foremen, fixing the price of the finished products, keeping the accounts, and so on. In all matters the decisions of these councils were made binding upon the owners, who had no right of appeal against any order. This was the basis of the economic system in the first phase of Bolshevism. The same decree that conferred these rights upon the factory soviets outlined an elaborate network of soviets which was later made the basis of the constitution of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. Delegates from the factory soviets and the trades and professional unions constituted the municipal soviet; then there were village soviets, regional soviets and, finally, the All-Russian Soviet. Briefly, the system was essentially a network of industrial syndicates, each practically autonomous, but all federated into an organization which culminated in a highly centralized power.

The Bolsheviki were anti-Statists. In all their literature from 1903 onward this had been made perfectly clear. They aimed at the destruction of the political State, which they regarded as essentially an instrument of oppression. Their hostility to the State, however, was not that of the anarchists, which is based upon an exaggerated individualism; it was rather that of those syndicalists whose aim is a decentralized collectivism subject to the direct authority of the proletariat.

It is not difficult to understand what happened under this arrangement. Fortunately, there were many factories in which Bolshevist agitation had made scarcely any impression upon the workers, and in these work went on very much as before, the essential management being left untouched. In such cases the standard of production was fairly well maintained. There were other factories in which the anti-Bolshevist Social-Democrats, the Mensheviki, were in the majority. It is the universal testimony that in these factories, also, thanks to the restraining common-sense and practical realism of the Menshevist leaders, there was no great decline in production; in some cases there was a substantial increase. In the factories where the Bolshevist spirit prevailed to any large extent there was a sharp and serious decline in production. Technical and managerial experts were dismissed and their places filled by the most incompetent and often wholly illiterate men. There was almost an entire absence of anything approaching labor discipline. The soviet system was exemplified at its worst. At its very best the system, which might have been applied to industry in the same handicraft stage of development, could not possibly have been successfully applied to large-scale machine industry. The theory of soviet industrial management is some two hundred years behind the mechanical development on which modern industry rests.

By the early part of 1918 the serious consequences of the welter of anarchy in the industrial system came to be recognized by the leaders of the Bolsheviki. As early as April, 1918, five months after the establishment of the Bolshevist régime, we find Lenine, the clearest thinker of them all, openly facing this problem with his customary intellectual integrity and boldly announcing that it would be necessary to abandon the principle of "All power to the soviets," the

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

principle of direct proletarian authority. Discussing "the immediate tasks before the soviet power," he pointed out that the proletariat had not shown itself to be capable of bringing about expert and efficient organization of production. He called attention to the fact that production under the soviets had declined in a manner that meant ruin unless it were speedily checked. He recognized that the Bolsheviki had underrated and undervalued the service rendered by the hated bourgeoisie in the organization and direction of industry. Apparently Lenine had only lately discovered the value and importance of that directive ability which Marx in his day had already so clearly recognized. In the first volume of his monumental work, *Capital*, Marx called attention to the fact that modern production, based on "the collective power of masses," depends upon a special kind of leadership, or directing ability, just as an orchestra does. Unlike Lenine, his disciple, Marx very clearly perceived the importance to industry of the expert supervising and directing mind.

Having made his belated discovery, Lenine insisted that it would be necessary to effect a compromise with capitalism and to abandon, to a very large degree, the soviet methods in favor of methods commonly associated with capitalism. He argued that it would be necessary to introduce piece-work, varying rates of pay for services of varying value requiring widely differing degrees of skill, centralized authority, expert management by highly paid specialists, and so on. With mordant candor, he told his followers that industry could not be carried on through the medium of a debating society. He even recommended the introduction of the Taylor system of scientific management, going much farther in this direction than the head of any large American industrial enterprise would dare to go. He demanded iron discipline during work, "absolute submission to the will of one person." Judge Gary, of the Steel Trust, might well have given utterance to this statement made by Lenine in his *The Soviets at Work:*

> Complete submission to a single will is absolutely necessary for the success of the processes of work which is organized on the type of large machine industry. This is doubly true of the railways.

Another evil manifested itself quite early in this phase of the Bolshevist régime. Workers employed on services of immediate, critical, and vital importance quickly realized and availed themselves of the strategic importance of their position in the industrial system. The Bolsheviki encountered, in a most impressive way, the fundamental defect of every form of syndicalism, a defect inherent in sovietism. Discussing syndicalist theories in a little book published in 1913, I called attention to the fact that in practice syndicalism would inevitably result in a dangerous labor oligarchy; that workers employed in particular occupations, such as mining and railroad transportation, for example, would be placed in a position enabling them to dominate and exploit society; a power not enjoyed to an equal degree by workers in other occupations, such as building, textile manufacture, and the like. For this recognition of a more or less obvious fact, I was very roundly denounced, at the time, as a "Yellow Opportunist" by the "Red Impossiblists." Experience is a great teacher. Early in the spring of 1918, the Bolshevist government was confronted by the fact that the railway workers were asserting demands which could not possibly be met without surrendering to them the power to exploit practically all other forms of labor.

In early June, 1918, Kobozev, then Commissar of Communications, complained that the railway workers had developed "a very ugly form of professional syndicalism"; that the eight-hour work-day and the system of paying wages by the hour had "definitely disorganized the politically ignorant masses, who understand these slogans not as an

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

appeal to the most productive efficiency of a free citizen, but as a right to idleness unjustified by any increase of technical means." He complained that "whole powerful workshops give a daily disgraceful exhibition of inactivity on the principle of 'Why should I work when my neighbor is paid by time for doing no work at all?'"

Kobozev was so bitterly opposed as a result of his stand that he was obliged to resign. Nevertheless, the conditions he described had to be overcome. That is why nationalization was resorted to so early. The railway administration was handed over to managers who were endowed with full dictatorial powers. They fixed the rates of wages, the length of the working day, and determined all conditions of service. The workers' unions were literally cowed and deprived of representative power. Strikes were declared to be treason against the State and were suppressed with all the authority and force at the disposal of the State. After a little while, railway workers' councils were altogether abolished.

Nationalization of industry was not carried out on a comprehensive scale at once, but was introduced piecemeal. In July—that is, nine months after the *coup d'état* — nationalization was formally decreed. The transformation of sovietism to a form of state capitalism was already well under way. The first phase of Bolshevism was at an end.

Nationalization, when it was first introduced, was not based upon the principles so carefully outlined by Lenine in April. Had it been possible to resort at once to the scientific organization of industry sketched by Lenine in *The Soviets at Work*, Russia would have been saved from some of the most disastrous experiences in her history. As it was, it was not possible to dissolve at once the workers' councils and place industry under the absolute control of specialists. As he had frankly stated, Lenine had accepted a compromise with capitalism. The essence of compromise is, of course, concession. For the sake of efficiency he must sacrifice soviet principle; for the sake of political solidarity, the maintenance of the confidence and support of the soviets, he must sacrifice efficiency.

Nationalization, in its first form, brought with it an excess of bureaucracy. Nationalization was quite common under Czarism; the crown owned most of the railways and the workshops connected with them, as well as a majority of the factories employed in making guns and munitions. During the war, nationalization of industries was very greatly increased, just as it was in other countries. Under czarism, in peace and war alike, nationalization had involved an immense increase in bureaucratic power. When the Bolsheviki undertook to nationalize industry, the only discernible difference was that the bureaucracy was recruited from another, less competent, class.

The administration of the factories underwent a very radical change. The workmen's councils were not abolished, but they were shorn of most of their powers, so that they became less powerful than they had been even under the Provisional Government. In place of the individual employer there was now the State. It was no longer possible to maintain, even as a political fiction, the idea of "the abolition of the State." A highly centralized state had been created, as any one can see from the constitution of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. The Bolshevist leaders and spokesmen began to talk of the State and of the need of maintaining State authority.

Naturally, it was not possible to permit the workers' councils to control and direct the State as they had directed private employers. In the very nature of things, the authority of the new employer could not be reduced to a nominal form, as that of the old employers had been. Instead of being subject to the rule of the councils, the new employer, the State, now ruled the councils. The power of the commissars was supreme.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Wages were fixed by them, as were also labor standards, including the daily output required from the individual worker. Strikes and other forms of interference with the management by the workers' councils were now intolerable. They had been encouraged by the Bolsheviki so long as the private employer was retained, for the reason that every struggle against the employers strengthened the revolutionary movement among the workers and furnished opportunity and excuse for measures to eliminate the bourgeoisie.

With the ascendancy of the Bolshevist State, the dictatorship of the proletariat ended. Its place was taken by dictatorship over the proletariat by an all-powerful State. It was Bolshevist dictatorship exercised through commissars now, not proletarian dictatorship exercised through soviets. Just as under the nationalization which obtained throughout the Czarist régime, the workers in the nationalized factories found themselves deprived of a large measure of the individual freedom which had been theirs under capitalist conditions.

Just as under Czarism, there was a great deal of bureaucracy, with overlapping, waste, inefficiency, and corruption. There was very little improvement in production over the soviet period. The Bolshevist journals of the time indicate that the bureaucracy immediately became top-heavy. If space permitted, I could fill many pages with evidence of this fact. Take the metal trade, for example: Figures published by the Mytishchy works in Moscow show that, taking the prices of 1916 and an eight-hour day as the basis of calculation, the productivity of labor, which had declined 25 per cent. in 1917, declined 60 per cent. in 1918.

In the textile industry the same thing was true. According to *Economic Life*, the official organ of the Supreme Council of National Economy, the productivity of labor in the textile industry declined on an average of 35 per cent. for the whole industry, reaching, in the case of some of the nationalized factories, 75 per cent. In the Bolshevist paper, *Trud*, April 28, 1919, we read:

> The incapacity of making good use of even what we possess is also of great importance in the present textile crisis. Thus the productivity of labor has fallen to the lowest level; there is not a vestige of labor discipline; the machinery, owing to careless handling, has deteriorated and become less productive.

Prof. V. I. Issaiev, the well-known Russian economist, in a very scholarly study of this subject, cites the fact that in one of the largest metal works of Moscow the overhead charges, cost of administration, accounting, and so on, which in 1916 were 15 per cent. of the total cost, were in 1918–19 over 65 per cent. For the excavation works on the Kazan railways the figures were 25 per cent. in 1916 and 50 per cent. in 1918. The Bolshevist journals for these two years show very clearly an enormous increase of expenditure on the maintenance of a large bureaucratic and administrative staff, making it quite plain that in its second stage—that is to say, the first period of nationalization—Bolshevism was being crushed by excessive bureaucracy.

The report of an official investigation and audit of the Centro-Textile presented to the Supreme Council of National Economy on February 21, 1919, illustrates the extent of the bureaucracy developed. The report says:

> An enormous staff of employees (about 6,000) for the most part loafing about, doing nothing; it was discovered that 125 employees were actually not serving at all, but receiving a salary the same as the others. There have been cases where some had been paid twice for the same period of time.

The Izvestia of the State Control, commenting upon the budget for 1919, said:

> The audit department sees in the increase of expenditure for the payment of work a series of negative causes. Among these is that it leads to a double working on parallel lines—*viz.*, the same work is done by two, or

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

even more, sections, resulting in mutual friction and disorder and bringing the number of employees beyond all necessary requirements. We noticed on more than one occasion that an institution with many auxiliary branches had been opened before any operations to be carried on by them were even started. Furthermore, the work is mostly very slovenly and inefficiently conducted. It leads to an increase of the number of employees and workmen without benefit to the work.

The report of one provincial philanthropic institution showed forty-four staff officials to one hundred and forty-four inmates, while another numbered thirteen employees to ten inmates.

Under Czarism the practice of giving governmental subsidies to certain private enterprises had been developed, and this practice was continued by the Provisional Government, even under Kerensky. During the latter's régime, a majority of the large capitalists of Russia had proposed government control of their factories on the basis that the owners receive 10 per cent. on the capital invested. This proposal was not accepted, the Provisional Government preferring to continue the practice of granting subsidies to certain classes of industrial establishments. The Bolsheviki continued this practice, even under nationalization. That is to say, nationalized factories were subsidized from the central treasury. Professor Issaiev has told how lax was the distribution of these funds. One factory received 400,000 rubles, and as the signatures of a factory committee were necessary on the receipt, a committee was formed for that purpose, consisting of three women—a cook, a nurse, and a housemaid. From July 1 to December 31, 1918, the Centro-Textile paid out in advance to factories on the credit of their production the sum of 1,348,619,000 rubles, while the stock of goods guaranteeing the money advanced, on December 1st, is entered only to the amount of 143,716,000 rubles, or about 10 per cent.

As always happens, bureaucratic incompetence and mismanagement were associated with corruption. We find in *Izvestia of the Central Executive Committee*, November 1, 1918, the report that a commission of five, appointed to obtain and distribute metal among the factories in proportion to their needs, had been found guilty of accepting bribes to distribute the metal not in proportion to the needs of the industries, but according to the value of the bribe. From the same official organ, two days later, we learn that the Soviet of National Economy of Kursk, affiliated to the Supreme Council of National Economy, had been found guilty of speculative dealings in sugar and hemp. From the *Weekly Report of the Extraordinary Commission*, No. 1, page 28, we learn that the administration of the combined Moscow nationalized factories was convicted of a whole series of abuses and speculations, resulting in the embezzlement of many millions of rubles. It was said that members of the administrative board and practically all the employees took part in this graft. Hundreds of similar cases might be cited. Production still declined at an alarming rate.

It would be absurd and unfair to take the figures of production at this period, compare them with similar figures for the year preceding the revolution, and charge the decline shown against the Bolshevist methods. Too many anti-Bolshevist writers have adopted this method in their attempts to discredit the Bolsheviki. The fact is, of course, that deterioration of machinery and equipment and of the labor force, as a result of the war, had already resulted in a serious diminution of productivity prior to the revolution. Let us, however, take the opinion of a competent witness, not to be suspected of hostility to the Bolsheviki. The soviet organ *Izvestia*, of Moscow, March 23, 1919, calculating the decreased production in car-building and ship-building, estimated that 40 per cent. of the decline might fairly be attributed to the physical exhaustion of the workers, 20 per cent. to deterioration

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of machinery and raw material, and 40 per cent. exclusively to the new methods of industrial organization and management.

We may be quite certain that this authority did not exaggerate the effect of the new methods, or minimize the importance of the other factors. There is every reason to believe that the methods of organization and administration accounted for a very much larger percentage of the decline in the productive efficiency. This is indicated by the fact that immediately the methods were changed, and piece-work and expert direction by specialists were introduced, production rapidly increased. The productivity of the Nevsky works increased three and a half times, and of the aeroplanes works 150 per cent. Similar results were obtained throughout. Recognition of the imperative necessity of making these changes marked the end of the second phase of Bolshevism.

Shortly after the close of the World War, at the beginning of 1919, a new phase of Bolshevist evolution was begun. The government was confronted with a twofold problem: (1) completing the elimination of the influence of the soviets in industry, and (2) reducing the bureaucratic elements.

The case of Krasin, the most important figure in the economic life of Bolshevist Russia, the Commissar for Trade and Industry, admirably illustrates the character and significance of the new phase upon which the régime entered at this time. An engineer by profession, for many years manager of the Petrograd establishment of the great German firm of Siemens-Schuckart, Krasin was not a Socialist, nor was he in favor of the revolution. Nevertheless, he was asked, at the beginning of 1919, to enter the Bolshevist government in conformity with the new policy of enlisting the services of bourgeois experts. He was asked to accept three portfolios—namely, Commerce and Industry, Transports, and War and Munitions, the three responsible positions being thus consolidated. Krasin agreed to take the appointment subject to the acceptance by the government of his conditions. These were that he be permitted to appoint specialists of his own selection to manage all the departments, quite regardless of their social or political views; that all workers' and employees' committees of control be suppressed and that in their place he be given the right to appoint responsible directors with full powers; that piece-work payment be introduced instead of day-work payment, with overtime wherever necessary, regardless of legislation forbidding these things.

Although Krasin's conditions amounted to a revolution, they were accepted and the principles contained in them were very generally applied. Thousands of incompetent, useless, and extravagant officials were dismissed, their places being taken by bourgeois officials and experts, many of them Germans. A very large percentage of these had been employed as superintendents and technical directors under private ownership prior to the revolution. In a word, they were restored to their old-time jobs, with relatively high salaries, and given an amount of authority they had not previously possessed, for now they were servants and representatives of an almost all-powerful State.

In this third stage of its evolution, labor discipline was developed to a most extraordinary degree. The capitalists of the great industrial nations might well turn green with envy in contemplation of the complete subservience of labor thus brought about. Naturally, under these conditions, there has been an enormous increase of efficiency — purchased at the cost of the abandonment of the fundamental principles of Bolshevism. Abramovich, the well-known German Social-Democrat, was quite right in reporting to the German Social-Democrats that soviet government no longer existed in Russia; that capitalism had been reintroduced. That is the essential truth about the evolution that has gone on in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Russia. The Bolsheviki have retained their power by abandoning communist sovietism and returning to capitalism of a very inferior type.

Professor Abramovich called attention to the fact that the Bolsheviki in this stage were as ready to use machine-guns against striking workmen as against rebellious bourgeoisie. He cited, as an example, the dispersal of a meeting of strikers at the Alexander works, Moscow, by machine-guns, in which eighty men were killed. In this connection, the strike of the workers at the famous Putilov works, in March, 1919, and the manner in which it was suppressed by detachments of armed sailors from Kronstadt and Petrograd, mostly Letts and Germans, are significant. The *Severnaya Communa*, official Bolshevist organ, gave on March 16, 1919, an account of this strike and of the steps taken to suppress it and to "clear out the new Social Revolutionary blackguards." The same paper published the proclamation of the Petrograd soviet, ordering the strikers back to work:

> All honest workmen desirous of carrying out the decision of the Petrograd Soviet and ready to start work will be allowed to go into the factory on condition that they forthwith go to their places and take up their work. All those who begin work will receive an additional ration of one-half pound of bread. They who do not want to resume work will be at once discharged, without receiving any concessions. A special commission will be formed for the reorganization of the works. *No meetings will be allowed to be held*. . . . For the last time the Petrograd soviet invites the Putilov workmen to expiate their crime committed against the working class and the peasantry of Russia, and to cease at once their foolish strike.

Even more significant than the economic changes thus effected were the social changes inevitably derived therefrom. This is especially true of the status of the bourgeoisie and their treatment. In the first period of Bolshevism, the period of direct control by the factory soviets, persecution of the bourgeoisie was largely unorganized—the expression of the mad frenzy and unrestrained brutality of unenlightened mobs. In the second period, when everything was in the hands of the newly created bureaucracy, persecution of the bourgeoisie was organized and systematic, governed by a determination to eliminate a whole class deemed dangerous to the new régime and, particularly, to the new bureaucracy.

After the assassination of Uritzky and the attempted assassination of Lenine, in July, this organized Red Terror was very greatly increased. It has been the practice of our pro-Bolshevists in this country to extenuate the Red Terror and excuse it by pointing to the fact that much of its extreme severity developed subsequently to the vengeful events above referred to. This is not wholly candid and truthful, however, for as early as April we find even Lenine urging the revolutionary tribunals to greater savagery. At the very moment when he was emphasizing the necessity of engaging bourgeois specialists, practically upon their own terms, he was urging the need of terrorism against the bourgeoisie in general.

With the adoption of the new policy, the recognition of the fact that the services of a very large and important section of the bourgeoisie could not be dispensed with and the enlistment of numerous bourgeois specialists and experts in the service of the State, a greater degree of toleration of the bourgeoisie became inevitable. Back into the factories came the old-time managers and engineers; bricklayers and barbers were no longer placed in control of engineering works. High salaries were paid to these experts, however grudgingly, and they were given an assured place in the life of the nation.

The employment of bourgeois specialists and experts in industry and the adoption of capitalist methods, together with the parallel movement in the army, brought back very considerable elements of the old bourgeoisie. Added

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to these, were the new bureaucrats, the hosts of officials and functionaries developed by the system, with its new class of rich speculators and profiteers and its gigantic bureaucracy. Alexander Berkenheim, vice-chairman of the Moscow Central Union of Russian Consumers' Co-operative Societies, complained "The experiment in socialization has resulted in the building up of an enormous bureaucratic machine. To buy a pencil one has to call at *eighteen* official places." It is easy to understand what Lenine meant when he declared in a speech delivered in the spring of last year that "in place of the old bourgeoisie, a new bourgeoisie is arising and becoming more and more numerous." One is forcibly reminded of that other great Russian, Alexander Herzen, and his bitter disillusionment when he witnessed the spread of *embourgeoisment* at the close of the French revolutionary struggle in 1848.

The Bolsheviki had to bring back the bourgeois specialists, upon their own terms, and to give them an assured place in society with immunity from persecution. Some of the worst forms of Red Terrorism were thus abandoned. On the other hand, their very dependence upon the hated bourgeoisie filled the hearts and minds of the Bolsheviki with fear lest their power be challenged and destroyed by the concerted action of these men of superior intellectual training and equipment. They feared "the sabotage of the bourgeoisie" and to guard themselves against it introduced new forms of terrorism, such as the holding of the wives and children of military officers as hostages. They filled the offices and factories with their spies and informers, adding enormously to the list of parasitic functionaries. One is staggered by the statement, published in the *Red Gazette*, a Bolshevist organ, that in Ivanovo-Boznessensk, a town of less than 140,000 inhabitants, 41,000 persons are employed in the administrative departments alone, while nearly twenty thousand more are connected with various public services, commissions, and so on. Even in its third phase Russian Bolshevism continued evidently to bear the curse of bureaucracy.

The evolution of the Bolshevist agrarian policy, which I can only trace very briefly here, has been quite as remarkable as that of the industrial policy. The Bolsheviki had always stood for nationalization of the land as against the peasant Socialists, who wanted the crown lands and the big estates to be turned over to the peasants in communal ownership, to be exploited by co-operative labor. The great mass of the peasants wanted a *distribution* of the land under individual ownership. During the summer of 1917, in the period of Kerensky, the Bolsheviki conducted an active agitation among the peasants, urging them to seize the land. In the latter days of the Kerensky régime this advice was very widely acted upon, so that when the Bolsheviki seized the governmental powers much of the land of the great estates had already been seized by the peasants in local uprisings. The Provisional Government had formulated a land policy on the basis of the proposals of the party of peasant Socialists, the Socialists-Revolutionists party. The frenzy of the peasants to seize the land led to civil war between rival villages, the inhabitants of two or more villages frequently claiming as theirs the same estate. More serious in its consequences was the wholesale destruction of the best farming equipment in the country.

Although one of the first acts of the Bolsheviki after the *coup d'état* was to decree the abolition of all private property in land and declare that all land was now national property, there was no serious thought of enforcing this decree against the peasant proprietors as a class. "The peasants want to retain their small holdings and to arrive at some place of equal distribution," said Lenine. "So be it. No sensible Socialist will quarrel with a pauper peasant on this ground." As he himself explained, this tolerance for the instinctive passion

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the peasant for land ownership depended upon the concentration of all political power in the hands of the proletariat. The great body of the peasantry, more than 85 per cent. of the population, was excluded from citizenship by the simple device of denying the vote to all save the poorest peasants. The fact that he employed even one man to assist him in working his farm was sufficient to disfranchise a peasant. This meant that the great majority were so disfranchised; that only the very poorest peasants, and the least efficient, were judged to be fit to share political power with the proletariat. It was not against the rich landowners, the *pomièshcheks*, that the opposition of the Bolsheviki was directed, but against the hard-working "middle peasantry," who were denounced as *koulaki*—exploiters.

Up to the end of April, 1918, a period corresponding to the first phase of the industrial evolution of Bolshevism, the peasants went on pretty much in their own way. There were many excesses, much destruction of farming machinery belonging to the great estates, and a great deal of hoarding. In May the Bolsheviki began to coerce the peasants; their agrarian policy entered upon its second phase. Prices for grain were fixed far below the level of the market, and the peasants were ordered to supply so much grain. When they stubbornly refused to do this the Bolsheviki, desperate and famine-pressed, took two important steps: Just as they had robbed the factory soviets of power, so they suppressed most of the peasants' soviets and in their place set "Committees of the Poor," appointed by and responsible to the government. Composed of criminals, shiftless, incompetent ne'er-do-wells and wrecks, these committees were given extraordinary powers. They were made responsible for pro-rating the amount of grain to be furnished by each peasant from his "surplus"; only through them could the peasants get any manufactured goods from the cities. Finally, these committees were charged with the detection of peasants guilty of expressing counter-revolutionary sentiments. The other step was the adoption of the policy of sending armed detachments of Bolshevist troops into the villages to requisition foodstuffs and seize them by force.

Peasant uprisings were common and were repressed with brutal severity. According to *Izvestia of the Food Commissariat*, December, 1918, in the six months, June to December, 36,500 men had been engaged in the food requisitioning detachments, of which number 7,309, or 20 per cent., were killed or seriously wounded. From that one report it is possible to form a fairly good idea of the fierce conflict between the government and the peasantry. It was admitted at the Moscow Conference of Soviets, according to *Pravda*, July 4, 1919, that the majority of those composing the requisitioning detachments "were incapable of performing their task, while others were themselves gross speculators."

The evils of bureaucracy were nowhere more manifest than in dealing with the peasants. To a single village in the Kharkov province came the commissions of seventeen different agencies of the government and the co-operatives. These were all competing with one another, and with the local Committee of the Poor, for the peasants' grain. Speculation and graft became rampant and millionaires became numerous. Yet the grain was hoarded and the cities starved.

At the time of the eighth Congress of the Communist Party, in April, 1919, we find Lenine preaching a new doctrine of co-operation with the middle peasantry and suggesting that expropriation of even the rich peasantry was not necessary. From the address of Lenine, which was published in the Petrograd *Pravda*, April 5, 1919, it is only possible here to distil the essence:

> The middle peasant is part property owner and part toiler . . . he has felt the exploita-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tion of the landlord capitalists. But at the same time he is a property-owner. . . . From the economic point of view it is clear that we must go to the assistance of the middle peasant. . . . But . . . comrades often apply compulsion, which spoils the whole cause . . . in the villages with relation to the middle peasantry the task is of a different nature. All conscious workmen of Petrograd, Ivanovo-Voznesenak, and Moscow, who have been in the villages, tell us of instances of many misunderstandings . . . and of conflicts of the most serious nature, all of which were, however, solved by sensible workmen who did not speak according to the book, but in language which the people could understand. . . . From the task of suppressing the bourgeoisie we must now turn our attention to the task of building up the middle peasantry. We must live with the middle peasantry in peace. The middle peasantry . . . will be on our side only if we lighten and improve its economic position. . . . We have not yet learned how to regulate our relations with the millons of middle peasants and how to win their confidence.

Very similar was the speech of Kalinin, president of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, at Moscow on April 9, 1919, as reported in the official *Severnaya Communa* on the following day. I give only a summary: Formerly the peasants were our natural allies; now there is strife between us. We must convince the middle peasants that we shall not interfere with their ownership and control of their farms. On the contrary, we shall help them, technically and in other ways. We shall see that the tax does not become a heavy burden on the middle peasantry, make local administration less costly, and reduce the bureaucratic routine. We shall appeal to the local executive committees not to interfere with, but to support, separate peasant economic enterprises, and to make easy the purchase of farm and household utensils.

These speeches indicate a very remarkable change of attitude toward the peasantry, and may be regarded as marking the beginning of the third phase of the evolution of Bolshevist agrarian policy. The conflict of the peasants and the central power has not ceased, but there is every reason to believe that its severity has been lessened. The Bolsheviki have had to abandon their land program and accept the fact that the peasant is, and will long continue to be, wedded to individual land ownership. Russia is predominantly an agricultural country and no régime can be stable or secure which does not rest upon the good will of the peasants.

The Bolsheviki themselves are now admitting that the industrial proletariat, which never amounted to more than about 2 per cent of the population, has declined in numerical strength under Bolshevism instead of gaining. "There has hardly been any true proletariat in Russia, and during the demobilization of industry it forsook the towns and dispersed itself over the villages," said *Izvestia* in August, 1919. At the same time the old bourgeoisie has been replaced by a new and more numerous bourgeoisie. "Who still believes in Socialism in Russia? Anyhow, neither I nor Lenine," said Krasin in January of this year, according to *Le Temps*, of Paris.

With the collapse of the anti-Bolshevist military forces—the armies of Kolchak, Denikin, and Yudenich—at the end of 1919, the industrial system entered upon yet another phase, possibly the final one, the militarization of labor. As early as January, 1918, in the famous "Declaration of the Rights of the Toiling and Exploited People," the Bolsheviki had delared their intention "to enforce general compulsory labor, in order to destroy the class of parasites, and to reorganize the economic life." In April Lenine was explaining why the introduction of obligatory labor service had been delayed. He suggested obligatory labor service for the rich as a preparation for universal application of the same principle:

The introduction of obligatory labor service should be started immediately, but it

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

should be introduced gradually and with great caution . . . introducing first of all obligatory labor service for the rich. The introduction of a labor record book and a consumption-budget record book for every bourgeois, including the village bourgeois, would be a long step forward toward . . . really universal accounting and control over production and distribution.

In the Code of Labor Laws of Soviet Russia, recently published in this country, this system of obligatory labor service is fundamental, and elaborate provisions for its enforcement are made. It is quite apparent, therefore, that the announcement made by Trotzky, in January of this year, that, instead of being demobilized, the units of the Red army, no longer needed for military purposes, would be transformed into a conscript army of toil, was not the announcement of a sudden change made in desperation. On the contrary, despite the fact that it could not possibly be reconciled with their anti-Statism, the plan had from the first been openly avowed by the Bolsheviki. Undoubtedly, the astonishingly swift change in the military situation seemed to the Bolshevist rulers of Russia to make the immediate resort to labor conscription imperative. The obvious fact is that they were afraid to demobilize the various armies and permit masses of soldiers to return to civil life under the troubled conditions existing.

At the Third Russian Congress held in Moscow in January, Trotzky announced, "There is still one way open to the reorganization of national economy—the way of uniting the army and labor, and changing the military detachments of the army into detachments of a labor army." The soldiers in the army who had accomplished their military task could not be demobilized, he said, but must be made to "fight against economic ruin and against hunger"; to obtain fuel, build and repair roads, grind flour, and so on.

Labor conscription gives the State the right to tell the qualified workman who is employed on some unimportant work in his village, "You are obliged to leave your present employment and go to Sormovo or Kolomna because there your labor is re-required." Labor conscription means that the qualified workmen who leave the army must take their work-books and proceed to places where they are required, where their presence is necessary to the economic system of the country. We must feed these workmen and guarantee them the minimum food ration.

Trotzky explained that the system of forced labor was already being followed:

> We have already organized several of these armies and their tasks have been allotted to them. One army must obtain foodstuffs for the workmen of the districts in which it was formerly stationed and it also will cut wood, cart it to the railways and repair engines. Another army will help in the laying down of railway lines for the transport of crude oil. A third labor army will be used for repairing agricultural implements and machines, and in the spring will take part in the working of the land.

It is no part of my present purpose to discuss the advantages or disadvantages of labor conscription, or to indulge in prophecy concerning the outcome of the attempt to organize the whole economic life of a great nation upon military lines, subject to military discipline—which is precisely what the Bolshevist plan means. It is at least conceivable that a country of such abundant resources as Russia possesses, through universal compulsory labor and rigid standards of efficiency, organized on military lines and directed by honest and competent officials, might become the supreme economic power of the world. On the other hand, the bureaucratic habits universally associated with militarism, the resulting paralysis of initiative, the incompetence and cumulative parasitism, suggest that the result would be the antithesis of economic supremacy.

In reality, the task I set for myself is finished, yet I linger to ask some questions which have thrust themselves upon me as I have contemplated the progress of the great experiment of Russian Bol-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

shevism: What is the effect of the militarization of labor on the souls of the human beings concerned likely to be? Can there be conscription of labor without its regimentation following as an inevitable and inexorable consequence? Must not freedom of movement, of choice and change of occupations—never absolute, but hitherto enjoyed in an ever-increasing measure—be given up and in its place established obligatory service in a given place, of a dictated instead of a self-chosen kind? Can there be any individualism worthy the name in such a State? If this is to be the basis of the economic life of nations, must there not be an industrial adscription of the individual citizen, however mitigated by protective laws or by political rights? And shall the sons and daughters of the industrial adscripts be less bound than their parents, more free to seek fame, fortune, or adventure along self-chosen paths? If Lenine is right, if it be true that modern machine industry imperatively requires "the absolute submission of the masses to the single will of those who direct the labor process," is it not worth while to challenge the great mechanical inventions and consider seriously whether we want them at all? Aristotle's prophecy that machinery would bring freedom to the human race has been born anew, age after age, in countless thousands of brains and inspired the Watts, Arkwrights, Whitneys, McCormicks, Howes, and Edisons of every land. If Lenine is right, they were all forgers of chains to bind the soul of man.

Numerous critics of Socialism have based their criticisms upon the assumption that its program involved the subjugation of the individual to an all-powerful State; a complete suppression of individualism. Many fantastic descriptions of life in such a State have been written, all of them centered upon the conception of "the absolute submission of the masses to the single will of those who direct the labor process." Socialists in every land have repudiated these fantastic speculations and laughed them to scorn, for the average Socialist is a vigorous individualist and seeks through Socialism a larger individualism. It has remained for Lenine and his cohorts, in the name of Socialism, and of Marx, its prophet, to place the seal of Socialist authority upon the conception of Socialism as a state of society in which the individual is wholly subordinated to a bureaucratic State. It is in the organic law of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic that this tyranny of the State finds its supreme expression.

As one of the millions who have seen in Socialism the hope and the promise of a larger individualism, I frankly admit that I would rather be hungry in any capitalist nation I know of than be ever so well fed in such a servile Utopia. Better rags and a crust of bread with freedom, than fine raiment and rich fare with servitude.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

NO FLOWERS

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

STEVE DEMPSEY was a conspicuously ingenious chief machinist's mate—one of the most ingenious in the Naval Aviation Forces, Foreign Service, and he was ingenious not only with his hands, but with his tongue. That is why I cannot guarantee the veracity of what follows; I can but guarantee that he guaranteed it.

Steve had had a varied and highly colored career, and I think that the war, or so much of it as he was permitted to see, seemed to him a comparatively tame affair—something all in the year's work. When he was fifteen years old he was conducting his father's public garage in a town not far from Denver; at that age he knew as much about motors as the men who built them, and he had, moreover, the invaluable knack of putting his finger immediately on a piece of erring mechanism and, with the aid of a bit of wire and a pair of pliers, setting it to rights. Given enough wire and a pair of pliers, I believe that he could have built the Eiffel Tower.

Becoming restless in the garage, he determined to make his fortune quickly, and accordingly went out prospecting in the vicinity of the Little Annie mine. He bought himself a small patch of promising ground and he and another fellow shoveled away until they had no money left. So then he took up aviation.

He was one of the pioneers of the flying-men in this country. He used to fly at country fairs in an old ramshackle bus of the Wright model—a thing of sticks and canvas and wires precariously hung together. But he flew it. And he rehabilitated his finances.

When war was declared he enlisted as a gob and was sent on sea duty. He knew, of course, nothing of sea duty, but lack of knowledge of a subject had never daunted him, for he had the faculty of learning things quickly by himself and for himself. His mechanical ability asserting itself, he was made a machinist's mate, second class, and transferred over to the Aviation. When I knew him he had proved so valuable at the various air stations that he had been advanced to chief machinist's mate and was an assistant in the Technical Division at Paris headquarters.

He was a very friendly soul, always respectful enough, even when outspoken, and no more in fear of an admiral than of —well, he would have said than of a marine. During his year of service, you see, he had absorbed most of the navy traditions. He spoke the navy speech like an old-timer, and undoubtedly amplified the regular navy vocabulary with picturesque expressions of his own. Of course he was very profane. . . .

Sunday morning at headquarters was apt to be a slack morning, with not much work to do; but in intervals of idleness one could always be certain of finding something of interest to see or hear in Steve's office. Usually he would be in front of his drafting-board working on a new design for a muffler or a machine-gun turret or a self-starter, or figuring out the possibility of flying *through* the Arc de Triomphe, which he claimed could be done with six feet to spare at each wing-tip. This, and climbing the Eiffel Tower on its girders, were two of his pet projects.

On a Sunday in August of 1918 there were assembled around his drafting-board an interested and receptive audience of four—Peters, an ensign attached

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to the "lighter-than-air" section; Madden, a pilot on his way up from Italy to the Northern Bombing Group; Erskine, a lieutenant in the Operations Division; and Matthews, a chief yeoman.

"Yes," Dempsey was saying, "I'm *beaucoup* sorry for these here frawgs. They're just bein' massacred—that's all it is—*massacred*. And there don't anybody take much notice, either. Say, somebody was tellin' me the other day just how many the French has lost since the beginnin' of the war. Just about one million. I wouldn't believe it, but it's straight. It was a French colonel that was tellin' me out to the Hispano factory day before yesterday, and he'd oughta know because he was through the battle of the Marne and the Soam, and everything."

"Did he tell you in French?" inquired Ensign Peters, meaningly, for Dempsey's French was admittedly limited.

"Pardon?" said Dempsey, and then, grasping the innuendo: "No, sir, he did *not*. Why, he talks English as good as you and me. That's another thing about these frawgs—they can all *parlez-vous* any language. I never yet seen a Frenchie I couldn't talk to yet."

"Did you ever see anybody you couldn't talk to yet, Steve?" suggested the chief yeoman.

"Here, you, how d'ya get that way? Who was it I seen th' other night out walking in the Boy de Bullone with a skirt? And I guess you wasn't talkin'—why, you was talkin' so fast you had to help out with your hands, just like a frawg. . . . No, as I say, I feel sorry for these French in more ways than one."

"Just how do you display that sorrow?" asked Ensign Madden.

Dempsey hesitated an instant, scratched his head, and very carefully drew a line on the tracing-paper in front of him.

"Well, sir," he said, finally, "I displayed it last Sunday."

Then he relapsed into silence, and resumed work on the drawing. But as he worked he grinned quietly—a provocative grin which inspired curiosity.

"What did you do last Sunday?" prodded Peters.

The grin widened as Steve glanced up from the board. He laid aside his instruments, tilted back in his chair, and said: "Well, it wasn't very regular, what I done last Sunday, but I'll tell you if you don't have me up before a court. . . . You remember last Sunday was a swell day? Spring in the air, I guess, and everything, and everybody was out walking, like Matthews, here, with a Jane. I 'ain't got a Jane, of course—"

"What!" roared Matthews.

"I 'ain't got a Jane, of course, so I decides to take a little look around all by myself. Well, I goes down the Chomps-Eleezy feelin' pretty good and sorta peppy and lookin' for trouble. I see all them army heroes—the vets and the dentists and the S O S—each with a skirt, and I passes Matthews, here, with *his* skirt clingin' to him like a cootie."

"Cut it out, you big stiff," interposed Matthews.

"Like a cootie," continued Steve, "and I got sorta depressed. So I sez, me for the quiet, unfrequented streets over acrost the river. Well, sir, I was just passin' the Loover—that big museum, or whatever it is—when I see a hearse comin' in the opposite direction. It was a pretty sick-lookin' hearse, too. It had a coupla animals hitched to it that was probably called horses when they was young, and that didn't have a steak minoot left on 'em. But they was all covered with mangy black plumes and tassels and things—you know, the way they rig 'em up when the corpse is takin' his last drive. And there was an old bird sittin' up on the box-seat with a hat like Napoleon One.

"Well, at first it looked to me like it was just the regular frawg funeral, and I didn't pay no special attention, only I give it the salute when I got opposite. Then I see that there weren't no flowers nor tin wreaths on the coffin—except there was one little buncha pinks, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"I'LL TELL YOU IF YOU DON'T HAVE ME UP BEFORE A COURT"

they was a pretty sad-lookin' buncha pinks, too, sir. Then I see that there weren't no procession walkin' along behind—except there was one little old woman all in black and lookin' sorta sick and scared. Yes, sir, there she was walkin' all by herself and lookin' lonelier 'n hell.

"So I sez to myself: 'It's all wrong, Steve, it's all wrong. Here's a poor dead frawg, the only son of his mother and her a widow'—that's Bible stuff, sir—'goin' out to be planted with none of the gang around. It's tough,' I sez. 'I'll say it is.' Well, I told you I didn't have nothin' much to do, so I sez, 'Laffyette, cheeri-o,' and steps up beside the old lady. That makes two mourners, anyhow.

"Well, the old lady give me the once over and seen Mr. Daniels's uniform and the rooster on my sleeve, and I guess decides that I'm eligible to the club. Anyway, she sorta nodded at me and pretty soon begun to snuffle and look for her handkerchief. It wasn't no use, though, for she didn't have any.

"Meanwhile we was crossin' one of them bridges—just crawlin' along like one of the motors had quit and the other was hittin' only on three. If we'd been in the air we'd stalled sure and gone into a tail-spin. All the time I was thinkin' how to say 'Cheer up' to the old dame in French, but all I could think of at first was 'Bravo' and '*Vous-ate tray jolee!*' Still it was sorta stupid walkin' along and no conversation, so I guess I musta had an inspiration or something, and I sez, pointing ahead at the coffin, '*Mort avec mon Dieu.*' The old lady lost her step at that, because I suppose she was surprised by a Yank speakin' good French, most of 'em relyin', like Matthews here, on the sign language, although I'll say that Matthews gets plenty far enough with that. Why, they're four girls and a widow at home that if they knew how far Matthews was gettin' with the sign language they'd be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

gray - headed to - day. . . . Aw, well, Matthews, quit spoilin' this drawin'. Do you wanta get me and Admiral Sims into trouble with the department?"

"Go ahead with your funeral, Steve," said Lieutenant Erskine—"unless your power of invention has failed you."

Dempsey looked up with a hurt and innocent expression on his face.

"Oh, lootenant," he exclaimed, "what I'm tellin' is gospel. It's as true—it's as true as the communikays."

"All right," said Erskine, "issue another, then."

"Well," Steve continued, "where was I? Oh yes, we was on the bridge and I'd just told the old lady that the dead soldier was in heaven by now."

"Soldier?" repeated Erskine. "What made you believe he was a soldier?"

"Why, ain't every frawg a soldier now, sir."

"How did you know, even, that it was a male frog?"

"I'm comin' to that, sir," replied Steve. "That comes next. You see, once the old lady knew I could *parlez-vous* with the best of 'em, she continued the conversation and sez, '*Mon pover fees.*' Get that? '*Mon pover fees.*' Well, that means, translated, 'My poor son.'"

At this revelation of startling linguistic ability Steve paused to receive felicitations. When they were forthcoming he proceeded.

"So, of course, I know then that the corpse is a dead soldier, and I decides to see him through until he's made a safe landing somewhere. Well, just as we was acrost the bridge, the two ex-horses doin' fine on the down grade, I seen a marine standin' on the corner tellin' a buncha girls all about Château-Teery. Well, I thought that maybe it 'ud be a good thing if he joined the funeral, because, anyway, the girls could hear all about Château-Teery the next marine they saw. So I yell out at him: 'Hey, you! Come and join the navy and see the world!'



"I PASSES MATTHEWS, HERE, WITH *HIS* GIRL CLINGIN' TO HIM"

"Well, he looks around, and, although I guess he didn't much wanta leave them girls, he decides that he'll come and see what the big game is. So he salutes the corpse and steps in beside me and whispers, 'Say, chief, what's the idea?'

"'Whadd'ya think, you poor cheese?' I sez. 'D'ya think it's a weddin'? Get in step. We're goin' to bury a French *poiloo.*'

"'Is that so?' he sez.

"'Yes, that's so,' I sez. 'Get over acrost on the other side of the widowed mother and say somethin' cheerful to her in French—if you know any.'

"'If I know any!' sez he. 'Wasn't I at Château-Teery?'

"'Well,' I sez, 'don't tell her about that. Tell her somethin' she 'ain't heard already.'

"'You go to blazes!' he sez, and crosses over like I told him. And pretty soon I seen him gettin' all red and I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

knew he was goin' to shoot some French at the old lady, and, sure enough, out he come with, '*Madame, je swee enchantay.*'

"Well, sir, I like to 've died tryin' to keep from laughin' at that, because what it means translated is, 'Madam, I'm dee-lighted.' Trust them marines to say the right thing at the wrong time—I'll say they do.

"By the time I get under control we're opposite the French Aviation Headquarters—you know, the Service Technique on the Bullyvard Saint-Germain. Well, there was a lot of doughboys hangin' around there wastin' time, and I see one on a motor-cycle with a sergeant sittin' in the side-car. So I step out of the ranks and sez to the sergeant, 'What ya doin'?' And he sez, 'Waitin'—but there's nobody home at all, at all.' So I sez: 'Well, you and your side-car is commandeered for this funeral. We're buryin' a frawg and we need some more mourners. The old lady is his widowed mother, and the corpse, he's her only son and her a widow.' He sez: 'Shure, Oi'll come, an' Oi'll be afther gettin' some o' thim other divvles to jine. Me name is Roilly.' 'Right-o, old dear,' I sez. 'I didn't think it was Moses and Straus.'

"Well, sir, Reilly was a good scout, and inside of a minute he had six doughboys lined up behind the hearse and him bringin' up the rear in the side-car. The side-car kept back-firin', and it sounded like we was firin' salutes to the dead all the way to the park.

"I wanta tell ya, that old lady was t i c k l e d. Why, there we was already ten strong, with more to come, because I drafted three gobs at the Bullyvard Raspail. They wasn't quite sober, but I kep' my eye on 'em and they behaved fine. I sez to them: 'You drunken bums, you! You join this funeral or I'll see you're put in the brig to-night.' But to make sure they'd not disgrace Mr. Daniels's uniform I put 'em right behind the widow and the marine and me.

"Well, it appears that one of 'em talks French good—real good, I mean, sir—like a frawg waiter or a coacher."

"Or a what?" interjected Erskine.

"Or a coacher," repeated Steve, with dignity. "The fact is, he talked it so good that—well, never mind that yet. He's a smart fellow, though, Mr. Erskine, by the name of Rathbone. Well, never mind—only he's a good fellow and 'ud be pretty useful here, with his French and everything.

"Well, anyway, I begun to wonder after a while where that fellow driving the hearse was takin' us to. We'd gone out the old Bullyvard Raspail a deuce of a way, and Napoleon One showed no signs of stoppin' them horses, and I didn't see no cemetery.



"I GUESS HE DIDN'T MUCH WANTA LEAVE THEM GIRLS"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I sez to the marine, 'I guess we're not goin' to stop till we get to Château-Teery,' and he sez, 'You go to hell and stop *there*.' So I sez, 'I hope the poor old lady don't understand your English.'

"The old dame, I could see, was beginnin' to get weak in the knees and was walkin' about as unsteady as the three gobs behind us. So me and the marine each grabbed an arm and she sez, '*Mercy*,' and tried to start a smile. I guess it was pretty hard goin', because the smile didn't get far.

"Well, anyway, we kep' right on and passed that stone lion out there and went right through the gates, the boys all marchin' strong and the motor-bike makin' one hell of a noise aft. When we get through the gates I fall back and I sez to the gob, 'Rathbone,' I sez, 'ask the lady where we're headed and if she trusts the driver.' So Rathbone moves up and has quite a *parlez-vous* with her.

"'Well,' I sez, 'what's she say?'

"'She sez,' sez Rathbone, 'that we're goin' to bury him in a field out here, and that there ain't no priest will bury him and there ain't no cemetery she can bury him in.'

"'That's funny,' I sez—'too poor, I guess. Well, anyway, it's a shame—I'll say it is—it's a shame.'

"'Yes,' sez Rathbone, slowly, as if he was thinkin'—'yes, it's a damn shame!'

"And the other two gobs who wasn't as sober as Rathbone, they sez, too, 'Yes, it's a damn shame.'

"'That makes the navy unanimous,' I sez, and then I begin to work my bean. I was still workin' it and it was respondin' about as well as one of them black Kabyles that are pretendin' to help build our station at Lacanau—I was still workin' it, when the old hearse swings to the right through a gate in a stone wall and brings up short in a field. There was grass in the field and daisies and things, and a lotta tin crosses stuck on mounds that I guessed was graves. It woulda been a pretty cheerful old field, I guess, if they'd let it alone, but them tin crosses looked pretty sick and the paint was peelin' off the tin flowers that people had stuck on the graves, and I guess the head gardener wasn't much of a hand at weedin'.

"Well, anyway, we all line up in a sorta circle and every one looks pretty downhearted and the three gobs gets perfectly sober, which was a relief. Then Napoleon One climbs down from his box and says somethin' in French to the old widow and points to two birds who're diggin' a hole half-way acrost the field. Rathbone sez that he sez that that is the grave and that the two birds is the grave-diggers and pall-bearers combined.

"'They are, are they?' I sez. 'This is a military funeral, ain't it? A military funeral conducted by the navy with the army for pall-bearers. And I call on Sergeant Reilly to back me up.'

"'Shure,' sez Reilly, 'but who'll be providin' the priest?'

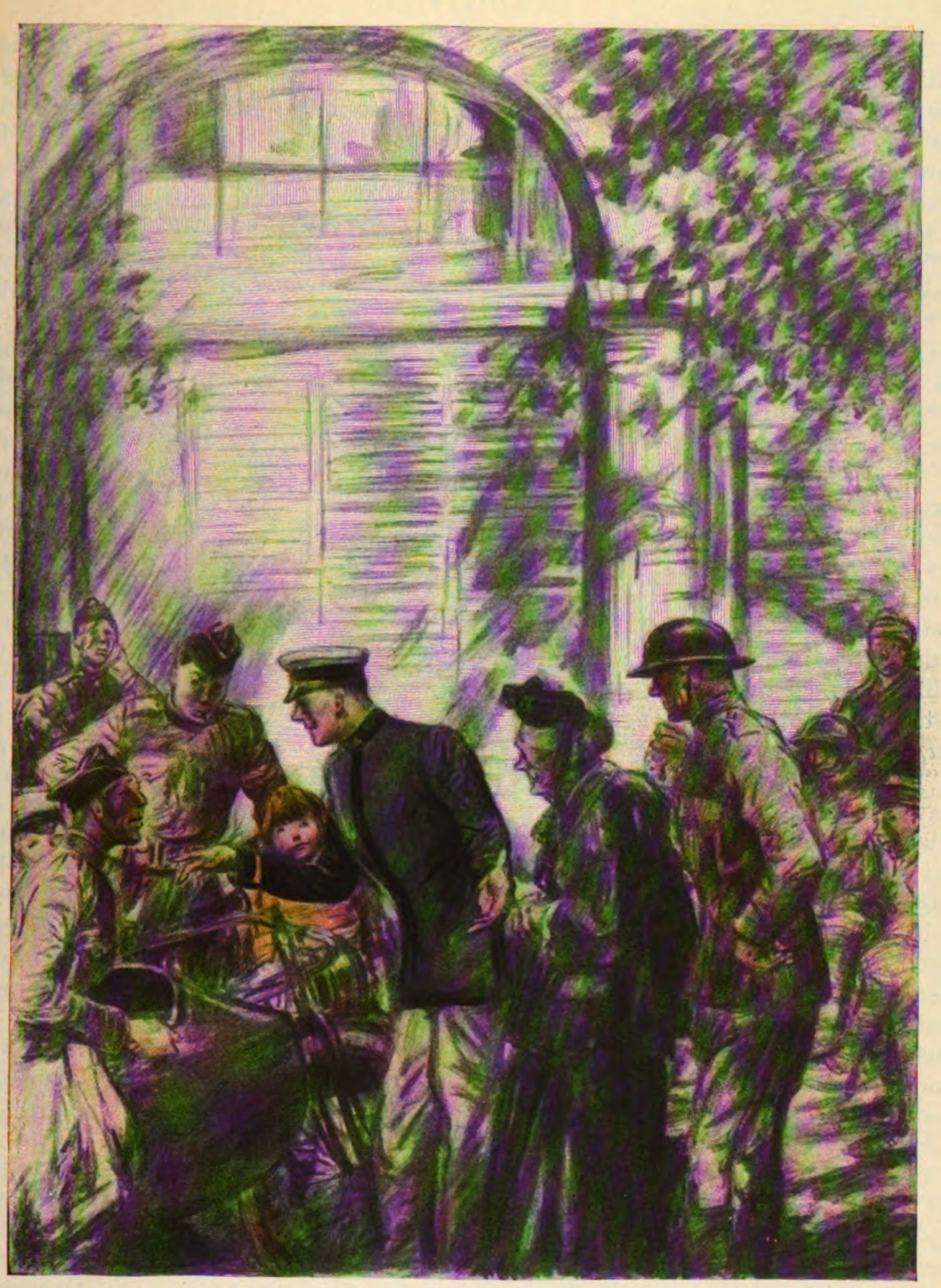
"Well, when he sez that my old bean give a sort of throb, and I sez: 'Don't bother your nut about the priest. He'll be forthcomin' when and if needed.'

"So, while Reilly was explainin' to his six doughboys and Rathbone was bringin' Napoleon One up to date, me and the widow and the marine goes over to superintend the two birds diggin' the grave. They was two funny-lookin' old birds, too—I'll say they was. They was about a hundred years old apiece and had long white whiskers like St. Peter, and, say, they talked a whole lot more than they dug. I guess they musta been workin' on that grave for a coupla weeks—you know, ten minutes *parlez-vous* and then one shovela dirt. Me and the marine had to grab their shovels and finish the job or there wouldn't 'a' been no funeral *that* day.

"When we get back the six doughboys is all ready to give first aid to the coffin, and Rathbone is talkin' to Napoleon One like they was brothers. So I go up to them and I sez to Rathbone:

"'Looka here, Rathbone. I'm the priest at this party. See?'

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



"YOU AND YOUR SIDE-CAR IS COMMANDEERED FOR THIS FUNERAL"

"'What's that?' sez Rathbone. 'Come again.'

"'I say I'm the priest. This dead *poiloo* 'ain't gotta priest nor nothin' and there's his poor mother and her a widow. So I'm that missin' priest, and I'm not too proud to perform free and gratis. Get that?'

"'Hold on, chief,' sez Rathbone. 'You 'ain't got nothin' to wear.'

"'Nothin' to wear!' I sez. 'You poor cheese, I'm a navy chaplain.'

"'You look more like a Charlie Chaplin,' sez Rathbone.

"I guess that bird wasn't sober yet, after all, because he thought he was funny.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"'Can the comedy,' I sez, 'and you go tell the widow that Father Dempsey, the head chaplain of the U. S. Navy, has consented to perform this afternoon. Now, get it straight, and for Gawd's sake don't go and laugh or I'll put you in the brig.'

"Well, Rathbone looks at me like I was goin' to my death.

"'Good-by, chief,' he sez. 'Wait till the admiral hears of this.'

"'Haw,' I sez—'if he does I'll get decorated.'

"Well, I give Reilly the high sign and out comes the coffin on the doughboys' shoulders. Napoleon One leads the way, and Rathbone and the widow step in after the coffin, and I see that they is talkin' together *beaucoup* earnestly.

"When we get to the grave the doughboys set down the coffin beside it and all forms in a circle with me and the widow facin' each other. And then there's an anxious silence. I'll say right here that I was the most anxious, and I was sweatin' more than I guess any chaplain oughta sweat. But, by luck, I happen to think that I have my old logarithm-book in my pocket—you know, the one that's bound in black patent-leather. Looks sorta as if it might be a prayer-book or somethin' like that. Anyway, the widow, bein' a frawg widow, I figgered how she'd think maybe it was a Yank Bible issued special to the A. E. F. and condensed like malted milk or somethin'.

"So I draw the old logarithm-book outa my coat and ease up gently to the edge of the grave. The doughboys and the gobs, all except Rathbone, who is wise, acourse, begin to nudge each other and snicker. I oughta warned 'em what was comin', but I didn't have no time, it come to me so quick. So I pretended to read from the book, and sez, in a low voice and very solemn, like I was openin' the funeral, 'If any you birds here starts laughin' I'll see him after the show and I'll knock the daylight outa him.'



"SO I PRETENDED TO READ FROM THE BOOK"

"'Amen,' sez Rathbone, very piously.

"'We've come here to-day,' I sez, always like I was readin' from the book—'we've come here to-day to plant a frawg soldier who's the only son of his mother and her a widow. And she's so broke that there ain't no regular priest or no regular cemetery that 'll offer their services. So I'm the priest, and it's goin' to make a lotta difference to that poor widow's feelin's when she thinks her son's got a swell U. S. Navy priest administerin' the rites. Now, get that straight and don't start whinnyin' like a buncha horses and gum the game.'

"Well, I stop there for breath, and Rathbone, who's right on the job, comes across with another 'Amen,' and Reilly, who's a good Catholic, sez, '*Pax vobiscum.*'

"So that's all right, and I give her the gun and go ahead.

"'This here *poiloo*,' I sez, 'I don't know much about him, but he was a regular fellow and a good old bird and treated his mother swell and everything, and I guess if we was wise to everything he'd done we'd be proud to be here and we'd 'a' brung a lotta flowers and things. He most likely was at the battle of the Marne and the Soam and Verdun, and maybe he was at Château-Teery. Any-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

way, he was a grand fighter, and done his bit all the time and kep' the Huns from passin'. And I wanta tell you that we gotta hand it to these French, because they may be little guys, but they carry the longest bayonets I ever see in any man's army.'

"'Amen,' sez all the doughboys and the gobs, except one that yells, 'Alleluia!' He musta been from the South or somewheres.

"'And so,' I sez, 'we're proud to give this frawg a good send-off, and even if we 'ain't got a real chaplain and the guns to fire a salute with, we're doin' the poor widow a lotta good, and that's somethin'—I'll say it is.'

"'Amen,' sez the audience.

"Then I sez, 'Glory be,' and cross myself and signal the doughboys to lower away on the coffin, and I flung a handfula dirt in on top like I see 'em do always.

"Well, the poor old widow near collapsed and Rathbone and the marine had to hold hard to keep her on her pins. But Reilly created a diversion by startin' up the motor-bike, and it back-fired like a buncha rookies tryin' to fire a volley. If we'd hadda bugle we coulda sounded taps and the musical accompaniment oulda been complete.

"Napoleon One come up and shake nands with me like I'd won the Medeye Militaire, and, before I could side-step, the widow had her arms round my neck and was kissin' me on both cheeks. Napoleon sez it was a '*Beau geste*,' which I thought meant a fine joke, and I was afraid the bird was wise, but Rathbone sez no, that it meant a swell action; and the widow sez, over and over again, '*Ces braves Américains—ces braves Américains!*' The cordial entente was pretty cordial on the whole—I'll say it was."

At this point Steve Dempsey paused and glanced about as who should say, "Are there any comments or questions?" For a while there was none forthcoming, but finally Lieutenant Erskine ventured a remark.

"This occurred last Sunday?" he inquired, mildly.

"Yes, sir," said Steve—"last Sunday."

"Um," said Erskine, and without further remarks left the office.

On his return he bore a copy of *Le Matin* in his hand. He sat down and leisurely and silently unfolded the sheet. Steve had resumed his work, but I noticed that he kept an eye on Erskine.

"I wonder," said Erskine, smoothing out the newspaper on his knees—"I wonder, Steve, if you happened to see this very interesting article."

"No, sir," said Steve. "I don't read French like I speak it."

"Well," said Erskine, "I'll translate. This paper is dated last Monday, and on page two occurs the following announcement:

"American soldiers, sailors, and marines attend funeral of notorious apache. Jean the Rat, convicted murderer and suicide, and denied the offices of the Catholic Church, is buried by stalwart Americans. Department of Foreign Affairs reluctant to file protest at present time. Strange demonstration believed to be unofficial and without U. S. government sanction, although U. S. Navy chaplain delivers eloquent oration in English."

Erskine put aside the paper in silence, and we all turned to watch Steve. He was very red, even to his ears.

"Gawd!" he spluttered. "Does it really say that, sir? Honest?"

Erskine nodded. "Yes," he said. "We'll be lucky if we avoid international complications."

"An apache murderer," Steve groaned—"and me thinkin' it was a frawg hero. Will I get a court martial for it, sir?"

"I doubt it," said Erskine, "but I don't think you'll get the Congressional Medal or the Legion of Honor, either. Maybe, though, the President, in recognition of your services toward cementing the entente, will appoint you the next ambassador to France."

"Well, anyway," said Steve, still violently red about the face and ears—"well, anyway, I don't care. Even if it weren't a first-class corpse, it was a first-class funeral."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AMERICA GOES BACK TO WORK

I.—IN THE HEART OF INDUSTRIALISM

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

TO paint the picture of America emerging from the effects of the Great War requires not so much a huge canvas as the ability to reduce great distances and vast perspectives to at least a fairly compact range of understanding. If the picture were to be translated into writing—into the form of accurate history perhaps—it could well be said that the entire nation was in a state of boiling effervescence during all this period. Men went here and men went there. They moved in great tides and of themselves they moved. The nation was in turmoil. So have I found it. I have ridden across the continent, along its boundaries and far into its heart. I am still riding in the railroad trains of my United States. Before I am done there will be few states—few important communities—into which I shall not have entered. I shall have talked with many folk—of all sorts of degrees and conditions of life; my note-books will bend with facts, will fairly bristle with statistics. American going back to work will be reduced to a record made from first-hand observation.

But far more than a record, I hope. I must confess to a fondness for industry—American industry in particular. Yet even the story of our industry—whether it be the industry of the forge or the lathe or the loom, or the farm or the lumber-camp, the railroad or the waterway—does not even begin to show the entire picture. An America industrious, rather than merely an industrial America, begins more accurately to depict it. But the canvas can never be really completed until one has gone far more deeply into the motives and the principles that are behind the rapidly changing conditions of American life in these momentous months—in this eventful year. And yet these underlying causes must be brought into the picture.

So I have gone out into the land. I have found the conditions of travel passing hard. In war-time days our railroads builded no new passenger-cars, coaches or sleeping-cars or parlor-cars. Yet travel upon them has risen to new heights, with the immediate result that trains of all sorts are constantly overcrowded. A similar condition has obtained in hotels. It may be set down fairly that the traveler who went out into the land—in the first half of 1920, at least—had no sinecure.

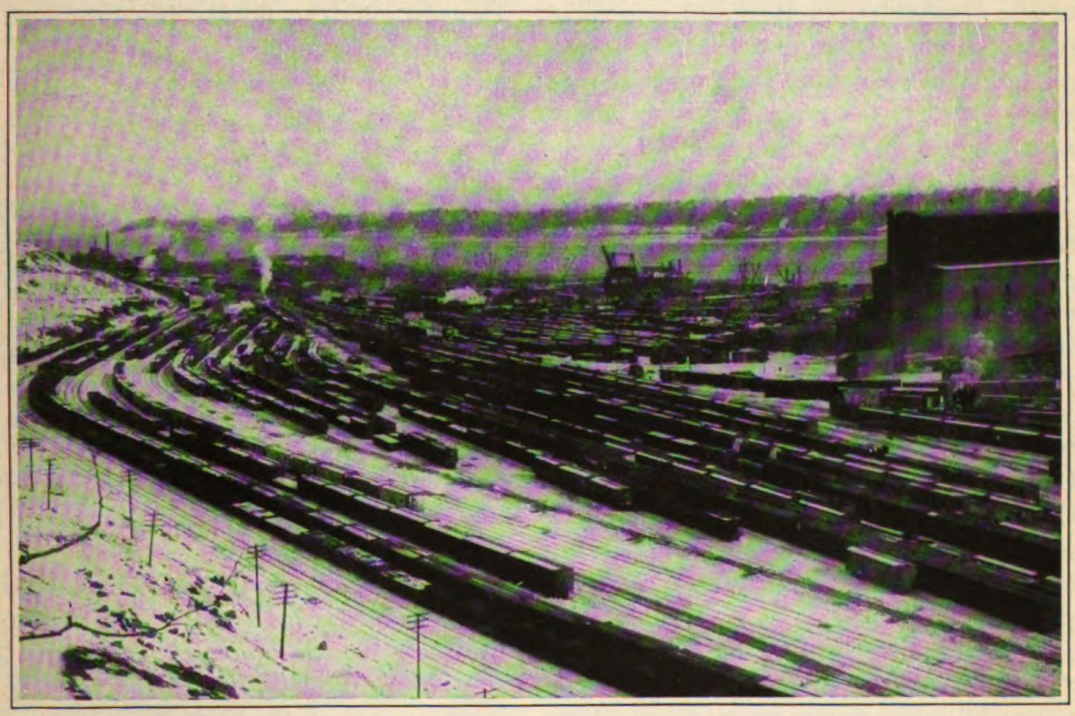
Nor was the situation much better for the man who stayed at home. An almost total cessation of house building for four years had produced abnormal conditions of congestion and overcrowding all the way across the land. New York or San Francisco, New Orleans or Minneapolis; Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon—everywhere conditions were seemingly the same. Rents rose to an appalling degree, the hire of domestic servants in proportion. Food and fuel were fearfully expensive. Yet there was enough of both these. But the problem was apparently more that of living-quarters, and of service than of price. The supply was not equal to the demand no matter how great or how generous the money consideration. The lack of building on the one hand—including a vastly increased folk movement cityward, as shown conclusively in the census of 1920, which

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

reported the geographical center of population moved fifty miles eastward of that of 1910, a direct sign of urbanization—and, on the other hand, the cessation of immigration, had brought about this situation. It was said that a girl who had been through the public schools of America would not enter upon domestic service. And so, with supply shut off and demand incessant, folk began to huddle more closely together in our cities. Houses began to be subdivided into two or three or more separate domiciles, and in our cities, large and small, restaurants of every sort and degree were greatly multiplied.

Prosperity? Yes, abundant prosperity. At least upon the face of things, prosperity. The census of 1920 showed amazing growth in most of our cities, as well as interesting change of relative position between some of the larger of them. Think of Flint, Michigan, growing from a modest 35,000 folk to 125,000 folk within a decade. Consider the growth of Akron, or of Bridgeport, or of Schenectady—others, too. Also the growth of wealth. Six thousand new millionaires created by the war, our Sunday newspapers told us, and, for once, they were nearly right. A big bank in St. Louis showed me, in January, 1920, how within a twelvemonth it had increased its individual deposit safes from 10,000 to 12,000, and, because of a waiting list, was preparing to increase its total number of these small holders of great individual wealth to more than 28,000. While on the following day a jeweler in Cincinnati said that the unprecedented mass of business in his shop during the holiday season, so recently closed, had compelled him to postpone sending his accounts to his regular customers for at least thirty days. He complained, rather bitterly, of the quality of his bookkeeping force. He was paying it a little more than 100 per cent. more than he paid it four years before, while the errors it committed had grown, in his opinion, at least 1,000 per cent.

This very point—the increase of service quality in its ratio to the increase of



A CROWDED RAILROAD YARD TYPIFIES PROSPERITY

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

wage—that brings us here and now out from the realms of an imaginary book and face to face with the hard possibilities of the present. And, because I find in my note-book that it was in a Pennsylvania workshop that I discovered a most striking instance of this loss of production in its ratio to the dollar, let us start, in the Keystone state, our series of articles upon America's coming back to work after her war-time upset. Despite the great industrial advances that have been made in some of the commonwealths that lie to the west of her borders, she still remains our greatest industrial state—our very heart of industrialism. Her largest city, Philadelphia, defies Detroit and Cleveland, and remains America's chief manufacturing city. Her second city, Pittsburgh, vies with her in industrial importance, while from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, over the high mountains and the rolling hills, there is almost a continuous workshop, and in almost unceasing operation.

The workshop which first comes to my mind is at Altoona. If you have ever traveled east or west over the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad you must recall Altoona, there close to the summit of the Alleghenies and the famed Horseshoe Curve; Altoona, with its great shops lying close to the railroad tracks and keeping fit for them its vast brigades of locomotives and of cars. For more than half a century this Altoona group of shops has been workshop, and, far more than mere workshop, it has been the West Point for the great railroad which it serves. No man may be president of the Pennsylvania Railroad unless he be a trained engineer—and most of the men who have attained high office in the Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, have actually served their full terms of apprenticeship in the Altoona shops.

Nor does this statement tell the entire story, for, more than this, those selfsame Altoona shops have stood these long years, as only a few other manufacturing enterprises in America, for a pride and a precision in their performance that has been the high admiration of their competitors. Did the Pennsylvania need more locomotives? Altoona could give them. Despite our wonderful railroad progress, only about three other roads in the land—the Milwaukee, the Louisville & Nashville, and the Southern Pacific—could get locomotives in quantity from their own shops. Yet, in other days, Altoona could, and did, turn out three hundred new locomotives a year for its railroad. They were the products of real pride, those locomotives; they represented the individual labor of men whose fathers or whose sons might be working in those same buildings, whose grandfathers might have worked there before them. For, remember, if you will, that to work for the Pennsylvania was the high ambition of every boy in Altoona, a town whose only excuse for existence was the railroad that had given birth to it. The railroad dominated Altoona. It was Altoona. It had not only had its shops there, employing some 25,000 men, but its division roundhouses, its yards, its operating offices. It even ran the hotel—the famous old Logan House—where in the days of the Civil War the governors of Northern states were wont to gather and to make their plans for the salvation of the Union.

The Logan House still stands, although rumors come that another year or two will see it demolished. But there are few more new locomotives coming out from the Altoona shops. To tell a plain fact plainly, they are hard pressed to keep pace with the ordinary repair demands of the railroad. With their labor-rolls filled, with no perceptible shortage, they are working less than 50 per cent. efficient.

Let me tell you, if you will, how this figure is reached: Prior to our entrance into the war the average worker in the shops was paid forty cents an hour, as guarantee, but through the piece-work system he actually averaged sixty-three

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

cents an hour. Upon the government assuming control of all the railroads, and of course of the Altoona shops, it fixed the wages of the workers there at sixty-eight cents an hour; but in a little while expert statisticians discovered that the actual output was worth only a bare forty-three cents an hour. So that where the Pennsylvania actually got a dollar's worth of shop-work for each dollar that it expended there at Altoona, Uncle Sam to-day gets but forty cents' worth.

Put the thing another way: the workers in that shop to-day are paid $1.89, where three years ago they were paid a dollar; to get that dollar's worth of work now costs the operators of the railroad $2.53. And the product itself is of far inferior quality. The expert workers of a younger generation were called from their lathes by the patriotic appeal—and the generous wages—of the shipyards. At that time the railroad was not in a position to compete with shipbuilders in pay-roll costs. These expert workmen have not all yet returned. And the railroad finds that it takes five days to turn out a box-car, instead of three, as formerly. Each man now does 21 per cent. of a car a day, as against 37 per cent. in other days.

So it abandons for the nonce its dream of more new locomotives and turns its sole attention to the emergency needs of repair work. No more new locomotives, no more new freight-cars, no more casting. Yesterday this was a self - contained shop. It made even its own tin cans. To-day it finds it better to buy those cans outside.

"Why use a man at seventy-four cents an hour to make these," said one of its superintendents to me, "when the fellow outside makes them at forty-six cents?"

One finds a far better condition of things at the eastern rim of the state—along the Delaware, but does not go to the many shipyards there that have sprung up along that river's edge to find that condition. The shipbuilding industry to-day is in far too great a stage of transition and flux. One finds, however, in an equally representative industry and one closely allied to the one which we have just visited—the building of locomotives—that old conditions have not yet departed. Here is one of the two large firms in the United States that are engaged in the production of this characteristic American mechanism. Its chief workshops stand in the very heart of the city of Philadelphia; in fact, almost within shadow-fall of the great statue of William Penn atop of the tall tower of the public buildings there. For almost fourscore years the Baldwin Locomotive Works have stood here in Broad Street. It is a family institution of Philadelphia, as typical of the Quaker City as it is typical of the nation. For there is not a corner of the United States into which its engines have not poked their pilots; nor is there any part of the world into which the railroad has fought its irresistible way in which the Baldwin locomotive is not known.

It is the fashion in some quarters to call Pennsylvania, Bourbon, to look upon her chief city with its staid ideas of social prestige and its magnificent, if sometimes unscientific, methods of charity, its almost hopeless politics—varying all the way from the very bad to the fairly good—as Tory. There is nothing either Bourbon or Tory, however, about the Baldwin Works. Oldfashioned as they may be in many ways, conservative to the core in many practices, they made a war-time record of production far in excess of almost any other single concern in the land. And they hold to an eighty-eight-year record of no strikes—with the exception of a single and very minor sympathetic walkout some eight or nine years ago.

We live in a time of a wonderful systematization of manufacturing process. Efficiency is our fetish and the time-clock our god. Yet in all of its long life the Baldwin plant has never yet seen the time when it found such a mechanical clock necessary to its own ideas of effi-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ciency in manufacturing operation—not in a single one of its many shops, which to-day employ some 25,000 men and which in war-time days employed more than 43,000. There is one other such plant placing its ban upon the things for which the time-clock stands, and that is the wonderfully progressive Endicott-Johnson Company, which manufactures shoes just outside of Binghamton, New York, a concern to which we shall have necessity to refer again and again before we are done with these articles. It is the big thing for which the time-clock stands to which the Baldwin people stoutly object. That thing—the implication that their men work only under the eye and tally of a mechanical and unerring watchman—is entirely foreign to the spirit of their plant. Baldwin believes in work for work's sake. And so every executive in the factory, from S. M. Vauclain, who in his day, like A. J. Cassatt and Samuel Rea and W. W. Atterbury and some other pretty big railroaders, was an apprentice at the Altoona West Point, comes to work with his men and does not leave until it is time for them to leave. Honor is the time-clock of this particular cog in successful American industry. Mr. Vauclain was in Europe at the time when I visited the plant. Mr. J. P. Sykes, its vice-president in charge of manufacturing, showed it to me. I had noted the absence of time-clocks at the factory doors and had commented upon that.

"We all carry watches," was the simple reply of Mr. Sykes.

"And you come to work yourself—at what hour?" I pressed.

"At seven each morning," said he, "and stay until six o'clock in the evening."

Eleven hours each day. The old-fashioned virtue of long hours and hard work. The old-fashioned way of an executive not content to sit at a large, oblong, mahogany desk and push buttons for minions to come to him, but of an executive who gets off his coat and out into his factory to work with, as well as for, his men. "I work with them," said Mr. Charles M. Schwab once when asked how he got on so well with his men.

Eleven hours a day. And contentment. And no time-clocks. I began to see Baldwin success. A slant, too, on a possibility of high-cost-of-living cure. And another slant on how the fairness and willingness of the bosses and their workers to share the same hours and the same viewpoints upon life were factors far too large to be overridden by the suave talk and specious pleadings of the walking delegates of the labor unions. A little later Mr. Charles Whiting Williams, vice-president of an important subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation in Cleveland, was to tell me how for seven wonderful months he had donned the garb of a common laborer in our great heart of American industry and had lived the life of common laborers—and some extremely uncommon ones—in order to get closer to the real reason why our labor and our capital—so-called—were so far apart. And Mr. Williams was to tell me that, in his enlightened opinion, the misunderstandings were to be grouped in three great classes and four minor ones: under the the first of these general classifications, the difficulty of finding and of holding a job, fatigue and temper—weary muscles and unhappy minds, soreness of body and soreness of spirit—and, by far the most important of all, the worker's colossal ignorance of his employer's real purposes and character. The four minor classifications are more or less common to all Americans at this time—the feeling that the high cost of living is steadily getting the better of us; that the wallets of some folk are getting fatter as others' dollars grow thinner; that the end of the Great War should have ended abnormal conditions and somehow did not, and that all the continued trouble over there might yet affect us in some extremely disagreeable and extremely uncomfortable way.

"But, with all this, the worker is not a Bolshevist—not yet," concluded Mr.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Williams. Credit that if you will, Mr. Williams, to the influence of one of the occasional American big bosses who still remain, who is willing to work with his workers and, as far as is humanly possible, to live their lives with them. Late in the fall of 1919 I had the opportunity in New York of talking to the distinguished French ironmaster, M. Eugene Schneider. After much pressure on my part, he admitted modestly that he had had 248,000 men and women upon the pay-rolls of his affiliated workshops during the crux of their war-time effort. Hastily, he sketched for me a brief history of his great enterprises—a family affair, if you please, which has descended from father to son—for four generations. And finally he came to the point where he told me how the boys of his family attended the same schools and the same classes as the workers of the great plant which dominates their busy community of Le Creusot.

"When I go out into our workshops," said he, "I see my schoolmates at the forges and at the lathes, and they know me and call me by my first name, and I know them—so very many of them—and call them by their first names."

And then I thought of our great and stupid and unachieving steel strike. M. Schneider lives in the heart of his great works at Le Creusot, in the very structure that served as their beginning—the ancient iron-foundry and glass-works built two centuries ago by those royal unfortunates, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Of course, you could hardly expect Judge Gary—at the advanced age of seventy-four—to live in the great new city which sprung up a decade ago in the Indiana sand-dunes at the south tip of Lake Michigan, and which to-day bears his name. But yet I cannot escape the feeling that if the man who some day will succeed the distinguished and venerable head of the United States Steel Corporation would move his residence out to that city, Gary would be a far better place to live in—both for him and for his workers. Not that the Steel



FINISHING A CAB FOR AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE, BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Corporation did not try its level best to make a good job of Gary. It planned carefully and scientifically — perhaps more efficiently than exquisitely, but then you hardly could expect to rear an Athens upon an Indiana sand-plain nearly as flat as the top of a billiard-table—and built a wonderful, modern, checkerboard city. It laid down broad streets and good pavements, established public schools that quickly attained a world fame—and tried its best to have good city government of a permanent sort. Yet, even in the days before the coming of the great strike, there was one thing which Gary lacked, and lacked most perceptibly. It was the quality of homeiness, such as one finds in certain small villages—and even good-sized cities—through New England and New York and Pennsylvania, and even in Ohio and Kentucky and Missouri and Kansas. It is a fairly indefinable quality, but one that is unmistakable when once you come upon it. It may be maple-trees or catalpas, or just the secure evidence of balance and a serene age. But it does exist.

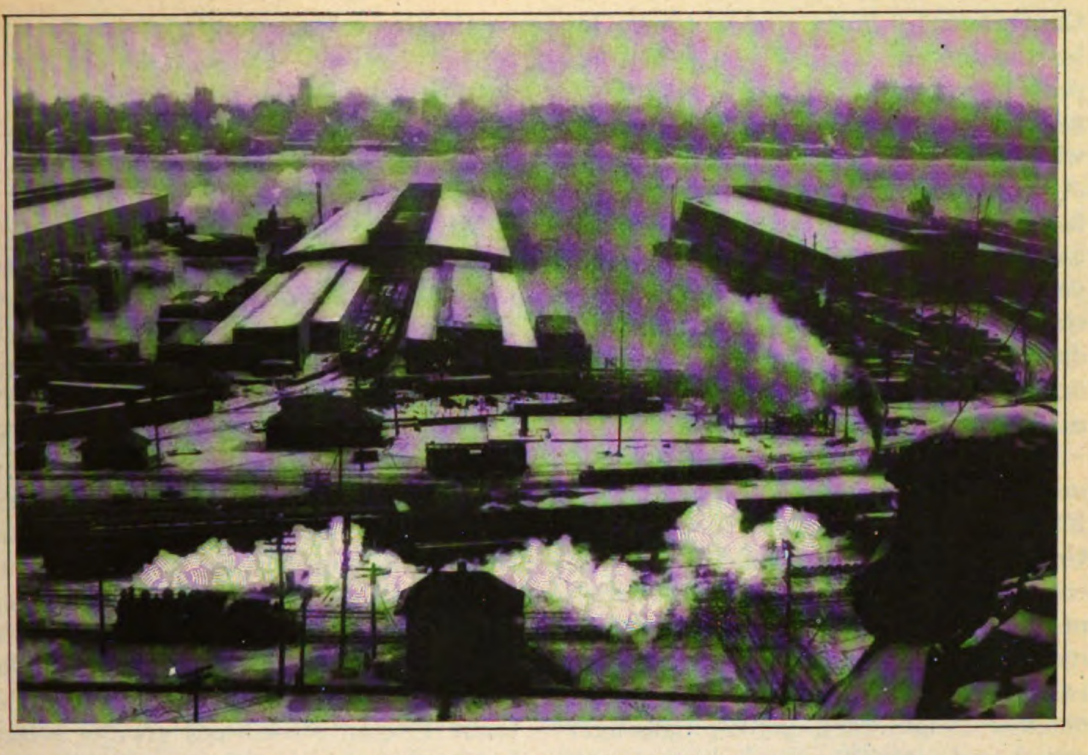
And new towns are not of necessity without it. These new twin towns of Endicott and Johnson City, just outside of Binghamton, have it—to a marked degree. When one walks down the neat and orderly streets of either of those York State model communities of shoe-making, he forgets maple-trees and sees the town libraries—not labeled "Library," but in a small yet distinct sign, "Your Home," and inviting the workers of the community to come and use their big dining-rooms, all equipped with crockery, and their kitchens for their little parties. I saw similar small public private houses on the crests of the great outlying park which John M. Patterson, the cash-register man, gave to the city of Dayton; bungalows, also completely equipped for the very human function of community eating, and opened to the use of any worker who made application for them in advance. And these helped me toward a definition of the hitherto undefinable quality of a real town. It took form in two words—helpfulness and co-operation.

"We have discontinued all of this welfare work for our employees," the general manager of a traction company in the Middle West, which has had recently an unconscionable amount of trouble with its labor, told me, "for we think that we have learned one big thing in all of our fights with our trainmen, which is that the workman doesn't want fancy gifts on silver trays, or trays that are silver-plated. He wants adequate pay—and the opportunity of buying his own gifts in his own way, and on the sort of trays which he selects—all from a decently filled wallet."

Sensible? Yes. Logical? Yes. And yet I must confess a distinct hankering for the little public houses of Endicott and Johnson City and Dayton. When I look upon them it makes me really wish, for the moment, that I were stitching lasts in the shoe-factory or punching holes in a sheet of metal to become part and parcel of a cash-register. It would be fun to be standing at the machine and realizing that, after all, Saturday was but forty-eight hours' distant, when we were going out from our boarding-house into a dining-room that really was a dining-room, and that there was going to be a party—supper and dancing and cards—which would live some time in our memory.

Seemingly, we have drifted a long way from Mr. Sykes and the Baldwin Locomotive Works; in reality, we have not. But to them we quickly return and add to helpfulness and co-operation another word in the understanding between the employer and the employed—faith. In the great factory founded by Matthias Baldwin back in 1832 a man still stands to his daily task who admits to the age of eighty-three, and who will tell you that he first came to its pay-roll in 1863. Until very recently he was a brass-finisher. Now he is a foreman—in a concern which abides by a stern rule to make

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



AMERICAN INDUSTRY STARTS AT THE WATERSIDE RAILROAD TERMINAL

its promotions only from its own forces, from the bottom upward. Another form of faith. The Baldwins have kept a man on their active pay-roll who, until two years ago, took the new locomotives out on test and who is now ninety-four years old. And to-day they have in their shops fifty or more men who are over seventy-two years of age. Faith does count. Mr. Sykes, himself, like the rest of its officers, worked up from the bottom.

"Our principle," he says, "has always been to excite in young men the business spirit rather than to regard them as mere adjuncts of the enterprise. That is why we regard this as a business made up of small individual businesses; why we hold so stoutly to the piece-work system. That is why I myself, coming into the plant more than forty years ago, and, although once desiring to become a physician, found myself so enamored of this business that I have been here ever since. I started, back there in 1879, on the piecework basis, at a dollar and a half a-day, and quickly worked up to two and three dollars a day—which was good pay then and was a promise of continued success, for I could not forget that my earnings were proportionate to my efforts. And so, as a part of a big business, I began to be a small business man within it. The door of opportunity was open. I progressed and soon employed three or four assistants—each of whom was also on the piece-work basis and who, in turn, profited by the excellence of their labors. It is the upbuilding of this system—a big business as made up of small businesses—that has made the time-clock an utterly unnecessary institution for us—at least. When a man is working in his own interests and to his own direct profit, he does not worry very much about his hours of service. That is the backbone of the principle of these works."

Now do some more translating, if you will. This time translate principle into production. Take an abstract dictum and reduce it into a per-day output of giant locomotives.

"The reason why American manufacturing production is being taken by

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the throat and fairly choked to death is because of our lack of adequate transportation," said a big railroad man to me not many weeks ago. "No matter what form the permanent organization of our roads may take within the next few months, it is patent that their physical equipment must be increased—and very materially increased—in order that the business of the land as it stands today may function properly. And this takes no account whatsoever of its normal growth from year to year."

With visions in my mind of the great new automobile factories of Detroit and Flint and St. Louis, of North Kansas City growing like a weed, of Tulsa become metropolitan and Fort Worth nearly so, I pressed this railroader to tell me in definable terms what our overland carriers needed. He answered at once—600,000 freight-cars, 20,000 passenger-cars, and 20,000 locomotives — and quickly added:

"It is not entirely a case of finding the funds to build these, necessary as that step must always be. There is the grave allied question of the physical ability of our car-builders and our locomotive-builders to turn rolling-stock out. We shall need all of those 20,000 locomotives within the next five years. And the maximum output of our locomotive industry in America has never exceeded 1,800 engines a year. Small hope of its reaching an annual production of 4,000."

I am not so sure of that, for I can recall distinctly when the Baldwin plant first attained a capacity of a locomotive a day. No man who has ever ridden in an engine, not to speak of a man who has driven one, can fail to appreciate what a tremendous job that really was. But when the Baldwins, a few years later—I think 1906 was the exact year—announced that they had turned out 2,600 locomotives—more than eight to each working-day—imagination began to be staggered. And yet—I asked Mr. Sykes what his concern had done during the war.

"I hate to tell you," he laughed in reply.

"Don't hate," he was urged.

"We turned out 478 complete locomotives in one month during the crux of the war period."

Mr. Sykes told me other things—how the order for the first of the standardized locomotives for the war-time service of the Federal government came through on a day in the spring of 1914, with imperative instructions from his "big boss" down in Washington that the job was to be rushed, as never a job had ever before been rushed even in a plant which had an international reputation for promptness. One hundred and fifty days was suggested as a proper time for finishing up the first of the new engines, Baltimore & Ohio, No. 4500. The Baldwin drafting department shook its head at this. Fifteen weeks had always before been set as a minimum time for the designs alone of a brand-new type of locomotive. And this, of course, permitted no allowance for the manufacturing processes of the railroad giant.

"We'll do our best," said the Baldwin drafting department.

"We'll do our best," echoed every other department in the plant.

They did do their best, every blessed one of them. They turned out B. & O. No. 4500 in one hundred and twenty calendar days from that spring morning when the "big boss" first began working the long-distance telephone wires up from Washington—one hundred days in design, twenty in actual construction. And Sykes knew that, war or no war, the team-work of his organization had counted again. And faith, too, had counted. And co-operation. And helpfulness.

One thing more—before we are quite done with the Baldwins:

"What is your labor turnover?" I asked its big labor superintendent. I anticipated a good stiff answer—50 or 75 per cent., perhaps. In the more strenuous months of our participation in the war some of our shipyards had run as high as 300 per cent.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"The worst we did was twenty per cent. in a twelvemonth," said Mr. Sykes. "We are back again to our old ratio of less than one per cent. a year."

If this is Toryism, I should like to find the ballot-booth in which to record my preference for the Tory ticket. If this—in the shadow of Philadelphia's City Hall—be Bourbonism, I have been doing a tremendous mental injustice to the Bourbons for the past quarter of a century or more. Yet this is typical Pennsylvanianism—if you will forgive the coinage of an ungainly word—an institution almost as deeply rooted in the traditions of the Keystone state as some of those ancient mills of the counties of Chester and of Berks that have been turning out paper and textiles and paper for more than half a century now. Hog Island was not typical of Pennsylvania, even though I am disposed to believe today that Hog Island—like the heroine of old-time melodrama—was more sinned against than sinning. The mistakes of that great ship-building plant were not of the heart, but of the limitations of the human mind. To speak more clearly, the plant was designed almost twice too large for maximum efficiency. A similar shipyard on Newark Bay—also designed for the fabrication of standardized cargo-ships from plates and beams rolled in mills far inland—but of a mere twenty-seven-launchways capacity, operated and operated extremely well. Even the colossus of fifty launchways in a salt-marsh south of Philadelphia functions after it got under way—and after the armistice was already history and the Treaty of Versailles a matter of continued bickering.

Yet this was but one of many yards along the Delaware, which already has become our American Clyde. Hog Island may or may not remain a permanent ship-building institution; there has been talk already that it may be transformed into a great dockage and manufacturing center, similar to those already established in south Brooklyn. But there is little doubt as to the permanency of the other great new shipyards—at Chester, at Camden, at Wilmington, or at Bristol. These were constructed for ship-building and nothing else. They were builded in the faith that an American merchant marine was to be a permanent national policy; that not again should we find ourselves thrust into a great war without adequate transports for our military forces, and that to gain that all-important point we would, even at the point of great national sacrifice, maintain a fleet of American ships, built by Americans and operated by Americans, for the weal of the American nation. At the moment that this is being written the future for such a genuine American merchant marine seems none too bright. Yet I cannot entirely lose hold upon my optimism. And even though I can foresee dark days ahead for our new merchant marine, I can still cling to a fairly defined hope that they will but precede an era when our Washington government will fully awake to the possibilities, as well as the overwhelming needs, of a rational policy of internationalism. Then, and only then, will our ships dominate the seven seas once again, and our American Clyde come into its own. We can build good ships and operate them well. Of these things have no doubt. We have done both in the past, and the blood has not yet lost its cunning.

In the mean time our new shipyards will have to bide their time, in patience. There will be a considerable quantity of construction work for them—and a very great deal of repair, with opportunity also for the ship-builders—both masters and men—to sit and reflect upon the necessities of stabilizing labor conditions and labor prices. For it was these same ship-builders—both masters and men—who first began the great upset of our economic labor situation. That the end justified the means is quite another question. The fact is that it was done—and they had a large part in it.

A great far-flung industry like Bethle-

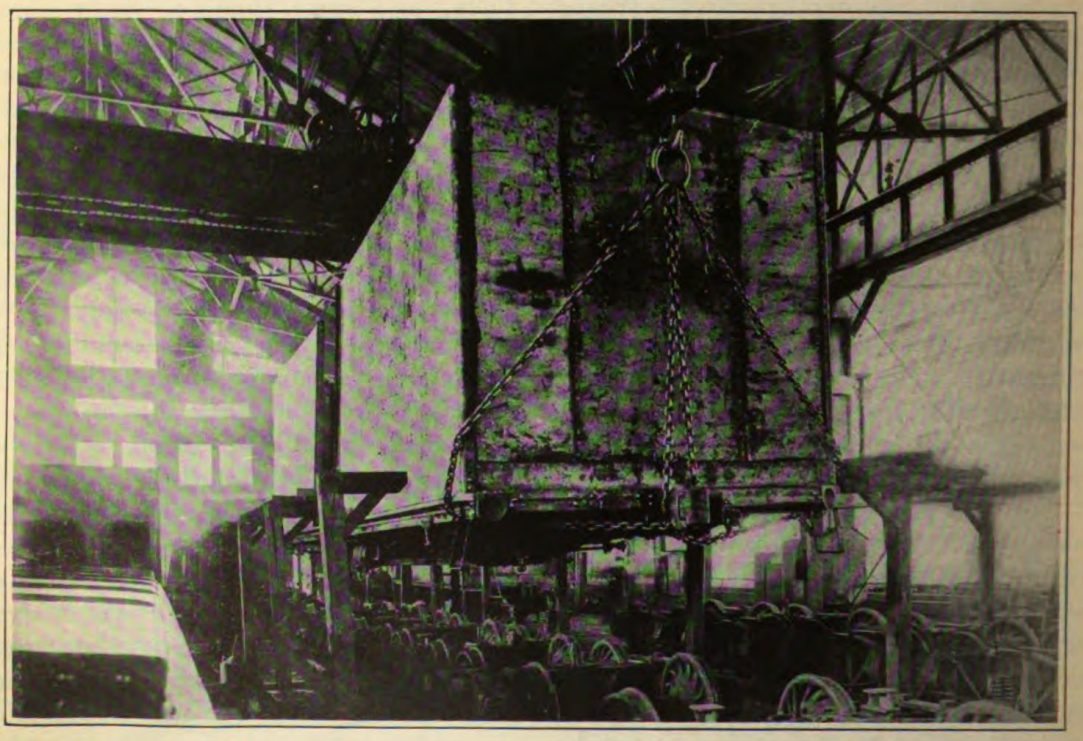
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

hem Steel not only builds ships, but the basic material which goes into their fabrication, and therefore has a great refuge against dull maritime years, which is both good sense and good business.

Some day the epic of Bethlehem will be written. And what an epic it will be—the transformation of a dull little Moravian town, filled with history and traditions, into one of the very greatest workshops of America. Upon the one bank of the Lehigh still stands the Moravian community; the stately and dominating church from whose high belfry the trumpeters still greet each Easter morn. Around it still are gathered the seminary and the community houses; the clergy and the sisters' house still are in active service. Behind it, in the shadows of rustling pines, generation after generation of Moravians sleep below their flat-stones, while for miles along the opposite bank modern industry ranges itself—a huge steel-works—roofs, furnaces, chimneys, sidings, waste-heaps—huge, strident, overpowering—a very fountain-head of tremendous energy. And yet the master of the works speaks of his far-flung enterprise as if it were but a little toy.

"We're moving on," he says, in his gentle way. "We actually are progressing. Do you know that we are running our entire Bethlehem plant to-day by gas-engines. That, we think, is the power of the future. We have infinite faith in it. We're moving on."

Moving on? Of course they are moving on. All Bethlehem says so. And all Bethlehem knows. The men of the band—that wonderful band for which the ironmaster built a wonderful bandhouse there by the edge of the pine-guarded graveyard, know it; so does the Chamber of Commerce, which not so very many moons started to give a testimonial dinner to the town's chief citizen and found subscriptions rolling in overnight for more than a thousand covers. There was not a hotel in the place, nor a caterer, either, who could serve a thousand dinners simultaneously. And yet dinner there must be. So the Chamber



LIFTING A STEEL-CAR IN THE ALTOONA SHOPS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of Commerce proceeded to hire an armory and to bring a caterer up from Philadelphia. The dinner was a huge success. For it was more than dinner; it was the frank outpouring of an American town's genuine affection for the man who loved it—and who is another man that understands.

Come with me once again under the surface of obvious things and tell me if it does not signify that all is not wrong between the American employer and the man who works with, and for, him? And let us revert once again to Mr. Charles Whiting Williams, of Cleveland. A moment ago we found him analyzing the elements of the present labor situation, as they exist in the workingman's mind. Now, after we have made a fairly detailed study of two great workshops in our heart of industrialism, let us come to the conclusions which Mr. Williams reaches as a result of his months of careful and most intimate study of the entire problem. He repeats his analysis of conditions and adds:

"Despite all these things, the worker is not a Bolshevist—not yet. But of them the Bolshevist agitator is taking direct advantage. This country, like all others, is to-day staging the greatest selling contest the world has ever seen. The agitator understands his customer better than the competing salesman, the employer. He knows the service the skilled and, particularly the foreign, laborer, is performing and thoroughly understands the importance of the steady job and the opportunity for finding mental sore spots caused by physical fatigue and by the absence of mutual understanding between employer and employee."

Which would seem, by contrast, if in no other way, to bear out the very things we have seen in Philadelphia and in Bethlehem.

Dig deeper still into these things. For the moment pass Pittsburgh by and take a through train to Cincinnati—that fine old Cincinnati down by the Ohio which still clings rather affectionately to her one-time title of the Queen City of the West. Others have come to dispute that title with her, and she has been greatly surpassed in size by another community within her own commonwealth. Yet there does remain in this old Queen City a fragrance of the older America which is quite unmistakable, an atmosphere of culture and refinement that leads her to a dignified and supreme indifference to the weal or woe of other communities. But to the weal and the woe of her own people she is wonderfully sensitive. The excellence of her schools, her progressive municipal university—the only one of its sort in all the land—her well-cultivated taste for music and for art, all bespeak this. But, in my opinion, nothing more so than her social unit of "block" plan which has come into active working within the past two or three years, and which furthers the ideas of Schwab and the Baldwin Locomotive Works and the shoe-factories near Binghamton—only upon a vastly greater, as well as a more intimate, scale. It is to-day probably our largest civic experiment in co-operation, and takes its step toward solving the very problems which Mr. Williams puts forward.

Before we close the chapter upon her endeavors come with me, if you will, to still another co-operative experiment in Cincinnati. Climb up that great incline that looks down into the Mohawk territory and come at the summit to the University of Cincinnati which sprawls itself over many acres of parklike campus. Here, as we already have intimated, is an institution without an exact parallel in any other city in the world. It is, in the fullest sense, a municipal college. Not only are half the funds that go toward its annual upkeep raised by direct city taxation, but it acts as a working laboratory for each civic function which needs such aid. No man or woman can be appointed to teach in a Cincinnati school who is not a graduate of this university.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"The whole city of Cincinnati is our university," said Dr. Charles William Dabney, its president. "Everything in this city that can be used for education is part of our work."

And yet, of its 3,350 students to-day—a number which compares well with that of only 450 fifteen years ago—there come young men and women from thirty-eight states of the Union, as well as from eight foreign nations. Thirty-five per cent. of its enrollment is from outside of the city of Cincinnati. This is not a narrow school. Dr. Charles William Dabney is not a narrow man. The university itself is full proof of this.

"We co-operate—in every possible direction," he reiterates. "Not alone do we furnish the teachers for our city schools, the young attorneys for the city's legal needs, the doctors for her hospitals—when you get done talking to me go around back of the university and see the wonderful new hospital that Cincinnati has just completed there. On one side of us stands the Lane Theological Seminary—Presbyterian and conservative—and on the other a school for rabbis, which leans toward radicalism. Yet we can and do co-operate with both. And we can go much farther than all of these things and co-operate with the manufacturers in this great district."

This was the thing of which I particularly desired to hear. Colleges are colleges; universities, universities, the whole country round—large or small, lean or fat, working a great work from many angles, but in the main with a same general principle of endeavor. But a college which co-operated with industrialism! It was for that that I had climbed the great Clifton hill at Cincinnati.

For remember, if you will, that we still are in the heart of industrialism. For years the Cincinnati district has held an enviable reputation, particularly in the manufacture of tools—hand and machine. The cash-register works at Dayton and the soap-factories at Ivorydale were early and most successful experimenters in co-operation between employer and employee. Cincinnati herself, despite all of her taste for the fine arts, is still a great manufacturing city—and very proud of it. What, therefore, more fit or rational than that her civic university should step forth to help her manufacturers — in hard-headed and practical fashion, and that it should achieve a real success of it?

It was nearly a dozen years ago that a young man walked into Doctor Dabney's office—he was an expert engineer—and, placing a typewritten manuscript before the university president, explained that he felt keenly the lack of a college degree and had written a thesis in the hope that perhaps even now he might be granted such an honor. He had had some ideas of his own, this young engineer—his name is Herman Schneider—upon engineering training. It had not seemed quite fair or reasonable to him that men coming out of the best technical colleges in the land should be relegated to back seats at poor pay in its workshops. And once while working in an Eastern college he had been impressed—unpleasantly—with the contrast between the relatively puny workshops of the engineering section of the institutes and the great practical workshops of one of America's greatest industries, there within sight of the eye and sound of the ear. If only— Schneider sat himself down at his typewriter and began his thesis.

For a fortnight the president of the university found himself in a round of pressure work that kept him from the manuscript. He had hardly finished it when his telephone rang; it was Herman Schneider asking about that degree.

"I am not going to give you a degree for that paper," said Dabney, in his usual frank, blunt way, "but I am going to ask you to become dean of our college of engineering."

So it was the experiment started—ten or twelve years ago, and with twenty-eight young men aligned for it. To-day

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



A COAL BREAKER, SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

in this co-operative scheme of education there are 837 boys, while 2,000 and 3,000 apply annually for it. Each of these is examined with care as to his fitness for it, and great stress laid upon his possession of what Dean Schneider likes to call "engineering sense." The 300 who are chosen are "paired off" with reference to their specialized capabilities or experience. Thus two young men who are about equally expert in lathe-work are made into a pair. They work in two-week semesters, each replacing the other, in the college halls and in the machine-shops of the Cincinnati district which have offered themselves for this work. In this way there is no break in the size or the continuity of the endeavor, either in the shop or in the class-room. The manufacturer knows that his lathe will be manned week in and week out; the instructor knows just how many men will be facing him each working morning.

A slight working knowledge at least of machine tools is presupposed of every accepted candidate for the dual course. If he lacks it at the June closing of the rolls for the following autumn and is found fit in every other way he is ordered into a machine-shop for the months of the summer vacation. Summer vacations do not count very heavily at the University of Cincinnati. It has a serious job when it starts to make engineers out

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of human clay. Moreover, summer-time is apt to be the season of greatest endeavor for the professional engineer.

"Do you ask me to pay these boys wages so that they can go to school?" an irate Cincinnati manufacturer demanded of Dabney and Schneider one day in the early years of the experiment.

"No, sir," promptly answered the president of the university. "We don't want you to pay them one cent more than their actual labor is worth to you."

To-day the plant of that manufacturer is filled with these student workers.

Opposition developed from a radically different angle. The big labor unions looked askance upon the plan—to put it mildly. Agitators went around the town saying that the rich men who controlled the university were trying to turn it into a training-school for skilled strike-breakers. Dabney turned his guns upon these labor leaders, in the most effective way—by going straight to them. He finally got them to enroll their own sons in the engineering course. Soon they began to smell the truth; to conceive that with its aid a son might step from it into a $5,000- or $6,000-a-year job while the old man stayed at the forge or at the lathe. And in America we have not yet lost the passionate desire to have our oncoming generations outstrip the one which is to-day seated in the saddle.

Here, then, for the moment, is our last exhibit on the progress of a better understanding in the United States between the employer and the employed. The engineering school of the University of Cincinnati is nothing if not advanced co-operation. I think that you can now agree with me as to this without going into further details of this ingenious plan, without studying its branch clubs and classes at such outlying communities of the district as Middletown and Dayton and Springfield, without knowing of its summer classes in railroad engineering as far from the college halls as the main line of Union Pacific across Wyoming. What is co-operation if not better understanding? In the case of the University of Cincinnati it is a better understanding—education, if you will—not done for the students, but for the manufacturers and the traders who participate in the co-operation.

If better understanding begins to show itself slowly, but surely—in the grimy shops of a locomotive manufactory in Philadelphia, in the rolling-mills along the Lehigh at Bethlehem, in the thirty-one blocks in the Mohawk district of Cincinnati, as well as in the halls of its great university—there still should be hope within the land. Strikes may come—strikes will come—to cloud such hope. Misunderstandings may multiply, but better understanding grows—all the while. And upon better understanding, in all of these vast and multiplex relations between the employer and the employed, seems to lie the real hope of the future of the nation.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE OPAL ARROW-HEAD

BY LORD DUNSANY

"ONCE on the Amber River," said Locquialton.

We almost held our breath and were suddenly silent round that old table where Locquialton sat. There were five of us there besides him. An old stained table and a low room in an inn; a fire-place behind Locquialton, huge and old. You could almost have burned trees on it. The embers were low now, the fire dying; it was dark outside, and inside a few candles. Pale-blue cigar smoke filled much of the room. As I see it now, I see the pale-blue smoke, the dark blue of the night beyond the uncurtained windows, the huge chestnut-brown table, and Locquialton leaning forward. I hear that voice of his as we heard it then, "Once on the Amber River," suddenly out of the silence. We knew what a traveler he had been. That is to say, we did not know; no man knew. We remembered long years and no Locquialton. No Locquialton anywhere, no rumor, and then his return. We knew Locquialton's silences. And then—why, then, the world invented tales for itself, tales of amazing rivers and unknown lands where he went. He came back perfectly silent; nobody knew his business; none knew where he went and none knew why. And then one day as we smoked, "Once on the Amber River." The words held us spellbound. And seated there so long ago, he told us one of his stories. None of us had ever heard him speak of himself before. Soon afterward other things happened. So this, as far as any one ever heard, is Locquialton's only story. I cannot vouch for it, and no man can. I knew Locquialton as well as any man and know he was grimly unimaginative. "Once on the Amber River"—those words alone I remember as he said them. And the rest of the story, after this lapse of time, I rather see as pictures that floated under the pale-blue cigar smoke, past our attentive faces, going away from the fire-place. And the story—it throws no light on the man, for it is as strange as himself, I think the strangest story I ever heard; but of that the reader shall judge, if I can remember it.

Once on the Amber River Locquialton was in a boat, a long boat that he did not describe, with thirteen rowers, black men; he had some strange name for it. He was so far from civilization then that at evening he used to take out a white-linen collar, all starched, and look at it. I imagine that he gazed on it wistfully, thinking of London ballrooms, but that I do not know, you never got what Locquialton was thinking. He just mentioned that collar. It gave me the idea of the sort of place better than latitude and longitude. Then he told us about the songs the rowers sang, odd songs. But I cannot remember that, though I see to-day Locquialton's eyes as he spoke of them. And after that they came to the bend of the river, and the reed hut on the left bank, and a white man there. A white man all alone by the Amber River. Locquialton landed and went up to the hut; he thought the black men looked contemptuous of it, but could not tell, though he knew them as well as most; it was in any case poor in comparison to a native hut, no more than six feet high, about the size of a summer-house. And here this man lived alone. He was sitting outside his hut when Locquialton came, a man with a yellow beard, looking genially out at the river as though he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

owned the earth. Behind the hut was a heap of untidy boxes, and from these Locquialton says he brought two bottles of the best champagne he had ever tasted. This strange white man would not drink himself, saying that he despised champagne, and looking on with a kind of amused toleration while Locquialton drank. His only talk was of mountains.

Locquialton had news to give him that was worth little less than ivory in such a place as that. He could have told him what the latest dance was in London, the latest song, the new election cry. He could have told him just the kind of gloves men wore now when they went dancing; he could have brought back something that men have lost who live by the Amber River; and yet this strange man spoke only of mountains. He seemed content where he was, at ease, even happy, yet he dwelt on alluvial plains that the Amber River divided, where there was not a mountain for hundreds and hundreds of miles, and all his talk was of mountains. Mountains were clearly to him what London must have been to Locquialton, the London of lights and dances.

And then, before they parted, this smiling, self-satisfied man raised a sort of door in the floor and drew an old, old bottle out of a box. With extreme care he poured out a small wineglassful, offering none to his guest, and carefully corked the bottle and put it back in its resting-place and closed the door in the floor. He drank, and his spirit seemed to leave Locquialton there, sitting over his champagne, and went smiling away with endless beatitude, seeming to have no part in mortal cares or any troubles of earth. If Locquialton spoke to his host the blue eyes and the tolerant smile looked far beyond him. He spoke no more nor noticed Locquialton, or if he noticed him it was only as a man infinitely happy, infinitely wise, watches small children quarrel. We gathered that Locquialton was rude to him, and still more rude when he could not possibly ruffle his temper. Then he got up and left him, having never met such a man. He went down to the boat and the black men rowed him away.

A year later, coming back, rowing against the current, Locquialton looked in there again. The hut was as shabby as ever. The man with the yellow beard sat blandly outside in the shade of it with the same look in his eyes, as though he owned infinity. And this time Locquialton got his story. He got it by talking about mountains to his host's heart's content. That man loved mountains, though he lived as far from them as Locquialton was then from the lights of cities.

His name, he said, was MacDonald, and in his youth he had been a mountaineer, climbing high places everywhere; and so he had come one day to the Huthneth Mountains. They were seated inside the hut at the table over that grand champagne which MacDonald had despised, and he took off his old jacket and rolled back his flannel shirt and showed Locquialton a scar running along his left shoulder-blade. An arrow-wound, he said. It had come one day over the rocks in the mountains, very near his neck, but had just caught the edge of the shoulder-blade and slid away to the left. They broke off the end of the arrow when he got home, and the doctor had cut it out the way it was going—you can't cut an arrow out any other way because of the barbs—and then they had cleaned it and looked at it. MacDonald's voice grew grave, even after the lapse of years. Sick though he was, he had left his bed at once and had traveled as far as he could from any mountains and never seen mountains since. For the arrow-head was an opal. [MacDonald drew out of his waistcoat pocket and handed across to his guest such an opal as you would never find in any human market, a blue like the moon at midnight flashing in lakes at noon.] Well, as Locquialton said, there was no describing it. And in the core of it was a long streak of scarlet, more like a flame

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

caught in ice, Locquialton said, or a tiny bit of a stormy sunset frozen. He wondered what heaven was like if you could see it far off. That opal set you thinking, but you couldn't describe it. "Only the gnomes use that," MacDonald had said. Locquialton had looked at the vicious barbed arrow-head and nodded. "I knew I'd offended the gnomes," MacDonald said.

And Locquialton said, "You must have done something pretty annoying to them," or some such thing. And MacDonald had been silent awhile; and Locquialton went on with that rare champagne. And then MacDonald sighed. A sigh from that smiling, self-satisfied, contented man had astonished Locquialton; it was like a storm on a lake. MacDonald sighed and said:

"I am going back to the mountains."

Still Locquialton was silent; and his silence somehow brought the secret out, as he had thought it would.

"I had stolen Gorgondy," MacDonald said.

Locquialton did not need to tell any of us who sat in that somber inn what Gorgondy was; we had all read the *Last Book of Wonder* and knew it to be the hoarded wine of the treasure-house of the gnomes.

"I had stolen Gorgondy," MacDonald said, "and the gnomes were after me."

And then he told Locquialton how the last bottle of hammered iron was very nearly empty under the floor of his hut and he could never go back to drinking champagne or any stuff like that; he would just as soon drink water. And life without Gorgondy might be all very well for those who had never tasted it, but life without it to those who had was no more worth while living than that Greek fellow had once said it was, anyway.

"What Greek fellow?" we asked Locquialton.

"Oh, that man who said," Locquialton answered, "that it was best of all not to be born, and after that to die young."

"Oh yes; go on," we said.

MacDonald had sighed and was soon going back to the mountains. And then he had told Locquialton of the talks he had had with old peasants down in the valleys, men who talk little at first and then give you some treasured legend, and they knew of a gnome in those mountains that never missed. The peasants there believe that the chamois never die naturally; they said that this gnome got them, a brown man, beard and all, the tint of the rocks exactly, the gnome that never missed. And he was the one, MacDonald thought, that guarded the treasure, on the other side of the rocks, the gnome whose arrow-head he had in his waistcoat pocket. The windiest day he knew, MacDonald said, and the gnome must have aimed at his spine, yet, well as he must have known the wind in those valleys, it had flicked the arrow an inch more or less than the gnome had allowed. He was going back now, for life was no good without Gorgondy; and he sighed, and muttered under his breath, "The gnome that never missed."

"For that matter," Locquialton said to him, "nor do I."

They talked it over and, briefly, their scheme was this: They should go together to the Huthneth Mountains; MacDonald should get his Gorgondy if he wanted it, and Locquialton should lie a little 'way off with his light .275, expanding bullet, and get the dwarf as he came after MacDonald. And MacDonald was to get a horse up a grassy valley that ran near to the hoard of the gnomes, and ride for it, and the gnome would come out and Locquialton would get him.

It was a queer arrangement for two men to make. We put it down to a fellow-feeling there must have been between Locquialton and this man that was hunted from his mountains, for there was a rumor that Locquialton had been hunted, too, and dared not go within a hundred miles of some valley that to him was the fairest; it was thought that he might have killed a female elephant.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

These thoughts crossed our minds as Locquialton's blue eyes gazed far through the mist of cigar smoke, thinking, in silence. When he spoke again it was to speak of the Amber River two years later. He came to the hut again at the bend on the left of the river. It had all fallen in as those reed huts do; the old table was rotting away in the tropical damp, the iron bottle under the floor was empty, but thirty-two bottles of the very finest champagne still lay uncorked in the boxes. Locquialton was silent again like the man we had known for years. He had told his story of the Amber River; mountains did not interest him; his spirit, his imagination, his memory—whatever you call it—was still on the Amber River in that long, quaint boat rowed by black men. We puffed our cigars and waited.

"What happened in the mountains?" one said.

Locquialton came back with a jerk from the Amber River.

"I got there first," he said, "with my .275, behind a peak of a sort of tiny mountain, higher than the hoard of the gnomes, and about five hundred yards from it—five hundred and twenty-four, to be exact. A little high green valley ran right to a spot under the hoard of the gnomes. MacDonald brought his horse there and picketed it, then clambered perhaps thirty yards up the brown rocks, and came to the hoard and went in. He soon came out with six of the iron bottles hung by strings from his belt, in loops that he had all ready. He dropped down those rocks in very good time indeed, and mounted his horse and loosed the rope by a swivel, and the gnome came tumbling after him. The brown gnome came over those brown rocks like muddy water. I did not try to shoot against the rock; you could hardly see him; sometimes he would be behind the brown rock, sometimes in front of it; he wouldn't be much more visible one way than the other. MacDonald hit his horse, and the bottles bumped and rattled, which frightened it more, and on the downward slope of that valley they got a good pace at once. The moment the gnome touched the grass of the valley he began to run, and I got my finger tight on to the trigger. There was no wind. You allow ten feet for a man running, of course, at five hundred yards. I had thought of allowing a little less, as he was a dwarf about three and a half feet high, but when I saw the pace he ran I allowed a little more. It was extraordinary. I never saw a creature less built for speed. He was short-limbed, square and squat, but he ran with violence. He did it by sheer strength of his abnormal muscles, his feet beat the earth, his thick legs pounded up and down with repeated blows. There was none of the grace of speed, just sheer violent motion; he ran with deliberate anger, crashing down every footstep. He went like hail over the ground. He was brown all over and showed up well against the green of the valley. At first he gained on MacDonald, but just as the horse got into his full stride, as a horse does not do for about a hundred yards, the dwarf halted and threw up a bow and shot his arrow. I had already fired and missed; I had made the wrong allowance and shot behind him. No one could have hit him; no one could have guessed the pace that that dwarf was doing; it would have taken a bad shot and a fluke to have hit him, and that is all about it. So I failed MacDonald."

He was silent then for a moment. We had almost seen the Huthneth Mountains and the high green valley, and the dwarf, halting all of a sudden and shooting his arrow, and when his voice ceased the room, as it were, came back, and the blue cigar smoke and the uncurtained windows and the deep night outside. We sat there waiting for his final words, under his spell, not daring to disbelieve him.

"In that man's waistcoat pocket," said Locquialton, "and in his heart, are probably two of the finest opals a man has ever touched."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

FOLLOWING SHERMAN'S FOOTSTEPS TO-DAY

PART II.

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

I PASSED through two ancient capitals of Georgia, first Milledgeville and then Louisville. The relationship which Milledgeville bore to Atlanta reminded me of the relationship of the old Cossack capital of the Don country to the modern industrial wilderness of south Russia called Rostof-on-the-Don. But business is business, and there is only business in this land. Even along the way to the old capital it is always so many miles to Goldstein's on the mileposts, instead of so many miles to Milledgeville.

The old legislature sat at Milledgeville, but it fled at the approach of Sherman. It was a day of great astonishment when General Slocum paused in his supposed march upon Augusta and General Howard in his attack on Macon, and one came south from Madison while the other marched north from McDonough. There was an extraordinary *sauve qui peut*. Panic seized the politicians and the rich gentry of the place—for the rumor of the terrible ways of the foragers was flying ahead of the Union army. All strove to carry off or hide their treasures. They must have had terrible privations and adventures on the road while trying to race the army, and they would have actually done better to remain to face the music. For no private effects were destroyed in this city. Similar scenes were enacted as at Covington. The darkies made a great day of jubilee and hugged and kissed the soldiers who had set them free. The cotton was burned and made a great flare—seventeen hundred bales of it even in those days. The depots, magazines, arsenals, and factories were blown up. Governor Brown had fled with all his furniture, and Sherman in the Governor's house slept on a roll of army blankets on the bare floor.

There are many signs of ease and refinement in the spacious streets of Milledgeville, though it has not increased to great size since the war. It has large schools for the training of cadets and the training of girls. These are model institutions and are very valuable in Georgia. The place, however, seemed to lack the cultural significance it ought to have. Churches and Sunday-schools were full. No shops of any kind were open on Sundays; the people had forgotten the taste of alcoholic drink and were ready to crusade against tobacco. They are not given to lynching, though they allowed some wild men from Atlanta to break open their jail some years ago and take away a Jew and hang him. But they are too content with their sedate prosperity. At church on Sunday morning the pastor complained that while all were willing to give money to God none were willing to offer themselves. He invited any who were ready to give themselves unreservedly to God to step forth, and none did. And it was an eloquent appeal by a capable orator. I met an old recluse who was at the back of the church. He had tried to give himself to God, but was now living at the asylum where he had found shelter, being otherwise without means. He had been a Baptist minister at a church near Stone Mountain, but rheumatism had intervened after twenty

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

years' work and he could no longer stoop to immerse the candidates for baptism. He was an Englishman who had listened to Carlyle's and Ruskin's lectures, and he talked of Dean Farrar's sermons and the good deeds of the Earl of Shaftesbury. He spoke as no one speaks to-day, good old measured Victorian English. He was a touching type of the despised and rejected. He loved talking to the negro children in the "colored" school till the townsfolk warned him against it. His books formed the nucleus of the town library, or room of rest, but the rats had gnawed all the bindings of his Encyclopædia Britanica, and I formed the opinion that poor R., living on sufferance in the asylum, was probably one of the best-read men in Milledgeville.

It is a delightful walk to Sandersville over Buffalo Creek and over many streams crossed by the most fragile of bridges apparently never properly rebuilt since Wheeler's cavalry destroyed them in the face of the oncoming army. Georgia used to have many excellent bridges, but it never really hindered the Yankee army by destroying them. It seems rather characteristic of the psychology of the people that they would not replace what they had had to destroy. Now at the foot of each long hill down which the automobiles tear is a trap of mere planks and gaps which chatters, and indeed roars, when passed over. Many motorists get into the mud.

Sandersville is a busy town hung in gloomy bunting which no one has had time to take down since the last county fair. It has a large, dusty, sandy square with a clock-tower in the middle. There are great numbers of cars and lorries parked around. Cotton bales, old and new, fresh and decayed, lie on every street. Huge gins are working, and negroes are busy shoveling oily-looking cotton-seed into barns; cotton fluff is all over the roadways in little clots; every man is in his shirt; the soda-bars do a great trade even in November. A stranger said to me, "Come and have a drink," and we went in and had a "cherry dope." There is an impressive-looking public library, much larger than at Milledgeville, with high frontal columns of unadorned old bricks mortared and laid in diamond fashion, a barred door, and an entrance so deep in cotton fluff, brick-dust, and refuse that one might be pardoned for assuming that learning was not now in repute. On the other hand, there is a fine, well-kept cemetery with large mausoleums for the rich and tiny stones for the poor.

Sandersville was the scene of one or two combats during the war. But when it is borne in mind that only a hundred of Sherman's army died from all causes on its march to the sea it will be understood that the strife was not serious. Sherman has been called a Prussian, and he certainly possessed military genius and understood soldiering as a mental science, but he always tried to save his men. He wished to win victories with the smallest possible loss of men, and he thought out his unorthodox plans of campaign with that in view. He could have lost half his army on this adventurous march to the sea. It was a most daring exploit, and if it had failed the whole responsibility would have been laid at Sherman's door. But Sherman had thought the matter out, and he completely deceived his enemy. Once more after Milledgeville Slocum is seen to be threatening Augusta in the north and Howard is striking south. The cavalry is driving the enemy ahead and plunges northward to Louisville and Waynesboro well on the way to Augusta. The enemy evacuates the central regions of Georgia, and Sherman's infantry moves through unscathed. Foraging has become organized and systematic. The wagons amount to many thousands, and it is curious that the population did not destroy all vehicles and so prevent the army from carrying away so much. The doubt which General Sherman expressed at the beginning of the march that supplies might prove inadequate entirely vanished, and the army had a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

crowd of negro camp-followers almost as big as itself. These eventually became a great hindrance, but they were evidently encouraged to join themselves to the soldiers in the Milledgeville and Sandersville district. They proved invaluable helps in the seeking out of hidden treasure and the pillaging of farm-houses. They knew the likely spots where valuables would be buried, and they knew how to get the secret from even the most faithful black servants on the big estates. One reason why Georgia burns and hangs more negroes than any other state to-day is probably because of the bitterness caused by the unstinted foraging and the "setting of the niggers against us," as they say.

Be that as it may, the seeds of future hate are always sown in present wars, and "Sherman's bummers," in their quest of spoil, took little heed of any future reckoning. The negroes led the soldiers even to the deepest recesses of swamps or forests, and showed the hollow tree or cave or hole where lay deposited the precious family plate and jewelry and money, and even clothing. It was common to take from the planter not only hams, flour, meal, yams, sorghum molasses, but, above all things, turkeys, so rare to-day along the line of Sherman's march:

How the turkeys gobbled which our commissaries found,
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground
When we were marching through Georgia!

But the bummer did not stick at these. He would borrow grandfather's dress-coat and hat surviving from the old Colonial days, and his mate would array himself in grandmother's finery, and so attired would drive their wagon back to camp, hailed by the jests of the whole army, and if they met an officer on the way they would cry out mirthfully the text of the army order, "The army will forage liberally on the country."

It is said that no forager would ever sell any of his loot, that indeed it was a point of honor not to sell. The veterans of the North must, therefore, preserve many interesting mementos of the South. Both officers and men took many tokens. There used to be an amusing euphemism current in Sherman's army. It was, "A Southern lady gave me that for saving her house from being burned," and if any one said, "Oh, that's a nice gold watch; where did you get it?" the soldier replied, "Oh, a Southern lady gave it to me," etc.

The army made camp by three o'clock every day, and it was after three that most of the unauthorized foraging expeditions took place. They were gay afternoons spent in singing and gambling, athletics and cock-fighting. The South was found to be possessed of a wonderful race of fighting cocks. The enthusiasts of the sport rushed from farmyard to farmyard for astonished chanticleer, and, having captured him, fed him well and brought him up to a more martial type of life than that which in domesticated bliss he had enjoyed with his hens. Every company had its cock-fighting tournament. Each regiment, each brigade, each division, and indeed each corps, had its champion. The winners of many bloody frays were soon nicknamed "Bill Sherman" or "Johnny Logan," but the losing bird which began to fear to face its adversary would be hailed as "Beauregard" or "Jeff Davis." The cock-fight finals were of as great interest then in the army as the combat of the Red and White Sox to-day.

Besides game-cocks, each regiment had a great number of pets. These were mostly poor homeless creatures on which the soldier had taken pity—occasional harmless dogs, singing birds, kids, who followed with the army and had the army's tenderness lavished on them.

So they went, marching and camping by old Louisville and the broad waters of the Ogeechee down to Millen. The old farmers say what an impressive sight

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

it was to watch them go by on the Millen road with seemingly more wagons than men, with all the wagons bulging with spoil and drawn by well-fed horses and mules, with long droves of cattle, and thousands of frenzied negroes so frantic with joy that they seemed to have lost their heads and to be expecting the end of the world.

Davisboro is a dust-swept settlement two sides of a road at the foot of a hill. Doors stand open, and the general stores in all their disorder spread their wares. At one end of the little town a large gin is hard at work steaming and blowing, ravishing cotton-seed from cotton fluff, and many bales are waiting. Louisville, the old capital, is a dozen miles farther on beyond the woods and swamps of a sparsely settled country. It is now "the slowest town in Georgia." It is, however, none the less pleasant for that.

There are many old houses, and in the midst of the way stands the original wooden "Slave Market," built in 1758, according to a notice affixed, but now used as a fire station. In the old Colonial days, when Louisville was the capital, slaves used to be brought there in large batches on market-days. There was a little platform on which the all but naked victims had to stand and be exhibited and auctioned. As I sat on a bench and considered the building, a young townsman joined himself to me and gave me a gleeful description of the slaves: "Their front teeth were filed; they spoke no English; when they saw our big green grasshoppers they ran after them and caught them and ate them. The men wore loin-cloths, and the women cotton chemises half-way to the knee. Lots of cows, hogs, mules, and niggers were put up and sold as cattle in a lump. Animals—that's all they were and all they are now." And he laughed in a curious, self-conscious way.

"It is strange to think of the history of them," said I, "from the African wastes to the slave-ship, from the slave-ship to the harbors of the New World, then to these market-places and to the plantations, taught baby-English and hymn-singing, given the Bible as an only and all-comprehending book, petted and fondled like wonderful strays from the forest in many families, tortured in others, becoming eventually a bone of fierce political contention, though innocent themselves, the cause of a great war, and then released in that war and given the full rights of white American citizens."

The young townsman's imagination was not touched by the romance of the negro. He was full of the wrong done to the white South by putting it under the dominance of a free negro majority.

"You know we lynch them down here," said he, with a smile. "They want social equality, but they are not going to get it. The nigger can't progress any farther."

"Well, there's a vast difference between the negro of 1860 and the negro of to-day," said I. "Hundreds of universities and colleges have arisen, thousands of schools and negro organizations for self-education. The negro has gone a long way since in yelling crowds he followed the banners of Sherman. I do not think he is going to stop short, and I wonder where he is going to and where at last he will arrive."

I passed through Eatonton, the birthplace of Joel Chandler Harris, on my way to the sea. He taught us much about the negro. In England Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit have become as cherished as the toys of the nursery. I think Uncle Remus meant more to us than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It is the genial point of view and the genial books that do most to help humanity. The very intensity of the white man's thought about the negro bodes ill for the future. It is hard on the colored people, for it was the whites who set them thinking about their souls and desiring to be free and to progress. There is a negro *intelligentsia* to-day, but the white men of the North deliberately made the effort to rear that *intelligentsia*. The negroes have not risen

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

through self-help in the first place, but through a fire kindled in their breasts from without.

The idealists of the North said, "You shall go on." Others said, "No, you shall stay as you were," and the clash of two wills has lit up racial war.

In the panic of Sherman's approach the planters and their wives told their slaves that the Yanks would flog them and burn them or put them in the front of the battle and drown the women and children in the Ogeechee or the Chattahoochee. Many believed and fled with their masters; others hid in the woods, but the rumor of salvation was on the lips of most. The Southerner has a saying, "The nigger is the greatest union in the country." News indeed travels faster among slaves and servants than among employers and masters. There was not much hesitation when the army arrived. The negro saw and believed. The incredulous were converted and the scared persuaded out of their hiding-places. All with one accord forgot their fear and then went to the other extreme—that is, as far in credulity as the dull minds had lodged in incredulity. The arrival of the victors gave rise to the most extravagant hopes. The negro had never reasoned about anything in an informed way. He knew nothing of the world except the simplicity of the plantation. He had on the one hand slavery, and on the other the vague and vast idealism of Christian hymns, the melancholy of bondage, and the emotionalism of evangelical religion. He did not think of New York, London, Paris, St. Petersburg, of the workingmen's movement, of free thought, of political economy, but only of "de ole plantation," and then "de ribber." From drab slavery he looked straight to Jordan and the golden gates and to a no-work, easy-going Paradise, happy as the day is long, with God as Massa and Mary and the Son to play with. There were no between-stages to which to aspire. They expected, as did the Puritan churches about them, the huge combustion of the Last Day, and they did not set much store by this world. Hence their exalted state of mind following Sherman's army. They were ready to shout "Glory!" when the world was afire, and they displayed all the emotion which should have been saved for the coming of the Lord.

At first Sherman's army was quite pleased, and it encouraged the emotion of the freed men. But it got to be too much for the Yankee soldiers, who felt at last that the blacks were overdoing it and that in any case they were a nuisance. The nearer they got to Savannah the more impatient did they become. At last they began to destroy bridges between themselves and the negroes and put rivers between them. Then, after leaving Millen for the pine forests of the Savannah shore, they deliberately destroyed the bridge over Ebenezer Creek. There was a wild panic, a stampede, and many, it is said, were drowned in the stream. The splendor of the army went by, the brass bands, the cheering and the singing of the soldiers and the standard-bearers of the North, and in the midst of them the wagons, the many wagons laden with spoil, and the droves of cattle. But for Georgia and for the negro set in the twilight of ruin and disillusion.

Rural Georgia is not very much better off to-day than it was in slavery days. The large tracts of land which the blacks thought would be given them they neither could nor would farm. They lacked executive experience and initiative. They could be too easily deceived by their white neighbors, and were too subservient to their erstwhile masters to make good in the race of human individuals striving one against another.

"No negroes own land hereabout," said some negro renters to me between Shady Dale and Eatonton. "They did, but got into debt and lost it. We rent a thirty-acre farm and pay two bales of cotton rent." At the current price of cotton, thirty-eight cents a pound, that amounted to three hundred and eighty dollars in American currency, or ninety-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

five pounds in British currency, but the tenants paid in cotton, and as cotton boomed their rents advanced.

It seemed to be everywhere customary to reckon rent in cotton-bales, and it is easy to see what an economic serf the negro can become under such a system. He is better off as a laborer on a white man's plantation than he is when having the responsibility of picking a crop for his master before he picks for himself. There are many features of life on the modern plantation, be it of sugar or cotton, which suggest slavery. Virtual slavery is called *peonage*, and many examples were given me by negroes. It is arranged in some places that the negro handles as little money as possible. Instead of money he has credit checks, metal or cardboard disks, which he can use at the general store to purchase his provisions. He is kept in debt so that he can never get out and so lives with a halter round his neck. Especially during the war when the rumor of war wages was tempting the colored labor of the South to migrate north in huge numbers, efforts were made to keep the negro without the means of straying from the locality where the labor of his hands was the foundation of the life of the community.

I talked with an old negro after leaving Louisville and tramping south toward Midville. He was lolling in rags on his porch—very near white. His father had been his black mother's white master. He remembered Sherman's passing when he was a boy. A remarkably intelligent and tragic face, where an unhappy white man looked out on the misery of abject poverty and pseudo-bondage. Cotton had proved bad this year. The boll-weevil had entered the pod early. There were but three or four bales to the plow. He did not know how he'd foot his bills. The rations given him in the spring had become exhausted. He had also hoped to buy clothes. He said the traders came early in the year and supplied him with all sorts of things on the strength of a large cotton crop, and he pointed to a large toy bicycle lying upside down in the grass. He let his little boy stride it and mother thought it fine. Last year Providence had blessed them with a very fine crop, and why should it not be as kind this year? So he signed on for the toy bicycle and for a gramophone as well. Now he complained that they were cutting off his rations; mother lay ill in bed; the weather was getting cold, and they had no clothes. The boss was coming presently to turn them out of the cabin altogether, and they did not know where to go. Even while we were talking two bullet-headed young fellows, clean-shaven, frank, and surly, came up in an automobile, stopped short, and rated the old man from where they sat in the car. The cabin and the little cotton plantation belonged to them now and the old fellow was reverting from small proprietor to be farm laborer, and to be farm laborer was little better than to be slave.

"We have to let down rope ladders to our people to get them up here," said a colored dean of a university to me. "We live in such abysses down below, and there is no regular way out of the pit."

I felt, as I was marching into Georgia, as if I were descending the rope ladder. What a contrast there was between the bright, radiant-faced girls at Atlanta studying science and languages and those whom I was meeting now. There was a regular sequence or gradation going downward to filth and serfdom. The first bathed twice a day and spent hours working anti-kink not only into their hair, but into their souls and minds. They were fresh and fit and happy as morning itself. That was on the Atlanta heights. I stepped down to the world of business with its heavier, gloomier types —the hard-faced, skilful, and acquisitive colored doctors; the fire-delivering, shadowy-minded clergy; the excited and eager, yet heavy-footed politicians. I took the road and met the troubled landowners, pathetically happy to exist free though drowning in mortgage and debt; from them I passed to the farm-laborers

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

with the jowl of the savage, matted hair, bent backs, deformed with joyless toil, exuding poisonous perspiration and foul odor, herded like cattle or worse, nearer to the beast than our domestic animals, feared by women and weak men, as beasts are feared when they come in the likeness of human beings.

There were, however, steps lower still in the ladder which leads downward from the Atlanta hills. Frequently along the road I saw men in yellow-striped overalls, plodding together, working together, overlooked by a white man with a gun, and as they walked sounded the pitiful clank-clank of the chains.

"We do not keep 'em in jail, but make 'em work," says the white man, knowingly. "When there's much work to do on the roads we soon find the labor."

At Springfield I remarked the terrible state of disrepair of the highway and public buildings. The reason was that instead of setting their criminals to work on them they handed them over to the state authorities. Other towns knew better. But in the chain-gang and the striped convict so easily obtained in the courts the ex-slave was seen at his worst, and the rope ladder stopped short before touching bottom.

There is not much to endear the ordinary wooden cabins in which the mass of America's black peasantry is found to live. They are poorer and barer than the worst you would see in Russia. Ex-serf has fared better than ex-slave. However, one detail of charm on this Georgian way was the putting up of tiny stars as a sign of boys serving in the army, a humble star of glory and hope like some tiny flower blossoming out of season in the wilds—one white star for a boy in the army, a golden one for a boy who had died. In their submerged way the negroes were proud of having helped in the war. The glory or the idea or the parrot cry of "making the world safe for democracy" had penetrated even into the most obscure abodes. The poor negro had discovered Europe at last and was especially in love with one nation—the French. The South generally had not been very eager to see the negro in the war and has not reacted sympathetically to the black man's war glory.

"There's no managing the niggahs now, they's got so biggety since the war," said a white woman at Shadydale. "Las' year we white people jus' had to pick the cotton usselves—men, women, and chillen." She told me she did not think it a bit nice of the French girls to walk out with negro soldiers, and then told a story of a French bride brought home by one of the white boys. She tittered. "Yeh—she had twins soon af' she came, and, would you b'lieve it, they were neegahs. Of course he sent her right back."

The French intimacy with the negro soldiers has cooled the Southerner's regard for the best-loved nation of Europe. It has also stirred up the racial fear concerning negroes and white women. Because the black soldier was a favorite of the white girls in France it is thought that his eye roves more readily to the pure womanhood of the South.

Lynching seems often to be due to puritanical fervor, and is compatible with a type of religiosity. Mob feeling against love is very dangerous. A pastor kisses a girl of his congregation, a deacon happens to see it, and his career is ended. An old man on the road volunteered the fact that he had never "sinned" with a woman, black or white, his whole life. Certainly there is a high standard of righteousness. Family life is pure, and love-making is not the chief interest in life as in some European countries. Men's minds are more on their business and women's on their homes. The presence of a Southern lady is not electrical, unless it be to an abnormally minded colored man who is attracted by whiteness as the moth by the street lamp. I am tempted to think that if the white race which inhabits the South were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

French or Russian or Polish there would be no lynchings. The great number of mixed relationships would beget tolerance for interracial attraction. I said to a young Floridan going through in his car:

"I can well imagine a certain type of European woman ogling the negro, making eyes at him and luring him to his destruction. Have you ever come across such a type?"

He answered, "No; and if there were, we'd do away with her, too."

Of course this rigidly moral point of view falls away when it is a matter of the white man and the black girl or the mulatto. The morality of the negro woman was badly undermined in slavery days, when slave children were bred without any thought of sin or shame. But even there, though the moral standard has been so low, it is nothing like so low as it was. Pride of race has been born, and the moral purity of the colored woman as a whole is now comparatively high. Certainly, even in the country districts where the negro is nearest to his old state of being a chattel, there is a great decrease in the number of half-bred children. The solution of the racial problem by ultimate blending of color is not one which seems likely to succeed here in the course of nature. Black and white are far more separate and distinct in freedom than they were in slavery. Even the black mammy is dying out. There are not so many of that type of colored woman. The white mother, moreover, has more scruple against giving her child away from her own breast. The Southern woman is as much against promiscuous relationships of white men with negro women as her manfolk is against the negro's roving eyes. One woman said, "You can understand the fondness of our young men for some of the negro girls when as babies they were suckled by a negro woman." There is much psychological truth in that.

During these weeks on the roads of Georgia three negroes were burned in my neighborhood, two near Savannah for supposed complicity in the murder of a deputy sheriff, and a mob of about a thousand white men took pleasure in the *auto da fé*. A short while later, near Macon, a negro was accused of making love to a woman of fifty as she was coming home from church one Sunday evening. He certainly did something foolish and impertinent, and, on being accused by the hysterical lady, fled. He was captured at midnight by certain well-known citizens whose names were published in the press. The sheriff argued with a crowd of about four hundred in the public street for an hour and a half, and then, like Pilate, washed his hands of the matter and let the mob have its way. Paul Brooker, the negro, lay on the ground terribly maltreated, but living; gasolene was poured over him, a lighted match was applied, and he was burned to death. This was not in Catholic Spain in the days of the Inquisition, but in religious Georgia, solid for Wilson and the League of Nations. I was told I could not understand why such things had to be done. No kind-hearted stranger could ever penetrate the secret of it. That seemed to put me in the wrong when conversing with the Southern people. It was a curious fact, however, that they also for their part took no pains to understand how such things made the blood boil in the veins of one who lived elsewhere. It was not the execution nor the crime, but the cruelty, that seemed to me unforgivable. I could understand killing the negro, but I could not and would not care to understand the state of mind of the four hundred who enjoyed his torments.

Burnings and hangings and mob violence of other kinds are frequent in most of the states of the South, but even in such cases where the names of citizens are given in the press no prosecution or inquiry seems to follow. Thus the great flag is flouted, and it is possible to imagine the cynical mirth with which the ecstasy of the negroes following the Army of Liberation in 1864 might be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

compared with the hilarity of the Southern mob in 1920 watching the ex-slave slowly burning to death and yelling in his torments.

I suppose nothing begets hate so readily as cruelty. That is why in all wars there is so much mongering of atrocities—one side tries to find out all the cruelties and barbarities committed by the other just to stir up its own adherents. So in the Civil War all the brutalities of the slave-owners were made known and the Northern soldier's blood boiled because of them. Although the quarrel is now healed, there was at the time a deep hate of the Southerners in the war. It was not only a martial conflict, but personal hatred and contempt. What was done to the blacks was aggravated by what was done to the white prisoners. The North discovered a cruelty and callousness in the South which must have been a puzzle to those who reflected that they were of the same race. For Georgia is predominantly English by extraction, and still proud, as I found, of grandfathers and great-grandfathers born in the old country. Some ascribe the change of temperament to the hot sun and to the southern latitude more than to the brutalizing influence of slavery itself.

When I was at Millen, which once in the glare of a burning railroad swarmed with Sherman's troopers, I went out to the old Southern battery at Lawton and saw the mounds and the fields where the pen of Northern prisoners was kept. It is waving with grass or corn to-day and there is a beautiful crystal spring in the midst of serene, untroubled nature. Here the prisoners were concentrated in a space of ground three hundred feet square, inclosed in a stockade and without covering, exposed to all kinds of weather. When any escaped they were chased with bloodhounds. Some seven hundred and fifty died while in this concentration camp. No wonder a soldier of the time wrote: "It fevered the blood of our brave boys. . . . God certainly will visit the authors of all this crime with a terrible judgment."

Sherman's soldiers destroyed every hound they could find in Georgia as they passed through—so strongly did they resent the barbarity of the hunting men with dogs. For the South had learned to hunt runaway slaves with bloodhounds, and it was a type of hunting which gave a peculiar satisfaction to the lust of cruelty. What they learned in the maltreatment of their slaves they could put into practice against the prisoners they obtained. There again, however, the war has failed to bear fruit. The hunting of negroes with bloodhounds has become common again.

The Northern soldiers did not become gentler to the Southern population as they advanced farther into the depths of the country. Rather the reverse. They would have been even more destructive than before had they not found the country to be more and more sparsely settled. The march from Millen to Savannah would have resulted in the harshest treatment of the people, but, happily, the way lay through forests and through the uncultivated wildernesses of Nature herself. The army had only its prisoners to vent its displeasure upon, and they certainly did not pet the few hundred Confederate soldiers and "civilian personages" whom they had collected in bondage. The enemy was found to have mined the road at one point. An officer of the Union army had his leg blown off. Eight-inch shells had been buried in the sand with friction matches to explode them when trodden on. Sherman was very angry and called it murder, not war, in a way which reminds one of the indignation caused when in the late war the Germans started anything novel. The answer to this mining of the road was to make the rebel prisoners march ahead of the column in close formation so as to explode any more which might be laid on the way. They were greatly afraid and begged hard to be let off—much to the mirth of the proposed victims. It was not until nearing

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

one of the forts of Savannah that another mine exploded—the hurt done to the prisoners remains unrecorded.

The way is eastward to Sylvania and the Savannah River and then south to the rice-fields and the harbor. The road is deep in sand, and on each side is uncleared country with high yellow reeds below and lofty pines above. Persimmons, ripe and yellow, grow by the wayside, a luscious fruit, good when just rotten and full of softness and sun heat. Large, birdlike butterflies gracefully flitting down the long corridors between the pines, and myriads of jumping mantes and grasshoppers suggest that it is not November. The golden foliage of an occasional beech reminds you that it is. The woods are deep and gloomy and melancholy. A poorer population lives by pitch-boiling and lumbering. Every pine-tree is bearded with lichen. Moss hangs in long festoons from the branches. The great dark trunks are here and there silvered with congealed floods of sap. Trenches two inches deep have been cut in the wood, and tin gutters and pots have been fixed up to collect the resin. Every other tree has a brown pot tied to it and each pot is half full of the pearly liquid life of the trees. You emerge from the forest to the pretty clearing of Rincom with a Lutheran church which has a swan above the spire—symbol of the fact that the first congregation, the one that built the church, had come across the water from Europe. Six miles from Rincom is the oldest church in all this part of Georgia, the Ebenezer Chapel, founded by German settlers who sailed up the Savannah River, and it also is a church of the swan. The forest is very dense, and negroes with shot-guns are potting at wild birds from the highway. Wayside cottages and churches seem almost overcome with mosses. There is a slight clearing and a cemetery in the depth of the forest, and the hundreds of pines and oaks about it are weeping with hanging moss. The county is that of Effingham. Springfield, the principal town, without electric light, deep in yellow sand, with a great public square where all the many trees look like weeping willows because of the moss trailing and waving ten or twenty feet to a tress, is an obscure place. Guide-posts for Florida begin to appear, and heavy touring-cars roll past on the way to Miami and Palm Beach. There are some charming wooden churches—the negro ones being poorer, looking better sacrifices unto God than those of the whites. But above the counter in the chief store is written:

IN GOD WE TRUST
ALL OTHERS PAY CASH

The sound of the ax clashes in the woods. There are many fallen trunks on which it is possible to sit down and rest. Sea mist rolls in from the Atlantic, and warm airs push through it, feeding the marvelous tropical mosses. It's a long, long way to Savannah—distance seems to be intensified by the narrowness of the gray corridor of the road through the vast high forest. The surface whence the forest grows is swampy, old, lichened, mossy, springy. It's hard to find solid earth, so many branches seem to be overgrown with verdure and moss. In the heat long black snakes glide away from your approach, having seen you before you saw them. And, *Rat, tat, tat!* the red-polled woodpeckers in their tree-top cities call upon one another and seek their insect luncheons and then flit home and knock again. The white people speak a "nigger brogue" which is almost indistinguishable from negro talk, and they never pronounce an *r*. The negro seems very poor and illiterate and afraid. "Here comes the OLD RELIABLE FRIND with the LIFT of CHRIST" says a notice on an old wooden church of colored folk.

I am overtaken by a negro with a wagon and twelve bales of cotton, and, though he seems trying to race a huge tourist car "heading for Florida" with trunks on top and whole family within, he slows down to pick me up. His is an enormous lorry, ponderous and ramshackle, shaking the bones out of your

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

body as it takes you along. The negro boy held the steering-wheel nonchalantly with one hand and blundered along at top speed. After ten miles of this we entered one of the vast cotton warehouses outside Savannah, passed the gateman who would not have let me in but that he thought I was in charge, and we saw where a hundred thousand bales were being housed and kept. Scores of negroes were at work manipulating bales on trolley-trains run by petrol-engines all over the asphalted way and from shed to shed.

"Are you shipping much cotton?" I asked of a white man who was giving us a receipt for the cotton brought in while a dozen husky fellows were unloading the wagon.

"Not much," said he. "Holding for better prices," he added, and smiled knowingly.

Then with the empty wagon we rolled off for Savannah, and the boy driver told me he was going to work his passage soon on a ship from Savannah to New York. "We don't get a chance down here."

And yet how much better off was he with his wagon and union wages and life in a large city than the poor ex-slaves on the land!

While unloading, it had become dark. But an hour more through the forest brought us to the outlying slums of Savannah and then to the "red-light district," where were music and dancing and open doors and windows and the red glow of the lamp luring colored youth to lowest pleasures, then to the grandeur and spaciousness of modern Savannah and the white man's civilization, up out of Georgia, up out of the pit, through the veil of the forest and of nature to the serene heights of world civilization.

THREE QUATRAINS

By LILLA CABOT PERRY

THE CUP

SHE said, "Lift high the cup!"
Of her arm's weariness she gave no sign,
But, smiling, raised it up
That none might see or guess it held no wine.

FORGIVE ME NOT!

Forgive me not! Hate me and I shall know
Some of Love's fire still burns within your breast!
Forgiveness finds its home in hearts at rest,
On dead volcanoes only lies the snow.

THE ROSE

One deep red rose I dropped into his grave,
So small a thing to give so great a friend!
Yet well he knew it was my heart I gave
And must fare on without it to the end.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE CROCODILE'S HALF-SISTER

BY PHILIP CURTISS

"TAKE a man—any man," said Mullin, "and take a girl—any girl—and put them off alone on a desert island—"

We were sitting in front of the fire at the Forrest Club in Gramercy Park, Mullin and Bingham and I, discussing something or other, probably love. Mullin was doing the talking. It was his turn. His turn always came last. After the rest of the bunch had had their say, there would come a moment of silence during which Mullin would look courteously around, as if to ask, "Are there any more remarks on this subject?" There being none, Mullin would settle down, nod his head, and proceed to state the real truth of the matter.

That was what he was doing now—telling us what was what.

"Take a man—any man," said Mullin, "and take a girl—any girl—and put them off alone on a desert island, and inside of twenty-four hours—"

"Don't you believe it!" broke in a sudden voice from behind Mullin's back.

Mullin jumped while Bingham and I turned in amazement, wondering who had dared to interrupt Mullin.

It must have been a stranger. It was. He had been sitting all the time on the big lounge which faced the fireplace. In fact, he had been there when we had come in, but, being three to his one, we had firmly drawn our chairs between him and the fire, turned our backs to him, and ignored him. Nice, clubby places, aren't they, clubs?

Did you ever let any one put you up at a club in a strange town and leave you there? Well, don't let them do it. That's all I've got to say. Go to the railroad station and wait. You'll have twice the fun. If you want to sit for days, ignored and alone; if you find it exciting to read obsolete notices on a bulletin-board; if you like to watch strangers play pool, badly; if you find any interest in reading books which are only there because some member forgot to take them home in the fall of 1894; if you rejoice in seeing others gay and happy while you are miserable, by all means spend three or four days in a club where you don't know a soul.

Now that he spoke I realized that I had seen the stranger hanging around the club for three or four days, apparently in the last stages of being a guest. That is to say he was reading the books that no one else had opened for years. He was a youngish man with a friendly, humorous face, and I had half meant to speak to him but I had put it off.

Now, however, in a sudden pang of remorse, we spread our chairs to include him in our circle.

"I am afraid," he said, hesitating, "that I have intruded. My name is Bracken."

We hastened to reassure him and introduced ourselves, at which, nevertheless, conversation died for a moment. Naturally, we three waited for him to go on, but, alone among us, Mullin wore an expression slightly frigid.

Bingham it was who seemed to scent the possibilities of the moment. Bingham always welcomed a chance to bait the omniscient Mullin *via* a third party.

"We were speaking," he suggested, "about the old proposition of putting a man—any man—and a girl—any girl—alone on a desert island."

The stranger looked thoughtfully into the fire and his eyes sparkled as if with

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THERE WAS HEPPLETHWAITE DOING A WAR-DANCE ALL OVER THE SCREENED VERANDA

some suddenly awakened reminiscence.

"I never hear that proposition," he said, "without thinking of a curious experience." He turned to Mullin. "You were going to say that a man and a girl in such a fix would have to fall in love with each other simply because there was no competition."

Mullin did not warm to the newcomer much. "Well, do you mean to deny it?" he asked, a bit stiffly.

"In a very instructive life," replied Bracken, speaking very slowly and still looking at the fire, "I have learned to deny nothing. All that I can say is that it doesn't happen always." He looked up suddenly from one to the other of us. "Have any of you ever happened to be on the Oil Rivers?"

Safe to say none of us ever had. Mullin had never really been outside of Gramercy Park, but neither Bingham nor I spoke for a moment, each hoping that the other might have had an uncle on the Oil Rivers. Bracken tried to assist us.

"It is more commonly known," he suggested, "as the Niger Coast Protectorate, but the oldtimers all call it the Oil Rivers."

That placed *him*. We really felt rather meek at not being oldtimers. Bracken tried us again.

"Well," he suggested, "have you ever run down to Fernando Po?"

Nary Fernando Poet among us. Bingham and I shook our heads frankly enough while Mullin still sat, hostile and rather ill-tempered. Bracken was obviously casting around in his mind for some simple place within the reach of our childish experience.

"Well," he suggested, "you know where Accra is? Or the old Calabar River? Or Sierra Leone?"

That sounded something like. I was just about to take a flier and say, "Oh!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

You mean that island off the coast of Brazil," but I was glad that I didn't, for, after one more look at our faces, Bracken laughed apologetically.

"I thought," he said, "that everybody knew those places along the Gold Coast and the Ivory Coast, and even as far as the Cameroons."

The speaker's voice grew wistful as he named over the ports. He seemed to picture their surf and sand and palm-trees there in the coals of Gramercy Park.

"Assini River," he mused, "with the old Dutch fort out on the point, and Cape Coast Castle and Accra and Lagos and Akassa and the Bight of Benin, clear down to the mouth of the Congo—why, all those places are almost tourist points now." He paused and shook his head a little bit sadly. "But, of course, it wasn't like that in the old days."

A potent silence hung over the group. Bingham and I were suddenly rather depressed about the old days. Those dear, dead days at Lagos and the Bight of Benin, we had never realized before how we should miss them!

From the other side of our little group, however, I had been conscious for some time of troubled noises. Mullin was not accustomed to being left out of a conversation like this. He had been persistently clearing his throat, trying to get in a word edgewise. At last he succeeded.

"Just let me ask you—" he began, but luck was against him. Before he could finish a bell-boy challenged the party at large.

"Did any gentleman call Chicago?"

Bracken nodded and, in silent contempt, the boy held out the slip which he had neglected to sign. As the boy turned to go Bracken called after him:

"Get me a taxi to go to Grand Central at nine-thirty, sharp."

I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to nine, but the interruption had given Mullin his chance.

"And so," he said, tartly, "it was in the Niger Protectorate that you had this—this experience?"

"Oh no, indeed," replied Bracken. "It was on the Gold Coast. You see," he explained, turning to me and Bingham, "the Gold Coast proper only extends from the Assini River to the borders of Dahomey."

That made it perfectly plain to Bingham and me. We were quite ready to go on from there, but I heard Mullin clearing his throat again so I hastened to put in a word.

"Now for the story."

Bracken laughed deprecatingly. "It wasn't much," he began. He gazed thoughtfully at the fire. "Now that I come to think of it," he went on, "it really did begin down in the Rivers, because it was there that I first met her."

Bracken looked up with a twinkle in his eye. "As I have already suggested, there was a lady in the story, but—" he waved his hand—"you know the rule—a lady's name in a club. Besides, I might as well say at once that she was the daughter of some one rather important. I won't say that she was the daughter of a resident governor, and then again I won't say that she *wasn't*."

We drew our chairs closer at that, and Bingham and I grew rather sobered. There was no telling what might leak out there in Gramercy Park and trickle back to cause trouble along the Ivory Coast and the lower Niger.

"I shall have to call her something," continued Bracken, "and so I will call her Lady Mary. As I say, she was the daughter of—well, of an important official. When I first met her, her father was making a tour of inspection down by the Niger delta while I was doing some work along the coast."

"What sort of work?" broke in Mullin, so sharply that Bingham looked at him in reproof, but Bracken did not seem to notice the hostile tone.

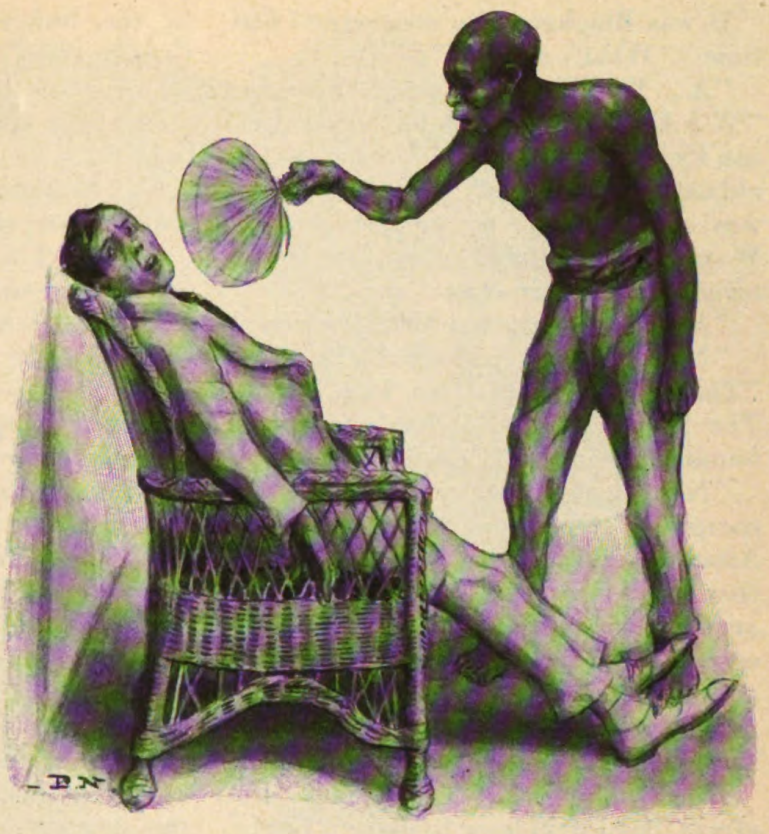
"I was taking a survey of the bottomless pit," he replied.

Mullin straightened angrily and Bracken laughed.

"I must explain," he said. "You know, of course, that the whole ocean

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

bottom of the Gulf of Guinea is a shelving bank, caused partly by the silt from the muddy rivers and partly by the immense earth wash from the shore induced by the tropical rains. There is only one exception and that is about fifteen miles east of the French colony at Grand Bassam. At that point there is a big V, a cleft in the bottom which is about two thousand feet deep near shore and grows steadily deeper and wider for several miles out. That is known on the Mercator charts as the Bottomless Pit. The danger is that that part of the coast is studded with uncharted rocks, so occasionally ships try to anchor for the night. Then along comes a west wind; the ship drags her anchor, over the anchor drops into the Bottomless Pit, and, not having several miles of cable, the ship drives on the shore. Nothing can save her."



I ORDERED THE BANTU TO FAN ME

"I see," said Mullin, convinced in spite of himself, but I looked anxiously at my watch. Bracken noticed the motion and laughed.

"Well," he continued, "you must remember that the point of this whole story is this gentleman's remark to the effect that if you take *any* man and *any* girl and put them on a desert island they will fall in love with each other. Mind you, we didn't say a man and a girl who were rather inclined to look at each other in the first place. You wouldn't have to put *them* on a desert island. In fact, the best thing you could do in that case would be to keep them off it. Really to prove the argument you have got to take a man and a girl who were rather hostile to each other to begin with."

"Not at—" interrupted Mullin, hotly, but Bingham stopped him.

"Oh, shut up, Mullin," he said. "That's what you did say. We all heard you."

Bracken waited for the atmosphere to clear. "I am afraid you will have to grant that one point because the truth was that Lady Mary and I were not exactly lovers. In fact, Lady Mary had been heard to drop some remark about 'one of those surveyor people, a typical American, a man of no breeding.'

"However, down in the Rivers I had managed to keep out of her way. My real station was Accra on the Gold Coast. I went back there and forgot all about my bad breeding until one day, when we were coming in from survey, we saw a man-of-war, one of the little river gunboats, in the harbor, or, rather, the roadstead, for of course there is no real harbor at Accra. We went on shore and I went up to the bungalow where I was living with a Waff."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It was Bingham who interrupted this time. "What's a Waff?"

"A Waff?" explained Bracken. "W.A.F.F. That stands for 'West African Field Force.' It took the place of the old native constabulary about 1899. This was one of the young English officers. We occupied a bungalow together with a nigger to take care of us."

"A negro?" corrected Mullin, piously.

"No indeed," answered Bracken. "This was a Bantu from East Africa. The true negro is the Kruboy who is found north of the Cameroons."

"Now look here," I commanded, sharply. "Our time is getting short. After the lecture is over I have no doubt that the speaker will be pleased to answer any questions which the audience may wish to ask him on the flora and fauna of the Gulf of Guinea, but personally I am all worked up about Lady Mary."

Bracken looked at his watch. "I'm afraid that I *shall* have to make it brief," he agreed. "Well, anyway, when I got to the bungalow there was Hepplethwaite, my chum, doing a war-dance all over the screened veranda with a great, long, cold whisky-and-soda in his hand."

Bingham groaned, but he said nothing and Bracken went on:

"When I got there he pressed the whisky-and-soda to my lips and murmured: 'Here, old Egg, drink this. You'll need it. You are about to receive a blow, not to say earthquake.'

"'What's up?' I asked him.

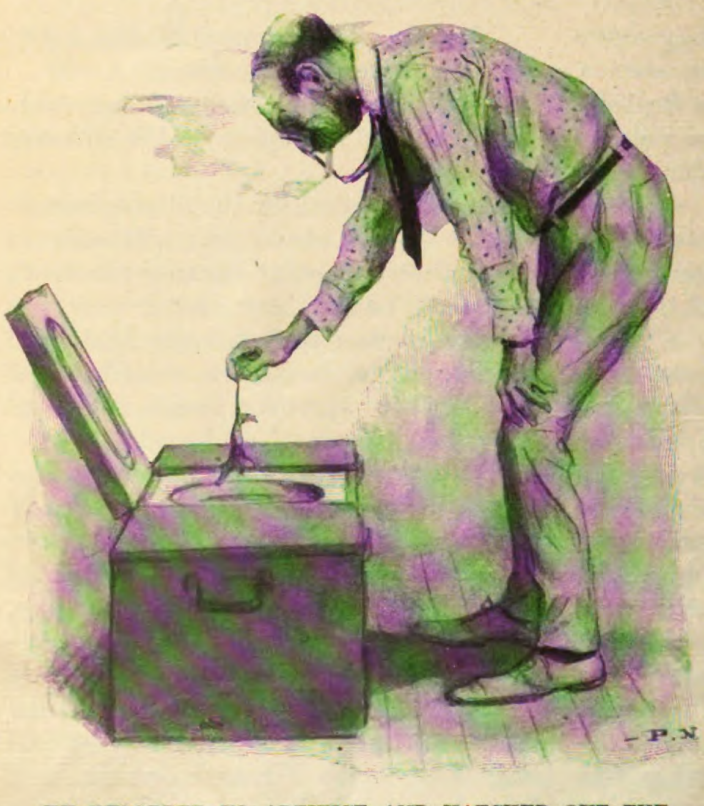
"For answer he went and mixed another whisky-and-soda, double strength."

"Look here," broke in Bingham, bursting the bonds of silence, "you've got to cut that out." He waved his hand toward Mullin and me. "I'll try to restrain myself if you draw such word pictures, but I can't answer for my men."

Bracken laughed. "Well, the long and the short of it was that Hepplethwaite turned at last and said: 'Steady now, Bracken. Pull yourself together. "Slops" is here! He's been transferred as resident gov—as an official of Accra!'

"You see," explained Bracken, "'Slops' was the name that we had given to Lady Mary's father because he was always messing around with specimens of sea-urchins. In addition to being gov—to being an official, he was a great student of natural history and submarine growths.

"Now, as nobody had had to tell me," he continued, "that I had been reckoned among the undesirable element at the residency down on the Rivers, you can imagine how I felt at having Slops with his family invade my privacy on the Gold Coast. I looked at Hepplethwaite, fearing the worst. 'Is—?' I asked him, 'Is—?'



HE RESORTED TO ARTIFICE AND HATCHED OUT THE EGG IN A FIRELESS COOKER

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



LADY MARY LOOKED OUT AS CALMLY AS IF SHE WERE WATCHING THE CROWDS IN HYDE PARK

"'She is!' replied Hepplethwaite, dancing around and going over to mix himself another— I beg your pardon, Mr. Bingham—going over to kick the Bantu. 'Not only is Lady Mary with him, but he's brought Tony. I saw him carried ashore on a litter by some twenty or thirty Kruboys.'

"'Oh, good heavens!' I groaned. I sat down and ordered the Bantu to—to fan me, but Hepplethwaite was not through, not half.

"'And I'll tell you a juicy little bit of scandal,' he said. 'Tony has a half-sister —here in Accra!'

"I looked at him aghast. 'Not Louise?' I murmured.

"'Louise,' he affirmed. 'Our Louise.'"

Bracken looked quietly from Bingham to me. He had stopped looking at Mullin.

"I must explain," he said, "that Tony was a crocodile, and the most damnable disagreeable, evil-minded crocodile you ever saw. When I think that Lady Mary couldn't stand me and yet could stand that crocodile—well, it"—he tapped his heart—"it hurts.

"You see," continued Bracken, "Slops had been out in Africa for thirty or forty years—ever since the big Ashanti war in '73. He was related by marriage to all the best West Coast families governors and collectors and constabulary officers from Bathurst clear down to the French Congo. And all the time he had been collecting specimens and writing books about them. At one time, early in his career, he had been vice—I mean a less important official right there in Accra, and while there he had hatched out a crocodile egg."

Bracken suddenly lowered his voice and leaned forward, looking from right to left.

"I don't want to say anything that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

might get me into trouble back there," he said, "but, you see, a crocodile egg is hatched by the heat of the sun. Now while the Niger country is swarming with crocodiles, you never see one wild on the Gold Coast. The traders and all the rival scientists said that they couldn't live there, couldn't be hatched there. They said that the sun was not hot enough. Slops said that was all nonsense. Said the sun on the Gold Coast was just as hot as it was on the Rivers. So he had a basket of eggs sent up from Oil Rivers to prove his theory, which he did—eventually.

"In short, the rumor was that, when he found that the sun was on the side of the rival scientists, he resorted to artifice and hatched out the egg in a fireless cooker. Then he published a book which made a tremendous sensation among students of the crocodile, but he never mentioned his guilty secret."

Bracken straightened up and went on in a normal voice:

"So that was who Tony was. The gov—Slops had kept him with him ever since egghood, taking him on all his travels and to all the meetings of the scientific societies. As Tony was the living proof of Slops's supposed discovery, Slops hardly dared to let him out of his sight. He couldn't have been more fussy about him if Tony had been his own son, which, in a manner of speaking, he was.

"When Tony was little, Slops used to travel with him in the scabbard of his court saber, then later in a riding-boot until finally they had to haul him on board the official yacht with a steam winch. Tony had even gone to England, where Slops had kept him in the Regent's Park zoo. Hepplethwaite used to say that it was a blooming wonder that Slops hadn't tried to send him to Eton or Harrow.

"So now, when a fresh breath of scandal had begun to blow over Tony it was almost as if it had touched some one high up in official circles.

"As Hepplethwaite told me the latest version it appears that, years before, when Slops had begun the experiment which had resulted in Tony, he had had a house-boy, an educated mission black from up in Liberia. That was just another instance of a little education being a dangerous thing. When the mission boy had found what the gov—what Slops was doing, he had got another egg from the same basket and tried it, too. He had succeeded just as well as Slops had—better, in fact, for he had not even used a fireless cooker. He had simply taken the egg to bed with him.

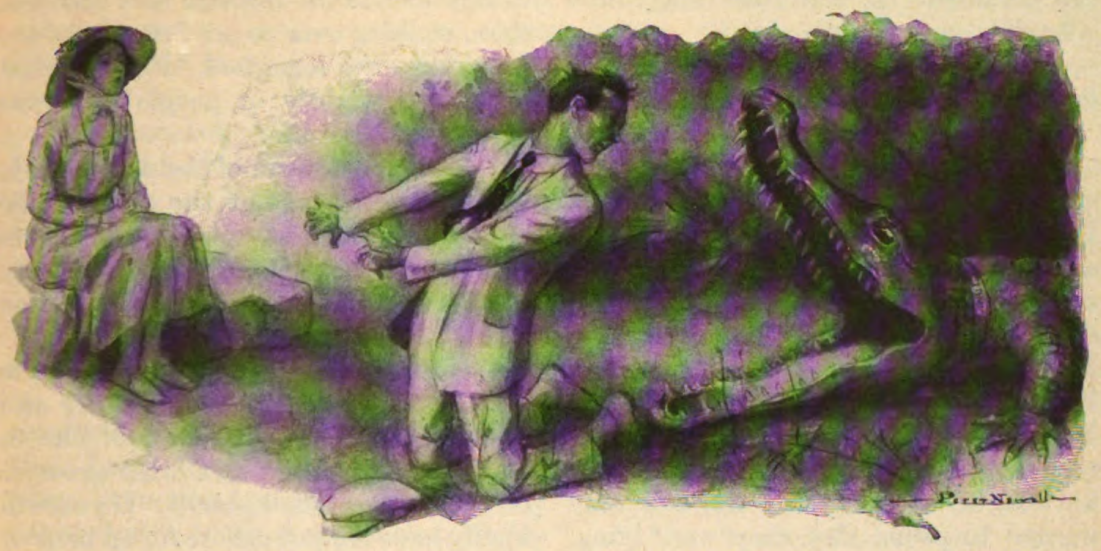
"Before Tony was much larger than a rolling-pin, Slops had been promoted and transferred down the coast and taken Tony with him. At least he thought it was Tony, for until that day the real truth of the story had not been known to the white population. It had merely been whispered at dusk around the native villages.

"It seems that, shortly after both crocodiles were born, the mission boy had slipped into Slops's quarters one day to compare his crocodile with the other. He had seen to his shame that Slops's crocodile was much more slender and graceful than his, so, moved by some jungle instinct, he had secretly changed the two. Then, terrified at the white man's anger, he had kept it a secret that there were two crocodiles in Accra at all. Being a native, he had guessed that 'Tony' would have been a silly name for Slops's crocodile, anyway, so he had left his own, which really fitted the name of Tony, and taken away Slops's crocodile, which he had renamed 'Louise,' after one of his old teachers at the mission.

"At a safe interval after Slops had left the Gold Coast the mission boy had brought Louise forth in public with the story that she had been put in his care by an aunt in Dahomey. There now being no other crocodile in Accra, Louise speedily became the pet of the station, for she grew up to be as sweet and as lovable a reptile as Tony had been a snobbish and disagreeable one.

"So there," continued Bracken, "you had the old, old story—those two croco-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



I SAW SIX FEET OF GREAT, GAPING JAWS

diles growing into maturity hundreds of miles apart and neither one of them suspecting the secret of his birth—his or hers."

"But how did you know—?" began Mullin, suspiciously.

"Oh, that was easy," replied Bracken. "Louise laid eggs in time. You found them in all sorts of odd, pathetic places where she had left them, hoping that the sun would prove to be as fine a father as Slops and the mission boy had proved to be. But, poor girl, that side of her life was a sad one. All the eggs were ever good for was to serve as ornamental borders when they laid out the new street from the harbor-master's house up to the old constabulary barracks. It saddened Louise, but at the same time it seemed to make her character sweeter. You used to see her going around the village with a basket of locusts and driver-ants in her mouth, carrying little dainties to rheumatic old snakes and horned toads that had lost their horns.

"But now," exclaimed Bracken, "after twenty years, had come the time for the reckoning! Slops was returning to Accra as—as a very lofty official, but there was no longer any reason for keeping dark the secret of Louise's birth. The mission boy had also become a powerful personage and bowed his head to nobody. He had what you might call the traffic concession for the roadstead. He was a sort of taxi-starter for all the lighters and canoes that went out to unload the incoming ships. Every passenger and every ounce of freight that went in or out of Accra paid toll to him. He was a typical transportation magnate—still vulgar, of course, but enormously rich. What made the situation more delicate, from the political standpoint, was the fact that his word had become law for the savage chiefs up in the hinterland. At a nod of his head the tom-toms would have begun to beat on a thousand hillsides. From the way that things were shaping, both the white and the native colonies saw that Louise was in a fair way to come into her own. The officers of the W.A.F.F. were betting their pay for months ahead on whether or not Louise would be recognized at Government House."

As Bracken reached this crucial point I looked at my watch anxiously. It was fourteen minutes past nine.

"Well, did she?" I asked. "Did she come into her own?"

"Yes," said Bracken, "she did, but not in the way that the world expected. It was no paltry social recognition that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

she obtained. It was something more splendid—more spiritual."

Bracken had noticed my glancing at my watch and he now looked at his own.

"I see that I must tell it very briefly," he said. "Before I had been in my bungalow ten minutes on that day of which I am telling you, a Kruboy came up with a note from my chief. It seems that the new—the new high official, Slops, had decided that he wanted to inspect the Bottomless Pit. He had heard that some French scientists from Grand Bassam had trawled up some coral from the bottom of it and, like the true scientist that he was, he had denied it offhand. He wanted to prove that they were lying. The party was going out on the survey boat at nine the following morning and of course Slops took Lady Mary along with him.

"If I didn't have to make that beastly train to-night," said Bracken, "I should love to tell you about that trip out to the reefs, for it was the coldest thing that ever happened south of Madeira. Of course Lady Mary remembered me in an instant; but did she give a sign of it? She did not. At our first meeting she calmly looked me through and through, then, walking over to her father, not ten feet away, she remarked, 'Father, what a peculiar variety of people one runs across in official life.'

"Well, about noon of the second day, while we were just at the edge of the Bottomless Pit and were preparing to make soundings, Slops came up to my chief, who was playing setback with me in the pilot-house.

"'Captain,' he says, 'my daughter is a bit of a botanist in her own way and she has decided that she would like to look over the plants and other growths on one of these small islands. If you will kindly have her put ashore for an hour or so in charge of some capable person, I will try to remember it when making up my despatches.'

"'Why, certainly, your Excellency,' says my chief. 'Mr. Bracken will go himself.'

"Of course," explained Bracken, "my chief had never heard of the misunderstanding between Lady Mary and me on the Oil Rivers. He thought that he was giving me the chance of a lifetime to get my name before the colonial office, while,



"LOUISE!" I CRIED, "LOUISE!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

naturally, I could not refuse, either as a subordinate or as a gentleman, even though Lady Mary did not consider me one.

"The upshot was that, as all the tenders and whaleboats were being used on the survey, I gave orders to lower a little portable canvas boat that we kept stowed on deck for use on the rivers. All that part of the Gulf of Guinea, around the edges of the Bottomless Pit is a checkerboard of rocks and islands, some no bigger than a pocket handkerchief, some several acres in extent. This island that Lady Mary had picked out was about a hundred yards square, densely covered with tropical vegetation. It lay only a dozen rods from the side of the ship and the sea was calm, so I rowed Lady Mary over myself. You can imagine her expression when she saw who was to be her sole escort, but it lasted only a minute. She considered me too unimportant even to snub. She simply ignored me. The understanding was that the ship was to work out over the Bottomless Pit, fish for coral, and then return for us in an hour.

Bracken glanced at his watch but saw that he still had a few minutes.

"Well, we landed and Lady Mary started right up into the bush with her collector's case and her magnifying-glass. Naturally, I started after her, but she turned and lifted her lorgnette. From the way she looked at me she might better have lifted the magnifying-glass.

"'Mr.—er Mr. Heather,' she said, 'I prefer to be left alone.'

"'Oh, all right, then,' I said to myself, and sat down on the beach to smoke. I knew that nothing could happen to her on that island. She was not likely to meet any one with whom she would not care to associate.

"I must have fallen asleep, for, when I awoke, I was conscious of a change in the air. Jumping up and looking to the southeast, I saw, 'way off in the sky, a great arch of clouds. I stood looking a moment longer and saw that, inside the arch, were patches of white. Every West-African sailor knows what that means. When you see an arch in the Gulf of Guinea it means a tornado. When the arch has white clouds inside it, it means a typhoon.

"'Way out on the horizon I could see the survey ship. I could imagine the hustle there must be on her, for they were in more danger than we were. Even while I watched, the air grew steel-gray and the cold wind began to bend the tops of the palm-trees. I turned to rush into the bush, but, before I reached it, Lady Mary came out on the beach. She was as cool and calm as ever, but she remembered my name this time.

"'Mr. Bracken,' she said, 'do you think it is going to rain?'

"'No, Lady Mary,' I said. 'The people at home would never recognize what's coming as rain. They would think it Niagara Falls.'

"'Really!' she said. 'How unique!'

"Well," said Bracken, "I have to grant it to Lady Mary. The typhoon came and it was a record-breaker, even for that coast. The rain was all that I had said it would be and more, but we found a sort of cave up in the middle of the island, and there Lady Mary sat at the doorway, looking out as calmly as if she were watching the crowds in Hyde Park. She never moved. She seemed to realize that if she ignored the rain it would see its own folly in time. Of course the ship had been blotted from sight before we had left the beach, but she was not even worried about that. If it had been a merchant ship she might have worried; but it was a government boat and had a high British official on board. The typhoon surely would not forget that.

"In an hour or two the storm was gone and the sun came out bright and hot, but I knew that we should not see the ship that day and that we should be lucky if we saw it the next. By the way it was flying before the wind the last time I saw it, I judged it must be in the English Channel by that time. I broke the news to Lady Mary as gently as I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

could, but it did not upset her. She fished down into the bottom of her collector's box and set about making tea.

"I started to help her, getting sticks for the fire, but she put a quick end to that.

"'Mr. Heather,' she said, 'you are not a servant.'

"Even so I intended to tell her that I was a gentleman, but then I decided not to raise an issue on that old point. She gave me a cup of tea and then I left her to herself, returning at nightfall.

"You know," continued Bracken, "what a tropical twilight is like. In fact, there isn't any. It was pitch dark before Lady Mary realized that it was sunset. She let me help her make some more tea for supper. About nine o'clock the island was flooded with soft, tropical moonlight and then she let me just sit around. That is to say, she did not actually send me away."

At this confession Mullin sat up triumphantly and smiled to himself, but Bracken saw him and understood his implication.

"At the same time," he added, "she did not throw me one single word. She did not even answer my attempts to be pleasant.

"I confess," continued Bracken, "that after an hour or two of that sort of thing I began to get rather huffy. Finally I could stand it no more.

"'Now look here, Lady Mary,' I said. 'I don't want to intrude, but it does seem to me—'

"But at that very moment I heard a sort of low grunt right behind me and, very quietly, Lady Mary said, 'Mr. Heather, if you value your life, I suggest that you climb a tree.'

"I looked behind me and there, within an inch of my heels and also my neck and all that came in between, I saw six feet of great, gaping jaws and two yards of white, gleaming teeth. Did I jump? I broke records, but Lady Mary never moved.

"'It is only Tony,' she said. 'I recognized him by his collar as he was creeping up behind you in the moonlight. At first I thought that it was a strange crocodile. This is rather interesting. I had heard that crocodiles could swim hundreds of miles and now I have proved it. He has actually come after the ship. I must write this down.'

"I, however, was not following her very closely. Neither was Tony. He was following *me*, giving playful little snaps and shaking the rings on his collar. Lady Mary continued:

"'I still cling to my original suggestion that you climb a tree. Tony is like a member of the family to us, but he is thoughtless with strangers. He seems to make queer distinctions between different classes of persons.'

"And so he did. Another of Lady Mary's theories was being proved on the spot. Suddenly getting tired of his hoydenish play, Tony made a rush and I went up a big thorn-tree, roosting in the bottom branches. Tony lay down at the foot. He closed one eye, but kept the other turned up at me. I swear I could feel a dotted line coming right up from that eye and hitting the second button of my tunic. Lady Mary watched us a minute and then she said, in her low, cultured voice:

"'Mr. Heather, I regret beyond words that this should have occurred with any crocodile of ours, but since you have taken advantage of our unfortunate isolation to force your attentions on me—'

"I interrupted her. 'Lady Mary,' I said, with a voice as detached as her own, 'I am very sorry to be obliged to annoy you still further, but if you will kindly glance over your shoulder, you may see the wisdom of climbing a tree yourself.'

"Lady Mary turned, and in ten seconds she was up a thorn-tree across the clearing from mine. Into the patch of moonlight which she had just been occupying sauntered another crocodile. As soon as Lady Mary was fairly composed in her thorn-tree, I reassured her.

"'It is only Louise. I recognized her at once by the ribbon around her neck.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

She is perfectly harmless to those whom she knows, but, by the cruel social distinctions of this world, she has never had her rightful opportunity to become acquainted in government circles.'

"While this had been going on, however, we had not been the only ones who had been exchanging compliments. As Louise had walked into the moonlight of the clearing I had seen that she had taken in the situation at a glance. Silently, stealthily, she stalked toward the recumbent figure at the foot of my tree. A dozen paces away she stopped. She stood motionless, her accusing eye fixed on Tony. I heard his scales rattling against my tree and, looking over a bough, I saw that his malignant eye, which had been fastened on me, had grown sick and slimy with fear. Louise just stood and fixed him with her gaze. If ever a crocodile said, 'Ha! ha! Jack Dalton!' Louise was saying it at that moment.

"You should have seen her. I had always been fond of Louise, in a negligent, older-brotherly sort of way, but now I positively loved her. She was magnificent! As she stood silently, accusingly, in the tropical moonlight, glaring at Tony, I could see all the fire of her lost birthright, all the passion of her thwarted motherhood concentrated in the set of her jaws.

"The tension was too great to bear. Tony's nerve snapped like a violin string. Suddenly the silence was broken by a low, sharp snarl, and Louise stepped forward to meet the crocodile who had wronged her.

"Prehistoric forests," said Bracken, "jungles peopled by mammoths and mastodons and dinosaurs and horse-lizards may have seen fights like that which followed, but no forest since that time ever saw one. Tony was strong, but over-feeding and luxury at the big coast stations had undermined him, while Louise had the strength of virtue and clean living.

"Swashing, swirling, tearing, and snarling, those two giant saurians went threshing around the clearing until the very trees shook and bent as if they were seized by another typhoon. One minute Tony would seem to have the advantage and then Louise. Whenever the tide of battle carried the contestants near Lady Mary's tree she would cry shrilly to Tony to remember that England was watching him. Whenever they came near mine I would seize a lemon from a near-by lemon-tree and squeeze it down into Louise's uplifted jaws. Her eyes thanked me.

"The issue was not long in doubt. Might had met right. Feebler and feebler grew Tony's attacks. Inch by inch Louise was forcing him back toward the eastern end of the island. Regardless of personal safety, I slid down my thorn-tree and cried out to Lady Mary:

"'Come on, Lady Mary, if you want to see the last of your crocodile.'

"Wringing her hands with impotent defeat, she joined me, and, step by step, we followed the struggling animals. All was easy for Louise now. Her opponent's struggles were weaker and weaker. She seemed to be raising herself for a hoarse grunt of triumph when suddenly I gave a cry of alarm.

"'Louise!' I cried, 'Louise!'

"On that side the island was bounded by a perpendicular cliff which dropped sheer down for hundreds of feet to the Bottomless Pit. I knew it well from my surveys, but Louise did not know it. A clump of pepper-bushes masked it from sight. My warning cry was too late. Squarely into the bushes the tide of battle carried the fighters. Out of the tumult I heard a sudden groan. It was as I feared. The pepper had blinded Louise. Momentarily in her sudden pain she loosened her hold, and, with a grunt of triumph, Tony sprang away—in my direction. But only for a moment. Blinded and anguished as she was, Louise summoned her last ounce of strength. Gripping him in her teeth, she gave one last despairing surge of her once beautiful body. It was enough. Out into space they hurtled. Locked in each

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

other's jaws, down they plunged to the Bottomless Pit."

Bracken paused and the bell-boy came into the room.

"Mr. Bracken," he panted, "your cab's been waiting for fifteen minutes. You'll have to run for that train!"

Bracken looked at his watch. "Excuse me, gentlemen," he gasped.

He made a dash for the stairs. We heard the doorman rushing around for his baggage. Then followed a silence —a long one. We looked at one another, and finally Bingham summed it all up.

"But, still," he argued, as if to himself, "the chap must have *been* there."

Mullin rose ponderously and without a smile. His lips were set tight. We heard him call for his hat and stick. A moment later my old friend Simmons came into the room evidently from a journey. He nodded to me, then rang for a bell-boy.

"Find out, please, whether a guest of mine named Mr. Bracken is still in the house."

The bell-boy told him. "He left not fifteen minutes ago to catch the Chicago train."

"How long has he been here?"

"Four or five days."

I decided that the time had come for me to speak. "By the way, Simmons, who is this Bracken? What is his business?"

"His business?" repeated Simmons. "He is a bond broker. He is the manager of my Chicago office."

"Well, has he—has he ever been to Africa?"

Simmons gave me a curious look. "I don't know that he has. In fact I know that he hasn't. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I answered.

Simmons went out and Bingham with him, but I could not leave the spot. In spite of all, I could still see the palms and the surf and the white, tropical moonlight. I stretched myself languidly on the lounge where Bracken had been sitting for the larger part of the past four days. I rose up suddenly. I had sat on something hard. It was a book, one of those dusty old books which had been lying around the club for years and years, but I looked at it curiously now.

TWENTY YEARS IN WEST AFRICA

With Three Appendices,
Ten Maps and Trade
Reports for the Years
1895–1901

I smiled as I turned the pages. Accra, Lagos, the Bight of Benin—yes, they were all there.

Yet aren't people funny? In spite of it all, in spite of what Simmons had said, to this day I sometimes lie awake in the stilly night and wonder whatever became of Lady Mary.

THE QUEST

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I WOULD go soon; for if I stay
You will have gone so far
I cannot find you in that place
Where the most radiant are.

And all eternity will be
A seeking after you—
A coming to some gate to find
That you have just passed through.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BIRD INTIMACIES

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I WONDER how many of the scores of persons passing along the road between my place and the railway station one early May day became aware that a rare bird incident was being enacted in the trees over their heads. It was the annual sängerfest of the goldfinches—one of the prettiest episodes in the lives of any of our birds, a real musical reunion of the goldfinch tribe, apparently a whole township, many hundreds of them, filling scores of the tree-tops along the road and in the groves with a fine, sibilant chorus which the ear refers vaguely to the surrounding tree-tops, but which the eye fails adequately to account for. It comes from everywhere, but from nowhere in particular. The birds sit singly here and there amid the branches, and it is difficult to identify the singers. It is a minor strain, but multitudinous, and fills all the air. The males are just donning their golden uniforms, as if to celebrate the blooming of the dandelions, which, with the elm-trees, afford them their earliest food-supply. While they are singing they are busy cutting out the green germs of the elm flakes, and going down to the ground and tearing open the closed dandelion-heads that have shut up to ripen their seeds, preparatory to their second and ethereal flowering when they become spheres of fragile, silver down.

Whether this annual reunion of the goldfinches should be called a dandelion festival or a new-coat festival, or whether it is to bring the sexes together preliminary to the mating season, I am at a loss to decide. It usually lasts a week or more, and continues on wet days as well as on fair. It all has a decidedly festive air, like the fête days of humans. I know of nothing like it among other birds. It is the manifestation of something different from the flocking instinct; it is the social and holiday instinct, bringing the birds together for a brief season, as if in celebration of some special event or purpose. I have observed it in my vicinity every spring for many years, usually in April or early May, and it is the prettiest and most significant bird episode, involving a whole species, known to me.

The goldfinch has many attractive ways. He is one of our most amiable birds. So far as my knowledge goes, he is not capable of one harsh note. His tones are all either joyous or plaintive. In his spring reunions they are joyous. In the peculiar flight-song in which he indulges in the mating season, beating the air vertically with his round, open wings, his tones are fairly ecstatic. His call to his mate when she is brooding, and when he circles about her in that long, billowy flight, the crests of his airy waves being thirty or forty feet apart, calling, "Perchic-o-pee, perchic-o-pee," as if he were saying, "For love of thee, for love of thee," and she calling back, "Yes, dearie; yes, dearie"—his tones at such times express contentment and reassurance.

Another of our familiar birds that endears itself to us by its note and its ways is the bluebird. The first bluebird in the spring is as welcome as the blue sky itself. The season seems softened and tempered as soon as we hear his note and see his warm breast and azure wing. His gentle manners, his soft, appealing voice, not less than his pleasing hues, seem born of the bright and genial skies. He is the spirit of the April days incar-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

nated in a bird. He has the quality of winsomeness, like the violet and the speedwell among the flowers. Not strictly a songster, yet his every note and call is from out the soul of harmony. The bluebird is evidently an offshoot from the thrush family, but without the thrush's gift of song; still his voice affords us much of the same pleasure.

How readily the bluebirds become our friends and neighbors when we offer them suitable nesting retreats! Bring them something from nature, something with the bark on—a section of a dry beech or maple limb in which the downy woodpecker has excavated his chamber and passed the winter or reared his brood; fasten it in early spring upon the corner of your porch, or on the trunk of a near-by tree, and see what interesting neighbors you will soon have. One summer I brought home from a walk to the woods a section, two or three feet long, of a large yellow birch limb which contained such a cavity as I speak of, and I wired it to one of the posts of the rustic porch at Woodchuck Lodge. The next season a pair of bluebirds reared two broods in it. The incubation of the eggs for the second brood was well under way when I appeared upon the scene in early July. My sudden presence so near their treasures, and my lingering there with books and newspapers, disturbed the birds a good deal. The first afternoon the mother bird did not enter the cavity for hours. I shall always remember the earnest manner in which the male tried to reassure her and persuade her that the danger was not so imminent as it appeared to be, probably encouraging a confidence in his mate which he did not himself share. The mother bird would alight at the entrance to the chamber, but, with her eye fixed upon me, feared to enter. The male, perched upon the telegraph wire fifty feet away, would raise his wings and put all the love and assurance in his voice he was capable of, apparently trying to dispel her fears. He would warble and warble, and make those delicate wing gestures over and over, saying so plainly: "It is all right, my dear, the man is harmless—absorbed there in his newspaper. Go in, go in, and keep warm our precious eggs!" How long she hesitated! But as night drew near she grew more and more anxious, and he more and more eloquent. Finally she alighted upon the edge of the overhanging roof and peered down hesitatingly. Her mate applauded and encouraged till finally she made the plunge and entered the hole, but instantly came out again; her heart failed her for a moment, but she soon returned and remained inside. Then her mate flew away toward the orchard, uttering a cheery note which doubtless she understood.

The birds soon became used to my presence and their household matters progressed satisfactorily. Both birds shared the feeding the young, which grew rapidly. When they were nearly ready to leave the nest a cruel fate befell them: I slept upon the porch, and one night I was awakened by the cry of young bluebirds, and the sound of feet like those of a squirrel on the roof over me. Then I heard the cry of a young bird proceed from the butternut-tree across the road opposite the house. I said to myself, "A squirrel or an owl is after my birds." The cry coming so quickly from the butternut-tree made me suspect an owl, and that the bird whose cry I heard was in his talons. I was out of my cot and up to the nest in a moment, but the tragedy was over; the birds were all gone, and the night was silent. In the morning I found that a piece of the brittle birch limb had been torn away, enlarging the entrance to the cavity so that the murderous talons of the owl could reach in and seize the young birds. I had been aroused in time to hear the marauder on the roof with one, and then hear its cry as he carried it to the tree. In the grass in front I found one of the young, unable to fly, but apparently unhurt. I put it back in the nest, but it would not stay.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The spell of the nest was broken, and the young bird took to the grass again. The parent birds were on hand, much excited, and when I tried to return the surviving bird to the nest, the male came at me fiercely, apparently charging the whole catastrophe to me.

We had strong proof the previous season that an owl, probably the screech-owl, prowled about the house at night. A small statuette of myself in clay which an artist was modeling was left out one night on the porch, and in the morning its head was unusually bowed. The prints of a bird's talons upon the top told what had happened. In the bronze reproduction of that statuette the head has more of a droop than the artist at first planned to give it.

The next season the bluebirds occupied the cavity in the birch limb again, but before my arrival in July the owls had again cleaned them out. In so doing they had ripped the cavity open nearly to the bottom. For all that, early in May of the season of 1916, bluebirds were occupying the cavity again. It held three eggs when I arrived. I looked over the situation and resolved to try to head off the owl this time, even at the risk of driving the bluebirds away. I took a strip of tin several inches wide and covered the slit with it and wired it fast. Then I obtained a broad strip of dry birch-bark, wrapped it about the limb over the tin, and wired it fast, leaving the entrance to the nest in its original form. I knew the owl could not slit the tin; the birch-bark would hide it and preserve in a measure the natural appearance of the limb. When the bluebirds saw what had happened to their abode they were a good deal distressed; They could no longer see their eggs through the slit which the owl had made, and they refused to enter the cavity. They hung about all day, uttering despondent notes, approaching the nest at times, but hesitating even to alight upon the roof above it. Occasionally the female would fly away toward the distant woods or hills uttering that plaintive, homesick note which seemed to mean farewell. The male would follow her, calling in a more cheery and encouraging tone. Once the pair was gone three or four hours, and I concluded they had really deserted the place. But just before sundown they were back again, and the female alighted at the entrance to the nest and looked in. The male called to her cheerily; still she would not enter, but joined him on the telephone wire, where the two seemed to hold a little discussion. Presently the mother bird flew to the nest again, then to the roof above it, then back to the nest, and entered it till only her tail showed, then flew back to the wire beside her mate. She was evidently making up her mind that the case was not hopeless. After a little more maneuvering, and amid the happy, reassuring calls of her mate, she entered the nest cavity and remained, and I was as well pleased as was her mate.

No owls disturbed them this time, and the brood of young birds was brought off in due season. In July a second brood of four was successfully reared and sent forth on their career.

The oriole nests in many kinds of trees—oaks, maples, apple-trees, elms—but her favorite is the elm. She chooses the end of one of the long, drooping branches where a group of small, swaying twigs affords her suitable support. It is the most unlikely place imaginable for any but a pendent nest, woven to half a dozen or more slender, vertical twigs, and swaying freely in the wind. Few nests are so secure, so hidden, and so completely sheltered from the rains by the drooping leaves above and around it. It is rarely discoverable except from directly beneath it. I think a well-built oriole's nest would sustain a weight of eight or ten pounds before it would be torn from its moorings. They are also very partial to the end of branches that swing low over the highway. One May I saw two female orioles building their nests twenty or twenty-five feet above our State Road, where automobiles and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

other vehicles passed nearly every minute all the day. An oriole's nest in a remote field far from highways and dwellings is a rare occurrence.

Real castles in the air are the nests of the orioles; no other nests are better hidden or apparently more safe from the depredations of crows and squirrels. To start the oriole's nest successfully is quite an engineering feat. The birds inspect the branches many times before they make a decision. When they have decided on the site, the mother bird brings her first string or vegetable fiber and attaches it to a twig by winding it around and around many times, leaving one or both ends hanging free. I have nests where these foundation strings are wound around a twig a dozen times. In her blind windings and tuckings and loopings the bird occasionally ties a substantial knot, but it is never the result of a deliberate purpose as some observers contend, but purely a matter of chance. When she uses only wild vegetable fibers, she fastens them to the twig by a hopeless kind of tangle. It is about the craziest kind of knitting imaginable. After the builder has fastened many lines to opposite twigs, their ends hanging free, she proceeds to span the little gulf by weaving them together. She stands with her claws clasped one to each side, and uses her beak industriously, looping up and fastening the loose ends. I have stood in the road under the nest looking straight up till my head swam, trying to make out just how she did it, but all I could see was the bird standing astride the chasm she was trying to bridge, and busy with the hanging strings. Slowly the maze of loose threads takes a sacklike form, the bottom of the nest thickens, till some morning you see the movement of the bird inside it; her beak comes through the sides from within, like a needle or an awl, seizes a loose hair or thread, and jerks it back through the wall and tightens it. It is a regular stitching or quilting process. The course of any particular thread or fiber is as irregular and haphazard as if it were the work of the wind or the waves. There is plan, but no conscious method or procedure.

In fact, a bird's nest is a growth. It is not something builded as we build, in which judgment, design, forethought enter; it is the result of the blind groping of instinct which rarely errs, but which does not see the end from the beginning, as reason does. The oriole sometimes overhands the rim of her nest with strings and fibers to make it firm, and afford a foundation for her to perch upon; but it is like the pathetic work which an untaught blind child might do under similar conditions. The birds use our fine, strong strings in their nest-building at their peril. Many a tragedy results from it. I have an oriole's nest sent me from Michigan on the outside of which is a bird's dried foot with a string ingeniously knotted around it. It would be difficult to tie so complicated a knot. The tragedy is easy to read. Another nest sent me from the Mississippi Valley is largely made up of fragments of fish-line with the fish-hooks on them.

I think the prize nest of the woods, if we except the nest of the hummingbird, is that of the pewee. It is as smooth and compact and symmetrical as if turned in a lathe out of some soft, feltlike substance. Of course, the phœbe's artistic masonry under the shelving rocks, covered with moss and lined with feathers, or with the finest dry grass and bark fibers, sheltered from the storms, and beyond the reach of four-footed prowlers, is almost ideal. It certainly is a happy thought.

About the most insecure nest in our trees is that of the little social sparrow, or "chippie." When the sudden summer storms come, making the tree-tops writhe as if in agony, I think of this frail nest amid the tossing branches. Pass through the grove or orchard after the tempest is over, and you are pretty sure to find several wrecked nests upon the ground. "Chippie" has never learned the art of nest-building in trees. She is

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

a poor architect. She should have kept to the ground or to the low bushes. The true tree nest-builders weave their nests fast to the branches, but "chippie" does not; she simply arranges her material loosely between them, where the nest is supported, but not secured. She seems pathetically ignorant of the fact that there are such things as wind and storm. Hence her frail structure is more frequently dislodged from the trees than that of any other bird.

Recently, after a day of violent northwest wind, I found a wrecked robin's nest and eggs upon the lawn under a maple—not a frequent spectacle. The robin's firm masonry is usually proof against wind and rain, but in this case the nest was composed almost entirely of dry grass; there was hardly a trace of mud in it, hence it was flexible and yielding, and had no grip of the branches. It was evidently the second nest of the pair this season, and the second nest in summer of any species of bird is frailer and more of a makeshift than the first nest in spring. Comparatively few of our birds attempt to bring off a second brood unless the first attempt has been defeated, but the robin is sure to bring off two, and may bring off three. But the robin is a hustler, probably the most enterprising of all our birds. I recall a mother robin that, in late June, repaired a nest in a climbing rose-bush which her first brood had vacated only a week before. A brood of wood-thrushes which left their nest about the same time was still being fed by their parents about the place.

The song-sparrow, the social sparrow, the phœbe, the bluebird, all build a second nest. The first brood of the bluebird will be looked after by the father in some near-by grove or orchard, while the mother starts a new family in the old nest. If all goes well with them, those two bluebird families will unite and keep together in a loose flock till they migrate in the fall.

So many of our birds nest about our houses and lawns and gardens and along our highways, that at first sight it seems as if they must be drawn there by a sense of security for their eggs and young. The robin has become almost a domestic institution. It is rarely that one finds a robin's nest very far from a human habitation. One spring there were four robins' nests on my house and outbuildings—in the vines, on window-sills, or other coigns of vantage. There were at the same time at least fifteen robins' nests on my lot of sixteen acres, and I am quite certain that I had not seen them all. They were in sheds and apple-trees and spruces and cedars, in the ends of piles of grape-posts, in rose-bushes, in the summer-house, and on the porch. We did not expect to get one of the early cherries, and might count ourselves lucky if we got any of the later ones.

A robin has built her nest in my summer-house. She abuses me so when I try to tarry there, after incubation has begun, that I take no comfort and presently withdraw. Until her brood has flown I am practically a stranger in my open-air rest-house and study.

When the fish-crows come egging in the spruces and maples about the house, and I hear the screaming of the robins, I seize my gun and rush out to protect them, but am not always successful, as the mischief is often done before I get within reach; but I am not sure but that the robins think—if they think at all—that I am in league with the crows to despoil them. I was not in time to save the eggs of the wood-thrush the other morning, when I heard the alarm calls of the birds, but I had the satisfaction of seeing the black marauder go limping over the hill dropping quills from his wings at nearly every stroke. I am sure he will not come back. The fish-crow is one of the most active enemies of our small birds. Of course, he only obeys his instincts in hunting out and devouring their eggs and young; but I fancy I obey something higher than instinct when I protest with powder and shot.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The birds do not mind the approach of the domestic animals, such as the cow, the horse, the sheep, the pig, and they are only a little suspicious of the dog; but the appearance of the cat fills them with sudden alarm. I think that birds that have never before seen a cat join in the hue and cry. What alarms one alarms all within hearing. The orioles, of all our birds, are probably the most immune from the depredations of crows and jays and owls, and yet they will join in the cry of, "Thief, thief!" when a crow appears.

I fancy the phœbe selects our sheds and bridges and porticos for her nesting-sites because they are so much more numerous than the overhanging rocks where her forebears built. For the same reason certain of the swallows and the swifts select our barns and chimneys.

If the birds themselves are not afraid to draw near us, why should their instinct lead them to feel that their enemies will be afraid of us? How do they know that a jay or a crow or a red squirrel will be less timid than they are? And why also, if they have such confidence in us, do they raise such a hue and cry when we pass near their nests? The robin in my summer-house knew, if she knew anything, that I had never raised a finger against her. On the contrary, my hoe in the garden had unearthed many a worm and slug for her. Still she sees in me only a possible enemy, and tolerate me with my book or my newspaper near her nest she will not. Another robin has built her nest in a rose-bush that has been trained to form an arch over the walk that leads to the kitchen door and only a few yards from it; but whenever we pass and repass she scurries away with loud, angry protests and keeps it up as long as we are in sight, so that we do not feel at all complimented by her settling down so near us. If one's appearance is so alarming, even when he is going to hoe the garden, why did the intolerant bird set up her household gods so near? If I keep away her enemies, why will she not be gracious enough to regard me as her friend? The robin that trusted her brood to the sheltering vines of the woodshed, and lined her nest with the hair of our old gray horse—why should she scream, "Murder!" whenever any of us go to the well a few feet away?

What is the real explanation of the fact that so many of our birds nest so near our dwellings and yet show such unfriendliness when we come near them? Their apparent confidence, on the one hand, contradicts their suspicion on the other. Is it because we have here the workings of a new instinct which has not yet adjusted itself to the workings of the older instinct of solicitude for the safety of the nest and young? My own interpretation is that birds are not drawn near us by any sense of greater security in our vicinity. It is evident from the start that there is an initial fear of us to be overcome. How, then, could the sense of greater safety in our presence arise? Fear and trust do not spring from the same root. Hunted animals pursued by wolves or hounds will at times take refuge in the haunts of men, not because they expect human protection, but because they are desperate, and oblivious to everything save some means of escape. If the hunted deer or fox rushes into an open shed or a barn door, it is because it is desperately hard-pressed, and sees and knows nothing but some object or situation that it may place between itself and its deadly enemy. The great fear obliterates all minor fears.

The cat-bird does not come to our vines on the veranda to nest from considerations of safety, but because her line of descent runs through such places. The cat-birds and robins and phœbe-birds that were reared far from human habitations doubtless return to such localities to rear their young. The home sense in birds is strong. I have positive proof in a few instances of robins and song-sparrows returning successive years to the same neighborhood. It is very

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

certain, I think, that the phœbe-birds that daub our porches with their mud, and in July leave a trail of minute creeping and crawling pests, were not themselves hatched and reared in the pretty, moss-covered structure under the shelving rocks in the woods, or on the hillsides.

How different from the manners of the robins are the manners of a pair of cat-birds that have a nest in the honeysuckle against the side of the first-floor sleeping-porch! Nothing seems farther from the nature of the cat-bird than the hue and cry which the robin at times sets up. The cat-bird is sly and dislikes publicity. An appealing feline *mew* is her characteristic note. She never raises her voice like the town-crier, as the robin does, perched in the mean time where all eyes may behold him or her. The cat-bird peers and utters her soft protest from her hiding-place in the bushes. This particular pair of cat-birds appeared in early May and began slyly to look over the situation in the vines and bushes about the house. All their proceedings were very stealthy; they were like two dark shadows gliding about, avoiding observation — no tree-tops or house-tops for them, but coverts close to the ground. We hoped they would divine safety in the shadow of the cottage, but tried to act as if oblivious of their goings and comings. We saw them now and then stealthily inspecting the tangle of honeysuckle on the east side of the veranda, where a robin last season reared a brood, and the low hedge of barberry bushes on the south side of the cottage, where a song-sparrow had her nest. If they come which will they take, we wondered. Several times in the early morning I heard the male singing vivaciously and confidently in the thick of the honeysuckle. I guessed that the honeysuckle was the choice of the male, and that his song was a pæan in praise of it, addressed to his mate. But it was nearly a week before his musical argument prevailed, and the site was apparently agreed upon.

When the nest-building actually began, the birds were so shy about it that, watch as I might, I failed to catch them in the act. One morning I saw the mother bird in the garden with nesting material in her beak, but she failed to come to the honeysuckle with it while I watched from a near-by covert. At the same time robins were flying here and there with loaded beaks, and wood-thrushes were going through the air trailing long strips of white paper behind them, but the cat-bird was an emblem of secrecy itself. She, too, brought fragments of white paper to her nest, but no one saw her do it. Like other nest-builders, she apparently put in her big strokes of work in the early morning before the sleepers on the veranda were stirring. A few times my inquisitive eye, cautiously peering over the railing, started her from the vine, but I never saw her enter it with leaf, stick, or straw; yet slowly the nest grew and came into shape, and finally received its finishing touches. So cautiously had the birds proceeded that, were they capable of concepts like us, I should fancy they flattered themselves that we had not the least suspicion of their little secret. The male ceased to sing near the house after the nest was begun. So much time elapsed after the finishing of the nest before the first egg appeared in it that some members of the household feared the birds had deserted it, especially as they were not seen about the premises for several days. But the weather was wet and cool, and the eggs ripened slowly. Then one morning the birds were seen again, and one blue-green egg was discovered in the nest. The next morning another egg was added, and a third egg on the third morning, and a fourth on the fourth morning. In due time incubation began, and thenceforth all went well with our dusky neighbors.

It is an anxious moment for all birds when their young leave the nest. One noontime by the unusual mewing of a parent cat-bird I felt sure that the crit-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ical time had come. Sure enough, there sat one of the young on a twig a few inches above the nest, motionless and hushed. No lusty response to the agitated cry of the mother, as is usually the case with the robin. "No publicity" is the watchword of the young cat-birds as well as with the old. An hour or two later another young one was perched on a branch, and before night, when no one was looking, they both disappeared, leaving two motionless birds in the nest. The next morning early, without any signs of alarm or agitation on the part of the old birds, they took the important step. It could hardly have been much of a flight with any of them, as their wing quills were only partially developed, and their tails were mere stubs. For several days afterward no sign or sound of old or young was seen or heard. They were probably keeping well concealed in the near-by trees or in the vines and currant bushes in the vineyard. In about a week the whole family appeared briefly in upper branches of the maples near the house. The young were only distinguishable from the old by their shorter tails. A few days later the parent birds were seen moving stealthily through the vines and bushes about the house, or perching on the near-by stakes that supported the wire netting. Are they coming back for a second brood? was the question in our minds. Soon we began to hear snatches of song from the male, then one morning a regular old-time burst of joy from him in the vine that held the old nest. Then he sang in a syringa bush near the window on the south side of the cottage, and both birds were soon seen paying frequent visits to the bush. We felt sure another brood was in the air.

Whether or not the first brood were now shifting for themselves, we did not know; they never again appeared upon the scene. Finally, on the morning of the Fourth of July, the foundation of a new nest was started in the syringa bush three feet from the ground, and barely four feet from the window! We had a view of the proceedings that the first site did not afford us. The old nest appeared to be in perfect condition, but evidently the birds had no thought of using it again, as the robins sometimes do, and as bluebirds and cliff-swallows always do. A new nest, built of material almost identical with that of the old, and in a more exposed position, was decided upon. It progressed rapidly, and I was delighted to find that the male assisted in the building. Indeed, he was fully as active as the female. Very often they were both in the nest with material at the same moment. They seemed to agree perfectly. At first I got the impression that the male was not quite as decided as the female, and hesitated more, once or twice bringing material that he finally rejected. But he soon warmed up to the work and certainly did his share. With most species of our birds the nest is entirely built by the female. With the robin, the wood-thrush, the phœbe, the oriole, the humming-bird, the pewee, and many others, the male is only an interested spectator of the proceeding. He usually attends his mate in her quest for material, but does not lend a hand, or a bill. I think the cock wren assists in nest-building. I know the male cedar-bird does, and probably the male woodpeckers do also. The male rose-breasted grosbeak assists in incubation, and has been seen to sing upon the nest. It seems fair to infer that he assists in the nest-building also, but I am not certain that he does.

My cat-birds both worked overtime one afternoon at least, being on their job as late as seven o'clock. In three days the nest was done, all but touching up the interior. During the construction I laid out pieces of twine and bits of white paper on the bushes and wire netting, also some loose material from the outside of the old nest; all was quickly used. How much labor the birds would have saved themselves had they pulled the old nest to pieces and used the material a second time! I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

have known the oriole to start a nest, then change her mind, and then detach some of her strings and fibers and carry them to the new site; and I once saw a "chebec," whose eggs had been destroyed, pull the old nest to pieces and rebuild it in a tree a hundred feet away. The male cat-bird was slightly brighter and fresher-looking than his mate; but we could easily tell her by her often simulating the actions of a young bird when she came with material in her beak; she would alight on a near-by post and slightly spread and quiver her wings in a tender, beseeching kind of way. She would do this also when bringing food to her first brood. When one of the parent birds of any species simulates by voice or manner the young birds, it is always the female; her heart would naturally be more a-quiver with anticipation than that of the male.

On the fifth day the nest was completed and received its first egg. There was considerable delay with the second egg, but it appeared on the second or third day, and the third egg the following day. Then incubation began. In twenty days from the day the nest was begun the birds were hatched, and in eleven days more they had quietly left the nest.

A friend of mine, who has a summer home on one of the trout-streams of the Catskills, discovered that the cat-bird was fond of butter, and she soon had one of the birds coming every day to the dining-room window for its lump of fresh butter, and finally entering the dining-room, perching on the back of a chair, and receiving its morsel of butter from the mistress's hand. I think the butter was unsalted. My friend was convinced after three years that the same pair of birds returned to her each year, because each season the male came promptly for his butter.

The furtive and stealthy manners of the cat-bird contrast strongly with the frank, open manners of the thrushes. Its cousin, the brown thrasher, goes skulking about in much the same way, flirting from bush to bush like a culprit escaping from justice. But he does love to sing from the April tree-tops where all the world may see and hear, if said world does not come too near. In the South and West the thrasher also nests in the vicinity of houses, but in New York and New England we must look for him in remote, bushy fields. I do not know of any bad traits that go with the thrasher's air of suspicion and secrecy, but I do know of one that goes with the cat-bird's—I have seen her perch on the rim of another bird's nest and deliberately devour the eggs. But only once. Whether or not she frequently does this, I have no evidence. If she does, she is doubtless so sly about it that she escapes observation.

I welcome the cat-bird, though she is not so attractive a neighbor as the wood-thrush. She has none of the wood-thrush's dignity and grace. She skulks and slinks away alike a culprit, while the wood-thrush stands up before you or perches upon a limb, and turns his spotted waistcoat toward you in the most open and trusting manner. In fact, few birds have such good manners as the wood-thrush, and few have so much the manner of a Paul Pry and eavesdropper as the cat-bird. The flight of the wood-thrush across the lawn is such a picture of grace and harmony it is music to the eye. The cat-bird seems saying: "*There, there! I told you so, pretty figure, pretty figure you make!*" But the courteous thrush invites the good-breeding in you which he himself shows. The thrush never has the air of a culprit, while the cat-bird seldom has any other air. But I welcome them both. One shall stand for the harmony and repose of bird life, and the other for its restlessness and curiosity. The songs and the manners of birds correspond. The cat-bird, the brown thrasher, and the mocking-bird are all theatrical in their manners—full of gestures of tail and wings, and their songs all imply an audience, while the serene melody of the thrushes is in keeping with the grace and poise of their behavior.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE LION'S MOUTH

OUR STATISH LANGUAGE

BY RUPERT HUGHES

A NEW Declaration of Independence is needed.

Could any one imagine an English author hesitating to use a word because of his concern as to the ability of American readers to understand it and approve it?

The mere suggestion is fantastic.

Yet it is the commonest thing imaginable for an American author to wonder if the word that interests him is good "English," or, as the dictionaries say, "colloquial U. S."

The critics, like awe-inspiring and awe-inspired governesses, take pains to remind their pupils that Americanisms are not nice, and are not written by well-bred little writers.

When you stop to think of it, isn't this monstrously absurd, contemptible, and servilely colonial?

The foremost British authors have always found a wide market here, usually a wider than at home, and often an earlier recognition. Yet they are not foolish enough to try to write Americanese. Indeed, when they try to insert a little American conversation they make themselves ridiculous, one and all. There are no sillier passages in all literature than English presentations of American speech.

Yet almost all Americans try to write Englishese, not merely in dialogue, but in their own proper persons. This is sublimely idiotic. Why should an American consider it dignified to write British, and undignified to revel in the idioms of his own country? We are a hundred million strong, this side of the water, and there are only two or three races in the world having as large a population.

We are sprung from European forebears, indeed, but so is England made up of the descendants of many immigrant races, and the English do not pretend that they ought to write Saxon, German, Norman French, or even Old English. Modern English is the mongrel language of all time. That is one of its great virtues, as our mixed blood is one of ours, though some of us, I among them, trace ourselves directly back to Great Britain without other blood.

We refuse to submit our laws, our institutions, our inventions, our life in general, to foreign inspection and approval. Why should we fail to realize that all our arts must be American to be great? Why should we permit the survival of the curious notion that our language is a mere loan from England, like a copper kettle that we must keep scoured and return without a dent? Have we any less right to develop the language we brought away with us than they have who stayed behind?

Mr. H. L. Mencken, in his recent fascinating work, *The American Language*, takes the professorial mind to task for neglecting its plain duty and reverence toward our own, our native tongue. The very idea that it is the opposite of scholarly to ignore our linguistic peculiarities will startle many of them like a sacrilege.

American professors and professorial minds pour forth books on English literature devoted almost entirely to British authors. If they let in an American who died later than 1872, it is only for the purpose of giving him a pat on the head as a rather promising child hopelessly handicapped by his birth in this distant neck of the great English forest.

Lowell complained of English conde-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

scension. It is nothing to the American condescension to Americans.

A London publisher once wrote of a book of mine that it was bewildering in its Americanism. He instanced, among others, the verb "tiptoed" as an amazing and incredible thing. "On tiptoe," or, "a-tiptoe," he could well understand because he had seen it in print at home. But the well-recognized truth that our language is largely made up of interchangeable parts did not calm his dismay.

We know what a "foot" is, therefore we can say "she footed it gracefully," or speak of "foot troops" or "footless." To "toe the mark" is a legitimate development from the noun "toe." "Tiptoed" is a simple employment of the franchise of our language, a franchise that Shakespeare and countless others have taken full advantage of. In fact, Richardson used it in "Clarissa Harlowe" as far back as 1747: "Mabel tiptoed it to her door." But even if he did not, why should not I?

Frantic excitement over an unfamiliar expression is just as frequent in America as in England, but this London editor complained of "tiptoed" as an American word, not as an illegal word. British critics are forever exposing their ignorance of their own language by branding as Americanisms words of the most respectable antiquity. Not to be known to them is crime enough for some critics.

As for coinages, English papers quiver with protests against what we are doing to their language. As if it were not just as much ours as theirs.

The Roman critics shuddered at the abominable dialects that were made from their sacred Latin by outlying peoples, yet the French and Spanish languages made good their liberty, and they are not much farther away from the original Latin than the Italians are who stayed at home.

Neither is the American language of to-day any farther away from the English of Shakespeare's time than the Londonese of to-day. It is as easy for an American to read Elizabethan English or Chaucerian, as for an Englishman; perhaps easier.

The language forked at the time of the great colonizations, and the Britishers who founded a republic here developed a speech to suit their needs and whims just as the British who stayed at home have developed the present-day language of the British Isles.

Englishmen have every right to say what they please in the way they please. But have we not the same right? Is it not just as dignified for an American to use Americanisms as for an Englishman to use what Brander Matthews amazed them by calling "Briticisms"?

It is unfortunate in a way that the British and the Americans have a language of common origin, but it is wonderfully fortunate in a thousand ways. We should not, however, try to fasten ourselves like two Siamese twins with an inelastic bond compelling a common motion, or, more probably, denying freedom to both. Above all, we should not consent to become a mere caudal appendage to the English language-mongers to drag where they will or check as they will.

Nobody pretends that the British should consult us. Yet nearly everybody assumes that we should defer to them. Why? in the name of all that is sweet and reasonable, why?

We Americans and they English would never dream of abusing a French author or an Italian for writing words that we do not immediately understand. If we want to know what Tolstoi or Anatole France or D'Annunzio meant, we get a dictionary or a translation to help us.

Why should not the English have translations made of such of our works as may interest them? They read Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, Shakespeare, and Burns with a glossary. They are doubtless puzzled by much of their own contemporary dialect prose and verse, such as William Barnes's rural lyrics. Why should they not issue glossaries for such American writers as interest them?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Or, at least, why should their ignoance of our language impose upon our writers the restriction of keeping one eye on the British comprehension?

There was a time when reputable English authors wrote their serious works in either Latin or court French. Chaucer apologized, as Dante did, for using a vulgar speech. There was a time when the French and other continental peoples felt ashamed of their own authors in the presence of the British masters, and the *furor Anglicanus* raged over Europe. At a time when Russian geniuses were sweeping the world and many critics thought nothing artistic that was not Russian, the Russians themselves were reading American and English writers in multitudes, stealing the copyrights as Americans and British once stole each other's. During the late war the Russians seem, according to Hugh Walpole, to have spent most of their time at the movies or in the pages of Jack London and "O'Henry," as Mr. Walpole spells him.

England to-day has no lack of critics who think that other nations have a certain superiority over the native of England. But history has always adjusted these matters, rewarded the patriotic writer and rebuked the poor coveter of some other nation's elegances.

I do not blame the English for fighting for their own speech as long as possible. I am not bigot enough to ask them to take our standards as theirs. We are coming to a contest for supremacy of speech and the commerce of the seven seas. There is room for both. I do not think that the English are to be despised for failing to keep abreast of our writers. They have giants of their own. I see no reason under heaven why an Englishman should be expected to understand baseballese. Not all Americans do. Not all Englishmen understand cricketese. British slang distresses solemn British fogies and they howl about it, just as our fogies squeal at ours.

I am not speaking of slang, however, but of the literary language, and our own treatment of it as a mere appanage of the British Empire.

The evil this snobbery works on us is that it divides our writers into two sharp classes—those who in their effort to write pure English strut pompously and uneasily in Piccadilly fashions, and those who in their effort to be true to their own environment seem to wear overalls and write with a nasal twang.

The cable and the overseas telephone will bind the world together more closely with a resultant improvement in understanding and also a resultant improvement in the facilities for swift and bitter quarrel. But the French and Italians are not preparing to drop their speech for English. Why should we? Let those who wish to understand the foreign languages of France, Italy, Spain, Poland, and Great Britain provide themselves with instructors or translators.

Nobody can be more eager than I to benefit from the magnificent thought and art of England. No one admires their authors more. But I feel that the sincerest flattery is non-imitation.

It is privilege enough for us to be understanded of our own people and to try to express them to themselves in their own racial terms, and not in a kind of false, scholastic foreign tongue. There is an audience of a hundred million here and it is an omnivorous reader. It is more than enough to support any author's dignity.

Worst of all, Americans who try to write like Englishmen are not only committed to an unnatural pose, but doomed as well to failure, above all among the English; for the most likable thing about the English is their contempt for the hyphenated imitation Englishmen from the States, who only emphasize their nativity by their apish antics. The Americans who have triumphed among them have been, almost without exception, peculiarly American.

The fact is, we cannot conceal ourselves. And if we could, why should we want to? To be offensively American is to be as offensive at home as abroad.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

But to be amiably, gracefully, nobly American is to be as fine as anybody can hope to be.

Let us go on importing great books from all nations overseas, and let us give foreign geniuses the fullest and often the first recognition, as we have always done. We shall show particular favor to the English because a person who understands our language can get a rough idea of theirs without an interpreter—as a person who speaks Polish can understand a Russian or a Czech in simple communications.

But let us sign a Declaration of Literary Independence and formally begin to write, not British, but United-statesish.

For there is such a language, a brilliant, growing, glowing, vivacious, elastic language for which we have no specific name. We might call it Statesish, or for euphony condense it to Statish.

But, whatever we call it, let us cease to consider it a vulgar dialect of English, to be used only with deprecation. Let us study it in its splendid efflorescence, be proud of it, and true to it.

Let us put off livery, cease to be the butlers of another people's language, and try to be the masters and the creators of our own.

IS FAME BECOMING EXTINCT?

BY PHILIP CURTISS

A BALL-PLAYER of national prominence was hailed into court not long ago in connection with some misdemeanor. One can picture this darling of the public approaching the bar of justice—self-possessed, tolerant, and, perhaps, slightly amused. What, then, was his shock to find that the judge had never heard of him! The blow to his pride must have been far greater than the humiliation of his original arrest.

Yet this incident is only a sign of the times. With blinking eyes I have watched the world for the past few years and asked myself whether fame has ceased to be the reward of achievement or distinction. We have close at hand a really startling proof that it has.

It would be ridiculous even to assume that any reader of these lines has not been familiar from infancy—or from the event—with the names and achievements of Grant, Lee, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Jackson, Meade, Hooker, Custer, and probably Longstreet and Beauregard, leaders in a war fought nearly sixty years ago. To the public of 1867 these names were certainly as vivid as they are to-day, yet how many readers can name a single American general who commanded any one of the huge separate armies into which our troops in France were divided? Who led the American forces at Saint-Mihiel? At Belleau Wood? At the Argonne? We all know that General Butler occupied New Orleans. Who occupied Germany?

Instinctively most of us would explain this phenomenon by some vague reference to "modern trench warfare," but the present-day anonymity of military heroes can be strangely duplicated in every one of those lines of prowess in which great fame has always been the peculiar reward.

Let me give some appalling examples. The name of Christopher Columbus is a part of our inborn consciousness, yet how many readers can give the name of the first man to cross the ocean in an aeroplane? Reid? Are you sure? Or was it Read? Now, then, his first name. If ever a group of young men was entitled to feel that it was making history, it was that little group of Argonauts that sat in the cockpit of the N C-4. Who were they?

Perhaps it may seem more important if you can name offhand the two Englishmen who flew straight from Newfoundland to England without stopping. Having given these names, please tell me which one is still alive and which one was recently killed.

A few days before this was written an American aviator went up seven miles into the air—almost a mile nearer the vault of the blue than any human being

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

had ever been before. At that unthinkable height his eyes froze shut, he lost consciousness and fell five miles. Surely such a drop as that should etch that hero's name on the tablets of fame in letters as large as those of that earlier dropper, Steve Brodie; but will it?

Again we try to defend ourselves. "But," we exclaim, "the altitude record is broken every few days." Well, then, let us bend our wits to this commonplace trifle. Who discovered the South Pole? I have just asked this question of a clergyman and a teacher. Both said, "Stefansson."

When I speak of fame I do not mean what might be called intraprofessional fame, the tribute which each profession pays to the acknowledged leaders in its own line. I presume that surgeons still honor, with faces of awe, men whose names are wholly unknown to the baseball fancy. I know that baseball "fans" still thrill to the names of Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth and—and—well, there you are! I am not a baseball fan, you see.

Personally, I love to come across evidences of these limited hero-worshipings. I never see in the papers that the national trap-shooting championship has just been decided somewhere in Illinois without forming a picture of some obscure man with a heavy mustache who is probably a traveling salesman for eleven months in the year, but who, for two or three days, knows the ecstatic delight of hearing a silence fall as he enters a hotel lobby, and seeing men point, as they whisper: "Hs-sh! Here comes Jones!"

What I mean by fame, however, is that great general fame which is involved in the term "a household word." The household into which I was born might, indeed, have been taken as a very stringent test of what had and what had not the right to call itself "a household word," for ours was not a household which could be lightly invaded by vulgar or transient celebrity. It was a religious household, a bookish household, a strict Puritanical household, and yet one of my earliest recollections is of hearing my father announce at the dinner-table, with a catch in his voice, that John L. Sullivan had been knocked out by "a man named Corbett." The world had tumbled about his ears.

John L. Sullivan! There was fame for you. There was the household word *par excellence*, but already the era of gods and heroes was passing. Even the man named Corbett never became a household word to quite the same extent in that rigid home, while, unnoted, uncounted, across the pages of my father's evening paper have flitted the names of all his successors in a shadowy mist like that which enveloped the insignificant rulers of tottering Rome.

The test of sheer fame is not that a name should be known to those who seek it, but to those into whose consciousness it is unwillingly forced. A perfect example of this comes down to us from the 'eighties. There was at that time a racehorse known as "Maud S." There are, to-day, men and women of retired and secluded habit who never saw a race in their lives, but to whom the name of Maud S. is still as well known as that of James K. Polk. Since the day in which Maud S. flourished her record has been steadily lowered and lowered. There are horses living which have far more claim to being epoch-makers, for they have succeeded in passing the *ne plus ultra* of harness racing—a mile in two minutes—but what are their names? Sporting men know, but who else does? How many general readers can name a jockey since Tod Sloan or a driver since Geers?

Say, if you will, that the day of the horse is passing. Well, then, give me the names of the later heroes who, for the sake of glory, have risked their lives at the wheel of a racing-car hurtling a hundred miles an hour on the Vanderbilt course or clinging like flies to the perpendicular sides of the concrete track at Indianapolis. This question is not for automobile men. I am asking the general public. Barney Oldfield? Yes. De Palma? Yes, but both those men are survivors of the golden age when fame

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

was achievement's perquisite. Name some of the present-day men who have beaten them both. Some man challenged death in making the present world's record for automobile racing. Who was he and what is the record?

It is inevitable that I should draw my illustrations largely from the world of sport, for, next to its martial heroes, the world has always reserved its crown of fame for its gladiators. We have always taken it for granted that the greatest authority in the world on Sanskrit verbs must languish in obscurity, but now we are faced with the strange state of affairs in which there is no more glory in hanging head-downward from a trapeze or in punching your fellow-man in the eye than there is in painting a picture or writing a sonnet.

Where, for instance, are the football heroes of yesteryear? As I have said, I emerged into consciousness just in time to find out that John L. Sullivan was a champion no more, but shortly afterward I became conscious of the fact that another crisis in human affairs was impending. Once again civilization bubbled up and boiled over. Men went about with long faces, talking in whispers. Harvard had beaten Yale!

Football is still played but, honestly, does it still shake the nation? Until about 1908 or 1909 every autumn would see some young man emerge from New Haven or Cambridge and, for at least a year, occupy a position not one whit lower than that of the president, the champion heavyweight, or Lillian Russell. Who captains Yale, Harvard, or Princeton this year? I mean does every newsboy know as he did in the 'nineties?

The real tragedy of this curious decline of hero-worship lies, however, not with us, but with the heroes. Imagine the very sad case of a man who has spent laborious, painful years in acquiring surpassing skill in kicking a football, exploring the Arctic, wielding the stiff jab to the kidneys, or dancing a clog and then discovers that the fame for which he underwent all his hardship no longer exists. If a man who does a double somersault over Niagara Falls learns that he attracts no more attention than a poor dolt who merely discovers radium, who is going to do our somersaults over Niagara Falls? Let me ask you that, ye placid citizens who think that our civilization is secure.

Personally I do not think that our race of heroes will die out for a rather curious reason—the law of compensation. It is a strange truth, but an actual truth, that, in exploring, flying, racing, acting, fighting, painting, singing—in short, in all the fine arts—while the lamp of fame has burned dimmer and dimmer, the chink of gold has grown louder and louder.

The laurel crown, which once at a rakish tilt adorned the brow of the famous Terry McGovern, is worn to-day by a quiet young man named Leonard. Is the name familiar? Yet open report says that Mr. Leonard's returns from his fists have been, in one year, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. *There* is a man whom you might call tight-fisted. I doubt whether John L. and Corbett, combined, ever earned as much, for all their glory.

The Arctic explorer to-day, anonymous as he may be to the household, has hardly clapped his hand on the Pole before a trained seal comes up with a message offering fabulous sums for the movie and serial rights. The obscure actor once worked for small glory and even less money. To-day he gets even less glory, but he gets a sizable salary. There are even serious painters to-day who can earn as much in a week as a lightning sketch artist, and there are pianists who command prices as high as those of the greatest trick cyclist.

Can it be, then, that in our future romances our young hero will lie in his cot in the lonely garret and dream, not of fame and fortune, but simply fortune? No, I think not, for, now that it is all written down, I will confess that my theory has just collapsed. It is true that soldiers, fighters, explorers, and aviators

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

can no longer hope for real fame, but just as I had proved that the household word was extinct I caught sight of my little daughter, aged two, gurgling over a picture of Charlie Chaplin. As, in the early 'nineties, I emerged into consciousness just in time to become aware of John L. Sullivan, so has my daughter arrived on the scene just in time to be conscious of Charlie Chaplin.

The parallel is too exact to be denied. I bow my head and submit to the ruthless logic. *Eheu fugaces!* Just as my father felt toward prize-fighting, so have I always felt toward moving pictures. With every effort of my will have I closed my house and my ears against them. I never go to see them. I try not to read about them. If people mention them I send the children to the nursery. But yet I know them. They have forced my barriers. Fatty Arbuckle, Elmo the Mighty, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Theda Bara, that peerless vamp —I have never seen one of them in life or on the screen, but I know them by sight. They live with me. They eat their meals beside me. Yes, their names are household words in our house.

Even now my nieces and nephews tell me that Charlie Chaplin is losing his punch. They say that "a man named Fairbanks" is crowding him out, but I cannot believe it. A bit low, perhaps, but, after all, Charlie has been a part of our national consciousness. No, children, don't try to joke with an old man. There can never be any one like Charlie Chaplin.

AN EPISTLE TO ALEXANDER POPE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

MOST Honored Sir:
'Twas thus began
Epistles in the Age of Anne;
And though our sun-illumined star
Since then has traveled fast and far,
And Time wrought changes not a few,
I chose this mode, addressing you.

Though laurels once thick-crowned your brow,
They say you are no poet now,
But just a sort of rhyming sham
As formal as your Twickenham—
Hedges close clipped, walks primly laid,
Wearing an air severe and staid!
Some even claim you had no wit;
(Lucky they weren't the butt of it!)
Others aver you wanted heart . . .
Not mine to play the critic's part,
(The wise-brain critic who dissects,
And sneers, complacent, at defects,
With "he lacks this"), but just to add
A kindly word on what you *had!*

Precision first! It is a vice
In modern days to be precise;
We love enigmas, strive to bring
To mind the image, not the thing;
Howe'er so vague it be in name,
Ofttimes the greater the acclaim!
But you struck straight, and hit the mark,
Nor left your readers in the dark.
Then your unfailing metric sense
Was clear as noon in evidence;
Now verse seems built upon the plan
Of those who can't, or scorn to, scan,
And stumbles to a faltering close
In sort of semi-demi prose.

We know that fads and fashions pass
Like summer shadows on the grass;
We know you live because you wrote
Some vital lines that still we quote,
And sometimes wonder if Pretense
That scoffs to-day at "Elegance,"
And puffs and perks itself as "new,"
Is likely to survive like you!

THE CASE OF JACK ROBINSON

BY CAMBRAY BROWN

THE three ladies who, the ancient poets would have us believe, spin the threads of human destiny, had invited Arachne to tea. They seldom went out themselves, but they were always glad to have visitors. Arachne had accordingly brought her knitting and had come to spend the afternoon. There was gossip as usual, for Arachne was full of a story about Jupiter which mustn't be allowed to reach Juno's ears. It was pleasant on the front porch where the Fates sat and spun interminably, for one could look down and watch the whole panorama of the affairs of mortal men.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Is that the same kind of wool you used to use?" Arachne inquired of the three sisters during a lull in the conversation.

"No, indeed," Clotho answered for the others. "It's nothing like the quality we used to get before the war. But we have to go on spinning the threads of human destiny with it just the same."

"It's short-fibered and breaks easily and is a general nuisance to handle," put in Lachesis. "We can't depend on it at all."

"It must be very hard on the poor mortals down below," observed Arachne.

"Naturally," agreed Clotho. "When we first got hold of this inferior stuff we could hardly work it at all. We were spinning Russian fates at the time, and you know what happened in Russia. Now we have to use it for the whole world. Fortunately, we've got the hang of it a little better."

"But if the price continues to go up and the quality to get worse—?" Arachne propounded with concern.

"We should worry," said Clotho with a shrug.

Atropos, the third sister, who had been silent for some time, suddenly nudged Lachesis with her shears. "Will you just look down on earth, at Jack Robinson!"

Jack Robinson had reached the age of forty, and he would have epitomized the latter half of that earthly term as a process of slowly losing his hair and his ideals. He had started with an abundance of both—the one thick and wavy and carefully parted in the middle, the other likewise nicely assembled for the adventure of life.

Both had suffered in the adventure.

Robinson had not observed the first elusive departures of either. But by degrees he had begun to take notice. In the morning he scrutinized the thin filaments carried away by the hair comb. He began to reflect that various of his ideals had been reclassified as illusions and had gone into the discard.

There was, for example, the belief—now an illusion—that perseverance and hard work would make him a captain of industry. He had been industrious, but he was far from being a captain. He wasn't even a corporal. He was, as a matter of fact, an assistant head-bookkeeper. The "captain" of that particular industry had never heard of it while he was sowing his youthful wild oats between Paris and San Remo. But there he had met and married the daughter of a wealthy business man traveling abroad, and on the death of the latter he had inherited 70 per cent. of the capital stock of the industry in which Robinson had been so industrious.

He had also cherished the ideal that he had only to wait for a good and true woman—*the* woman—that would inevitably come into his life and make it perfect. But the girl to whom, after much reflection, he became engaged, had changed her mind and married a man that was already rich. Chancing to see her after several years, he had a further disillusioning shock; she was changed in many ways; he doubted whether "perfect" was exactly the word that would have described their life together.

He had practised setting-up exercises every morning for years and had always drunk two glasses of water before going to bed. He had never smoked or indulged in alcoholic stimulants (although he had wanted to) with a rigid resolve upon a hale and lengthy existence. But he had begun to have twinges of rheumatism on rainy days, and a life-insurance examination had revealed that unmistakable processes of decay had set up in his interior mechanism.

In the mean time he had come to know the futility of memory systems, hair restorers, uplift magazines, non-partisan politics, self-sharpening razors, endowed dramatic leagues, and ideal places for summer vacations. He had figured out

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that a year's contract held by any one of a dozen blonde minxes that had quit high school to go into the movies would have paid the salaries of all the professors at Johns Hopkins University.

His last illusion was that some day his luck would turn. He looked forward to the ultimate demise of a wealthy uncle, a misanthropic recluse who had never married and from whom he would inherit. But at sixty-eight the old gentleman developed a sudden fondness for jazz music, then took to dancing, and thence to matrimony.

Robinson woke up the next morning with a strange feeling of light-heartedness. His last illusion was gone. It was a novel and pleasant sensation. From now on he could face the world with a new confidence; he was divested of every hampering and misleading ideal. He saw life at last for what it really was and not what the schools and the books and the editorials in the Sunday papers falsely declared it to be. He was buoyant, almost ecstatic. He passed ordinary people on the street with a secret sense of superiority and pride.

"Will you just look down there at Jack Robinson," said Atropos, prodding Lachesis with her shears. Clotho looked, and Arachne stopped her knitting to look, too.

"He prides himself on not having a single illusion," explained Atropos.

Arachne shrugged her shoulders and resumed her knitting. "Which means that he has fallen for the biggest illusion of all."

THE DOMINION OF THE SENTIMENTAL

BY MAYONE LEWIS

WHEN I was a serious-minded girl of fifteen I took part in a class play wherein I played the *ingénue* who, in one scene, is kissed by a lover. My lover was a charming, golden-haired lad of eighteen. He was very bashful, and, as I was afterward told, he that winter imagined himself in love with me. If so, it must have been the result of the simulated passion of the play, as I have often observed to be the case. Later, in college, I frequently noticed that two girls who had long been rehearsing Romeo and Juliet, or any other pair of lovers, were thereafter inseparable for a time, as if bewitched by the passion they had feigned. But I had seen or experienced nothing of the kind at fifteen, and my only sensation, when it came time to be kissed, was one of annoyance at Harry, who fumbled and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. It put me in an awkward position! At rehearsals, I remember, I frequently had to urge him on, and even during the play I had to relinquish the receptive attitude which at such moments convention assigns to maids, for a much more positive and helpful gesture. After that experience I "went in for" character parts, usually playing the eccentric old maid with a caustic or whimsical humor, a part for which nature evidently intended me, for I emerged from the play in a serene mood quite different from the vexation aroused by my premature venture into sentiment.

Later I became reconciled to the sentimental; but now I find myself again often vexed at the universal dominion it holds over the human mind. These very lines are a testimony to that dominion. To insure a reader's attention, one has to write on sentimental topics, if only to rail at them. Many an amateur author has submitted to an editor essays or sketches that he thought not unworthy of a corner in some magazine of the elect. Alas! the topics were "not suited to the needs of the publication," for they dealt merely with education or horticulture or the fallacies of socialism, trifles all of them. But let him send a few profound observations, such as these, on the vagaries of the human heart, especially on the relations between men and women, and he is fairly sure of a publication. Presumably the subject is so fresh that the wariest editor does not doubt of a hearing for it. Or possibly the harassed editors, who, after all, are men,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

are but following the brilliantly successful example of a theatrical producer who, in his own graphic words, holds his audience by "keeping the petticoat wagging."

The petticoat *motif* in all its variations, flippant or passionate, is the *leit-motif* of all our drama, spoken and pictured, and of most of our fiction, and it makes itself heard even in the essay, dedicated though that is to the service of the humanities. The amateur author aforesaid is but one of its minor victims, yet surely his case is deserving of note and of relief. He may want to talk about other things but he is not allowed to do so. He is not always interested predominantly in the loves of John and Mary, or the causes of their uncongeniality, which lead to a divorce with its concomitants of half-orphaned children and precipitate remarriage. It is possible that his emotions are stirred far more by a railway strike or by a symphony, by a mountain climb, or by the sublime imaginations of men, than by the approaches and retreats of a self-conscious pair whose emotions are as instinctive, as universal, and as familiar as the love-making of a pair of sparrows. But when he sets about writing, in particular when he writes a story or a play, he must fix his eyes upon such a pair; for the world, which would not pause to listen to the music of the spheres, in its present mood seems never to tire of John and Mary.

Some time ago I read a study of Louisa Alcott, written by a penetrating and appreciative inquirer into the heart of woman, but one criticism made by him roused in me a question and a counter-charge. Miss Alcott, by all accounts, must have been a refreshingly wholesome woman, but he professed to find in her a hidden and repressed eroticism which found its outlet in her undeniably sentimental novels. I wonder, rather, if Miss Alcott was not following, instinctively or deliberately, the course of that leader in the theatrical world, the course of an infinite number of successful novelists? She needed money and she desired fame; the easiest way to obtain both was to give the public what it wanted—that is, course after course of sweets, the only difference in the taste of the public being that in her generation the sweets were wholesome, if saccharine, whereas now they are too often poisoned with highly colored adulterants. Is not a proof of my contention in this, that the one book of hers which remains her chief achievement, the one surely, then, which is the genuine expression of herself, is that book which has practically no sex element in it, the story of Jo and Meg and Laurie, the story of Miss Alcott's love for her mother and sisters and, incidentally, for boys? Happy Jane Austen! You alone have mocked at everything, love included, and have lived. Yet, if you lived to-day, could even you breast the torrid flood of eroticism that the moving picture has loosed to overwhelm us? Could you be sure of one reader for one thousand who flock to the Broadway plays with their skilful blend of false sentiment, questionable situation, and suggestive wit? I dare say not. And if you, gentle mocker, with your keen wedge of satire, could not cut through the soggy mass on which the public battens, how can we little people expect to do so?

The world outside furnishes its myriads of subjects of sense delight and spiritual reflection; the world within us is varied and fruitful. The intellect is like a mine from which one extracts, now nuggets of gold, now veins of copper, or maybe only shining mica, thin, and of little value, yet with a smoothness and sparkle of its own. Why, then, should we dig always in the exhausted region of the passions? Take up a book of Muir's on the Mountains of California, and ere you have read far you will say that in no book does life throb more fully, for to him the very stones have life, the waters sing an enthusiastic song, the trees tell each a story in a different key. In no book, too, is there less of sex and more of love. Its pages thrill with a great heart's love for the majesty and sweetness of earth. After his pure and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

powerful diapason, how thin and false sound the hysterics of passion! His studies of the so-called inanimate are nearer to the truth that is in the healthy man or woman. One of John Burroughs's essays on birds tells us more of love and life, and tells it more interestingly, than many novels reeking with sentiment. He did not have to write "The Primal Instinct" to better some of our tribe of novelists and playwrights in their chosen theme of love.

> One impulse from the vernal wood
> Can teach us more of man,
> Of moral nature, and of good,
> Than all the sages can—

more, certainly, than all and sundry of the sentimentalists. But how many prose writers can be found to subscribe to this doctrine? notwithstanding that in the sister art of painting it is accepted as a truth, self-evident and fundamental. By his limitations the painter has been set free, free from the dominations of the sexually sentimental. Through whatsoever subject he pleases, animate or inanimate, realistic or fantastic, he expresses his sense of the wonder and the mystery of life, its infinite variety and beauty, its endless themes of gaiety and pity and terror. The heart of a cardinal or a laborer, the soul of a French village, or the spirit of awakening or brooding earth, all are subjects of his faithful exposition, all true, all worthy, all interesting alike to the artist and to his public. For the painter's more limited public has been taught to love the truth, and when one loves the truth, one finds all truth interesting. Conversely, one finds lies intolerable, and the major lie in the art of the present time is the encroachment of the sentimental love-story on the entire field of story-telling and of the drama, an encroachment which amounts to a monopoly and which is wholly out of proportion to the part it plays in life.

It may be said here that I am protesting against a situation which has always existed, which must always exist, because it is inherent in the nature of the arts in question. What is the proper study of mankind but man? What is the province of fiction and of the drama but the relations between men and women, their attractions and repulsions for one another? Sexual love is the strongest of the passions; it is, therefore, as it has always been, the theme of the story-teller from Euripides to the latest maker of "movies." It is true that the choice of subject is almost inevitable, hence my protest is directed not so much against that initial choice as against the belittling treatment, the false emphasis, and the narrow scope of the moderns. Strip the "Medea" to the skeleton of its action and one has a melodramatic love-story more highly colored than any which the present generation can show. But read it, and one is seated in the whirling chaos of the human heart where every passion is set in motion and force beats against force; and before the majestic and terrible spectacle of ingratitude and humiliated pride and outraged honor, of jealousy and maternal agony, of bitter contempt and wild revenge, one all but forgets the love that set these mighty forces in motion toward their inevitable and tragic end. In this story, as in life, love is the dynamic force that sets going intricate and far-reaching processes, in the working out of which the love element may be strengthened or destroyed or completely lost sight of—it hardly matters which. The emphasis has come to be placed elsewhere, the range has indefinitely widened, the stream has grown fuller, as in life every stream must grow, increasing in power and interest as it flows. But the modern public has no interest in the stream of life except at the moment of its joining its fountains with those of another. It chooses, for its entertainment and contemplation, precisely that period of life when human beings are most alike, most reduced to the simplest terms, before the interplay of forces has had a chance to mold the individual into his unique and noteworthy form.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

EDITOR'S DRAWER

JUST LIKE CHELU'ZIM

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

THE explorer was sitting in the club window, as stiff as an old wooden image. I went over on impulse and joined the poor devil. He seemed to need human companionship. It's not good for any man to live too much off in the wilds.

I tried him on a few civilized subjects, such as motor trips and psychoanalysis; but he remained unresponsive. I wondered what I could talk of. I could have asked, "Well, how are the wilds, eh?" but that wasn't my object. I wanted to get his mind off them.

Gary came in the room. I introduced him. The explorer stared at him and asked me:

"What are *his* tribal duties?"

"Mr. Gary is a real-estate man," I said.

The explorer looked puzzled.

"I build and sell apartments," Gary was amiable enough to explain. "My interest in life is in the proper housing of people."

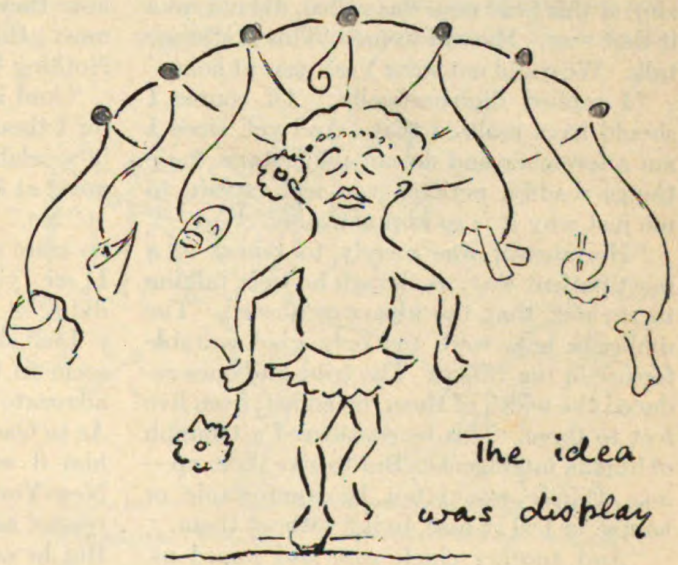
And he went on to say that things were extraordinarily difficult nowadays. The demand for housing, especially in New York, was far beyond the supply. He described how every one was changing old four-story houses, that had been intended for the use of one family, into apartments that would hold several, and he pointed out, rather needlessly, that this had made an immense saving in space, but still the situation was serious. It was hard to know what to do.

"The same old story everywhere!" the explorer said, as if to himself. "Every group is so stupid. Won't adapt itself to its environment."

Gary observed him attentively. "Well, sir," he said, "there are some very intelligent men who are at work on this problem. They *want* to get things straightened out somehow, but no way has occurred to us. If you have any suggestions, I shall be more than glad to try to make use of them."

The explorer stared woodenly in front of him, and began talking—vaguely, as I thought—of some tribe he had once lived among. I hardly listened at first; it seemed to have nothing to do with the subject. He was describing their hats.

"In their own village," he was saying, "they wear hats made like up-turned umbrellas, and they have a quaint way of fastening to the ends of the ribs of these hats as many as possible of the little possessions they value. Little clay bowls of ochre, and the blowpipes they use to kill game, and a *sesheke*, or charm bag, and the instruments they use for tattooing. The idea is display. A man walks about with his *objets d'art* dangling all the way round his hat. When the wind is strong, as you can imagine, this makes his life difficult. Furthermore, the Waróws—a mean-natured bird of those regions—make swoops at him and scream



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

disagreeably and snatch at his belongings. In short, it is inconvenient for him in every way. But it is the custom.

"Yet whenever these same men go to the Yash River and camp on the shore they do not wear these hats. The custom then is to wear small soft cloths or a leaf on their heads, and to carry their little possessions in their belts. This, of course, is more comfortable. The wind can blow all it wants then, but it does not disturb them.

"Yet fancy!" he continued. "This will amuse you. One of their head men once came to me, and asked, with the utmost seriousness, mind you, what remedy I could suggest for the terrible inconvenience they suffered through having to wear those umbrella hats when they were in their own village."



Gary looked politely interested, but he did not seem to see what useful light this could throw on his problem.

"I ventured to suggest," said the explorer, "that it might be well to abandon the umbrella-style hats entirely, since they were not really fitted to the windy environment in which the tribe found themselves, and to wear at all seasons the hats and belts they wore on the Yash. Not unreasonable, was I?"

Gary said, Why, no; it seemed reasonable. More than reasonable. Obvious.

"Quite so," said the explorer, "but Chelu'zim, as this head man was called, did not take it that way. He said to me: 'This is strange talk. We could not wear Yash gear at home.'

"I replied diplomatically: 'Of course I should have realized that. And yet, since I am a foreigner and do not understand these things readily, perhaps you will explain to me just why it is so impracticable.'

"His answer was merely to repeat in a most patient way, as though he were talking to a child, that the idea was absurd. The umbrella hats were the only kind suitable for use in the village. The tribe had once reduced the width of them, he added, from five feet to three. This he considered a triumph of human intelligence. But to give them up—no. People would not be comfortable or happy, or feel at ease, living without them.

"And another chief, who had joined us, pointed out, after lengthy reflection, that one had to wear such a hat in order to hang his possessions on it. One couldn't always stow things in belts."

"In other words," said Gary, "they would not adjust themselves to their windy environment?"

"Although they supposed they were most anxious to," said the explorer.

"And you think we're like that?"

"All men are," said the explorer. "Wherever any difficulty or need of adjustment exists, there is always some obvious remedy, yet they will not adopt it."

Gary's eye twinkled incredulously.

"My dear sir," said the explorer, "this city's difficulty is lack of space. You have moved people out of separate houses and into apartments, but that is only reducing the size of your umbrella hats, and you still have the same kind of furniture and pictures and ornaments. Do you need more relief? Look about you. One solution lies no farther away than the piers on your water-front. See how men live aboard ship. A traveler will look at a space, six by ten, and say, 'What a large cabin!' On shore he would be discontented and call it a cramped little room. What is it makes such a difference? Why, it's just the idea. On shipboard men are willing to stow their bric-a-brac and live unencumbered. But when they come ashore they feel, somehow they should not live in cabins; they must then have apartments or houses. Nothing less would be 'suitable.'"

"And is that your great remedy?" I said, for I thought it far-fetched. "You led up to it so elaborately that I hoped it would be novel at least."

"No," the explorer replied, bitterly, "it's no more novel than my Yash River remedy. I see you feel just the way Chelu'zim did."

I felt slightly impatient, for the man didn't seem to be joking, and he looked ready to advocate his fantastic suggestion all night. As to Gary, I knew his good sense would tell him it was out of the question to confine New-Yorkers in little cabins or staterooms, as though they were on board ship! But he said seriously enough to the explorer:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I think I see your thought. This whole island of Manhattan, a man might well say, is a ship; it is shaped like a ship, and it is far more crowded with people. Hence, those who wish to live here should be content to live in about the same way and take up about as little space as they would on shipboard. H'm! Well, we could house ten times as many persons if we built skyscrapers full of small state-rooms, but I fear our prospective tenants would find the notion rather outlandish!"

"Pough!" said the explorer. "All notions seem outlandish at first. You must have had experience enough of that in your own business. Years ago good New-Yorkers lived in long rows of 'brownstone-front' houses. Each row or block was like a loaf of bread, and each house was a slice. The apartment idea was really nothing more than turning the loaf up on end and living in horizontal slices instead of vertical ones. Yet it was thought quite outlandish."

"Yes," said Gary, "but that objection was not rational. The new system gave people less room, perhaps, but still room enough; and it had other conveniences which more than made up for the change."

"True," said the explorer, "and the same will be true of buildings of state-rooms. There will be less room, but still room enough, and there will be new conveniences. Men who build ships have learned how to save space in hundreds of ways. They put in lockers instead of closets, for example, and place drawers under the bunks. Call such men to your aid. Tell them to design kitchens like a ship's galley—they'll be far more convenient. And a combination washstand and phonograph, and all that sort of thing."

Gary thought for a while. "I am afraid there are limits to crowding," he said. "After all, people need a certain amount of space. There is an irreducible minimum."

"If you are speaking rationally and not merely conventionally," the explorer replied, "I quite agree that *some* people need space. There are people with active legs, restless eyes, who want to move about, even at home. Very well, let them live in the country. Or, if they can afford it, let them pay for a palace in town. But others could learn to like coziness, quite as well as waste space. It would be easier to heat or ventilate state-rooms. And think of how low they might rent! If we wanted a place to stretch our legs, there could be promenade decks, on the roof. Steamer-chairs, and a view. There would be plenty of people who would like to live in buildings like that.

"We need not confine ourselves to suggestions from ships," he went on. "Go over to the railroad stations, and there you'll see another solution. Why shouldn't an apartment-house be erected on the Pullman-car principle? Nice, homelike upper berths, leased to bachelors, and whole compartments for families. And whenever a millionaire came along and wanted to make a great showing, he could lease a space equivalent to a private car. It would still be a saving."

Gary laughed. "Come, come!" he said. "Don't go too far! We could endure such an existence, but it is ridiculous to suppose we could like it. Civilization moves forward. The demand is for more comfort, not less."

The explorer was silent.

Gary felt he had scored. "You see, we builders are practical men," he continued, good-humoredly, "and we have to consider—"

But the explorer broke in. "If your business is to house human beings, I should think you would first learn something about them." He glared at poor Gary. "You will never learn by listening to their talk, sir. You must observe what they do. Comfort? Hah! That is one of the last things that any tribe on earth ever seeks. Human beings are not sensible, hard-headed creatures. Far from it.



"Strange talk!" Chelu'zim said

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



They are temperamental, sir. Any misbegotten notion can rule them. When the fashion here was to have a home perched on a tall flight of steps, they all wanted that kind. Lame or strong, old or young, the poor things climbed 'stoops' daily for years. When largeness is fashionable, they will sacrifice comfort to largeness. Look at the great mansion that that retired steel king built on upper Fifth Avenue. He was an elderly man when he built it, and a little man, too, yet he had it made so huge that the distance down the hall from his bedroom and then back around through the lower halls to the dining-room was a ten minutes' walk. If a law compelled rich men to sleep a quarter of a mile from their dinner-tables, or if—such an idea being new to them—you were to suggest it, they would call it a hardship. But they let themselves be governed by the idea that largeness is suitable."

Gary gave me a wink. "Ah, my dear sir!" he sighed, "if people would only associate compactness with fashion, and see the beauty of the smallest surroundings instead of the largest! But how can we builders ever get *that* idea in their heads!"

"The shoemakers have done it," said the explorer. "And the Japanese—miniature trees and things—"

He got up and walked off.

"I looked over at Gary.

"An odd character," he chuckled. "I thought I'd best humor him. It's curious, isn't it, the way a man like that can make nonsense sound reasonable!"

A Humane Warden

THE constable of a New England village, a man of exceeding good nature, found it necessary to lock up three tramps who had strayed into his jurisdiction. Shortly after the arrest he was met by the mayor of the village, who, observing the constable hurrying down the main street, asked:

"Where are you going, constable?"

"Oh," explained the constable, "the three tramps I just locked up want to play bridge and I'm out hunting for a fourth!"

Rather Fair

"WHAT," asked Miss Jones of one of her pupils, "do we mean by the word plural?"

Marie, knowing the teacher's custom of following a definite order in putting her questions to the class, had been expecting this particular one for some time and was rather proud of the answer she had ready. She promptly responded:

"By the plural of a word we mean the same thing, only more of it."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Another Practice Wanted

AT a meeting of a state medical society the secretary read a letter from a consular officer in one of the West Indian islands, urging the need of a resident physician in his district. In the moment of silence that followed the announcement, a young man in the hall arose and said, modestly:

"I wish, sir, that you would put me down for that place. It sounds good to me. My practice here died last night."

Heavenly Amusement

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Robert had been ill for nearly a month with tonsilitis, and nothing kept him contented but pictures of his favorite, Charlie Chaplin, clipped from the pages of the motion-picture pictorials.

One morning, as his mother sat beside his bed, he studied earnestly a full-page drawing of the million-dollar comedian.

"Mother," he asked, "will Charlie Chaplin go to heaven?"

"Why, yes—I hope so," answered the somewhat astonished parent.

"Gee! won't the Lord have some fun then!" was Robert's comment.

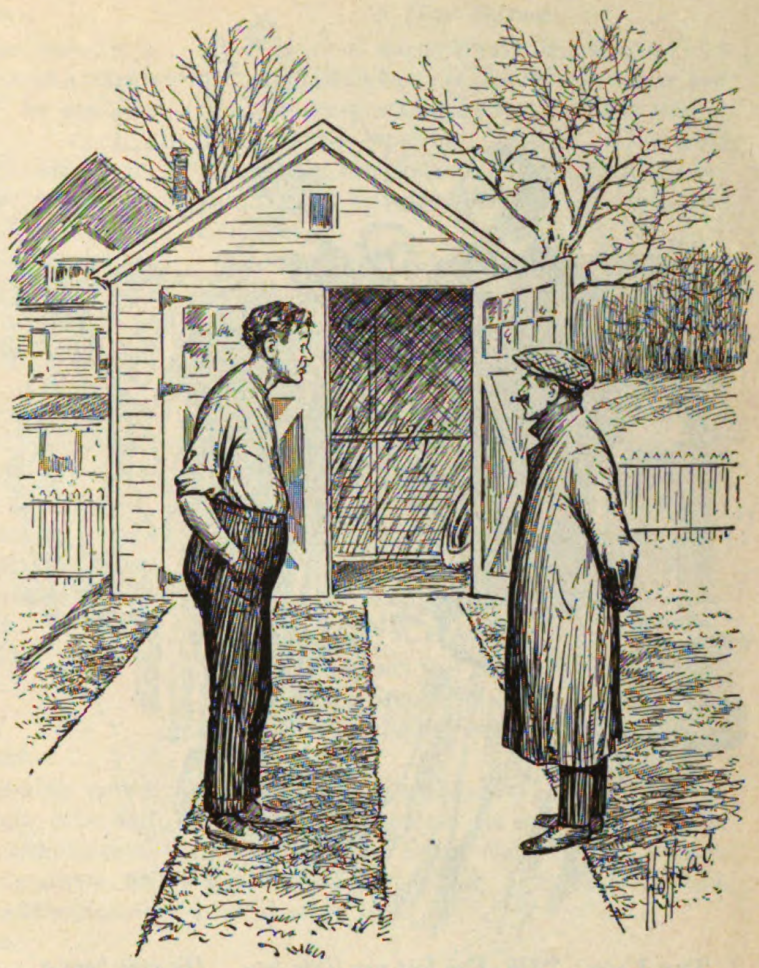
Not Much Progress

NOT long ago there appeared in a Western paper the following:

"The gentleman who found a pocketbook with money in Main Street is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he was recognized."

The next day there appeared in the same paper the response, which, although courteous, had an elusive air:

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a pocketbook in Main Street requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient date."



"Hang it! man, if your flivver has been stolen, why don't you ring up the police?"

"I'm not worrying about the car. I'm wondering how they made the blamed thing go"

Sauce for the Gander

DURING a trial in a Western court an Irish witness was called upon to give his testimony.

"Did you see the shot fired?" was the first question put to him.

"No, sir, but I heard it."

"That is not satisfactory. You will step down."

As the Irishman turned to go, he laughed out loud. Whereupon he was rebuked by the court and told that he was in contempt.

"Did your Honor see me laugh?" questioned the witness, respectfully.

"No, but I heard you."

"Excuse me, your Honor, but that is not satisfactory."

Then the court did not seek to restrain its own laughter.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



THE LADY: "*Oh, I've lost my little boy. He was here a moment ago*"

THE FLOORWALKER: "*Candy counter, first aisle to the right, madam*"

A Precious Gem

A NEGRO swain entered his sweetheart's parlor one evening with the assured manner of a conqueror or a Crœsus.

"I's got sumpen fur yer, honey," he remarked at once.

"Lemme see it, Rastus," she pleaded.

"Hol' out yer lef' han', Mandy. I's gwine ter put it whar it b'longs."

"Oh, Rastus! Is it er shore-'nuf diamun'?"

"Yes, it is, honey, an' I means jis' whut it means dar on yer finger."

"But is it er shore-'nuf diamun', Rastus?" she asked, examining it closely.

"If it tain't, honey," he replied, "dis here nigger's dun been skun outen a perfec'ly good ha'f-dollar."

"Oh, Rastus," she sighed, contentedly, "you'se a wunderful man! I always b'lieved you'd be a good prervider— When we goin' ter git married, Rastus?"

A Wise Chauffeur

MR. DIGGS, having just purchased his first car, desired to obtain the services of a competent chauffeur. He rejected several applicants, but as the last man who presented himself seemed satisfactory, he engaged him and remarked:

"You understand, of course, that I want a chauffeur who is absolutely honest."

"You may think so now," said the man with a grin, "but you won't after you have paid a few fines."

No Rudeness There

IN an underground train two persons, with that easy grace that betokens long habit, swayed from the straps. They were engaged in a pleasant chat, when a man sitting near rose and offered his seat to a lady. Whereupon one of the strap-hangers remarked to the other:

"Although I have been riding in these trains for nearly ten years, I have never yet given my seat to a lady.

"Then I must say you have no manners at all," retorted the friend, severely.

"Don't blame my manners," the other retorted, "but the company. The fact is I have never had a seat!"

His Object

JOHNNY'S mother was tired of having her table-cloths stained, so she instituted a fine of a penny for every spot. At supper a few days later Johnny was observed rubbing his rather grimy finger on the cloth beside his cup and saucer.

"Johnny, what are you doing?" asked his mother, in surprise. "You'll soil the table-cloth."

"Oh no, I won't!" replied the youngster. "I'm just trying to rub two spots into one."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Frightful Reparation

IT was a very angry man who burst into the office of the superintendent of a street-car line. "I demand justice!" he said, by way of introducing himself.

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the superintendent, smiling at the man's impetuosity.

"Just this, sir," continued the irate man. "Yesterday, as my wife was alighting from one of your cars, the conductor jostled her so that a considerable portion of her skirt was torn."

Still the superintendent did not become excited. "Well," he said, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do? Get your wife a new dress?"

"No," cried the irate man, closing his lips firmly; "I do not intend to let you off so easily as that." Then he brandished in his right hand a small piece of silk. "What I expect of you is to match this piece of material!"

No Need of Adornment

ONE Sunday evening a charming young woman invited a young man, who had the reputation of being a clever conversationalist, with two or three other acquaintances, informally to supper. She promised them some of her mother's wonderful coffee.

Upon reaching home she introduced her mother, who made apologies for her appearance.

After a moment's conversation, the older woman started to leave the room, remarking:

"I'll go and put on the percolator."

"Oh, don't bother, Mrs. Doty," said Allen. "You look all right just the way you are."

A New Factor to Reckon With

"WOULD you rather have three bags with two apples in each bag, or two bags with three apples in each bag?" a teacher asked a pupil.

Whereupon, to the great surprise of the teacher, the lad replied:

"Three bags with two apples in each bag."

"Why?"

"Because there 'd be one more bag to bust!"

A New Disease

AN unusual event stirred the negroes of a mountain town in the South, where last summer there was held for the first time a Chautauqua meeting, widely advertised throughout the district. The darkies all began asking one another what on earth this could be.

Conspicuously flown from the flag-staff of the "hotel" was a flag bearing the word 'Chautauqua." Up to this establishment there drove one day an aged negro, peddling vegetables. His eyes encountered the flag with its ominous slogan, which so alarmed him that he would not enter the hotel or even get down from his seat. When the owner of the hotel finally appeared the old man asked:

"Say, boss, what disease is you-all quarantined ag'inst?"

A Personage

MANY persons will no doubt sympathize with the perplexity of the little girl who sought out her father one evening with this query:

"Daddie, who *is* this Mr. Less that advertises so much? And he seems to deal in everything, too. Everywhere I go I see signs 'Eat Less Bread,' 'Eat Less Sugar,' 'Eat Less Meat.'"



MONK: "*Hey, duck your head! Here comes an aeroplane*"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Mother Goose, Linguist

MARY'S mother was improving the shining hours with a little French conversation, which Mary, aged four, was finding somewhat irksome. To some remark, her mother replied, "*Oui, oui,*" at which Mary said, in an exasperated tone:

"Don't talk that pig talk to me."

"That isn't pig talk, dear; it's—"

"Yes it is, too, mother. That's just what the little pig said all the way home."

Bad Bookeeping

A FARMER in Missouri ordered a fancy pig from a breeder. When the pig arrived it was so small that the farmer sent it back with this note:

"DEAR SIR,—From the comparative size of the pig and the bill, I am forced to the conclusion that you got them mixed. You should have sent the pig by mail and the bill by express."

Economic Information

A TEACHER in one of the lower grammar-school grades was telling her class the story of how our money is made. Holding up a two-dollar bill, she dwelt at length on the many things which were engraved upon its crisp surface.

"What does this '2B' stand for?" she asked Jimmy, who had been an attentive listener.

"Two bucks," was the ready reply.

A Different Itinerary

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher, trying to impress her teaching about the future life upon the plastic minds of her youthful pupils, asked that all those who wanted to go to heaven to stand up. Three-year-old Dora alone remained seated.

"Why, Dora!" questioned the teacher, "all good little girls want to go to heaven. Why don't you?"

"No, ma'am, we ain't goin'; we're goin' back to Detroit."

The Easiest Way

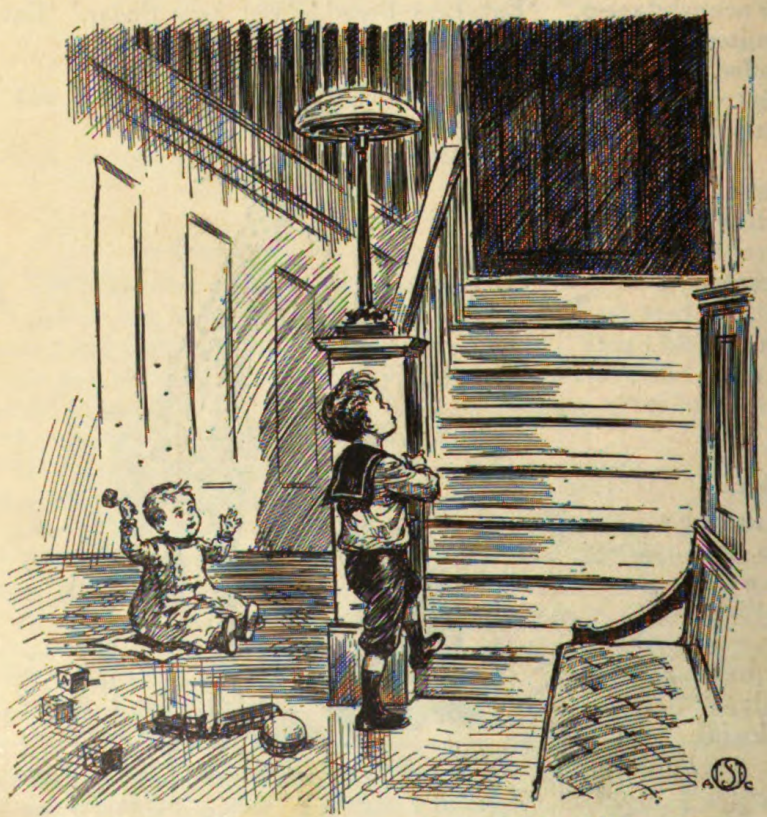
YOUNG Collins from the West was spending the summer on the farm of his Eastern uncle, and offered to assist the farmer.

They had been making hay one afternoon and after finishing a high haystack, the young fellow called from the top:

"Say, uncle, how am I going to get down?"

The old farmer studied the problem a minute and finally solved it to his own satisfaction.

"Oh, just shut your eyes and walk round a bit!"



"Mother, won't you please speak to baby? She's sitting on the fly-paper an' there's a lot o' flies waitin' to get on"

Virginibus Puerisque

MOTHER was much interested in the new friends Clarence had made during the first days of the new school term, and she questioned him rather closely about them.

"Who is this Louis Shine?" she asked. "Is he a good little boy?"

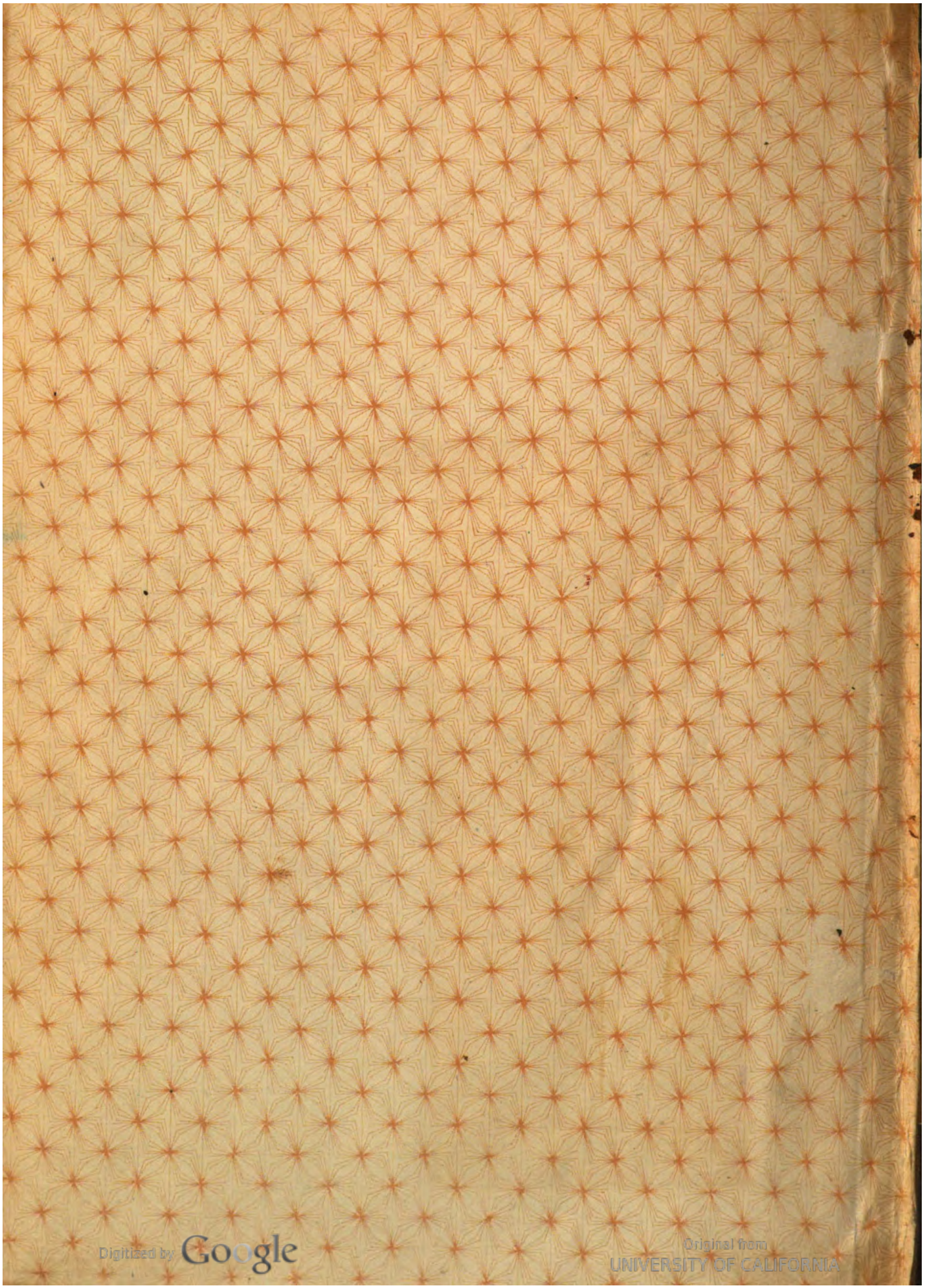
"He sure is!" was Clarence's emphatic response.

"Does he ever use naughty words?" continued the mother.

"No, mother," came from Clarence, with equal emphasis, "and I am not going to teach him any!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google


Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Generated for Nicole Fry (Washington University in St. Louis) on 2017-09-19 22:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31210005354582
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google